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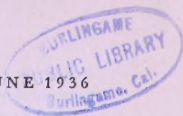
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HOW THE PRESIDENT WORKS

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

IN THE year 1907 Woodrow Wilson—then the head of Princeton University—gave a lecture on the Presidency of the United States. The President, he said, is “the most heavily burdened officer in the world. No other man’s day is so full as his, so full of the responsibilities which tax mind and conscience alike and demand an inexhaustible vitality. Men of ordinary physique and discretion cannot be presidents and live, if the strain be not somehow relieved. We shall be obliged always to be picking our chief magistrates from among wise and prudent athletes—a small class.”

It is interesting to see how any president adapts himself to the terrific pressure of duties which Wilson so tellingly summed up. It is especially interesting to see how the present incumbent of the White House does it. For since Wilson wrote those words the pressure has become heavier. Wilson himself, after six and a half years in office, broke under the strain. Harding died in office. Coolidge outlived his term by only a few years. We have now only one living ex-

President. And meanwhile Roosevelt has assumed new burdens in quantity, at a time when economic crisis has multiplied their gravity.

Not only does he have to administer the most top-heavy conglomeration of government agencies in history, involving problems of the utmost technical variety and complexity; to make innumerable appointments, each of them with its own cluster of political and personal embarrassments; to evolve policies on everything from Ethiopia to corporation taxes, from soil-erosion to work relief; to negotiate with Congress, try to hold in line a faction-split party and interpret his policies to press and public; to be the representative and mouthpiece of the nation at functions of state; but also he has to live from day to day in a constant and unforgiving glare of publicity, and finally to carry the most crushing burden of all—the knowledge that his decisions may involve the fortunes of millions of men and women and, indeed, the future destiny of the country.

Over the way in which Franklin D.

Roosevelt carries these burdens there has been furious argument from one end of the country to the other. This article does not attempt any complete study of his methods; it simply gathers together a few clues which may suggest how this particular man goes about his overwhelming job.

If there is any fixed formula for the way Franklin D. Roosevelt works, those who work with him have not been able to discover it. It is a tangled catch-as-catch-can system of personal conferences, of "chits" circulated among Cabinet members; adroit maneuvering, yielding here, soft-soaping there, cracking down on rare occasions, wise-cracking much more frequently; and of consistent burning of the midnight oil.

The routine of the Roosevelt day is fairly regular. The President gets up at about eight o'clock and has breakfast alone in his bedroom at eight-thirty, at which time he reads the newspapers. There was a period, early in the Administration, when breakfast time was filled with conferences, but not now. The President likes to breakfast and read alone, then confer later. Among the few who are privileged to attend these early meetings are Marvin McIntyre, who arranges the schedule of appointments for the day, Miss Marguerite LeHand, his private secretary, Steve Early, the Secretary for press relations and ghost writer, and one or two Cabinet members—chiefly Jim Farley, when he is not out mending political fences, and Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

The records of Groton for the years 1897 and 1898 show that two prizes for punctuality were awarded to Franklin D. Roosevelt. But much to the regret of Marvin McIntyre, those exemplary days are past. The President is seldom on time. He gets to his office at eleven o'clock, except on Fridays, when he is supposed to be there for a 10:30 press conference, but he is invariably late. One of the chief causes for lateness is Mr. Roosevelt's fondness for giving vent to his

own ideas. Visitors are ushered into the inner office with this admonition by McIntyre: "Now, for God's sake, you do the talking. If he starts I'll never get all these people through."

Luncheon is at one o'clock, and the President is never alone. There are always one or two guests. More cannot be conveniently accommodated. Secretary Henry Morgenthau has a standing date to lunch with his chief on Mondays. Lunch is brought in on a new portable electric rolling unit and a cloth is spread on the President's desk. He remains at his usual place with guests on either side. Mrs. Roosevelt herself prepares the menus.

Calvin Coolidge always retired for a brief siesta after lunch, but not President Roosevelt. Appointments proceed without lapse, sometimes until late afternoon. Frequently there is tea in the residence part of the White House. Whenever possible the President knocks off at five-thirty and stops at the swimming pool en route to the residence part of the mansion, for a twenty-minute dip.

Dinner is at seven-forty-five except on formal occasions, when it is at eight; and if there is no social affair to occupy him the President spends the most important part of the day in dictation after dinner. For this period he saves practically all the correspondence which he must handle himself. At this time also he reads over voluminous reports and scribbles countless memoranda on small chits of paper, which he signs "F. D. R." and sends to the appropriate Cabinet officer. For instance, Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, next morning will receive a small slip of paper on which is noted, in the President's own handwriting: "C. H.—what's happened to the Argentine Trade Agreement? One of the newspaper boys asked me about it to-day. F. D. R."

Some of the most important transactions of the New Deal are handled through the chit system. While talking with someone, or during a Cabinet meeting, or even during a press conference, the President may make a note on a little pad

and then, when the conference is over, he passes the chit along to one of the secretariat for delivery.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays are reserved for the heaviest work of all. During these week-ends the number of reports which clear the President's desk would swamp any ordinary executive. But there are moments at least of relaxation. On occasion he will spend Saturday evening poring over the latest issue of the *Philatelist*. On a recent Saturday afternoon, he listened to *Götterdämmerung* on the radio until he had to go to Fort Meyer for a riding exhibition; returning, he found the opera was still in progress and sat down to hear the rest of it.

II

Cabinet meetings play a negligible part in the President's administration of the government. In fact, they might almost as well be non-existent. This is no novelty: it was true also of Mr. Hoover's regime. Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet meetings are more pleasant than Mr. Hoover's, but they are not more productive. It is not an exaggeration to say that most of the time is spent in unimportant exchanges of trivialities or in unadulterated joking. The President himself is the chief humorist of his Cabinet meetings, though he is rivaled by Homer Cummings, the amiable Attorney General.

Most of the work which the public might expect to be done at Cabinet meetings is done during personal conferences between the President and the Cabinet officer concerned. If there is a conflict between two or more members of his official family, the individuals involved are called in; and if, as frequently happens, they are not even then able to come to terms, the President usually settles the matter himself by writing one of his "chits" issuing a peremptory order that such and such be done.

This was more or less what happened during the long-drawn-out debate over Subsistence Homesteads. The Subsistence Homesteads Division was originally

a part of the Public Works Administration under Mr. Ickes. However, Henry Wallace, together with his Assistant, Rex Tugwell, were firmly convinced that it should be an independent agency or else under their own Department of Agriculture. They argued that the chief problem in regard to Subsistence Homesteads was that of transplanting industrial labor to the farm or unproductive farm labor to productive agricultural lands. Mr. Ickes, however, did not agree with them. He clung tenaciously to his Subsistence Homesteads.

At about this time Rex Tugwell came back from Europe, where he had been diplomatically exiled during the Congressional campaign of 1934. Tugwell's speeches at that time were not considered a political asset and his clashes with Chester Davis regarding the administration of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration had made him decidedly unhappy. Several times he had suggested to the President that he was more of a liability than an asset. But now, on his return from Europe, he visited Roosevelt in Warm Springs and told him, with great enthusiasm, of the homestead colonies Mussolini had started in Italy and Hitler in Germany. Without incorporating the compulsory basis of the Nazis and Fascists, Tugwell outlined a plan for Rural Resettlement in the United States which would take over Mr. Ickes' Subsistence Homesteads—and, incidentally, furnish Doctor Tugwell with exactly the kind of a job which fitted his visionary and idealistic nature. The President became enthusiastic and immediately issued an executive order transferring Subsistence Homesteads away from Mr. Ickes. Mr. Ickes was given no opportunity to argue about it and the order caught him as completely unprepared as it did everyone else.

This is rather typical of Mr. Roosevelt in his inter-administration relations. As far as the outside world goes, he is frequently procrastinating—sometimes conspicuously so. He consults all sorts of people before he moves. But within his own family he can be abrupt to the point

of seriously jeopardizing Administration harmony. It is not uncommon for him to appoint an important assistant to a Cabinet officer without the slightest attempt to consult that officer regarding the appointment. Thus Cordell Hull learned with complete and none too happy astonishment that William C. Bullitt, now Ambassador to Russia, had been appointed as Administrative Assistant to the Secretary of State. Mr. Hull, at that time, had no great personal love for Mr. Bullitt. In similar peremptory manner were made such appointments as those of Francis Sayre, son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson, as Assistant Secretary of State; Charles West, former Congressman from Ohio, as Under Secretary of the Interior; and Harry Woodring as Assistant Secretary of War. With equal abruptness came the announcement of the resignation of Dean Acheson as Under Secretary of the Treasury. The President issued a statement at his press conference even before he had conferred with Mr. Acheson, who was then waiting in an ante-room of the White House to see him.

When the President is abrupt, however, it is usually at long range. When he is actually talking with a man he hates to say "no." He signifies the negative either by shaking his head or by saying nothing. Those who know him well generally understand what this means. But the casual visitor or the optimist may assume that the President is giving his proposal deep consideration, and that in the future he may expect an affirmative answer. Frequently this causes trouble. Too many callers go away with the impression that Mr. Roosevelt is emphatically on their side. Even some Cabinet members have come from an interview with their chief convinced that he agreed with them implicitly. This has given rise to inconsistencies and at times serious friction within the Administration.

On one particular occasion the President was conferring with J. N. Darling, who had left his trade as cartoonist to further his greatest passion in life—the

protection of wild fowl and animals. "Ding" took up with the President one of the problems which particularly worried him, the rapid extinction of ducks and particularly trumpeter swans, a species of which Ding estimated only approximately fifty birds were still existent in the United States. He urged that certain public lands in the Northwest be set aside for the propagation not only of trumpeter swans, but of ducks and other bird life. The President agreed with the proposal emphatically.

A short time later the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ickes, called upon the President to secure his final approval of plans to carry out the Grazing Act, by which certain of the public lands may be leased by the Interior Department to large sheep and cattle owners. Mr. Ickes' proposed plan included the leasing for grazing purposes of the very same areas which Mr. Darling proposed should be reserved only for the propagation of wild fowl. Whether the President knew this or not will never perhaps be ascertained. At any rate, he gave hearty approval to Mr. Ickes' plan also.

This was one of the inconsistencies which contributed to the eventual resignation of Mr. Darling, and his return to the profession of cartoonist for arch-Republican newspapers such as the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

It is significant that when the President says "no" on a really big issue he does it through compromise or delay, rather than an outspoken negative. It is on smaller issues, frequently inspired by personal prejudice or even bitterness, that he sometimes takes his most definite stands. For, underneath the genial exterior, the President can be definitely irritated. Sometimes it is the little things which irritate him most.

Before his inauguration Mr. Roosevelt was determined to lay plans for the regulation of the stock market—plans which were fulfilled approximately one year after his inauguration. While still in Albany he asked several members of his "Brain Trust" to make preliminary

studies of stock-market regulation. One of those who was asked to confer with him was Samuel Untermyer, who had been counsel for the Pujo Committee in the famous financial investigation twenty years earlier. Mr. Untermyer was to come to Albany on a Monday. On Sunday night word leaked out to the New York press that he was being called in on this important problem. The President-elect, informed of the news leak, said, "Let him wait," and canceled the appointment. Mr. Untermyer was not received for the purpose of discussing the stock market until several months later, at which time the President was so engrossed in the banking crisis and the problem of pushing emergency legislation through a special session of Congress that he decided to postpone advocating a stock-exchange bill until the following year.

Mr. Roosevelt has his particular pets, and nothing irritates him more than to have them stepped upon. One of these pets is the Citizens Conservation Corps, whose efforts to take the youth of the country off the streets he has believed to be one of the most valuable undertakings of his entire New Deal. John R. Studebaker, newly-appointed Commissioner of Education, did not know this. And, when he was asked by the President to draft a plan for the organization of a National Youth Administration, which was to assist in the education of high school and college students, he inserted in his report some derogatory references to the CCC, and a statement that the proposed Youth Administration would be sure to avoid its blundering mistakes. Mr. Roosevelt read the report and said nothing—at least to Mr. Studebaker. But to other advisers he gave the grim-lipped decision that Mr. Studebaker would not, as previously planned, be in charge of the new National Youth Administration. Furthermore, ever since that time Mr. Studebaker has run up against an unseen and perhaps to him an inexplicable barrier in all of his relations with the White House.

When Mr. Roosevelt desires to be particularly emphatic he can be so, but again he refrains from the use of the word "no." His most effective negative is biting sarcasm, though he uses it only with those he knows extremely well. On one occasion a close friend reminded him that the year 1935 was the one-hundredth anniversary of the freeing of the slaves in the West Indies, and suggested that the Administration might recognize this event. The suggestion came in the middle of a busy morning and the President, harassed with a dozen other important problems, snapped back: "What would you suggest, a Negro parade up Pennsylvania Avenue?"

III

One thing which handicaps the President in maintaining discipline and harmony among his official family is his deep love of people because they are people. This love is genuine and profound. He may disapprove of their actions, he may resent the fact that they cause him political difficulties, but he tolerates them. Time after time the President has shown the temerity to break with tradition, but he is a coward when it comes to breaking with a friend.

Mrs. Roosevelt, discussing this trait in her husband, once said: "Apparently Franklin cannot recognize disloyalty. He seems to lay it all to stupidity."

The President's persistent geniality helps to explain such inconsistencies as his friendship with lobbyists like Bruce Kremer of Montana, Arthur Mullen of Nebraska, and Robert Jackson of New Hampshire, whom he forced to resign from membership in the Democratic National Committee. These gentlemen, although ousted much against their will from the official inner circle, are still very much a part of the unofficial one. In fact at the Jackson Day Dinner the President placed Bruce Kremer at his left, while other exiled lobbyists clustered close about him. Presumably there was another reason for this: the President is a hard-boiled politician who knows that

in order to win next November he must have a few contributions rung into the Party till. And Messrs. Kremer, Mullen, Jackson, et al have remained consistent contributors. In fact it is said that these gentlemen have arranged with Marvin McIntyre and Jim Farley to bring to tea at the White House clients whom they particularly desire to impress. (Among the cynical, tea is said to be worth a five thousand dollar campaign contribution, while a White House dinner invitation is valued at ten thousand dollars.) But it is true that the President remains on cordial terms with many men whose aid is not vital politically and whose ideas run sharply counter to his.

It is perhaps characteristic that the man who is closest to him while he works is basically out of sympathy with his ideals. Marvin McIntyre, of the White House secretariat, the funnel through which hundreds of letters and dozens of visitors pour every day, was a newspaperman without a job when the President added him to his pre-election retinue as door-keeper at the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. It was not particularly to Mac's discredit that he lacked a job. Better newspapermen than he have been in that predicament. But long before he lost his job Mac had deserted straight journalism for a second-rate press agent's job. If the President had looked the length and breadth of the newspaper corps, he could have found no one less representative of his ideals than the man he chose to make his appointment secretary.

Within the intimate circle of his cronies McIntyre does not hesitate to refer to some of the President's pet plans as "those nut ideas," and it has frequently happened that a caller whose ideas did not coincide with Mac's has been barred from the executive portal, even though the President had especially requested him to call.

McIntyre's sentiments may be gauged by his associates. When he is in Washington, lunch time seldom finds him absent from the Mayflower Hotel, where he

is the guest of various high-powered lobbyists—among them, on one famous occasion, B. B. Robinson, representative of Associated Gas and Electric, whose chairman at that time was dodging a Senate subpoena for sabotaging one of the President's pet measures, the Holding Corporation Act.

How faulty sometimes may be the President's contact with the outside world through his chief secretary was indicated recently when the information was conveyed to Mr. Roosevelt that one of the chief contenders for the Republican nomination, William Edgar Borah, would not be averse to an interview with him. Borah, according to one of his close friends, who carried the message to the White House, entertained views not at all dissimilar to those of the President, and if he was not able to put those views across, either through the nominee or platform of his own party, he hinted that he would not be averse to putting the same views across through Roosevelt. Naturally, the President jumped at the chance to talk with Borah; and summoning McIntyre, asked him to invite the Senator from Idaho to luncheon next day.

"And," he admonished his secretary, "this time don't bungle it."

But there is one thing at which McIntyre excels. He is an expert reminder that a visitor is staying too long. Usually long before the appointment is up Mac opens the door to say that the next caller is waiting. The President bobs his head with a smile and says, "Just two minutes more." The caller gets the impression that the President would not have him leave for worlds, and curses McIntyre inwardly. If he stays more than a minute more, however, McIntyre is back again, this time standing over the President's desk until the caller departs.

Probably the President will never fire McIntyre until McIntyre fires himself; and this is typical of how the President works. Seldom does he oust a friend even when that friend has become a definite liability. Weeks before General Hugh Johnson finally was persuaded to

retire, the President used every art of diplomacy to get the General peaceably out of the picture. Once he actually proposed that Johnson go abroad as the head of a commission to study the industrial systems of Europe. Time after time he made it all too plain without actually saying so, that he thought the General had become a definite liability. And finally he resorted to Johnson's old friend and employer, Bernard Baruch, to tell the dictator of the Blue Eagle categorically that he must resign.

This was somewhat the same method used with Donald Richberg who succeeded Johnson, and with Professor Raymond Moley, except that they were wise enough to see the handwriting on the wall in ample time. Roosevelt still maintains close personal relationships with Moley, Richberg, and even Johnson, despite the fact that the latter has harpooned him in his column almost as vigorously as do the President's avowed critics.

It requires a genuinely overt act to bring about a personal break with the President. One of the few instances was that of George Peek, at one time administrator of the Agriculture Adjustment Administration and later eased over to the presidency of the Export-Import Bank. Here he persisted in continuing his sabotage of the most-favored-nation treaty policy of the Secretary of State, Cordell Hull. It was only after repeated warnings, couched in mild Rooseveltian language, to be sure, but nevertheless not difficult to understand, that the President finally called Peek in, pointed to a statement he had made in the Hearst press severely condemning Hull's commercial policy, and asked for his immediate resignation.

IV

In meeting the administrative duties of the Presidency, Roosevelt started with the advantage of knowing more about the machinery of the United States Government than do most Presidents—even more perhaps than did Herbert Hoover, who, like himself, had spent eight years in

Washington before he came to the White House. Furthermore, he has a photographic mind which forgets no detail. This, however, is a handicap as well as an asset. Those about him sometimes feel that if the President could forget some of the details of his far-flung organization it would operate more efficiently.

Here is an instance of his memory and zeal for detail: One day when the Works Progress Administration was first conceived, the President was painting enthusiastic pictures of the great future before it. Arguing that musicians on their uppers would benefit from the organization of traveling opera companies, he discussed the experience of the Metropolitan Opera Company in playing at Atlanta, Georgia; spoke of the demand for new gowns which the coming of an opera company stimulated, and in passing named half a dozen prominent ladies in Atlanta; talked of the possibility of putting an opera company on the road to visit Jacksonville, Birmingham, and Nashville, said that this would not cost very much, and gave the approximate mileage and railroad fare between these cities; and—much to the amazement of his conferees—named the opera house or theater in almost every important city in the South!

Details which appeal to the President's humanitarian instincts take part of his time. A letter asking for help if it comes to his attention, as most of them do not, is almost sure to get a response. One such arrived from a boy in northern New York State, which read as follows:

My girl and I have made a mistake and the mistake is becoming obvious. I ought to marry her, but in my town no one marries without a job. Won't you help me get a job?

Within two weeks, the National Youth Administration had checked the case, secured a job for the young man, and got the local priest to perform the ceremony.

One day a robust woman, clad in white chaps and wearing a ten-gallon hat, came to the White House and demanded to see the President. She had a letter from the Governor of Colorado and was so in-

sistent that, finally, the head usher took her to see Mrs. Roosevelt. The woman's farm was about to be sold at auction. On the farm was a warm spring supposed to have medicinal qualities. Mrs. Roosevelt became so interested that she took the matter up with her husband and he asked both the Geological Survey and the Army engineers to investigate the possibilities of the place as an invalid resort for war veterans. They found that the altitude of eight thousand feet was too high for an invalid resort—but not until a most careful investigation had been made of the entire matter.

No financial statement comes before the President that he does not get out his pencil and figure up the totals for himself. He loves to juggle figures. On at least one occasion when Professor Tugwell had submitted a plan for the reduction of sugar acreage at a cost of eighty million dollars, the President took out his pencil, began to cross out zeros and finally concluded: "Rex, you mean eight million." To which Professor Tugwell replied: "You know perfectly well I can't add or subtract."

Members of the Roosevelt family say that the President gets his passion for figures from his great-grandfather, who was a Dutch merchant, and at that time the foremost importer of rum to New York from the West Indies.

V

To understand the President's strategy in developing and pushing the various New Deal measures, one must constantly bear in mind the exigencies of politics. An elected official may believe intensely in a measure, but if he advocates it personally and is defeated his prestige may be broken and his subsequent measures—even measures of greater importance—may fail in consequence. It requires great temerity to risk such a fate. Roosevelt is well aware of this. He prefers to feel his way.

In the days when he still labored under the delusion that he could keep the

friendship of the Conservative Right and at the same time force liberal legislation through Congress, there was a fixed formula for various moves which he privately sponsored. It was the strategy used by a commanding officer in battle. He let his shock troops bear the brunt of the fighting while he stayed safely behind the lines.

This strategy was explained once by Rex Tugwell, than whom the President has no more devoted—though sometimes injudicious—worker. Tugwell had been asked to draft a new Pure Food and Drug Act with teeth in it. This measure was a particular pet of the President's and also of Mrs. Roosevelt's. They told him to go the limit—and he did. The bill which he drew would have made newspaper publishers equally responsible with advertisers for the truth of what was printed in their advertising columns, and there was a terrific howl of protest. The protest, however, centered upon Tugwell, not upon the President. He remained behind the lines, unscathed. How hard it hit Tugwell may be gauged by the fact that before the drafting of the bill he was writing a weekly syndicated column for twenty-six newspapers. Two weeks later all but two of the papers had canceled the column. Probably much of the news which has been published about Tugwell since then has been tainted by the prejudice which developed in this first fight. But Tugwell did not complain. When his friends pointed out that the President was taking an unfair advantage of him, and urged that the news leak out that the White House and not the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture was the real sponsor of the bill, Tugwell replied:

"That's what I'm here for. Obviously the President can't take the rap on this. He has to stay behind the lines until public opinion reacts one way or the other. Once he has come out for the bill, he can't retract. But I can always be overruled."

This same strategy has been used time and time again on some of the most important controversial issues put across by

the New Deal. It was used in offering the Central Banking Bill, which was not passed by Congress till 1935, despite the fact that Treasury advisers urged the President to push it through in the spring of 1933, when anything would have been acceptable to a Congress determined to "drive the money changers out of the temple." It was also used in putting forward the Social Security Bill, the Tax Bill of 1935, and the Stock Exchange Act of 1934.

The latter offered a typical example of how the President works in legislative matters. The Stock Exchange Act embodied one of the chief planks of the Democratic platform. Mr. Roosevelt had begun to work on it even before his inauguration. For various reasons it was postponed until the Second Session of the Seventy-third Congress. Then the President asked four men to draft a bill for the regulation of the stock market. These men were Ferdinand Pecora, who had conducted the Senate Banking Committee's financial investigation; Ben Cohen and Tom Corcoran, two of his leading "Brain Trust" advisers; and James Landis, at that time a member of the Federal Trade Commission, and now Chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. During the drafting of this bill these men conferred with the President at least three times. They acquainted him with every important point in the proposed legislation.

However, while the bill was before Congress the President announced to his press conference that, while he was for a stock-exchange act, he had not read the proposed bill, was not familiar with all of its details, and would not necessarily support all its features. Obviously his strategy was to wait until he was sure what the committees of Congress would do.

In the end the President's strategy won the day. But in this case it had two adverse effects. The first was that his failure to give categorical support to the bill encouraged its enemies on Capitol Hill and made its progress in committee a

knock-down-and-drag-out struggle. The second effect was that the President's liberal friends who were behind the bill lost considerable faith in him; his conservative critics remained as bitter as before.

Early in December, 1934, Robert Jackson, brilliant young General Counsel of the Internal Revenue Bureau, and Herman Oliphant, General Counsel to Secretary Morgenthau, worked out a detailed tax bill to meet part of the revenue requirements which they knew would be necessary during the forthcoming session of Congress. The President indicated his approval but did nothing. Six months went by, the end of the Congressional session was in sight, and still no word regarding taxes. Meanwhile Huey Long's belligerent Share-the-Wealth program and the inflation panaceas of Father Coughlin and Doctor Townsend had won the support of millions. More and more it became evident that Roosevelt must act.

He did, but he did so without consulting his tax experts, his floor leaders of Congress, or anyone except Vice-President Garner. To that wily old political poker player he unfolded his idea of a "soak the rich" tax. Garner was one hundred per cent for it.

"Go after the big fellows," said he. "They can afford it and the little fellows will eat it up. And it will cut the ground right out from under Huey. You can let the Progressives carry the ball for you. They have been champing at the bit for a long time. They'll jump at your plan like a hungry trout leaping at a fly and demand action at this session."

Mr. Roosevelt followed this advice to the letter. He summoned Professor Moley and Felix Frankfurter, drafted a general message to Congress, and left Washington for the week-end. It is probable that this precipitate action caused more bickering among Congressional Committees and more resentment against the President than any other act of his administration. The Progressives behaved just as Vice-President Garner

had predicted. They demanded immediate action and a real "soak the rich" rate-schedule. If the President had any definite ideas regarding such a schedule he never made them clear. No figures ever were sent to Congress to guide its deliberations. In fact, Secretary Morgenthau twice dodged the issue when requested by Congress for information.

Finally it became apparent that the high tax rates which the President proposed on incomes would yield five hundred thousand dollars at the very most—a mere drop in the bucket compared with what would really be necessary to come anywhere near balancing the New Deal budget. In the end the bill was passed, though without an inheritance tax (the major recommendation of the President), and only after a series of committee debates which almost tore the Democratic Party to pieces.

Profiting by this mistake of last summer, the President adopted a different strategy when he sent his tax message to Congress a few months ago. He studied the situation most carefully. He had done considerable reading on the subject of taxes, including *Brass Tacks* by David Cushman Coyle and three tax studies by the Brookings Institution. Furthermore, with the help of his Treasury experts, he had figured out with great care and precision the approximate revenue likely to be collected through his tax on corporation surpluses.

VI

Before Mr. Roosevelt became President he once wrote in a magazine article: "To accomplish almost anything worthwhile, it is necessary to compromise between the ideal and the practical." Probably this has been the guiding star by which the President has set his course since March 4, 1933. His first two years in office were marked by a tendency to take six steps ahead, then two backward; then four steps ahead, then one backward. In recent months, however, this tendency has been much less noticeable. Perhaps because political lines have become so close-

ly drawn, perhaps because the President now has no illusions over his inability to hold the conservative forces from which his family sprang, he has become more forthright. True, he has taken no steps ahead; rather he has adopted a definite policy of sitting tight and defending every step so far taken. But much of the old indecision, the old tendency to play ball with both sides, has disappeared.

When the Neutrality Bill was introduced in the last session of Congress by the little group of Senators who had backed the munitions investigation the President was not at all enthusiastic. Probably it was not that he was opposed to neutrality legislation so much as he was tired and impatient with the long-drawn-out session of Congress, and anxious to avoid anything which might delay adjournment. Therefore, not only did he give no encouragement to the Neutrality Bill, but he actually opposed its passage, on the ground that it tied the hands of the Executive and gave him no discretion in throwing the weight of the United States against an aggressor nation. How strongly the President felt on this point was revealed to a committee of Congressmen, both Democrats and Republicans, who called to urge the importance of the Neutrality Bill. When Mr. Roosevelt complained that he desired discretionary powers which the pending Neutrality Bill did not give him, Congressman Maury Maverick, a Texas Democrat, whose father led the independent move in the Lone Star State, snapped back at him: "You are not going to get them. The Senate has gone on record against it and a majority in the House is opposed. We'll never give them to you."

The President replied with emphasis that his ideals and aims were identical with those of Congress—namely, keeping the country out of war—and that he intended to avoid war at any cost.

"You may think you can keep us out of war," replied Congressman Sisson, also a Democrat, of Utica, New York, "but you can't. You may recall that Woodrow Wilson, whom we both loved and served,

was re-elected on a pledge to keep us out of war. But he didn't. He was misled by his State Department and his advisers."

The President wanted to know by whom Wilson was misled.

"By Colonel House," said Sisson, and the President disputed this.

After further discussion, Sisson, who headed the delegation, closed with this statement:

"If we fail to pass this legislation, Mr. President, and if the United States drifts into an international jam before the next session—as it well may do—then the people of this country will know that the responsibility rests on the shoulders of one man.

"And," concluded Sisson, "it will cause the defeat of the Democratic Party."

However, once the Neutrality Bill was adopted, the President was its staunchest defender. He had left Washington almost immediately after Congress adjourned for the West Coast and a sea trip through the Canal. But he kept in touch with the State Department every day by wireless. When Mussolini first moved troops against Abyssinia the President radioed the State Department asking that the proclamations required by the Neutrality Act be issued immediately. One of these placed a ban on the shipment of implements of war to both belligerents; the other issued a warning to American citizens against travel on belligerent vessels. The State Department, for some reason or other, delayed in publishing the proclamations. The day dragged by and nothing happened. Finally, late in the evening, it being a Saturday, the President sent a peremptory order from the U.S.S. *Houston*, demanding that the State Department publish the proclamations that day. As a result, career diplomats dropped their golf clubs, hurried into their offices, and finally issued the proclamation on implements of war that night. They did not, however, issue the second order. And early the next morning, it being Sunday, the President radioed from the *Houston* the terse message: "Where is that second proclamation?"

VII

One great difficulty which faces every President of the United States is that of human contacts. The routine of office, the heavy drain on his time, the necessity of concentrating on the major affairs of state must of necessity insulate him from the ordinary people of the country. This could be particularly true in the case of Roosevelt, who is limited by his physical inability to move about easily. So far, however, the President has probably been less secluded than either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Coolidge.

Mrs. Roosevelt has aided him greatly by acting as a sort of restless, roving commissioner, genuinely interested in a thousand-and-one problems which affect the people of the United States. She is his most important means of maintaining contact with the outside world. She gathers all sorts of information, which she feeds to the President. Some of this information is half-baked, and on occasion has caused trouble; but on the whole she serves a useful purpose.

How the President finds time to talk with his wife is a mystery, even to those about the White House. His day is blocked out from early morning until late at night, and at dinner-time the two are seldom without guests. However, when Mrs. Roosevelt promises to take a matter up with the President she invariably does so, and usually the same day. She always refers to the President as "my husband," and he, in turn, usually refers to her as "The Missus." Close friends, after talking to Mrs. Roosevelt, sometimes have had the experience of seeing the President the next day, and of hearing him remark, "The Missus told me last night . . ." and then repeat in exact detail the whole conversation. When the President was en route to Hawaii, Mrs. Roosevelt radioed daily reports about various happenings in the United States. Her radio correspondence was so voluminous that White House telegraph operators grumbled about it. Mrs. Roosevelt might be described as the President's pri-

vate case-worker. Also her liberalism offsets to a very considerable extent the conservatism of Marvin McIntyre and of Mrs. James Roosevelt, Sr., who is an unadulterated Tory.

A President's outgoing lines of communication are as important as his incoming ones. In pleading his cause before the public the President shows both his instinct for effective publicity—or showmanship, if you prefer—and the zeal for detail of which we have already spoken. Mr. Hoover used to have prepared for him mimeographed statements explaining his budget message, which were released to the press. Mr. Coolidge did the same, but not Mr. Roosevelt. Each year before sending his budget message to Congress he has called in the press for a conference lasting fully two hours, in which he has explained, down to the most minute detail, every item of even passing importance in the complicated message. Furthermore, he has held his press conferences at least twenty-four hours, and in some cases forty-eight hours, before the message was sent, in order that the press might have ample time to digest it.

This procedure is followed in the case of every important state paper of any length. When the Reciprocity Treaty was signed with Canada Mr. Roosevelt called in the press and spent over an hour reading twenty-seven pages of a mimeographed statement and explaining in detail many of the seven-hundred-word items contained in the treaty. And, despite its length, the conference was not dull; for much Rooseveltian wit was interspersed among the explanations of the tariff on cattle-on-the-hoof, smoked fish, and Douglas fir.

To a greater extent probably than any other recent President, Mr. Roosevelt writes his own speeches. Usually they are a conglomeration of ideas and sometimes even paragraphs which he has picked up from the little group of advisers round him. The chief ghost writer in recent months has been Steve Early, of the White House secretariat. In the earlier days Professor Moley,

Adolph Berle, Sam Rosenman, and other members of the "Brain Trust" all contributed heavily to the Roosevelt campaign oratory. The President's Jackson Day speech was written almost entirely by Early with the co-operation of O. Max Gardner, former Governor of North Carolina. When it was finished Mr. Early took it in to the President, who read it over critically and finally remarked, "It's a good speech, Steve, but it's too dry. Take it out and put some humor in it." After another draft was written the President retired for three or four hours and dictated his own final draft. This is his usual practice. Sometimes the final draft will be almost identical with the one prepared; sometimes he will discard almost everything except the main theme.

The President's skilful radio technic is no accident. He studies it as carefully as his press relations or his speechmaking. Every speech Mr. Roosevelt delivers over the air is taken down on a wax disk by Ralph Steinberg, his chief radio adviser. And after the address, the President has an opportunity to listen to and study his own voice.

In delivering his messages to Congress the President makes no effort to conceal the fact that he is speaking not to the Senators and Representatives seated before him, but to the vast unseen audience beyond. He has learned through past experience that the old-fashioned oratory of Bryan's day does not take over the air. It produces a rasping noise in the microphone. The result is that he delivers his messages to Congress in a well-modulated, perfect radio voice, which comes clear and persuasive over the air, but is scarcely heard by those who crowd the House of Representatives.

VIII

The strain of the Presidency is terrific. Mr. Roosevelt meets it by maintaining in all his work at the White House an air of complete and engaging informality. No matter how solemn the occasion or how crowded the visitors' schedule, he

will always take time out for anything which relieves the monotony of the day. On one occasion his Secretary of Agriculture, his Under Secretary of Agriculture, and the chief sugar experts of the country were gathered together in solemn conclave regarding the highly important question of sugar quotas. Suddenly Miss LeHand burst into the room to announce that she had just received a long-distance telephone call from Mrs. Sam Rosenman and had something important to tell the President. Sam Rosenman, now Judge of the Supreme Court of New York State, had been Roosevelt's foremost adviser when he was Governor of New York. The assembled sugar experts expected to hear an impressive message. What they heard was a quite unimportant but amusing anecdote about the Judge's small son. Other incidents of this sort could be related by the score. The President is always ready to take time out for a laugh, and his associates know it.

Diplomatic representatives who present their credentials to the President all come away glowing with praise of his charm and informality. The first diplomat to present his credentials after Roosevelt's inauguration was Enrique Bordenave, Minister of Paraguay. As required by State Department protocol, Bordenave had prepared his address to the President and held it, carefully translated into English, typewritten on a piece of paper. The President, in turn, held an address of welcome. As Bordenave approached, the President reached out his hand, took Bordenave's typewritten remarks and said, "Here, let's switch. Now, it's finished and we can get down to business." Following this, the two men engaged in a very informal and delightful fifteen minutes' conversation.

The President welcomes too another sort of relaxation from the strain of White House routine: the opportunity to talk to a group of people who he thinks will really respond to his idealism. On Armistice Day, 1935, he received a delegation of youngsters who had participated in the National Youth Administration

and who came to deliver a petition to the President on the importance of peace. Probably there is nothing which more sincerely appeals to the President than this problem, and he took thirty minutes out of a very crowded morning to discuss with these youngsters the difficulties of keeping out of war. He cited, among other things, the first steps which the United States had taken toward its good-neighbor policy by refusing to interfere in Cuba. Although the civil war in Cuba had occurred two years before, he recalled it in vivid detail, told how for a time it seemed as if intervention would be unavoidable, and how the crisis had finally been weathered without the landing of a single marine. (Incidentally, the President remembered the names of the ships which had been sent to Cuban waters and the dates!) Turning next to the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, which was to be announced two or three days later, the President discussed it in equal detail and emphasized the importance of breaking down tariff barriers if the world is to achieve international understanding.

The youngsters went away enthralled. They had had an intimate, confidential, and revealing glimpse of the man in the White House such as few people are privileged to have.

IX

Not many people have an opportunity to see the President at work when no one is with him. Here are two contrasting glimpses:

In the Executive Offices there used to be a crack in the door when the door opened a certain way, through which anyone standing outside could see the President at his desk. This view has since been removed by the ever-alert Secret Service, and probably only one or two of the President's closest friends, by pure accident, have ever seen him through this crack. At one time Charles Taussig, a member of the "Brain Trust," was waiting for an interview. Ahead of him was a Congressional delegation. They had

come down from Capitol Hill boiling over with resentment against the President. Fifteen minutes later they came out completely mollified. Roosevelt's geniality had been at its best. For one brief moment there was no one in the room. The President leaned back, slowly reached for a cigarette, put it in his ivory holder, lighted a match, and took a long puff. A smile of complete satisfaction spread over his face.

A moment later the next visitor was ushered in.

One evening, in the residence part of the White House, the President was sitting in the Lincoln Study, where he always works at night. Edward McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, had come

over to talk to him about a troublesome strike situation. McGrady walked along the heavily carpeted corridor outside the Lincoln Study. The President did not hear him. As McGrady came to the door, which was open, he glanced inside. The room was dark except for one lamp on the President's desk, which illuminated his face almost as if in a stage setting. The President sat there, gazing off into space. He was not reading, he was not smoking, he was thinking. And on his face was a look of almost tragic loneliness. A man completely surrounded by people and problems, and completely alone.

McGrady turned and tiptoed back down the corridor.

BIRD PASSING

BY DAVID MORTON

NOW the dark shadow of the bird is crossing the ground,
And I know that the bird herself is going by
Overhead, in a brightness and swiftness that moves without sound
Between the sun and the earth, flying into the sky,
Lovely and not for long, and yet my eye
Will not be lifted away from the moving shadow
Come with a strangeness to earth, and not for long,
Shapely and somber and swift on the bright meadow,
The darkness and brightness and swiftness making a song
Of shadow and meadow and flight and dreaming ground,
Though the song is not made of words, and moves without sound.



QUALITY OF MERCY

A STORY

BY G. B. STERN

IT JUST happened that Pauline Ferrars and Jim Meade were in London at the same time. Usually one was in Devonshire and the other in Capri. It happened too that Sherwood complained he had never been asked to my flat, which was his form of carrying the war into the enemy's country; certainly one never asked him, as nine times out of ten he was too busy with what is formidably called "important research." When I asked him to name his own day he chose the same day as when Jim and Pauline were already coming. Gavin Sherwood had never met Bob; and, gastronomically speaking, none of them had ever met my cook. She was a gaunt reliable woman in her forties, full of respectable axioms uttered in a deep warning voice like the tolling of a bell for the dead; but she knew her job, and my guests used to eat a meal prepared by her, with short sharp exclamations of joy, begging for recipes, instead of thrusting the food away abstractedly while they talked of other things.

A fortnight ago she had been called away to the bedside of a sick mother; but now it seemed to me, callously speaking, that her mother should be either much better or else resigned to the fact that she must be ill with only five of her daughters instead of six clustering at her bedside; for Gunn had told me that she was one of six: "all girls" she added in a somber sort of way. Six daughters, six beautiful daughters, six romantic little

princesses—well, no, that was unlikely; six cooks like Gunn.

I sent a telegram saying, "Urgent lunch party Wednesday please return Tuesday unless quite impossible."

Pauline was a connoisseur of food; and so probably was Sherwood, after the forty-five years he had spent courteously receiving the best of everything because no one would be likely to give him anything second-rate. Jim of course, in spite of his recent leap into fame with his Symphony, had been brought up very simply by a good old-fashioned mother, and I should say his appetite was hearty but unsophisticated.

Anyhow, concentrating on the matter of lunch, I interviewed Gunn immediately on her return. She was looking rather more gaunt than ever, with a curiously neurotic streak which had not been there before, but was, I suppose, the result of too much night-nursing. I told her I wanted one of her perfect fillet steaks; that short thick kind, so proud and tender it falls apart at mere sight of the knife, forestalling the indignity of being cut, and reveals itself delicately flushed within, with little juicy spurts of red gravy. These steaks were our specialty. We had had homeric battles with our butcher before he finally realized that we would accept a fillet steak no degree inferior to perfection itself. Often we left him; then allowed ourselves to be seduced back again, winningly, gradually. Nevertheless, for this luncheon party, I was

taking no risks: "Give him to-morrow's order *to-day*, so that we can be dead certain. *Two* fillet steaks. Send us up the best, and I'll eat up the other in the evening."

Gunn nodded gloomily. "And what about the entry?" she queried, as one might say, What about the winding-sheet? "And the fish and the sweet?"

I ordered a rather complicated entrée; cut out the fish, and altered the sweet to a sharp but subtle savory. Then I selected a bottle of the 1906 Chateau Haut Brion, and sat down reposefully, feeling I had done all that was possible beforehand toward making the lunch a proud success.

My three guests arrived punctually. Gavin Sherwood was in one of his most charming humors. You forgot that he was a great scientist; you forgot he was a traveler, a cynic, a man of the world in the deeper sense of the phrase; and only remembered how much you always liked him in your rare encounters, and wondered why legend had created little mysterious circles of darkness and awe round his name. I suppose the word "scientist" still trails "alchemist" behind it; and an alchemist was one who used power of magic.

Pauline was looking lovely, but she was strangely over-excited and talked too much, flinging the phrases about a little wildly, carelessly, as though in the hope that where six went wide of the mark, the seventh might brilliantly encircle it and win a cheer from the three of us. I could see that Jim, though shy at first, found her enchanting, and I remembered with amusement that he had said over the telephone when I had invited him to this lunch, "I say! Lady Pauline! I say, I've wanted to meet her ever since I saw her in a box at the theater and Rogerson pointed her out to me and said, 'Look at that woman up there, with the glorious shoulders. She's one of the most dangerous women alive. If ever you meet her, Jim, look out!' And now she's going to be at your lunch. I say!"

Brought up on a farm among the inno-

cent fields and lanes of Devonshire, in an atmosphere of honeysuckle and cream, apple-pudding and a mother's devotion, it was plain that Jim loved meeting "one of the most dangerous women alive."

Lunch was announced, and we floated gaily through what Gunn called "the entry."

"You've got a cook," remarked Sherwood with appreciation. "Not just a plain cook, or a cook-who-does-her-best, or a cook who'll do until you get another, but a *cook*."

And Pauline chimed in, "We'll draw lots for her presently. A mere painter like Judith doesn't deserve her. And if either of you two men get her, and not me, I'll have to marry you."

Jim flushed crimson. So it was true, this delightful woman was dangerous! He marvelled at her daring and marvelled even more at the spirit of calm amusement in Sherwood's reply to the challenge:

"And if you should draw the lucky number, Pauline, what's the design-for-living? Do we settle down as a trio?"

Pauline shook her head, and her voice became husky and tantalizing as she said, "There would have to be, I think, a little tactful elimination."

I did not hear any more of the dialogue, for just then Lucy brought in the steak and set it down before me to carve.

At first sight it seemed one of those things that were too bad to be true. This steak did not stand arrogantly thick and obviously tender, waiting merely for a breath of the knife hovering above it to fall into succulent juicy slices. This steak cringed low and flat to the plate, though it bumped away from it in places. It was a pallid steak, looking as though it had been kept under a mattress for days and had never had enough praise or encouragement. Moreover, it was veined by branches of what looked horribly like gristle.

Too bad to be true. Probably I was mistaken. Probably when I began to carve it . . . I glanced up at Lucy. Her

face was respectfully expressionless, but I thought I saw beneath the parlormaid's mask a flicker of honest woman-to-woman sympathy. The others were talking, chaffing one another in the interim between two courses of what could not fail to be an excellent, well-chosen lunch. I began to carve. My knife made no impression anywhere. It would not begin to cut through the tough veins of gristle. I tried another place on the steak. No good. I twisted the dish still farther round. Then I began again on the first portion. For all the impression that my carving made on that steak, I might have been reciting Milton to a person deaf from birth.

This was nightmare. One could not go on and on and on into eternity, hacking away at an unresponsive piece of meat, while one's visitors talked their brilliant flippancies, noticing nothing. Nightmare. It was useless to question how this direful thing had happened now that I was actually engaged in the tussle. Afterward I would let my thoughts roam free, and more than my thoughts, on cooks and butchers, on butchers and cooks. But for the moment . . .

I made another onslaught, turning the dish round again to present the knife with yet another angle of that horrible steak. This was nonsense; I simply *had* to give them something to eat besides the entrée and the savory.

It would not cut.

The gay, casual dialogue was naturally dying down. I would have to say something, explain, apologize . . . or I could faint, of course; that would create a diversion. Downstairs in the kitchen was, I remembered, an alternative steak. I had told Gunn to get two. It could not be worse than this one. It might be better. But by what means could a hostess unobtrusively waft one steak off the dish, and another, hot and deliciously grilled, on to it? The air about me grew hotter and things buzzed in my ears, while hopelessly I sawed away, and in the reigning silence wondered when it could end, how the situation could resolve itself?

Suddenly a voice spoke. Gavin's voice. What he said was incredible, "Judith, I've been watching you for a long time. I've never seen anyone quite so helpless. You know, it's a perfectly easy matter to carve a piece of steak."

All my suppressed agony flared into temper—and broke. "If it's so easy," I retorted laughing (I was able to laugh now), "then please, Gavin, do it yourself. I'd hate to stop you."

Politely I handed him the carvers; equally politely he returned them. "No, no, I'm your guest. I'm here to eat, not to carve. Besides, I enjoy watching you. I had no idea anyone could try so many things with one piece of steak."

"But it's tough," I confessed ruefully.

The situation was normal now, the tension slack, the fever-patient cool and easy. Pauline usually took a line of her own, so I was faintly astonished that she should follow closely on Gavin's initiative; she began to chaff me hilariously on the toughness of the steak and my inability to cope with it. She overdid the matter badly of course, but I did not care. All my coherent thoughts were quenched in a rush of silent gratitude toward Sherwood. Give me a man of the world to estimate exactly the right moment, and use the perfect light inflection, to come to the rescue; his mature knowledge told him that hospitality was temporarily in a hole; and that the only way out of it, the only kindness, was for him to mock openly. I might have gone on hacking at that steak forever.

In spite of Jim's agitated ripple of polite assertion that the steak was very nice indeed he liked steak like that it was his favorite kind of steak and what could be nicer than steak?, we decided to leave it alone and make up on the savory, cheese, and dessert. The 1906 Chateau Haut Brion was a mellow charmer. Gavin was right to praise it so highly. The luncheon party worked out as a distinct success, and I was sorry to see them all go. Jim stayed on a little longer than the other two, and allowed his shyness to

disperse in simple friendliness and special efforts to make me aware how much he had enjoyed himself. "You must come down to Spendicott soon for a weekend. I'd like you to see the fuchsias in bloom. My cousins are staying with us now; you know my cousins, don't you? Diana Leighton and her father. He's not at all well, poor chap. His doctor's sending him on a trip to California."

"Oh?" Hamyll Leighton was one of my pet aversions: a picturesque, self-adoring sentimentalist. "Is Diana going with him?"

"I don't think so. She's so keen on her job. Diana's very clever, considering she's so pretty. She passed her examinations with special mention. I wish in a way, you know, she hadn't. He'll miss her so terribly. She's the apple of his eye, poor old chap. It would be nice if you could come down before he left; he's always asking after you and told me he wanted to be kindly remembered. Mother sent you her love."

Jim was one of those people who would always remember to deliver remembrances, kind regards, and love. He carried little bundles of these verbal post cards, and left them consistently at the right addresses. I listened dreamily to his farewell speeches; for somehow or other the luncheon party, pleasant though it had been except for those few awful moments, had left me extraordinarily sleepy. I decided that I would not speak to Gunn till next morning.

That evening my husband unexpectedly came to dine with me. If this sounds like a somewhat startling statement, I may mention, in brackets, that we had had a more than usually futile argument six weeks before. I think it was about my neglecting him for my career, caring more for painting aldermen and poets than making domesticity a bed of roses. Anyhow he had gone off, in a manly rage, to stay at his Club.

The alternative steak was brought in and set before me to carve. I looked at it . . . and even before I picked up the

carving-knife, felt that I knew now, if never before, what irony could do.

"My God, Judith," remarked Terry, a few moments later, "this is the most perfect steak I've ever lapped up. It simply cuts itself."

"Yes. It does, doesn't it?"

The next morning he moved home again, with his suitcase. It was clear to him that painting aldermen and poets, in alternate streaks of profit and pleasure, had not, after all, wholly unfitted me for domesticity and supplying the wants of the epicurean male.

And the next morning I interviewed Gunn.

It was not a very satisfactory interview. Her attitude puzzled me. It was neurotic and defiant. It conveyed that she did not in the least understand what she had done and, nevertheless, was not sorry that she had done it. She would not answer direct indictment. Surely, I asked, she *must* have noticed beforehand the difference between the two steaks? She shook her head stupidly, uttering wild sea-bird mewings about her mother, and collapsed into harsh crying. This style of behavior continued for a few weeks and made us all extremely uncomfortable. Though no actual catastrophe occurred, as over the steak, she would cook marvellously as of old for a few days, and then her style would degenerate again into blurs of scrambled eggs and dowdy statements of stew. Finally she blurted out her notice with some incomprehensible charges against me, and marched out.

I should never have understood the whole affair but for my sewing-woman, who had been a friend of Gunn's, originally imported by her to do occasional jobs of mending. Popping pins in and out of her mouth, she informed me chattily that Gunn's mother was a myth. Gunn's mother had died twenty years ago. It was all this fellow down in Devon. "A farmer, I believe, or some such. She was crazy about him; spent her holiday there every year. Well, they do sometimes at her age, don't they? I mean—is that sleeve too tight above the elbow? Yes, I

thought it was—I mean it takes them like that, sort of last chance, that's what I always call it . . . yes, I can widen it with a piece out of the sash; we don't need all that stuff in the sash, do we? Makes it bulky just where you don't want it. . . . But she heard some rumor he was going to be married, and down she had to dash, though what she hoped from just reminding him what she looked like in case he'd been and forgotten . . . but there, as I said, poor soul, she wasn't quite in her right mind about him. And when you sent for her to come back she cried and carried on and said she wouldn't go, for all he wanted to be rid of her before his new young lady was to hear of the fuss. But she came back all upside-down in her mind and not feeling any too friendly toward you, Mrs. Maitland, nor your luncheon party; feeling right-down nasty, in fact. So out she went and ordered two steaks, one cheap cut from the wrong end for the servants, she said; for stewing, she said; and the other to send up to the dining room. And then sent up the bad one on purpose. Revengeful, I call it; and I told her so when she told me afterward, but she'd got to a state she didn't seem to care what anyone thought of her. No, I don't know where she is now, but he's married to his new young lady and they're getting on a treat, I hear, so in a roundabout way, he ought to be grateful to you."

Yes, I am sure he ought. Two people already had benefited from my little luncheon party: my husband and an unknown farmer-or-some-such in Devon. I wondered idly if there were any more links on that chain?

Then suddenly I received a cluster of very profitable commissions in New York and Chicago; and in the haste of preparation I thought no more of poor Gunn and her gaunt tragedy.

From Chicago I went on to Hollywood to paint Mr. Arthur N. Wyckoff, head of the A.B.C. studios, Mr. Simon Ruscoe of World-Studios, and six out of seven of the Sachs Brothers. At a party at Santa

Monica, I was introduced to a Mrs. Burford B. Chandos, and discovered it was Diana Leighton, Jim's pretty cousin.

When she was seventeen, the child had had a rave on me; and though she was—how old now?—twenty-two or twenty-three, she showed symptoms of remembering I had been a good listener, and of wishing to unburden herself of fresh confidences. So we wandered out through the garden and down to the swimming-pool. No one was there but ourselves. Diana did not look exactly radiant, but she seemed serene enough, as though she had grown up and learned to manage, psychologically speaking; and this I approved of. These Peter Pan girls and Peter Pan boys who never quite get the hang of facts are liable to be boring once they are over twenty-one.

Diana's husband was the protective, rugged type. A banker, she told me, and rich; neither too thin nor too fat—

"And one can't have everything," Diana summed up the situation.

I shrugged my shoulders. "One can have practically nothing."

"I'm not in love with him but he's kind," defiantly from Diana.

Kind? I wondered. We had previously exchanged a few words, and he had bellowed genially, in compliment to my career, "I expect a lot of women would exchange *their* looks for *your* talent, Mrs. Maitland!"

"I suppose you would say kindness was a lukewarm sort of quality, but—I'm not a cynic like you, Judith."

"All right, all right, my child, and many happy returns. Shall I paint him for you, or you for him, as my wedding-present?"

"Have you ever painted a portrait of Gavin Sherwood?" she asked, off on God-knows-what tangent. Talking of cynics perhaps.

"No. He's never had time for it; too occupied with his research and so forth. I will when he retires. He has the sort of fine head that grows finer as it slowly silvers. Are you in love with Gavin?" I

added casually. For I had seen her eyes as I spoke of his good looks.

"I was. I'd have died for him."

I waited.

"We were all mad about him, all the students I mean, when I was at St. John's. And then he needed an assistant just after I had got through my final exam and was qualified to take the job if I could get it. Of course we *swarmed*, but . . . I don't know . . . In our interview, I could tell he liked me. Oh, he was so sweet; absolutely businesslike and practical, but I could *tell*! To help him in his experiments, to serve him . . . Writers are always jabbering about what propinquity will do—a horrid word—but they're right; a hundred chances a day of being alone together, instead of once every three months or so, and then only mixed up with a lot of social stuff and rabble and gabble. Judith, he wrote and offered me the job. It was to start almost at once. Daddy was going to California; poor sweet, he wasn't at all well. He's splendid now; have you seen him to-night?—Oh, well, he's somewhere about. But he wasn't standing in my way, he said, though a bit brokenhearted. But I simply couldn't, I *couldn't* think of anything but Gavin, and what I'd be able to do for Gavin and do *with* Gavin for all the years of my life. Suddenly father changed right round, put his foot down. 'You're coming with me to California, child,' he said. He said he wouldn't leave me behind, working for a man like that. And he said, 'Sherwood's a cruel type.'"

For no reason that I could discover in myself, I flushed and spoke angrily, "That's a lie!"

"It's true," said Diana.

This was a shock. I was prepared for the girl to be loyal and stormy and challenging and schoolgirlish; to declare, perhaps over-dramatically, that she had had to give in to her father because he was ill, but she would never cease to believe in Gavin. But that curious, stony "It's true," provoked all the long-forgotten schoolgirl in myself. "What do you mean by 'it's true'?"

"What he did to Pauline . . . was cruel."

"Did he do anything to Pauline? I didn't know that he and Pauline—"

"She was madly in love with him. She had been in love with him for years, only it was getting worse and worse. Didn't you know that? Judy, don't you ever see *anything*?"

"Not a damn thing."

But suddenly that lunch drifted back into my memory, and I saw Pauline in a tumult of glory and over-excitement, breathlessly intent on Gavin, shining for him, glowing for him; even, in that strange way of love, copying him, using his phrases, his tone of voice; catching at his opinions, gilding them. Yes, Diana was quite right and I had been blind. Pauline was in love with the man. But—cruel? I asked Diana how he had been cruel to Pauline.

"She showed me his letter."

I ceased to be sorry for Pauline. She should not have shown Diana any letter from Gavin.

Oh, well, I don't know; why condemn her to be priggish and austere and reticent when she was feeling like hell? If she were badly hurt—We all get relief where and how we can.

It was a very short letter. Diana repeated the gist of it, gazing into the dark water of the swimming-pool as though she were reading it off from there: "He said that he wasn't going to see her any more, ever. Except of course if it happened so that he couldn't help it; but he hardly ever goes to parties, and she's in Capri such a lot, so it could be avoided. And he was going to avoid it because she had become dangerous to him. She was on his mind too much. And then—oh, I forget just how brutally he put it—his work and all that; he wasn't going to expose himself. He wrote that she was the only woman in the world whom he need avoid, who could ever disturb him in that way. It was a hateful letter!"

"I'm not so sure." I was a little breathless.

"You've got no imagination, Judy.

Can't you imagine what it means to Pauline, never seeing him again? And because she was the only person in the world who was 'dangerous' to him, and he didn't want to be 'disturbed.' " Diana's voice was tense with indignation.

But I was unreasonably elated, as though I were on the trail of something so important that I had no usual measure to gauge it by.

Yes, here it was, the same note as before over that infernally tough steak, only deeper, fuller this time; responding to a much more urgent need. It was thrilling to recognize it, as thrilling as to find on some old map the mark of buried treasure: "Here lies much gold." For Gavin Sherwood did not love Pauline. Yet he realized that she could not go on like that, restless, tormented, doubting; manufacturing false evidence that he cared for her, destroying it again. So he gave her the blessing of complete certainty in what she most needed to believe: that she was the only woman in the world who could be "dangerous" to him, who could "disturb" him, who meant so much already that he dared take no risks.

What better could he do for her? Here, in this letter he had written, was a whole relief expedition; here was ointment for throbbing vanity, rescue for self-respect. Compare the quiet dove-colored sorrow that Pauline could now hold clasped always to her breast with the agony that a man of thicker sensibility might have left her with forever.

I would gladly have shouted aloud my discovery to Diana, but I restrained the impulse, remembering that this was exactly what Gavin would not have done: the quality of his mercy would forbid it; would leave Diana still regretting nothing, still thinking him no hero, but a callous ruffian. I could pay Gavin no higher tribute than in all humility to imitate his manner of kindness. And I *wanted* to be like Gavin; since my discovery I wanted it childishly; after all, I could not go forth and meet him with banners and cymbals. And one must do something.

So I merely said, "I haven't seen Pauline for some time. Did she seem terribly unhappy after this letter?"

"Well—no, she didn't. No," repeated Diana, surprised, "she didn't. Pauline is so gallant." The sentimental little goose sent her voice ringing out on the warm blossomy air.

"Oh, Diana darling, *don't!*"

"Don't what?"

"Use words like that."

"'Gallant' happens to be my favorite word," said Diana, not yielding an inch of her dignity, though she would rejoicingly have thrown me into the pool. She was a serious young thing, Diana, and always would be, and very, very pretty. And brains, too; look how well she had passed her biology examinations. Chandos was a lucky man. Between us, Gavin Sherwood and I, we had to-day given that kind, protective husband such a chance of permanent survival as came to few kind, protective husbands whose wives were only just reluctantly beginning to love them.

"Diana, just tell me, how did your father come to hear about this Pauline business before you did?"

Making a thoroughly good job out of slaying Gavin, Diana icily supposed he had been "talking about it at the club."

Later on in the evening I ran into Hamyll Leighton, Diana's father, looking, as she had said, tall, ruddy, handsome, and splendid. After we had discussed his health, his suggestions for improving California and other irrelevant topics, I congratulated him on Diana's marriage. Immediately I was drowned out in a flood of "My little girl" stuff: My little daughter; my only little daughter; my one little girl, and "You-don't-know-what-it-means-to-be-a-father."

"Chandos is a good fellow. He'll look after my little girl. You're an artist, Mrs. Maitland, and artists, I know, have to be hard in this modern world. So you'll probably scoff at me when I say that kindness means happiness, and happiness means kindness."

I nodded and tried to look like a hard artist in a modern world being persuaded against my hard modern judgment that kindness is happiness and happiness is the Bluebird and the Bluebird was the exclusive property of Diana's Old Daddy.

"By the way," he added, "in a round-about fashion, we owe it all to you."

"To me?" I was puzzled. "To Pauline surely?"

"Who's Pauline? Ah, yes, yes, I think I've heard my little girl speak of her: Lady Pauline Ferrars. And I've seen her photograph too in *The Tatler*. Not quite my style. Too raffish. No, what I meant to say—have you ever noticed how small things are responsible for quite big ones? If my cousin, Jim Meade, hadn't warned me so seriously against Sherwood—"

"Jim? But I thought Jim liked him. They met at my house once."

"Ah, but Jim is shrewd in his way; very little passes him by. When this question came up, while we were staying with him, that my little girl should accept a job as laboratory assistant to Professor Sherwood, she was delighted at the honor; and her old father wasn't going to raise objections. The young must make way for the old," he continued, placing his exemplary sentiments the wrong way round, and not noticing the mistake. "And though this might have been my last voyage, and it would have meant so much to me to have had my only little daughter with me—"

(He was looking well!)

"She rebelled at first when I told her the truth, lovingly but sternly, Mrs. Maitland; for often love and severity are twin archangels whom we cannot distinguish apart. 'I have learnt something about this man, little daughter,' I said. 'No father worthy the name would leave his child exposed to such a close intimacy unless he were completely satisfied as to the nature of the man; however great, however famous, however honorable his career, could he be trusted, not only in deed, but in his influence? The dangers of propinquity! You see, Mrs. Maitland,

you have to be a man of the world, not a dreamy artist—"

(So I was suddenly dreamy, not hard and modern any longer!)

"You have to be a man of the world to realize what propinquity may lead to. And she would have been with him day in day out."

"Surely only day in?"

He shook his head at my flippancy; a picturesque head with thick wavy hair. "It's no joke to be responsible for an only little daughter, you know. Though she's a gallant child, a very gallant child. And after the first blow she suddenly made up her mind to take the disappointment beautifully. 'I cannot let you accept this position with him, little daughter.' So I thought it would be the quickest way to get over her childish distress if she came on a long sea voyage: a new country, new people, new friends, new associations—Did you speak?"

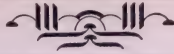
I had not spoken. I had grunted. In this instance it was a more polite and safer way of saying, "Yes, and weren't you glad to have any excuse to drag Diana along with you, you good-looking Thanksgiving turkey stuffed with sage and selfishness?"

He beamed at me benevolently; Hamyll Leighton was not good at guessing thoughts. "And out here I recovered my health, and she met Chandos, and he fell in love with her, and she married him, and you see it's turned out well for everybody! And that's why I wanted to thank you, Mrs. Maitland, for unconsciously helping to bring it all about."

But the point of his gratitude still eluded me. And there was another point too on which he had forgotten to enlighten me. For if it were not Gavin's behavior to Pauline—

"What did Jim tell you that made you think Gavin Sherwood hadn't a nice enough nature to be trusted with Diana?"

"Ah yes. He told me—the little things, Mrs. Maitland, the little things are straws that show the way the wind blows!—he told me that Sherwood was once terribly cruel to you about a piece of steak."



TOO LATE FOR WORLD PEACE?

THE TIME FACTOR IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

WITH Germany's re-arming of the Rhineland there has been swept away the last shred of an illusion eighteen years old. The so-called peace structure has finally toppled. It never has been more than a façade; now that has fallen too. There remains only to draw a moral from eighteen years of futility and barren hope and to apply the lesson in decisions for the future. There are two questions: a general question having reference to the disestablishment of the war system and a specific question having reference to the course America must pursue in self-preservation.

On the first there is little that needs to be said. The war system has not been disestablished. It was never even shaken. The League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, the World Court, and all the other ostensible instrumentalities of a new international order were supernumerary—bodiless entities in a collateral world external to the world of realities and touching the living world only when useful in the more earthy concerns of international power politics. They were used exclusively as means to the forwarding of national interest by the two or three nations that have been dominant since 1918. Great Britain rallied to the League with selfless consecration when Italy menaced its interests in Africa; France was cool. France rallied to the League with selfless consecration when Germany became dangerous; Great Britain was cool. National interest remained the dominant

consideration after 1918 as before 1914. Only the center of gravity had shifted.

Germany's military reoccupation of the Rhineland put nothing new. It only crossed the t's and dotted the i's. What was latent before is now visible on the surface to the naked eye, even to eyes so long willfully blinded. Now we are admitted back to the old order from which we never really departed, the old order of the balance of power, rival alliances, armament races. Indeed our plight is more dangerous than in 1913, for now the East seethes as well as the West. A war may start in Europe and extend to Asia or start in Asia and extend to Europe. Now only the dubious resources of diplomacy can avail to avert war. Peace can be maintained if compromises can be improvised that evade irreconcilable conflicts of interest and ambition but at least postpone clash, or if a balance of power can be struck and the scales held absolutely even, so that all sides are immobilized by fear. Diplomatic virtuosity and the periodic intervention of providence are the sole safeguards now of peace.

II

General considerations are vain. To talk now of world organization, of collective security, of an international order based on law and functioning by pacific processes is waste of energy and enthusiasm. The opportunity to institute such an order has passed. It had passed years

ago in fact. There is a time factor in international relations, and it may be called decisive. The fatal words in international relations are "too late." What is done is of less importance than when it is done. Acts that can be effectual at one time may be useless two years later.

Cancellation of German reparations, a measure of re-armament for Germany, annexation of Austria to Germany—in 1924 these might have served to prevent the renewal of the European feud. Then Germany would not have been predisposed by economic desperation to extremities and by humiliation to the appeal of chauvinism and nationalistic hysteria; a moderate German government that could have brought its people some alleviations for their suffering and some appeasement of their pride might have remained in power. Then Central and Eastern Europe would not have been malformed and economically distorted in crippled movements by the presence in its midst of an Austria that was an entity without existence or means of existence. Any or all of these steps could do no good now. Reparations have been cancelled by German fiat. Armament has begun by Germany's own leave. To allow Germany to absorb Austria now would not reconstitute Eastern Europe on a feasible political and economic basis. It would only be a German victory, taken by the German people as testimony to their own strength and the weakness of their opponents. The German districts in Czechoslovakia would occupy the role in the next few years which Austria has in the years just past.

Concessions wrung from an unwilling grantor are an incentive to wring more. International strains acquire a kind of vested interest. They build up their own motive power and momentum. They take on psychological accretions, and when a national psychology is formed it breeds its own sustenance and sources of growth. For one thing, public individuals have made commitments that involve their own and their nation's pride: if nations do not willingly "uphold" their

leaders, emotional appeals carried on the vehicles of propaganda persuade them to do so. That which would prevent strains from gathering cannot ease them when they are set. There is a kind of law of forces in international relations. Once they have acquired a certain strength and momentum they must play themselves out.

The same process of reasoning applies to the international conference proposed by the British government after the re-occupation of the Rhineland. Fifteen, or even ten, years ago such a concerted effort to redress the follies and inequities of the Treaty of Versailles and to take up one by one the residuary controversies bequeathed from the pre-war period and left unsettled by the War might have laid a stable foundation in Europe. It would have little prospect of success now. The follies of the Treaty of Versailles have driven chasms in Europe, the inequities have begotten rancors too far aggravated to be laid by diplomatic conversations. National "honor" has become involved and, defined as unwillingness to compromise, its "preservation" has become the means by which too many governments command the loyalty of their people. Dictatorships must maintain a front of invincibility to the external world in order to remain secure internally. Moreover, what would have satisfied Germany fifteen years ago would not satisfy Germany now. What France could have granted fifteen years ago it cannot grant now without weakening its position. For one thing, it would lose its hold on the nations of the Little Entente, whose allegiance to France is commensurate with evidence of France's impregnability. The *leitmotiv* of the European tragedy: too late.

Illustration can be found elsewhere than in Europe. Asia too is a war zone. Fifteen years ago, or at any time before 1925, concessions to Chinese aspirations to independence would have forestalled the inception of Chinese nationalism. It could also have made a beginning toward devolution of the international struggle

for supremacy in China which had embroiled the Far East before the World War and is now coming to a climax, with Soviet Russia and Japan poised to spring at each other and Japan and the United States building fleets and pushing out air bases toward each other. The concessions were not made. Chinese nationalism set in and at first had marked success. Having won more than they would have been satisfied with a few years earlier, the Chinese were goaded by success to attempt still more, to evict all those entrenched on their soil. They sought to recover South Manchuria, where Japan had established itself, and thus gave the challenge to Japanese militarism. Japan retaliated in 1931 by making all Manchuria its own. Goaded in their turn by success, the Japanese took to aggression for its own sake and began the steady encroachment on the Asiatic continent that has made a large part of China a Japanese protectorate and all of Eastern Asia a setting for war. Having gone so far without hindrance, Japan is bent on going farther. But it was the first act of omission, the failure by timely concessions to forestall a Chinese rising and a provocation to Japanese militarism, that initiated the whole sequence of events. Now Japan must complete its conquest of Eastern Asia or there must be war.

Similarly, to have given Japan naval equality or a closer approximation to equality ten or fifteen years ago would have prevented the naval issue from assuming the factitious importance it now has—factitious, because the differential in tonnage in Japan's disfavor is not strategically decisive. It does not expose Japan to an attack by the United States, and on the other hand equality would not make Japan dangerous to the United States. When Japan formally demanded equality last year, the dispute already had attained a symbolical value. To have yielded then would have done little to restore harmony to the Pacific area. It would have been construed by Japan as a sign of fear and as warrant for the exercise of a free hand in other respects.

Of special application to the United States is the question of the Philippines. Twenty-five years ago they could have been freed without serious danger of international repercussions. The Far East was relatively tranquil, the mood of Japanese militarism was still restrained, and in the normal economic conditions then prevailing provision could have been made for graduated adjustment to economic autonomy. Then the fate of the Philippines could have been left to their own concern. There would have been a long enough period of independence by this time so that if out of the present turbulence in the Far East an attempt were made by Japan to appropriate the islands it would not signify a direct challenge to the United States. Instead, the Philippines remained in American possession until last year and do not attain a status of full independence until 1945. Now, by reason of world economic conditions and the misconceived provisions of the legislative act freeing the islands, economic autonomy is virtually impossible for them. Now, moreover, the Far East is in turmoil and Japan is imperialistically on the make.

If by overt attack or, as is more likely, by economic penetration Japan should acquire an effectual overlordship in the Philippines, the gage would be flung at America. America would take up the gage. Legally it would have no obligation; psychologically and emotionally the imperative would be irresistible.

Twenty-five years ago freeing the Philippines would have extricated the United States from a perilous position six thousand miles from its own shores; now it is probably a mistake. The Pacific waters are only the more roiled thereby. It is significant that whereas until a few years ago the Filipinos were uncompromising in their clamor for independence, now they are rather rueful. They have officially voiced their hope that the United States will guarantee the independence of the islands. The United States will do so for all practical purposes, and it will be undertaking a difficult

obligation without the strategic advantages of military and economic possession.

Finally, there is the question of colonies. The world appears suddenly to have discovered with Sir Samuel Hoare that something must be done about raw materials and that raw materials have something to do with colonies. In fact the world appears suddenly to have discovered that the economic motive has some relation to colonial expansion. There is in consequence much talk about the need for re-allocation of raw materials. In 1919 or even in 1929 a redistribution of colonies or even a guaranty of free access for economic purposes might have had some utility. Italy would not have gone off on the adventure that has released the destructive influences of the past year. Japan might have had less pretext for overrunning the Far East while the other empires were occupied. Germany would not have the excuse for what is already shadowed as its next demand. This is said without prejudice to the validity of the need for colonies. If strong Powers act as if the need were valid, then for practical purposes it does not matter whether it is or not. The consequences are the same.

In spite of the disingenuously spontaneous discovery that colonies are a source of international friction, the source cannot be removed now. It is too late. Colonies have become a symbol of prestige and a prize of political struggle as well as a presumptive economic advantage. The challenge has been given, and the atmosphere is not one for a division of political wealth on grounds of equity. For any of the empires with possessions to recede would be to invite further encroachment. The race for empire has been resumed.

There may be stated as an iron law of international relations a variation on an old French proverb: it is only the first step that counts. The first step fixes direction, and each step thereafter constrains to the next. After a certain point there is no turning back. Governments, statesmen, and people have generated a

power behind themselves that they cannot withstand, that drives them forward almost against their will. It is so that every war comes about. It was so that the World War came. With the exceptions perhaps of Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, and Conrad von Hoetzendorf, the Austrian Chief of Staff, there was not a responsible statesman in Europe who really wanted a war in 1914. But none of them any longer had freedom of will. They had bound their own fetters.

It cannot be said with certainty that we have reached that point already. An incident may precipitate war in Europe—or between Japan and Soviet Russia on the Mongolian borders—before the end of this year or even before the end of the month in which this magazine appears. But it is still within the option of the governments of Europe to retard their pace and draw back from the precipice. Their respective positions are mutually irreconcilable. But they need not push them to the uttermost. They are not yet inescapably the prisoners of their own acts.

III

This being so, what conclusion is to be drawn for the guidance of the United States? In pure logic, only one. Since experience has demonstrated that the United States will be drawn into any war of long duration involving the major Powers, then its only hope lies in preventing a war from starting. Rationally considered, those cannot be successfully refuted who hold that therefore the United States must take its part in any collective effort to guarantee peace, even to the extent of joining in military action against aggressors. Concretely, then, it ought to join the League of Nations.

Rationally considered, perhaps; but neither reason nor logic enters. If there were or had been any real collective effort, any real organization for peace, the argument would have merit. But there is not now and never has been one. If the United States were to join the League to-day and in addition underwrite any

and all the non-aggression pacts, the war situation would be in no wise ameliorated. It would be left unchanged. One more national element would be injected, that is all. The United States would merely have elected in advance on which side to fight. It would have forfeited its right to decide whether to fight or not. In fact, far from safeguarding peace, it would have made war more likely. The assurance of immediate American support in men, materials, and money probably would have made France more uncompromising in the past few weeks, possibly even have emboldened it to go to war. This would have been the effect of American adhesion to the League of Nations at any time since 1919. It would always have been compelled to elect on which side to throw its strength, not to the end of peace but for the buttressing of the national policy of one side or another. Until 1925 it would have had to choose between Great Britain and France, in 1935 between Great Britain and Italy, in 1936 between Germany and France. The solidification of a collective system for the maintenance of peace has never come into question. There has only been *realpolitik*—the nationalistic ambitions of rival Powers. This is even more true now. America can do nothing for peace. It can only decide whether or not to fight on the side of France to crush Germany before Germany is completely armed.

For America the alternatives are not isolation or co-operation for peace. They are isolation or joining in a war as a free agent. Isolation as an absolute is impracticable of course; but abstention from European wars, while difficult, is not impossible. Neutrality is feasible enough if the price be paid. And the subject has been sufficiently mooted to leave no misapprehension as to what the price is—the complete cessation of trade with all belligerents for the duration of the war. Not trade in arms and munitions alone, but *all* trade, quite literally *all* trade. All attempts at defining war materials and drawing distinctions be-

tween what is useful for war purposes and what not useful show that no distinctions can be made. In practice no compromise is possible. There must be complete embargo or wholly unrestricted trade, with full protection of neutral rights. If the slightest breach in the wall be permitted, it will be gradually widened to let everything through.

In war trade it is as in the formation of war causes. It is only the first step that counts. "Too late" is as good as a declaration of war. By August 1, 1915, America's entrance into the World War was a foregone conclusion if the war lasted long enough. For then we not only had a vested interest in the success of the Allies, psychologically as well as financially, but our economic structure was founded on the war trade. Sudden cessation would have produced a deflation which the structure could not have withstood. It did not cease. We went to war instead. At that time there was no precedent to forewarn us. Consequences could not be predicted. Now they can. We know that either the trade with belligerents must be shut off before the war begins or it can never be shut off. For again we shall not be able to remove the basis of the new prosperity without undermining both the prosperity and the normal economic organization. Given the choice between sacrificing war profits and sacrificing several hundred thousand American boys, none will be so cold-blooded as to choose the latter. But we shall continue so to act that the boys will have to be sacrificed. If we really prefer immunity from entanglement in European wars, even at the price of unprecedented taxation to support those thrown out of employment by the loss of foreign trade, we shall proscribe such trade in advance.

The United States cannot help establish a peace system. It can only abstract itself from the war system. It can do nothing to soften Europe's tragedy. It can only save itself from sharing Europe's fate to no purpose. But in doing so it does not permanently waive its freedom

of action. It does not renounce the right at any time to make moral or political judgments and act in obedience to them. It is still free to cast its lot wherever and whenever in the judgment of the American people the end is deemed worthy of the sacrifice. If war should break out in Europe this year and a rejuvenated German militarism threaten to extinguish England and France, America may very well decide, on calm deliberation, that in obedience to its heritage, its traditions, its preferences and its conception of the human relation, it cannot permit the Western democracies to be destroyed. A very good case may be made for that decision. There is nothing in any legislation prescribing war-time embargoes that would prevent the American Congress from repealing the legislation and declaring war. But if it did so under those circumstances it would be doing so with a clear public recognition of motives and not under the guise of a trumped-up, meretricious idealism masking a monetary vested interest.

The time may come too when America will be willing to acknowledge responsibility for taking a part in the enterprise of establishing an international order with power to keep the peace. The time may come when there is some hope of carrying that enterprise to fulfillment. It is neither doctrinaire nor sentimental to acknowledge that ultimately the enterprise must be undertaken if Western civilization is to survive and that America has its responsibility to participate. It cannot permanently declare itself out of the world even if it would. But that time is not yet. And the enterprise would be hopeless until the present phase has worked itself out. Either there must first be another large-scale war which will leave the nations engaged with enough vitality for a fresh start, or the war must be postponed long enough for the interposition of new forces that by creating another social and psychological environment will obviate it. Then we can think about instituting a regime in which war is not the norm.

IV

We shall do so with some prospect of success only if we learn from the last war and the peace that followed it. By this something more is meant than the obvious point that the Treaty of Versailles was one of the most insane documents ever struck from the hands of man. The Treaty of Versailles was, of course, the enabling act of the next war. Perhaps it would have been enough in itself to produce the anarchy of contemporary Europe. But more is wrong in Europe than the evil effects of that treaty, and there are deeper reasons for the failure to exorcise war. There is more even than the survival of old national hatreds. Had the Treaty of Versailles been a sane and generous and chivalrous document no regime of peace would have reigned in the world to-day, and the so-called peace movement would have been only a little less barren.

The deeper failure of the World War's aftermath is to be found in two errors of omission. First, the root causes of war in the modern era were not touched. Second, the approach was from the wrong end. Probably the second was the result of the first. There was exclusive preoccupation with machinery and procedures, with technics of "settling disputes." As if the contents of disputes were irrelevant and all disputes were susceptible of settlement if only the right succession of words and motions could be devised. And as if nations advanced in knowledge and the technical arts had been wiping one another out only because they lacked the ingenuity to discover that there was a grammar of negotiation and bargaining. The *reductio ad absurdum* was the child-like faith in conferences, a faith founded on the belief that if only men or nations with mutually exclusive and irreconcilable ends could be brought to sit round the same table they would all be suddenly smitten with conversion and a passion for self-immolation and their conflicts resolve in the flame of their passion. The truth is that, while arbitral and cognate pro-

cedures may be useful in superficial controversies, they are of no avail when the divergencies are on concerns vital to a nation's welfare.

What these concerns were some would not recognize because their group interests were involved and others could not recognize because their minds were too immature. In the last category must be placed the majority of the professional workers for peace, especially in America. Parenthetically it should be pointed out that since the depression the latter have not exactly grown up, but at least their voices are changing. They are all a-thrill with the discovery of the economic motive in international relations, quite exercised about markets and raw materials.

Whatever may have been true in the past, when soldiers marched in battle array to expunge the infidel or vindicate a sovereign's honor, in modern times the decisive causes of war are economic. They may take other guises in their final manifestation—border incidents, assassinations, insults to national honor, rivalries for naval supremacy, cumulative emotional irritations and grievances cherished from previous wrongs. But in inception they spring from economic conditions, the conditions that govern the way nations secure their livelihood. The conflicts of interest that ultimately bring nations to war are fundamentally economic conflicts. In the last century they have been channeled in competition for imperial possessions, in the struggle for colonies. For thus economic advantages once could be gained and thus we think, erroneously or not, that they still can be gained.

This was the initiating cause of the World War, and for a time there was reason to believe that it had been settled by that war. To all appearances the world had been parceled out with finality. The appearances were deceptive. In actuality there was no nation in a position at the moment to challenge those that had emerged victorious. Besides, the War had not really settled the controversy. It had ended with the award to Great

Britain of choice bits still unappropriated, but it had not eliminated either the desire or the need, real or fancied, of other nations for the same bits. Germany had been put out of the running, but among the victors there were claimants equally avid and determined. More recently they have been in a position to challenge. The frantic search for an escape from the depression has given their desire a special urgency. We are still in the age of competitive imperialism, with some variations for new political and economic developments in the past generation. These are variations of form and detail only. The essence is unchanged. There is no question of "haves and have-nots" (in the day's slang) suddenly emerging out of some new configuration or as a result of the Treaty of Versailles. It is a continuation of what was begun in the middle of the nineteenth century, brought to interim determination in the World War, and interrupted by an intermission for rest after the War.

It is noteworthy that the train of events that has taken Europe to the verge of formal hostilities in the last year was set in motion by Italy's foray into Ethiopia as a bid for African empire in defiance of Great Britain—an act which, considering Africa's history, is nothing less than *lèse majesté*. Thereby the unity of Western Europe was shattered, and in the resulting confusion Germany saw its opportunity for forays on its own account. Thus was revealed the inter-relation and interaction of purely European politics and the politics of colonial aggression on other continents. Great Britain sought to penalize Italy through the League of Nations on grounds of violation of commitments under the new international compacts. Great Britain chose to subordinate the unity of Western Europe to its imperial prestige in Africa. But Italy, knowing that France subordinated all other considerations to its fear of Germany, levied blackmail on France. France, therefore, yielded just enough on sanctions not to alienate Great Britain, but obstructed stringent and effective

sanctions, and thus kept Italy in line against Germany. And whenever effective sanctions came into question Italy began bargaining with Germany. Such negotiations were in progress when Germany sent troops into the Rhineland. Italy had threatened openly that it would renounce the Locarno treaty if further obstructions were put in its way. Presumably it had made the same statements as promises in private conversations with Germany, or at least given the Germans reason to interpret the statements as promises. In any event the Germans acted, and the tramp of marching men resounded once more in Europe. In the convolutions pivoting on an attempt to seize deserts and swamps on an uninhabitable African shore something was forming that might push this generation of European youths to their death. They were convolutions identical in orbit with those that pushed the last generation of European youths to their death. It was the interplay of Germany, Italy, and France over Ethiopia and North Africa that threw Italy and Germany into one camp and Great Britain and France into another before 1914. Then too finesse, covert threats and blackmail, armament to back up threats, commitments that could not be withdrawn, hostages to national pride and prestige—until the dénouement. The parallel is almost exact: then as now European hostilities were fundamentally not over conflicts in Europe but over conflicts in Africa.

When not in Africa, the conflicts have been in Asia. It is noteworthy too that Soviet Russia's haste to conclude an alliance with France, only recently its implacable enemy, followed on Japan's encroachments on the Asiatic continent and threats to Siberia and Mongolia. For Japan is a contender for imperial grandeur on its own account and in its own sphere. In result France has the assurance of Russian support, a greater degree of confidence and a resoluteness in refusing compromise with Germany that may plunge all of Europe into the abyss.

There has been no advance toward

peace since 1918 because the imperialistic struggle was ignored as if it were only a vagary. Nor shall we ever make any advance toward peace until the struggle is brought to an end. That we can do only by addressing ourselves to the motives that impel nations to imperialistic expansion. The motives are mixed as always. Delusion, lust for what is called national prestige, the vanity of statesmen and military leaders all enter. But these are incidental. There is only one motive that matters—the desire to get the economic perquisites of colonial possessions.

In part this is the desire of certain individuals and groups to make profits for themselves with the support of armies and navies paid for by taxpayers. In much larger part it is in obedience to the elemental need of nations as of individuals—means of sustenance. A mechanized economy called for markets and raw materials—not only as desirables but as imperatives. Less important only by degree was outlet for surplus capital. The national state as the agent of each national economy sought to meet those imperatives by acquiring monopolistic control of promising areas. There was too little faith in the fair dealing of others to run the risk of joint exploitation. Only monopoly gave the security sought: hence the frantic race to claim sovereignty over rich areas, in other words, to conquer territories and claim them as colonies. Where possible the several national states conducted their competition through diplomatic manipulations, tariffs, subsidies, and the like. When the edges of those weapons were dulled, deadlier ones were brought into action. The end was war.

It was so from the middle of the nineteenth century till after the first decade of the twentieth. It is so now. While it is so there will be no peace system and there will be no peace. The world will be organized for peace and there will be peace only when the conditions are changed that ordain national struggle for livelihood. No attempt has yet been made to change them. The necessity has not even been recognized, whether by

statesmen, militarists, international bankers, or even—what is worse—by workers for peace. The League of Nations was neither equipped nor authorized to deal with any such problem. Therefore, except in trivial controversies involving the weak, the League has been supernumerary. And, therefore, any historical inquiry into the post-war years must include an autopsy on peace.

V

The time may come again then when the task of instituting a new world order may profitably be taken up. The chance of success will be greater in proportion as we stop thinking of peace as an end in itself, as something dissociated from other aspects of life, as a value apart from other values. Peace is not a separate problem. It cannot even be identified as a problem. It is a composite of all that constitutes a civilization. Peace—or war—is a resultant of all the forces in a society at any given time. Peace, like happiness, is an end-product. You cannot strive for peace any more than you can strive for happiness. To attain peace it is necessary to forget peace and work for a society with such component forces that the resultant will be peace and not war, as now.

The problem of peace is a social problem. How can nations support their populations without competitive nationalism for economic purposes and imperialistic expansion for livelihood, and what social changes are necessary before they can do so? The machinery of peace is a detail that can be elaborated later.

From the perspective of the post-war decades we can look back now and see what might have been done that was left undone toward abolishing war. If we can project our perspective two decades forward, what will it be said in 1956 that we might have done in 1936 toward the same end? What can we do now to forestall the fateful reproach, "too late"? Toward abolishing war as an institution, very little or nothing, for that requires antecedent measures of social transforma-

tion for which there is not time. The menace of specific wars is too imminent. We cannot now deal with war; we can only seek to avert the specific wars that threaten. Our task is to seek expedients that will stave off actual physical conflict, taking for our guidance the principle that every year that passes off without a war is a year gained. For in opportunism there is a certain advantage now. Gaining time is an end in itself, not only on the humanitarian ground that thus millions of boys will get a reprieve from slaughter but because in a sense time now plays in our favor.

There is only one certainty that any thinking man can hold to-day. It is that the world of the not even distant future will be vastly and fundamentally different from the world of the present. It is not just a literary convention to say that one stage of history has passed and civilization is in the re-making. What form the new will take and how it will come about can scarcely even be adumbrated. There are too many unknown quantities, too many variables, in the equation of the future. There may be economic catastrophe—the crashing of a structure become top-heavy. There may be economic paralysis—a continuation of the present decline, progressively worsening. There may be world revolution—the burden of the masses become unendurable. Or there may even be slow adaptation in graduated steps to a new order, consciously undertaken as the perception of the inevitability of change permeates through the strata in which power resides. An historical transition is under way, and, however it may come about, there may, and probably will, be automatic relief from the pressures that find explosive outlet in war—if only we can hold off the wars that threaten to tear through the process and leave us nerveless, resourceless, and depleted in vitality.

The hope of contemporary man is to prolong the interval in which the process of time can work, to prolong the peace, however artificial and unhealthy and irrational a peace it may be, by whatever

means, however illogical and superficial they may be. One can picture for oneself the world to-day only as a race between the forces that make for destruction through wars and the forces that make for a reconstruction of society if given time. If given time! Time is our hope and our resource, and political fabianism our strategy. If we can circumvent the specific wars that now hang over two hemispheres we can have another opportunity to prevent war, an opportunity such as was lost after 1918. Then we can proceed with the formulation of a human scheme in which the groups of men called nations can order their affairs without organized, murderous violence. Then we can set about the making of a system of collective security, a new inter-

national society, an interdependent world, whatever we choose to call it. . . . But only then.

Concretely: in Europe, to temporize; not to seek to cure so much as to allay by emollients. In Asia, to let events already set in motion take their course, to accept a period of Japanese hegemony. For America, in Asia to resign itself to exclusion by Japan from the opportunities accruing from the economic development of China, and in Europe to resolve that if war does come it will safeguard itself from involuntary participation by sacrificing the opportunities of war-time prosperity and, if need be, even its normal foreign trade. Thus time can be gained, and time is of the essence of our hope as well as our bulwark.

QUICKSILVER BLOSSOM

BY AUDREY WURDEMAN

A*FTER the shower,
Sun on his back,
The bee at the flower
Prepares his pack.
Mercurial inconsistency
Disturbs this bee;
Pendant upon a flowery cluster,
His burly bluster
Tumbles the raindrops; raindrops cling
To honeybag, to wing.
And mumbling with his sturdy legs
At flower-cups, he begs
And is refused.
The waxy throats are closed
With raindrops rolled by his own weight.
No freight,
Only the tilting topheavy heads of the blossoms,
And the quicksilver running over their bosoms,
The crystal flesh of a flower in the face of the day,
And its pollen locked away.*



“THE HISTORY OF THE GYPSIES”

SOME FOOTNOTES TO A LECTURE TOUR

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

“JUST put yourself in my hands and you’ll have the whole country at your feet.”

Well, I don’t like to put myself into any man’s hands and don’t want the whole country at my feet. I am content to have some of it under my feet.

“Man, you got something salable. I can sell it. That’s the combination.”

My nemesis was the head of a lecture bureau, “of national scope” as he put it. And I was no match for him for the same reason that there is a bathtub, a refrigerator, a vacuum cleaner, a radio, and at least one Fuller brush in every American home. My sales resistance was no more than an ice-cream cone in contact with the blast of a furnace. That evening I put on a false air of joviality as I announced to the family:

“I have signed a contract. I am going on a lecture tour.”

“When?”

“In January.”

“Where will you go?”

“Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana.”

“In January? Why should you go traipsing about the country in sub-zero weather?”

I resorted to generalities. “To get in touch with my readers. To put my ear to the ground. To get the feel of things. I can’t live in a vacuum. I can’t go on forever writing fables and legends and romances. I want to know what the country thinks and feels and experiences.”

In the following November I received a letter from my lecture agent announcing that he had completed his bookings. He enclosed my itinerary, hours of trains, cost of transportation, names of clubs that had booked me, names of the chairmen, and other details. It was a formidable document. The important item in that paper was that I had to deliver twenty-four lectures in thirty days; thirty days of continuous travel in trains. Twenty-two nights in Pullmans. I was appalled, and I was proud. It simply meant that there were twenty-four clubs within a radius of fifteen hundred miles from New York willing to pay money to hear me talk.

I had given my agent four different subjects on which I wished to lecture, but his long and detailed letter contained no information on what subjects he had “sold” me to the cities of the Middle West. I wrote and asked:

“Let me know on what subject I am to speak before each and every club.”

Two days before I had to leave on my trip he answered my question with the startling information that all the twenty-four engagements were on “The History of the Gypsies.”

Now the History of the Gypsies is something I have written a book about and shall eventually write another one. But the thought that I should have to deliver the same lecture twenty-four times in a month! Traipsing about the country like a human phonograph record! I

wired a protest to my agent. He wired back:

"It's the one lecture on your list the chairmen of the clubs were all crazy about."

Detroit had the première. Newspapermen came to see me. "How do you like Detroit?" Lady interviewers spread their little notebooks on their shapely knees. Photographers snapped me. Sitting. Standing. Full-face and sideways. It made me feel important. And just before I left the hotel, for the club, a countryman of mine came to see me, watch me get into my evening clothes and help me make up my bag for the journey. There were only two hours between the lecture and my next train.

The hall was packed. My agent was in the audience. That was a surprise. In the wings the chairlady, charming woman, wanted to know how to pronounce my name.

We worked a few minutes until she had it right, and then she stepped out to make the usual announcements and to butcher my poor name. The introduction of the "Greatest authority on Gypsydom since George Borrow's" was flowery and studded with compliments.

After the handclapping I stepped forward and looked at the crowd. It was a gala turnout. The majority were young people. Eager, intent, expectant.

I spoke for an hour; of the origin of the Gypsies, of their music, their customs, their philosophy, their travels all over the world, in the Americas especially, and lastly of their great love of freedom—absolute and untrammelled freedom. I wound up on that note.

The applause was, in the language of Broadway, deafening. My agent was leading it. The chairlady leaned over and shook hands with me.

"I loved what you said about freedom. It was wonderful."

Then she raised her hand high (with a pencil between her fingers that made me think of the Statue of Liberty) and commanded silence.

"We shall have an open forum for fifteen minutes. Any questions?"

Silence. Then a young woman at the back of the hall rose and said:

"The lecturer has spoken so enthusiastically about freedom. I want to ask him whether he knows there are thousands of 'free' people in Detroit this very night walking the streets unemployed."

"It was a great lecture," the agent said jumping on the platform. "If you repeat the same thing everywhere you'll have the whole country at your feet. Boy, oh boy!" He almost pumped my arm out of its socket.

"We just got time to make the train. Come along."

II

My agent was still with me, the following evening, during my lecture in an industrial town in Illinois. We arrived at the club with our bags fifteen minutes before the lecture was to begin. I had dressed on the train and was ready. Five hundred people had already gathered to hear me—mostly women. The chairlady had been worried and now she was angry.

"You ought to have managed to get here earlier. I almost died of anxiety. And now . . . what's that?" and she pointed a long finger at me. She had expected me to come in a Gypsy costume. My agent had told her I always wore a gypsy costume. And here I was in black and white. No different from anybody. While they were squabbling, I remembered a beautifully embroidered Rumanian vest I carried in one of my bags. It took me but a moment to put it on under my tuxedo.

"How will this do?" I questioned.

The chairlady beamed.

"That's it. Now! And if you don't mind, Mr. Bercovici, keep your coat open so they can see it. Nowadays, when people pay money they want something for it. Open up your coat . . . so."

I was not aware that I slept and worked in a tent on my Connecticut estate, but the chairlady so informed the audience; and she knew best. That was only one in-

formative item in her introduction. She spoke of my wife and children, and how many were born here and how many abroad. My pedigree was read off. My accomplishments were detailed. My daily habits and my food preferences were broadcast. The lady's voice continued on the rise. Her short introduction had already lasted twenty minutes. "And even in his dress, Mr. Bercovici, the Gypsy rye, hasn't completely given in to civilization," then she turned halfway, looked at me and said, "I give you Mr. Bercovici."

"Keep your coat wide open," she whispered as I stepped forward.

I was through with my lecture twenty minutes too soon. Had I spoken too fast? To fill the time I told some Gypsy anecdotes. That took five minutes. I described minutely a Gypsy wedding ceremony. That took another five minutes. The sweat was coming out on my brow. I began to fumble. I didn't know what to do with the other ten minutes. Suddenly I remembered the piano, a good old Steinway standing there all the time to save my life.

"And now I shall give you some Gypsy melodies."

When it was all over the chairlady, my agent, and the members of the Committee were driven to the home of a physician, where supper was laid out for us. It was a comfortable and conventional home, not unlike five million other homes in this country. Whistler's mother hung over the mantelpiece. In the hall Washington crossed the Delaware.

"I am glad you could come," the hostess said. "I told Dr. Cosgray that we would put the question to Mr. Bercovici. Maybe he'll know."

I girded myself to answer a neglected question of Gypsy lore.

"You travel, see people, have contacts all over the country. What are we to do with our two youngsters; both of them out of college? There are hundreds like them right here in our town. What will become of them? There seems to be no place for them, college or no college. We can still keep them with us but they'll

want to settle, get married. What would you suggest?"

On the way to the train my agent said: "It was a good idea to give them a little music. It made the chairlady feel good. But why have you cut out your spiel about freedom, about the great love of freedom of the Gypsies? It's a good spiel. Keep it in."

His question made me feel uncomfortable. I hadn't been aware that I had cut out the "spiel" on freedom.

"And wear that vest. It's worth a mint. It gives them something to look at while you speak. Better yet if you didn't wear the black coat on top of it at all. Give'm something to keep their minds off worrying. And don't forget the spiel on freedom."

We shook hands. He took the train going to Milwaukee. I waited an hour for connections to Minnesota.

III

If you know how cold it can be in St. Paul, in January, I have nothing to tell you. If you don't know, I can't tell you. On that particular day Minnesota had hung up a new record, and everybody was happy about it. The lecture hall was on the second floor of the club. In the side room off the platform, where I was received, was a table laden with refreshments and a coffee pot that was spreading a most delicious aroma. Two charming ladies insisted on being photographed with me sitting between them on a couch. While the photographer was getting ready a darling little lady chirped that the audience was very excited.

"It must be such a wonderful thing to be able to attract so much attention."

I wanted coffee. I wanted it immediately. My frozen insides needed coffee. When they got it I was ready to do a jig.

An elderly lady, gray-haired, wrinkled, but with twinkling eyes said to me as I walked out on the platform:

"Go out and do your best. Give it to them."

There was no piano on the platform and so I told myself that the "spiel" on freedom would have to be used. My Gypsy vest was in the bag.

My limbs began to thaw as the chair-lady droned out the usual announcements. Suddenly I pricked up my ears. She was telling of *her* experience with Gypsies. How hard she had worked to make them see the Light of the Lord and how unsuccessful she had been. They simply refused to give up their wanderings and heathenish customs for the advantages of a Christian and settled life. "And this happened in the days when we had a shortage of labor and there was work enough for them right here in St. Paul."

I did my best. I suppose there were already a few scratches on the record, but I did my best, thinking all the time that I should have to tell the same thing over again the following evening in Minneapolis after a night's sleep in a real bed.

"Are Gypsies Aryans?" was the first question fired at me after the lecture.

The questioner was a tall square-shouldered blond fellow with his hair standing up "*en brosse*" in the best military style.

And when I had answered that according to the Aryan theory the Gypsies are the only pure Aryans alive outside of India, a lady at the back of the hall asked:

"In your association with them did you do anything to enlighten them, to convert them to Christianity?"

"Is it true that they kidnap children?" a very young girl asked.

"They are thieves, aren't they?"

"Why are you so interested in them? Do you think the world would be a happier place if we all turned Gypsy?" This from a very pugnacious looking young man.

"Why should we care anything about them? Haven't we our own troubles?"

And then somebody addressed the chairlady:

"Suppose the Gypsies had settled in St. Paul, wouldn't they have now become a burden to the taxpayer?"

It was a lively forum. I had stirred up a hornet's nest. Those people hadn't come to listen to me; they had lain for me.

Someone remembered a book I had once written (*Crimes of Charity*) and held me up to shame against my past. "You told us something then," he wound up. "Now you lull us to sleep with Gypsy fables."

At the end a tall gray-haired man stood up and spoke.

"We had hoped Mr. Bercovici would tell us how the Gypsies here met troubles, hunger, unemployment, and old age. Instead he has chosen to sing us their praise. We haven't learned anything useful for this day and age."

When I left the hall I carried away an announcement of my lecture. The title was "The Road to Freedom." The lecture committee had evidently decided that this title would bring in a larger crowd. They were right too.

IV

In Minneapolis I had a most intelligent audience after a day of agreeable visits with several members of the university faculty. The cold had eased from forty below zero to a little less than twenty. I didn't notice the difference except on the thermometer. But my friends gave me a royal dinner. I was glowing when I appeared on the platform and not at all shy in trotting out all the four- and five-syllable words I knew. I didn't look at my notes but launched out into metaphysics. To people of such caliber I could quote Homer and his line about the Sygines (*Tziganes*) so beloved by Vulcan because of their skill at the forge. To them I could also speak about Sir Richard Burton's heritage and that of Chaplin, and Richepin, and Zuloaga and Liszt.

After the lecture we adjourned to the home of a newspaperman who had special claims upon me. His wife was a country-woman of mine. Nice people. Beautiful home. And as big a crowd as at the lecture.

"Somewhere I have read that you know Scott personally. Is that so?" my hostess asked.

"Which Scott?"

"The technocrat."

Laughter rose as people grouped themselves about me, on chairs, on sofas, on the rug. "Which Scott, he asks?"

"Well, what about him?"

And then they fired at me questions about technocracy! As if I were an expert, *the* expert, because I knew Scott!

They were sure it was going to sweep the country, eventually. Roosevelt had taken a leaf or two out of Scott, but technocracy hadn't died out by any means. No siree. And couldn't they tell that I knew more than I was telling! They had all kinds of statistics at their fingertips. Hours, ergs, tension. Doctors, lawyers, professors, teachers, newspapermen, all of them turned engineers for the occasion and talking in mathematical formulæ. My silence didn't fool them. No siree.

"Own up. You aren't just traveling about the country lecturing on Gypsies, are you?"

And then my host said:

"Roosevelt is a socialist. Give him time and he'll carry out socialism in this country."

"Carry it out on a stretcher" said a red-lipped girl standing behind me with a glass in one hand and a sandwich in the other.

In Indiana a gentleman in the audience rose to tell me that the Gypsies "*Genus Americanus*" were far superior to the Gypsies of the old world. Not only did they go to doctors when they were ill but they went to osteopaths. "Osteopaths! Mind you."

The gentleman was an osteopath.

Encouraged by the example of the osteopath, a manufacturer of patent medicines told me that he had often seen Gypsies go into drug stores to buy his specific against cold, chilblains, cancer, and catarrh.

In another town in Indiana where I lectured before the "Knife and Fork

Club" a gentleman asked whether Gypsies played many brass instruments.

I replied in the negative. The gentleman kept on looking at me throughout the rest of my time on the platform. When it was all over he brought me to the hotel and invited me for the following morning to his musical-instrument factory. It had the latest and most efficient machinery. It was equipped to produce enough brass instruments, bassoons, trumpets, bassetts, and saxophones for the whole world. Before the installation of the new machinery it had employed six hundred men. It employed less than two hundred now and produced fifty per cent more instruments.

The gentleman had an idea. The Gypsies were virgin territory. Could I be induced, for a remuneration of course, to persuade the Gypsies to use brass instruments? To abandon the fiddle in favor of the saxophone, and the cymbalon in favor of the bassoon or the valve cornet? Eh! wasn't that an idea worth sleeping on? Returning to the hotel I found a box of patent medicines "with the compliments of . . ."

In Madison, Wisconsin, an old lady came up on the platform after the lecture, looked at me soulfully and said with a hand on my arm:

"I am disappointed."

"Why?"

"From the advance picture we received I thought you looked like my dead husband."

A little later the chairlady took me aside for a confidential talk. It was her club. She conducted it for profit. What she wanted to know was whether I couldn't "train" her daughter to deliver a lecture, write it out for her, and how much would I charge? The daughter was a widow with two children and had to make a living. She would make a gorgeous costume for herself.

"Really. A pretty woman could do much better with such a show!"

In another town a local poet, who was given the honor of introducing me, read off half a dozen poems in the manner of

Vachel Lindsay. Applauded to the rafters, he read some more and left me only twenty minutes for the lecture.

After the lecture a woman questioned me.

"Do you know Pete Smith?"

"No. Who is he?"

"A Gypsy. He was here last year and stole a hundred dollars from me. You look something like him. Maybe you know where he is?"

"Sorry, I don't."

"Is English a hard language to learn?" a young lady asked.

Before I could answer the chairlady cut in: "Of course not. Don't so many people speak it! It's the easiest language in the world."

"My mother thinks German is much easier," the young lady retorted, and that was that.

Swinging back to Illinois, I lectured in Danville.

"Have the Gypsies second sight?" an elderly woman asked.

Later on she questioned me privately on the same subject. She, herself, had some of the gift. But wasn't there a place where one could learn more about it? She'd pay anything in the way of tuition fees. One could make a good living at it in Danville. And nowadays it was so hard to make a living.

For half of the lectures I adhered more or less to my written notes. During the other half I improvised, according to my own mood and the degree of culture of the people I was speaking to. Back in Indiana before a well-to-do and fashionable audience I devoted most of my lecture to Gypsy poetry and Gypsy music. An old dowager fired the first question. She had held me fixed on her lorgnette all the time I had been speaking.

"Aren't all Gypsies Bolsheviks?" she asked. "They don't like our country, I know that. I have seen a Gypsy caravan once, on a Fourth of July. And not one of the wagons, mind you, not one, had an American flag on it."

Before I had answered her question

she hushed me and continued in cold even tones:

"I have had them arrested once. They not only are full of vermin, they are vermin. You being a foreigner yourself, shouldn't praise them. And, by the way, are you an American citizen?"

Having answered that question, another lady interposed:

"Is it true Theodore Roosevelt used to go to the East Side in New York to a place called 'Little Hungary' to listen to Gypsy music?"

"He did no such thing, Theodore Roosevelt," the old dowager said turning to fix the questioner with her lorgnette. "The ideal Theodore Roosevelt going to such places!" And then devoting her attention to me again, she questioned: "Are you a graduate of any of our universities? No? I thought so. With so many graduates from our great schools idle, I don't see why the committee should encourage foreign goods! I say Buy American. Buy American to get us out of the depression."

I should not care to go through that performance again, but I would not have missed it for all the money in the world.

V

In Cleveland, at the end of my talk on the History of the Gypsies—my twenty-fourth—a tall gentleman, florid-faced, blond, and square-shouldered, who had been taking notes, rose to his feet, and half turned toward the audience.

"When the lecturer, Comrade Bolshevik, talks about Gypsies, does he mean Gypsies or something else?"

"Why, of course. What do you mean?"

"Well, I have my idea about what I mean. And I think a good many of my friends here understand what I mean too."

This last shaft was aimed at me with a broad grin.

"Now then, you say Gypsies don't use many clothes. They are almost nudists. And you praise them for it. What do you think would happen if your propaganda took root in this country. To the

thousands of unemployed in Cleveland's garment industry? To New York's garment industry? Our factories closed. How would you like to see your wife and daughters running round nude by order from Moscow? You are probably a friend of Upton Sinclair too."

"But hold on. I don't see what that has to do . . . ?"

"Never mind. . . . I am holding on. And I'll come round to the point too. You say the Gypsies are vegetarians or almost so. So's Upton Sinclair and every Bolshevik. What will become of the hundreds of millions of dollars invested in the packing houses and in the cattle business all over the country? The millions of unemployed, because of your vegetarian propaganda! Who will take care of them? What you want is a rev-

olution, Mr. Bolshevitsky, the dictatorship of the proletariat."

By that time he had them all spell-bound.

"Do you think Moscow will take care of the hungry and unemployed caused by your propaganda?" he shouted. "No, they won't."

The chairman was trying to bring him to order.

"And another question I'd like to ask. Just one more. Who pays you to go around making this subtle propaganda, to talk about Gypsies and ruin the fiber of our people and destroy our industries? Are you or are you not under orders from Moscow? Of course you can't answer. But if you wanted to answer truthfully you know darn well what the answer would be."





SAFETY AT SEA

BY WILLIAM McFEE

IN THE fabulous days—as they now appear to a seaman—before August, 1914, the Merchant Marine of the United States of America was the nearest thing to a sailor's paradise this side of Davy Jones' Locker.

Deep peace prevailed over the oceans of the world, and the American Flag was seen nowhere save in coastal waters and on one or two obsolete transatlantic liners. The *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, of the old American Line, laid down in the '90s, upheld the ancient glory of American shipping on the high seas against the new fast flyers of Cunard, White Star, the German Lloyd, and French Line vessels. But in those days no ship not built in American yards could fly the Stars and Stripes, only citizens could hold licenses as officers and engineers, and no foreign-flag ship could carry cargo from one American port to another. Moreover, a railroad was not permitted to supplement its facilities by owning ships, and coast-wise trade became a tight little monopoly. And under the benign rule of a somnolent Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection Service, which still dreamed of haystack boilers and steeple engines driving paddle-wheels, the American Merchant Marine was slowly petrifying. No breath of foreign scandal assailed its members. No hint of modern usage in shipping disturbed them. No competition could reach them in their intercoastal operations. Wages were high, employment was secure, and there were no long voyages to take a man away from his family for more than a week or two,

The inevitable result was that American business men who went into foreign trade left the American Merchant Marine severely alone. It not only cost a fortune to build a ship in an American yard, but American merchant-ship designers hardly existed. Neither were engineers available who knew anything about the machinery then being installed in ships to handle modern cargoes. There grew up, owing to the archaic legislation and public torpor concerning the sea, a new American-owned merchant marine under foreign flags. The ships and men came from Britain, Norway, and Germany. In 1914 the extraordinary spectacle was presented to the world of a powerful nation with unlimited money but with most of her tonnage under foreign registry. Merchants in eastern ports with cargoes to move also chartered for long periods British and German tramp steamers. Millionaires went to Europe complacently in British, French, or German liners doing twenty-five knots. The problem why there were no American ships of that class never occurred to anybody. Liners owned by American stockholders and managed by American executives went to sea flying the Red Ensign, officered by Britishers, with a Chinese engine-room crew and Spanish and Scandinavian sailors on deck. Such ships plied out of Boston, New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans, though their port of registry (which they had never seen) was either Glasgow or Liverpool.

August, 1914, brought a sudden change. No sooner had the War got under way

than England wanted ships. She wanted every ship under the Red Ensign and she demanded them at once. The fiction that all these American-owned vessels were British had to be dealt with somehow. America was neutral. To allow all that tonnage to go back to England would disrupt and destroy an enormous foreign trade and imperil American business.

President Wilson issued an Executive Order. The American owners assumed possession of the ships, the flag was changed to that of the United States, and the foreign officers were granted temporary American licenses. And all went on as before until America entered the War.

But a breach had been made in the walls of that sturdy old monopoly (which had swept the American Flag from the Seven Seas) by which only a ship built in America could have American registry and only citizens of five years' probation could be officers and engineers. The rule was made that three years' service in such ships qualified for citizenship, which was another gaping hole in the ramparts of maritime bureaucracy. Mates and engineers with licenses for inland waters, coastal waters, and deep-sea waters began to stir uneasily. There was a new spirit moving on the face of those last-named waters. And the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection found itself with ships to pass on which had neither haystack boilers nor paddle wheels, ships crammed with modern machinery and high-pressure boilers, and burning oil fuel.

Looking back on those days, we see it was an excellent thing for American shipping to experience this first impact some time before the United States declared war. The ancient creaky contraption known as the Merchant Marine staggered somewhat and revealed alarming signs of age and decrepitude, but it did not collapse. Had war come upon it in 1914 nothing but chaos could have ensued. A new and possibly hurriedly designed arrangement, copied from European

practice and unsuited to American needs, might have arisen.

What really happened was that the Merchant Marine itself, by the time the War was over, had expanded and developed enormously; but the Bureau which was supposed to supervise it had not expanded or developed very much. All new blood was at sea. In the Coast Guard, in transports, in naval auxiliaries the young Americans who had a flair for sea life were in training under the small nucleus of first-class commanders who had survived in the few prewar ships. As new tonnage came out of the shipyards these officers took charge, and when the depression of 1920 arrived it squeezed from a somewhat bloated postwar merchant marine personnel all the nondescript landsmen and incompetents who had been attracted by safety from the draft and by high wages. Those who remained were seamen. They have in recent years given such an account of themselves that their reputation abroad stands as high as any on the sea.

On shore things have not gone so well. The clumsy and inelastic forms in which the Bureau of Navigation of prewar days had slowly solidified can be described only as an advanced case of bureaucratic ossification. Even the antique name under which it functioned, "Steamboat Inspection," carried one back into the days of stern-wheelers and the packet vessels whose auxiliary sails were blackened by the smoke from the funnel. The licenses it issued to captains, officers, and engineers were in their appearance startlingly like those granted to saloon keepers. The examinations it held for those same officers were archaic and bore no relation to current practice at sea. A feature of one of the licenses issued, though of no actual importance, sheds a gleam of light upon the inertia and lack of imagination in that particular division of the Department of Commerce. The license bore a picture of a steamship with four funnels. The trifling fact that there were no American vessels with four

funnels in no way disturbed the Bureau. All they wanted was a fine dashing picture to inspire the young American licensee. Those of us familiar with shipping and of a cynical turn of mind were able to recognize instantly the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, with whose country we were at war while these licenses were being engraved. Such ineptitude was a symbol of a larger failure on the part of hide-bound officials to understand that the Merchant Marine they had learned to know in their youth had vanished and that a new fleet was in being which required, if it was to prosper, a new dispensation ashore.

It was one of the melancholy facts of the years following the Armistice, when Mr. Albert David Lasker, a Chicago advertising man, was chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, that Americans, by some fatal wrongheadedness, persistently refused to travel in American ships. Mr. Lasker endeavored to "sell the American Merchant Marine to the American people" by the same methods that had been so signally successful with tooth paste, halitosis, and safety razors. The *Leviathan*, proclaimed "the world's largest ship" (which she was not by any maritime measurements known to naval architects), was reconditioned and sent off on a cruise to Havana full of illustrators, ballyhoo publicity men, and politicians. One of the amazing developments of this piece of publicity was an advertised speed of twenty-eight knots on the homeward run.

Yet the American public were not to be had so easily. They continued to sail to Europe on French, British, German, and Italian liners. They stayed away in droves from Mr. Lasker's heavily advertised Shipping Board ships. The *Leviathan* disclosed a deficit of a million dollars a year with exemplary regularity. Mr. Lasker retired. The Shipping Board retired, and eventually the *Leviathan*, which had been paying harbor dues on five thousand fictitious tons in order to be advertised as "the world's largest ship," retired also, and the game was up. Far

away in San Francisco during all this time, in a museum in the Marine Park, was a model of the *Leviathan* when she was the German *Imperator*, giving her actual tonnage and dimensions.

It was obvious, after a while, that the American Merchant Marine had got into inexperienced hands. The fight between the Freemasons and the Catholics in the Shipping Board never became public, but it was common knowledge in seafaring circles, especially with regard to the command of the *Leviathan*. The fight between the Shipping Board and the steamship companies who were being heavily taxed to subsidize ships running in competition with their own vessels got into the papers. It was being brought home to thinking men that ship management could not be learned in twenty easy lessons by mail and that passengers were not to be lured by the bait of patriotism. If the American ships could not be "sold" to the American public, however, they might be sold to foreigners who knew how to run them. An offer was received from British interests for the vessels of the International Mercantile Marine Company. Mr. William Randolph Hearst, with his well-known genius for the inopportune, at once raised a hue and cry, and achieved an injunction prohibiting the sale, a feat that has cost the American government and taxpayers many millions of dollars.

During the decade following these unfortunate experiments of bankers, advertising men, and politicians to promote a practicable merchant marine the problem has been consistently approached in an amateurish fashion. The emphasis has been always on the ships, forgetting that a ship, unless she is a private yacht owned by a millionaire, does not live an independent existence any more than a freight car on a railroad. The mere building of a gigantic ship and printing her picture in the paper gets a steamship company nowhere, even if the taxpayers foot most of the bill. While the Shipping Board were planning a revival of maritime trade, that trade was changing its

nature. Nations that had been purely agricultural were becoming industrial. Tariff barriers were rising across the seas and home markets were insisting on a degree of protection that would compel all American vessels to sail half loaded and return empty. In the welter of ballyhoo over the New York-to-Europe passenger traffic the world markets received scant attention, and the business of supervising ships for public safety received no attention at all.

Abroad, the latter subject was very much in the minds of those who managed and legislated for shipping. At a conference in London in 1929, following the *Vestris* disaster, the International Convention for Safety at Sea was drafted, and was signed by eighteen maritime countries including the United States. The United States has so far refused to ratify that Convention or to pass legislation to implement it with regard to American ships.

To many Americans this is the great sea mystery of our time. When we reflect upon the vociferous utterances of politicians whose constituencies have tidal harbors and who instantly wrap themselves in the Stars and Stripes as soon as the American Merchant Marine is mentioned, we are dumfounded to discover that nothing seems powerful enough to bring the United States into a scheme of sea safety which is backed by every other important maritime nation.

This International Convention, to which the United States sent delegates to assist in framing the resolutions, consists of a set of minimum requirements in passenger and cargo vessels as to construction, maintenance, operation, and personnel. It provides, for example, that on ships like the *Queen Mary* all lifeboats with a capacity of more than one hundred persons shall have mechanical propulsion with starting mechanism actuated by compressed air. It makes for far greater safety on cargo ships, whose crews vastly outnumber the persons afloat in passenger vessels, but whose disasters do not get into the headlines. It calls for a

minimum number of certificated lifeboat men on passenger vessels, seamen who are qualified to handle the boats. It provides for ice patrol in summer and apportion the expense among the signatories. It calls for a minimum number of watertight bulkheads. If the *Mohawk* had been provided with bulkheads according to the Convention's standards she would have remained afloat longer. And if the Convention's proposals to have all sea-going vessels equipped with radio had been in force in 1928, all of the passengers on the *Vestris* might have been saved. A small vessel, unequipped, passed within a few miles of her in her hour of need, and proceeded on her own course, unaware of the situation.

It is customary to attribute legislative lethargy to "politics," and the non-political public is usually too indolent to pursue the matter farther. But as disaster followed disaster, the anxiety of the public was communicated to government officials, and in December, 1935, President Roosevelt suggested to Secretary Roper, of the Department of Commerce, the formation of a National Committee on Safety at Sea, under the chairmanship of Walter Parker of New Orleans. The sincerity of this gesture will remain in doubt so long as no funds are appropriated to enable the Committee to do its work.

II

It is a peculiar fact that maritime matters in America so often fall into the hands of men who have nothing to do with the sea or ships. Senator La Follette's father was responsible for the Merchant Seaman's Act, which made it highly advantageous for American owners to keep their tonnage under foreign registry. William Randolph Hearst, a newspaper publisher whose knowledge of shipping was never very great, prevented the Shipping Board from getting rid of a large amount of obsolete tonnage. Mr. Paul Chapman, who is urging on the Government the construction of two fantastic vessels nearly one quarter of a mile

in length, with a speed of 38 knots, has no ascertainable maritime background. Mr. Lasker has already been mentioned. Mr. Roper, the Secretary of Commerce, who controls the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, is a Southern lawyer-politician. His grasp of merchant marine problems was revealed when he appointed naval officers to sail with merchant ships, in order to prevent a recurrence of the *Morro Castle* tragedy! And the present Senator La Follette, who holds up the passage of this entirely desirable legislation, has nothing in his record in Wisconsin to convince us that he is an authority on either ships or safety at sea. What the senator does understand is that Mr. Andrew Furuseth, the head of the International Seamen's Union, and the bosses of the American Federation of Labor can control large blocks of votes; and so thus far the opinions of everybody else, including Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt, and most of their cabinets, shipowners, shipbuilders, the Neptune Association of ship's officers, the Board of Marine Underwriters, and many business and professional groups count for nothing against political expediency.

So far as a reader uninstructed in legal jargon may judge, the objections of the Seamen's Union to this International Convention, as expressed by their attorney, Silas B. Axtell, are briefly, that to ratify this Convention is to ratify an international treaty, and it would then supersede the existing law and compel Americans to seek redress from an international court. Mr. Axtell insists that, in the light of recent decisions, the NRA, and the attitude of the courts on treaty cases, the Convention seems to him unconstitutional. He makes an argument more comprehensible to the landsman who is not a lawyer when he maintains that the recent disasters were not due to inadequate laws but to the failure of the steamship companies to comply with the laws as they stand. And it is true that at the time of the *Morro Castle* fire the men on watch on that ship were not divided into night and day watches

in accordance with Section 2 of the Seamen's Act. The log book showed that there were only seven men, including the officer on the bridge, on duty, and they had no regular routine for guarding against fire.

Before condemning labor leaders who oppose remedial measures it must be remembered what these men have seen in the past three decades. They have experienced an invasion of technological unemployment such as few industries can show in recent years. The adoption of forced draft for coal-burning boilers was a heavy blow in the nineteenth century; but with the arrival of oil fuel the number of firemen thrown out of work or absorbed in shore work was staggering. To explain just how this worked: a twelve-knot vessel burning fifty tons of coal a day required a boiler-room crew of twenty-one men, including coal passers. With oil burners the same ship went faster on less fuel with *three* men, one fireman on each watch. This meant a wages saving of over ten thousand dollars a year per ship, besides a saving in labor turnover and time lost in coaling.

Labor men have contemplated the incessant installation of more and more mechanisms which replace human hands, and other mechanisms which enforce a more rigid attention to duty, and they would not be human themselves if they did not cherish a grudge against a trend that makes a ship ever more automatic and independent of all save highly trained technicians and disciplined morons. The new Sulzer monotube boiler not only takes the place of five ordinary boilers but eliminates the fireman altogether. There are Diesel-engined liners recently launched in England which are practically operated from the bridge, and the electrical control of the *Normandie's* motors is so sensitive that when she reaches shallow water off Ambrose Light they automatically cut out because the power to drive a ship in shallow water is less than off soundings. The type of man who goes to sea to-day as sailor or fireman is easily confused by the issues.

The very measures which are designed for his safety and financial protection are regarded by him with fanatical suspicion.

This suspicion has been utilized by the leaders of the Seaman's Union to oppose ratification of the International Convention for Safety at Sea on the grounds that such ratification would jeopardize the existing rights of seamen. They oppose also the extension of the Workmen's Compensation Act to include seamen on the grounds that under the present Seamen's Act injured men may collect larger sums by civil suit in a court of law. They overlook the fact that such sums are subject to substantial legal fees, and the injured man or his heirs collect only a fraction of the award. The Union, in short, has pursued a course unhampered by any considerations of public safety, and perhaps when we reflect upon the sublime indifference of the public to the conditions of labor at sea we shall not condemn the Union leaders out of hand.

This matter has been emphasized because it is in personnel that the American Merchant Marine fails to measure up to the standards of other countries and other days. It is imperative that this point be clarified and lifted out of the fog of fake patriotism and bombast evoked by the professional politician and public speaker. By personnel is meant not only the distinguished commanders and officers of large transatlantic vessels, but the whole rank and file of the twenty-five thousand craft under the Bureau of Navigation, the managers of those ships, and the shockingly undermanned personnel of the Bureau of Navigation itself. The *Morro Castle* was a perfect case to illustrate the fact that a modern and fully equipped ship, built to the highest standards of the London Underwriters, did not of herself ensure safety. The *Mohawk* proved that the finest type of steering control now obtaining did not prevent an almost incredible smash—such a smash indeed as has never been known in the annals of seafaring since the battleship *Vic-*

toria was rammed by the *Camperdown* during naval maneuvers.

III

So much has been written about the *Morro Castle* that it might seem redundant to drag it in again. The *Mohawk* collision, which will be mentioned presently, was a freak accident without any mystery or redeeming features about it. The *Morro Castle* as a disaster has become in many ways a classic. They are linked together in any discussion of safety at sea because in both cases the personnel were found wanting rather than the ship and machinery.

In ships with very short voyages, as was the case with the *Morro Castle*, and especially with fast modern vessels, the engine room staffs develop a somewhat different mentality from the oldtime marine engineer personified in Kipling's pious Scotsman MacAndrew. It was the boast of our seniors in tramp steamers that they could drive a ship round the world without ever stopping at sea or running a bill for repairs in a foreign port. The amount of work, mostly never paid for in money, that was done in those ships would horrify the modern seagoing trade unionist who gets overtime after an eight-hour day. The life bred a sort of fervor in us for doing a job well that was called, for lack of a better name, "principle."

But in a modern ship that does 18 or 20 knots and makes a round trip in 14 days the members of a ship's force are much more like chauffeurs than marine engineers. The overhauling is done by a shore staff, and so much automatic machinery has come into use that the younger men, who have never been in the old type of engine room, resemble machine tenders rather than engineers. The lack of an all-round experience does not make for reliability in an emergency. The short trips mean that most of the executive responsibility for the condition of the ship is assumed by the office staff on shore. And in spite of the comparatively

enormous government aid extended to American shipping, the conditions of labor at sea, the wages paid, and the relations between employers and employees have remained highly unsatisfactory. It is a significant fact that throughout the Brookings Institution volume on "Labor Relations Boards" there is no mention whatever of shipping save a brief mention of the Seamen's Union in connection with the California General Strike of 1934. Yet no branch of industry needs a labor-relations board more urgently than the personnel of ships.

The impression given by the evidence in the various inquiries into the *Morro Castle* tragedy is that of a ship cursed by "impersonal" office management in its extreme form. The financial set-up of the ownership was so confusing that the only human beings to be reached were the "managers" of a dummy company, and they were extremely difficult to discern behind the group of legal luminaries who were acting for them. The impression is one of a body of seamen owing to no fanatical allegiance to their employers or to the accepted traditions of the sea. The master, who had died during the voyage, seems to have been running the ship with an eye to economy, and is understood in shipping circles to have owned stock in the holding company. There had been trouble with the radio officers, and the labor turnover was high, as is usual in American ships, which average 20 per cent as compared with the 5 per cent of British ships. This in itself is a definite obstacle to safety at sea. With men changing constantly no reliance can be placed upon their being any more familiar with the ship than her passengers are.

The *Morro Castle* fire is also an excellent example of the paradox, that it is often better to lose a ship than to keep her. A recent British disaster brought out in court the fact that the tramp steamer *Millpool*, lost with all hands in 1934, was carried on her owners' books at £3,500, she was valued in the market at

£7,000, but her owners collected £14,000 insurance shortly after she had foundered.

The *Morro Castle* had a similar beneficial effect upon the finances of her owners, the Atlantic Gulf and West Indies Steamship Company. The latter had given a mortgage to the United States Shipping Board of \$2,737,745 as security for a loan on her construction. The hull insurance, written in London, and paid when she was declared a total loss, was \$4,186,000. The expense of the investigations was not borne by the owners. Their liability to passengers and shippers, under the old law, was limited to the *value of the ship after the disaster*, which was nothing, plus the freight and passage money earned on that last voyage.

If the master, chief engineer, and their subordinates on the *Morro Castle* acted without the presence of mind and firmness of character expected of them, the case of the *Mohawk* revealed a lack of competence and of what may be called professional vigilance that does not often get into the record. The ship was equipped with what is called Telemotor steering gear. The engine that turns the rudder is controlled from the bridge hydraulically. To prevent freezing, the distilled water in the system is largely mixed with pure glycerine, and part of the engineer's duty is to see that the system is pumped full and working accurately before leaving port. When alternating in winter between tropical ports and New York this is a vitally important matter. If anything goes wrong with the gear, a hand-steering wheel can be instantly engaged by changing the position of an oiled steel pin.

What happened on the *Mohawk*, in the opinion of Joseph Weaver, director of the Bureau of Navigation, and of everybody familiar with steering machinery, was that the Telemotor gear froze because the glycerine had not been replenished in New York; and to prevent the error going on record, an attempt was made to change over to the hand gear without slowing the ship. In addition, the officer signalling from the bridge was giving rudder com-

mands, and the man at the hand wheel on the poop was executing them as helm commands, so that he turned the ship in exactly the opposite direction to that which the navigator ordered. The inevitable result was that she swung in toward the freighter *Talisman* so fast that nothing could be done to avert the crash. Nothing more could have been done to exhibit appalling incompetence.

One of the basic difficulties in dealing with such matters is the lack of a sea tradition in America. Here again we are on enchanted ground. The trade in ship models is active. The sentimental interest in oldtime New England clipper ship days is keen. Citizens who credit themselves with "Viking blood" are more numerous in America than in Scandinavia. Yet there is no tradition of the sea. The business executive who has a ship model at home will retreat hastily if asked to place his son on a ship as a cadet. The profession, from the American point of view, has no future. During the strike on the Pacific Coast it became known that some owners were paying their captains a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Those officers who are maintaining the tradition of the sea are not only very much in a minority but lack in many cases adequate support from their owners. *It is in the shipowner's office that the sea tradition must start, not on the bridge.* Senator Copeland's recent denunciation of American shipowners as "Dumb Doras" is understandable, even though the statement is too sweeping. For many of them the operation of ships consists in allowing a foreign line to get their business and in depending on the United States Government to make good their deficits. Their spokesmen have made it apparent that their policy in Washington will continue to be: "Subsidies First—Safety Second."

During the Senate hearings on Air Mail and Ocean Contracts it appeared that the president of the Export Steamship Company drew in 1929 \$258,426 in salary and expenses in addition to dividends of \$73,900. To quote Senator

Black, the Chairman, "the investigation discloses that the huge subsidies paid by the government to build up a merchant marine have been diverted from that channel and have been largely spent in high salaries, extravagant expense accounts, highly paid lobbyists, and huge dividends."

The labor turnover in American ships is so high that no industry could prosper under such conditions. Ships have had fresh crews every voyage. The stories, duly checked and authenticated, of recent months in Pacific Coast ships read like nightmares. As for example, a fast passenger and mail liner was held up at the moment of departure because the traveling delegate suddenly called a meeting of the men in the forecabin. The chief officer was informed that the heating arrangements for the men were not adequate and additional apparatus must be installed. Having promised to have the matter attended to, the chief officer was asked to withdraw as they had a private matter on their agenda to discuss. This turned out to be whether they ought to take the ship out while the ship's barber was charging the passengers only forty cents for a hair cut instead of fifty cents. This was finally tabled and they consented to go on deck and permit the ship to sail.

Another development which promised to send many masters into a sanitarium was the organizing of cliques on board of a ship to "get" a steward, an engineer, or a chief officer. Suddenly, as the ship was ready to sail, the delegate would announce that not a man would move unless Mr. So-and-so was put off the ship. The full force of this conduct is understood only when it is explained that all members of the crew except the master have to be union members; but the officers' unions of course are invariably outvoted in conferences ashore.

This might be dismissed as the exuberant antics of men who felt certain of getting their employers' noses to the floor, but too many episodes reveal the presence of those who hate, not employers but

loyalty to them, and who are determined to stamp out the spirit of devotion to duty which is the very life of safe and successful ship management. Men who have been in the same employ for years, and who have stood by ships during the strike merely to prevent damage and destruction by neglect, have been chivvied and persecuted with extraordinary venomousness as scabs by those self-appointed dictators of the proletariat whose sole claim to fame is that they never sign on the same ship twice. Loyal employees have been refused membership in the new unions. They have been heavily fined and admitted to the union, but have been unable to sign on for a voyage. They have been allowed to sign on and sail, and have been persecuted with physical violence and mental strain while at sea. Officers and engineers have been carried to hospital a few hours after a ship docked because of beatings by their own shipmates and fellow-members of the unions. Masters have signed off members of their crews in Asiatic ports to save them from violence that would have ended fatally. Heads of departments have bluntly asked for indefinite leave of absence to recover their nerves after months of ceaseless warfare with power-drunk union seamen who are frankly out to run the ships while the officers take the responsibility. There is little use in discussing safety at sea for the public while this sort of thing is going on below decks.

It is, however, equally useless for the shipowners to throw the entire blame on outlaw unions or Bolshevism. So far as we know, Russian ships, while not perfect, have no such anarchy as American vessels have thus experienced in the Pacific. The reaction of the public will be, sooner or later, that ship management is not included among the American business man's many talents. It is sometimes a good policy when a boss has to be continually hiring and firing, to find out what is the matter with the boss.

The tragic side of this incessant warfare between shipowner and seaman is that the latter is, under any decent treatment

at all, one of the most conservative of all workers in his outlook. On the other hand, when the break comes he is all the more inclined to take to desperate remedies.

IV

With such a situation on the ships it is not practicable to expect the personnel to be interested in any changes in the Bureau of Navigation. Safety at Sea not only demands an overhauling of the shipping industry but a relentless investigation into the attitude of the Department of Commerce toward the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection Service. Apart from a highly perfunctory statement in his annual report as Secretary of Commerce and various amiable generalizations, the present incumbent, Mr. Roper, has as little interest in the Bureau of Navigation as had his Republican predecessors. When the boiler of the excursion steamer *Mackinac* exploded in August, 1925, causing a shocking loss of life, it appeared that the boiler had been surveyed and given a certificate by the Bureau a few months earlier in New York. The same Bureau investigated the disaster, and naturally discovered no lapses on the part of the Bureau. When the *Vestris* went to sea on her last voyage she carried to the bottom with her a certificate of seaworthiness issued by the Bureau. Inspection has often been a perfunctory business because the technical men available are not sufficiently numerous to do the work. They lack modern equipment, their clerical staffs for keeping records are scanty, and the salaries are contemptible considering their status as important government officials with expert training.

It is not surprising that in such circumstances no commercial underwriter will accept the findings of the Bureau as a basis for insurance. They prefer to rely on the competent inspections of their own highly trained surveyors or the classification societies.

At the beginning of the present year in the Bureau of Navigation and Steam-

boat Inspection there were only two officials with a salary above \$5,000 a year, one of \$5,000 and six whose salaries were above \$4,000. When we compare the various Bureaus we find that the Patent Office has 161 officials with salaries above \$4,000; the Bureau of Standards has 116; the Bureau of Coast Guard and Geodetic Survey has 38; as compared with the Bureau of Navigation's 9. The new Bureau of Motor Transport has 22, including a director at \$10,000. It is obvious that the Bureau of Navigation is the Cinderella of the services as regards personnel and remuneration.

Last February, in a radio address over station WABC, Howard S. Cullman, vice chairman of Mr. Roper's National Committee on Safety at Sea, stated the situation succinctly. He said:

"The Bureau is shockingly undermanned and underpaid. There are not enough inspectors to cover the field. There are not enough clerks to keep adequate records. Political pressure of all kinds has been common in a department charged with safeguarding human life."

One of the important features of any remodeling of the Bureau is its removal from the political maneuvering of the Department of Commerce. The director of the Bureau should be empowered to present his findings and proposals direct to Congress. The mysterious lethargy that reigns high up in the Department with regard to the Bureau of Navigation, and the equally mysterious malevolence that inspires that same region when any activity is shown by officials of the Bureau, should be investigated. The public was startled when Commander H. McCoy Jones and Frederick L. Adams of the technical staff were suddenly suspended, reinstated, and finally abruptly dismissed by Mr. Roper. But why should the public be startled? The subsequent revelations of the attitude of Mr. Roper's Department toward the Bureau merely confirmed the traditional policy of the politicians toward men whose work they do not understand and of whom they are sus-

picious. A few days after Commander Jones bluntly charged the use of secret service investigators and paid informers to operate against the officials of the Bureau of Navigation, Secretary Roper hastily approved a number of safety devices which have been common practice on foreign ships for some time. Extraordinary solicitude for departmental dignity and bureaucratic procedure inspires Mr. Roper's Department to characterize any news of his activities as "leaks," which might lead a cynic to infer that the Secretary of Commerce is reluctant to be identified with the Committee on Safety at Sea which he himself appointed, and of which Commander Jones is secretary.

The record is not reassuring. The *General Slocum* was burned in 1904 with a loss of over a thousand lives, and some of the recommendations made at that time by the Bureau of Navigation have not yet been enacted. The recommendations made after the *Vestris* disaster are still to be adopted. We have the word of Mr. Roper's National Committee for Safety at Sea that the fire-drill rules, recommended after the *Morro Castle* burned, are not being enforced. To quote Howard S. Cullman, the vice chairman, "innumerable reports of qualified investigators have been quietly buried."

One of the stimulating experiences of those who served on British-built ships transferred to the American Flag was the sudden appearance of a notice board with huge red letters, in the engine room and in the alleyways: "SAFETY FIRST. TAKE NO CHANCES." There were also installed a number of long-handled axes, in glass cases, presumably to help us hack our way through steel doors and bulkheads to safety in case of fire. Of such devices has the safety-at-sea policy consisted in the past. "No Smoking" signs in oil-fired boiler rooms were ordered, though no one, least of all the inspectors from the Bureau during a boiler survey, dreamed of obeying them.

What has been described as ossification in the Steamboat Inspection Service can

be most dramatically illustrated by the fact that until Bill S-2001 (Inspection of Motor Vessels) becomes law, and adequate technical men recruited to carry out its intention, the Steamboat Inspection Service has no power over motor vessels. A Diesel-engined liner is at present uninspected and no special requirements to ensure safety at sea are listed. These vessels, some of them of more than 7,000 tons displacement, are well found, which is entirely due to the owners and underwriters. Legislation has had no power over them. The Bureau of Navigation had neither the funds nor the encouragement from the Department of Commerce to organize any inspection. The engine room of a vessel like the *Kungsholm* is not subject to inspection by the Bureau.

In the matter of the crews of ships the classification of seamen as "ordinary" and "able," handed down from sailing-ship days, still holds; but seamen are certificated as "able" without examination and the certificates are based on a sea service of three years provided the seaman is over nineteen. The seaman's card of identity is his discharge paper, which is easily lost, stolen, or simply sold. The House Bill HR-8597, which has been referred to the Committee on Commerce, calls for a continuous Discharge Book on the British model. The British Board of Trade issues to all seamen, irrespective of rank or rating, a discharge book, bound in blue buckram like a passport, with the seaman's registered number on the outer cover. Inside is his name, his certificate or license (if any), age, height, color of eyes, and distinguishing marks. The pages of the book are ruled for numbered voyages. The particulars of each voyage are recorded first at the port of departure before a Board of Trade official sitting with the master, and finally at the port where the seaman is paid off. In each case the master and government official sign the book. Reports of ability and conduct are included. In such cases as arise when the master cannot give a good report he marks the voyage "D.R."—De-

cline to Report. If the seaman has a grievance he can request that no report be made and lodge his own appeal.

The utility of such a system is obvious. The seaman, if he is a good man, has evidence of it. His book is his passport.

There is violent objection to this in the ranks of the Seamen's Union, chiefly among those who have neither character nor ability to be recorded. The ethics and delicacies of the frontier still linger in the seafaring communities of America, and it is regarded by many as a lapse in taste to question a shipmate too shrewdly as to his past adventures. To have it all down in black and white, to be examined by every chief officer or first assistant engineer when applying for a berth, is considered "unAmerican."

There is something tragic in the situation at the present time, and one is sometimes driven to suggest that the chaos can only be ended, as in other industries, by a "tzar." With the Bureau of Navigation hamstrung and paralyzed by insufficient technical and financial nourishment, with the shipowners leaning desperately on subsidies from the Government to help them against the relentless skill and enterprise of foreign shipping interests, with the seamen sullen and quarrelling among themselves, with the government officials playing politics, the simile of the Augean Stables comes at once to mind. There can be no change until shipping is removed completely from the control of the Department of Commerce politicians, until the Bureau is brought up to the same technical efficiency as the air-inspection service, and until shipowners reach the conclusion that crews in a state of suppressed fury and revolt do not make for safety.

Much eloquence is expended by the industry on the need for subsidies on account of the higher American standard of living. It is perfectly true that by comparison with the British seaman, for example, with his \$20 or \$25 a month and poorer food, the American is favorably situated. The catch in this is not obvi-

ous to the public, but it is visible enough to those who go to sea. Only a young single man can by any stretch of imagination be regarded as well paid unless he has reached the position of chief officer. The new scale of wages for an able seaman is \$62.50 a month, while a steward receives \$45. The former, if he is a regular sailor, is possibly married and has children. Even if he spends no more than \$5 a month on himself, his family will have to manage on \$14 a week. Compared with policemen and firemen, this is destitution, and no stable merchant marine can be built up if our great ships, glittering with tiled baths, swimming pools, cabarets, dance floors, and Louis Quinze lounges, are to be manned

by paupers. The average chief officer's wife has about \$40 a week, and she enjoys no part of the grandeur in which her husband lives. The rent has to be paid, and she must live near the ships so that he can spend a night at home occasionally and learn to recognize his own children.

"Ships are all right. It's the men in them," said Conrad's old seaman, and he spoke eternal truth. He might have added, had his vision reached to economic issues, "And the men ashore, in counting houses, in banks, and in government offices!" No courage, skill, and fortitude in the man afloat will avail if the integrity of owners and legislators remains in doubt.

MOTION

BY DANIEL W. SMYTHE

ONE thinks of starlings that cluttered the edge of the wood
 With a scaling motion, and one remembers the sea,
 Or a spear of moon striking out from its silver hood,
 Or the tawny wings of the hawk that shadowed the tree.

*The world is a motion—a fever of blood and air!
 There is warmth and joy that comes of dividing space—
 And we are eager to watch how the runners fare
 And listen to the heart that mimics the pound of the race.*

*So Man is in action to outdo the bird and the hound:
 His drivers surge through the sky or govern a wheel.
 When the bridges and ships are built with a quivering sound
 He has feasted again on a vision of buoyant steel.*

*The heart's hunger needs this motion forever plied
 In hurrying days. . . . Now obey the incessant call
 Till earth grows bitter with ice that laps on its side,
 And the weary body lies down beneath it all!*



INVITATION TO BANKRUPTCY

ANONYMOUS

MY WIFE and I have earned twenty-seven thousand dollars during the past three years; yet we are three thousand dollars in debt.

We are not extravagant. My wife wears clothes scarcely commensurate with her job—free-lance commercial art work. I buy two suits a year, barely enough to make me presentable in my office or on the road. Our household is a modest one—a five-room apartment. We get most of our own meals. Neither of us drinks excessively or splurges in any direction. For entertainment we do not spend as much as a dollar a week each, on neighborhood movies and a soda afterward. For our present family of five and nurse-maid—we have three children—our total expenditures in a large city are less than three hundred dollars a month. Our economies are such that we have sacrificed our social life (company costs money), endangered the health of our children (vacations are prohibitive), and deprived ourselves of all the amenities of existence which make marriage attractive and life interesting. Yet we are \$3000 in debt.

The explanation is simple. Four years ago the corporation which employed me went into bankruptcy, owing me large arrears in salary and leaving me with correspondingly large personal debts.

For some time previous I had been head of the business with every prospect of making a great deal of money. My salary had been twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Our entertainment expenses, due to my business position, were large. Our

children were costing the usual sums incidental to hospitals, obstetricians, baby specialists. We had bought a small place in the country, in addition to our apartment in town, so that the babies might have the benefit of country air during their first years.

My clubs were at the disposal of my friends, my stockholders, and the business acquaintances whose friendship was considered important to my corporation. Our charge accounts in the department stores were generously used, our expenses for the two establishments, city and country, with two cars, were consistent with our income.

While my corporation was admittedly in the promotional stage, its interested stockholders at that time were among the richest men in America. No cloud was in our sky, with the exception of a depression then two years old, which the President of the United States had assured us was passing and was not so bad as it was painted, and could be disposed of entirely if wages were kept at their peak. In such a situation, surely if any company could emerge into profits ours could.

I detail our financial position thus so that it will be clear how a fairly large amount of debt can be incurred in a normal manner, without extravagance or gambling, and carried as current bills.

Even so, my wife and I had become convinced that our actual living expenditures were too large for my salary. So in the fall of 1931 we decided to concentrate our home life in one spot. Relying on the

promise of one of our great title mortgage companies for money with which to help finance the enlargement of our modest summer place into a year-round home for our family of six (our eldest daughter was then still alive and at boarding school), we embarked upon the transfer of our household from a city apartment to a country house. And I made ready to commute the year round.

Six months later, in the same week that the house was completed, our daughter died after a long illness, my corporation went into bankruptcy, and the title mortgage company suspended operations, depriving us of the mortgage money at the moment it was due. In passing, let me say that they had merely pretended to consider my mortgage until the last moment in order to avert suspicion from their actual condition.

Where we were concerned, however, in every direction lay bills—bills for doctors, hospitals, funeral expenses, dentists, schools, renovated furniture, electric gadgets, an oil burner, clubs, department stores, endorsed company notes—bills which totalled \$15,000, about half of the back salary and cash advances owed me by my corporation. In addition was a \$10,000 charge from the contractor who had remodelled the house and upon whose bill only a few hundred had been paid: borrowed on my insurance.

With no job and no income, my wife and I discharged our servants and sat down in our new house with our remaining children. How had it all happened?

Unknown to us, the largest backer of our corporation, in order to keep control of his more speculative market stocks, had put up his presumably sound securities as margin. When they too plunged downward he was sold out. His contract to buy our stock became valueless. His natural desire to hide his true position until the final moment of disaster had led the rest of us to advance money to the corporation on his contract to buy, without the slightest realization that he would be unable to make good and that his support would be irreplaceable in the general dis-

aster of 1932. For six months I had drawn no salary and kept advancing money to the company while I borrowed on my insurance. The fact that our backer had been an international figure in the world of finance had led me as well as the other directors to go farther than we should otherwise have gone.

II

At first, naturally, to my wife and myself the extent of our disaster was not clear. Our first idea was simply to find another mortgage company. Job or no job, a home was necessary, and before becoming a business executive I had been a special advertising writer upon industry. I had a talent I could always sell—a most fortunate asset that put me ahead of other men who had lost their jobs. Depressions had no terrors for me. So far as paying personal debts was concerned, if anybody could pay them I could. Morally, bankruptcy was out of the question: which meant that for a mortgage company I was still a good risk. Job or no job, I could always meet the necessary payments just as I had met the original ones when I first bought the property.

As a matter of fact, the question of personal bankruptcy was not discussed, so far as I can remember. All my training, position, and education as well as my wife's were against any such repudiation of obligations. To look dispassionately at myself as if I were a corporation, with a wife and children as stockholders, and to consider bankruptcy, reorganization, or the scaling down of creditors' claims in the interests of the stockholders as well as the creditors—all this was an alien view three years ago.

Instead, I set out to find a mortgage as the first step toward paying off our debts. Humorous? In 1932? Very, viewed in retrospect. In the two months that followed I went to nineteen trust and insurance companies and banks, from New York to Boston, before an old college friend in one of our largest insurance

companies advised me privately that my quest was hopeless and that my duty to my contractor was to protect him with a mortgage before my other creditors jumped me.

The validity of this advice was proved within a week. Without warning my daughter's boarding school suddenly sued me one morning, placing a lien on my property, as is the custom in my State, at the time of filing the suit. I came home to find the sheriff in my living room.

This was a shock as well as my first disillusionment. True, I owed a school bill that was in arrears. But the school was of the very highest reputation as one that trained girls in old-fashioned character. Our daughter had been its outstanding younger pupil. Before me, as I read the sheriff's attachment, were the prizes she had won. In addition, the principal was an old sorority sister of my wife's, to whom I had previously explained my whole situation and to whom I had given a note in settlement, a note which was not yet due. But the school, it seemed, was itself in a difficult situation and had thrown ethics overboard in the effort to survive. Every dollar it could get its trustees had decided to get. Since it had accepted my note, of course it was itself suing me illegally—a circumstance which upon forcible representations from me forced the withdrawal of the suit but left me considerably less idealistic than before, as well as with considerably impaired credit: the published notice had gone far and wide.

The week following, however, I filed an application with the new Home Loan Corporation, gave a mortgage to my contractor, and turned to my other creditors. I was convinced of course that I could earn some extra money at once, above our bare living expenses, and could make arrangements with my creditors accordingly. So I set out to do so. The difficulty I soon found was threefold. First, I could promise no exact amounts at definite dates, because the work I intended doing was not a salaried job. There were no salaried jobs I could afford to take.

They paid too little. Second, certain of my creditors possessed installment contracts and naturally refused to hear of letting the payments lapse. In some instances they had pledged these contracts with credit companies and were in fact unable to make any changes. Third, each creditor's attitude was governed by his own personal situation and necessities. Some could wait; others either could not or would not. In practically every instance, however, definite amounts at definitely stated intervals were requested, politely but firmly—sums which were reasonable in many single instances but when added together amounted to hundreds of dollars a month—more than I could possibly earn at such short notice and still support my family.

I was still a man of position and reputation, so that at this time no threats or unpleasantness occurred in my correspondence. I was not told, for instance, that red wagons with large signs *THIS MAN DOES NOT PAY HIS BILLS* would come to call upon me, that sheriffs would arrive in the middle of the night and Sunday mornings to seize my furniture and sell it. None of these things threatened until later. But even then the implication was clear: my credit must be preserved by regular payments. Legal departments were used only in the last resort. Everyone hoped I should not be so irritating as to render it necessary to resort to such means of forcing payment.

So far of course I have been talking only of my commercial creditors. My clubs, naturally, suspended me almost immediately. I could not begin to pay the bills for directors' luncheons, business dinners, and friends' entertainment which had previously been charged to my personal account. I could only hope that I should come back in proper time. So I was first posted and then suspended. Not until later was I dropped. Finally came my friends, among whom I soon found were my physician and my wife's obstetrician. These waved aside my inquiries and said, "Pay when you can, any time." To my surprise, my groceryman

and butcher both took this attitude also. But the faint wolf howl of the rest of the world was distinctly audible as I plunged into the business of making a new career—or rather took up again the old one to which I had been a stranger for nearly ten years.

III

The details of that effort I will leave until another time and place. It was October, 1932, and the depression was in full tide. Jobs were unavailable unless a man made one. I made mine.

The point here is that it was slow work. I had contracted debts in 1929 dollars. I was to pay them in 1932 nickels. All my own accounts receivable had been wiped out instantaneously by a legal bankruptcy. To stave off personal bankruptcy I was to see my wife do menial work six hours a day in addition to her job. I was to see my children go without proper clothing in winter, without adequate care in summer. I was to see them grow paler and thinner, fall ill in New York's stifling August nights, and finally come close to death itself. My wife's wardrobe I was to see reduced actually to rags. I myself was to shift gradually from good clothes to old ones, to cheap suits and sleazy socks; back again to still older suits, once discarded but now better than I could afford to buy; and finally to Fourteenth Street neckties, fifteen-cent lunches and cracked shoes, while I bought commutation tickets in pennies from the children's nursery banks, and in several instances gave checks which could only be made good by borrowing from friends.

Despite earnings of seven hundred dollars a month from the start, that was what it came to within five months—borrowing from friends. I shall not forget the first occasion.

It was the day before Christmas in the country. The fuel oil for the oil burner had threatened to run out in the midst of a blinding snowstorm and the oil man refused to leave fuel without payment. I argued with him—he had orders from his office—and finally, faced otherwise

with a freezing house for my family over Christmas, I gave him a check that definitely overdrew my account and probably would not be honored. The day after Christmas, burning with a newly caught cold and fever—worry, I suppose—I nevertheless had to take train for New York, borrow from an old friend, and deposit the cash in the bank.

My pride had had its first real jolt. I was beginning to make enough money to support my family and pay off on my bills—and yet I was forced to borrow.

Although I did not know it, it was only the beginning, the first of many such occasions. From the first of January, 1933 until the July following, I made six thousand dollars, and at no time was I able to keep a bank balance of over \$25. From every direction the blows came—by telegraph, by summons, by telephone, by personal collectors' calls, by registered letter from lawyers and credit-installment companies. The countryside resounded with my inability to pay my bills. Credit managers grieved over me, collection agencies threatened mysterious *drastic action*, treasurers professed themselves unable to understand my attitude, department stores threatened suit, business men lost patience with vague promises not backed by cash, utilities wept as they cut off my telephone and electricity and charged me to turn them on again. Many and many a time, to stave off utter disaster, I was forced to borrow small sums from my friends, paying them back at once or many months later. Among the U. S. Marshals I interviewed was one with a writ of execution for my income tax.

It seemed as if my original willingness to pay my creditors were like the smell of blood to wolves. Budgeting, that slogan dear to the credit world, became useless, absurd. I strove only to ward off each blow as it came. In six months I paid off \$4,000 in debts, lived like a Russian laborer, and was deeper in trouble than ever, much deeper. For interest and lawyers' collection charges in generous amounts were now being added to every

bill, no matter how small, and my unpaid creditors were losing all patience. Even the colored girl at \$25 a month who acted as nurse for the children so that my wife could work at her job became in our creditors' eyes an evidence that we should be paying more off on our debts, instead of living in luxury. We dared not invite anyone to dinner because of our own feeling that every cent we had belonged to our creditors. For the first time I realized that it is not debt that kills. It is the trying to live while debts are being paid that takes nerves of steel. No creditor received such harsh treatment from me as my wife, my children, and myself did. And still the hurricane went on.

To add to the gayety, in the midst of these efforts, when the importunities of my creditors seemed to resist completely all my efforts to protect my family, the thought of personal illness and possibly death obtruded itself. Such a catastrophe would leave my wife and children penniless unless I took out again some sort of insurance to replace my lapsed policy. Did I not owe them this minimum protection?

Two days later I talked with my insurance man. Yes, it was possible, sensible, probably, he admitted gingerly. But would I have another physical examination?

I would and after a long, curious delay did; only to encounter a further obstacle. What was my earning capacity now? The investigation into this—I had never heard before of such a thing—dragged along for weeks. Instead of snapping me up, as had been the habit of all insurance men previously, now there seemed to be some mysterious force which delayed matters.

Then my insurance agent broke down.

"You see," he said unhappily, "I didn't want to tell you. But the percentage of suicides among presidents of corporations which have gone into bankruptcy is so great that we hesitate to assume the risk. They give up the battle of debt, and life."

Eventually I was accepted; only to find

the shoe on the other foot. Another creditor sued me and had to be paid. And I found myself forced to delay the initial payment first one week, then another, then for months. Not until last month did I get my insurance. Now I suppose I shall live forever.

It was in the heat of the summer of 1933 that we resolved to rent the house furnished, put our remaining car in storage (we had long since sold the good one), and taking part of our furniture, seek a cheap New York apartment which would make gasoline and commutation tickets unnecessary. The friendship of our old ice-man helped us here. He moved us to town without pay and waited patiently for a year for his first sight of a dollar. Only the poor know what credit really means.

As a financial measure the move was a good one. Our expenses were still further slightly reduced and the danger of being stuck in the suburbs without heat or without money for railway fare was removed. But where our contractor was concerned nothing could have been worse. Pushed by his partners, who saw us leaving the countryside and probably feared a rush of creditors' liens on the property, he demanded payment in full of his \$10,000 and threatened foreclosure at once. Weeks of argument followed, as a result of which I appealed anew to the Home Owners Loan Corporation; only to be told that others were in more desperate straits than I and we must wait. Only houses whose mortgage interest, taxes, and insurance were in arrears could be handled at first. Upon advice, I then and there ceased all payments on the house. My appeal, I knew, had been among the first, if not the original one filed in Cambridge. In due time help would appear. The foreclosure threat was a real one. The Home Owners would finally act.

In justice to Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, let me say that in due time—the summer of 1934—they did act; and my contractor refused the Home Owners bonds. They did not completely cover

his bill (and mortgage) he pointed out. There was no legal provision in the Act which could force him to accept the bonds and a small, endorsed note from me for the nominal balance; and my home was taken from me in a court where the average time for such transactions was three minutes to each foreclosure. So much for the advantage of having a demand mortgage upon a house. I had protected my contractor to my undoing. Precisely what his motives were, I don't know. My savings of ten years were gone.

It was at this point, I think, that I first began to have doubts of the wisdom of the course I had chosen. Ethics aside, I had chosen to pay my debts for at least one tangible reason: to keep the home which my family loved, about which all the associations of love, children, and early marriage clung. Now I had lost it, my savings as well, and in addition had paid thousands of dollars to the least worthy of my creditors: men whose only idea had been to get in first, before the carcass was stripped, or whose jobs and livelihood depended upon their doing precisely that. (One of them, a credit manager for a firm which had pushed me to the wall, afterward confessed, in a moment of anger against an installment firm which was doing exactly the same thing to him, that that had been precisely his job.) Meanwhile I had left all my real friends and business associates to hold the bag, the very friends whose decency had made it possible for me to pay any debts at all without being pushed into voluntary bankruptcy.

Round me at the same time man after man had gone through bankruptcy and, rid of the huge incubus and expense of debt, was beginning to do well again. In the city reputable economists talked of the necessity of wiping out past claims and charges before the cycle of business could start up again. Half the corporations in Wall Street had reorganized their debts into thin air—my old one included!—and were beginning to do business again at the old stand. Only the individual business man, possessed of an old-fash-

ioned sense of honor, was expected to stand the gaff. And I knew too much of psychology not to ponder on what complexes might lie back of any such so-called sense of honor. Indeed, I spent many searching hours trying to answer the question: was it merely pride and weakness which had led me to sacrifice my wife and children while I attempted the apparently impossible?

Meanwhile the dance of debt continued. At this time I traveled a good deal, securing facts for my advertising booklets. I returned one day to find a summons to Municipal Court for a doctor's bill of \$30. The paper lay in my mail box, so I knew it had never been legally served. But it represented another ideal gone. Some weeks previously one of the children had fallen seriously ill and I had debated the wisdom of calling in a new and less expensive children's doctor. My old one, a specialist, to whom I still owed \$30 of long standing, was high priced. Unwilling, however, to pay cash to a new man while the old one remained still unpaid, I had called in the specialist—bright young man—explained that I knew doctors felt bitterly about such things, paid him the \$10 for his new visit and felt that one more step had been taken toward rehabilitation.

The summons was from this doctor's lawyer. Seeing me in a decent apartment (he had lost track of me) able to pay \$10 for his call, the specialist had apparently disbelieved my story and promptly sued me for the old \$30. Discouraged, I called his lawyer and made my usual arrangement, after much wrangling: \$5 a month. To my amazement, six months later, when the last payment had been made, I received a dun for another \$5 plus generous legal costs. This new claim, naturally, I refused to pay.

The next day my telephone rang. It was the manager of my bank whom I have known for twenty years.

"I thought you'd like to know," he said, "that your bank account is tied up by court order on a judgment for \$30 plus costs. I can't pay any of your checks, nor

can I cash one for you to pay off the judgment and release the account."

"But there is no such judgment," I said.

"I'm telling you there is," he said patiently.

And there was. My doctor's lawyer, evidently reaping a harvest from debtors in the depression, had taken an illegal judgment months before, kept quiet about it to me, and used it at the last moment to get from me an extra \$5 plus costs.

On advice, I borrowed the cash and paid the judgment rather than have all my outstanding checks returned unpaid, thus precipitating a new avalanche of suits. I am told that hundreds of lawyers in New York City have done this same thing in the past few years.

That was also the week, as I remember, when I read an article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, on the iniquity of thousands of debtors in the United States who were taking what Miss Bromley called an immunity bath, and going scot-free. It was also the month in which one of the oldest and most reputable clothing stores in New York sued me for \$35 on an old account, although they were in full possession of all the facts of my situation, had had me on their books for a quarter of a century and had sold me at least \$5000 worth of clothes during that time.

IV

To-day I sit in my apartment and look at my wife and children and wonder, would I try to pay my debts this way again? Or would I, another time, accept bankruptcy at the drop of a hat? The only actual possessions I have are my ancient furniture, now well worn, and my books. My children have not yet recovered their health. My wife has just bought her first dress since 1931. My own eyesight is seriously impaired and my teeth are far gone, through lack of money to go to dentists and opticians in time. I have lived on the smallest possible budget and paid off \$12,000 worth of debts. I have no credit whatever. My

record is one of slow pay, judgments, broken promises. When I applied to an industrial credit bank a few months ago for a small loan to consolidate my last debts I was refused because the installments on my only previous loan had been thirty days late in being paid. Only when I stormed through a Wall Street Trust Company and pointed out that credit in banking circles had apparently become a question of going into bankruptcy in order to pay new loans on time—only then did I get the money.

True, in downtown New York I can raise large amounts of money if I wish to start a new corporation. My friends who saw me through, and so are the last to be paid, have faith in me. And needless to say, I have faith in myself. But at what needless cost to my family.

If I had gone into bankruptcy four years ago—with a gentlemen's agreement with my friends and physicians—I should have been able in the past three years to pay back the \$2000 I owed them, to buy back my home which sold recently for \$16,000 with a \$9000 mortgage, and meanwhile to live in moderate peace and comfort on \$6000 a year, looking after my family's health and affording them decent insurance protection. In addition, I should have had at least a third more time at my disposal—try negotiating with ten creditors a day!—and should unquestionably have made an extra \$9000 which I should now have in the bank, as the basis for an A-1 credit rating. To cap the climax, my friends, who did not sue me, would now have their money instead of promises.

At the very least I could have paid my creditors pro rata and more quickly—and saved the profiteering charges of dishonest lawyers and indefensible credit collection agencies.

As it is, I have learned three things. First, never push a debtor through the law. If he was worthy of credit in the first instance he will pay when he can. Second, never mortgage your future. Avoid all charge accounts, no matter how enticing, as you would the plague. I

have seen the entire credit structure in which I once idealistically believed used as an engine of destruction in the hands of frightened men. Third, learn to say nothing against those of your more prosperous acquaintances who went through bankruptcy three years ago and now drive new cars while you wonder what to do with your 1929 Packard. Possibly they were simply more realistic than you were.

One concrete suggestion I have to make.

Every normal man, so far as I have observed, wants to pay his debts. It is not necessary to cite classic examples, like General Grant, writing his memoirs as he lay dying of an incurable disease. It is necessary only to consider one's friends. How many people do you know who really want to evade their obligations?

But when paying one's debts means paying the greedy first, plus a living for their lawyers; when it means also, putting off to the last one's friends, one doubts the ethics of our present system. Common sense denounces the unfairness of a procedure which makes the law the ally of the unscrupulous and renders nearly impossible the task of staying above water while carrying the burden of debt.

A corporation which finds itself in financial difficulties considers its officers derelict in their duty to their stockholders if they do not at once ask for a receivership in equity which will put the assets of the concern beyond the reach of greedy or frightened creditors whose suits will react to the detriment of everyone involved. Only by a receivership can most concerns be salvaged or put on their feet again.

Yet, practically speaking, no such sensible course is open to the individual whose affairs become temporarily involved. His character—the only security his creditors really have—is the last thing considered in the scramble to strip him

naked. Nothing less than his complete destruction can end the legal assassination of his ability to pay his debts—a destruction called voluntary bankruptcy: the one thing the honest debtor seeks to avoid.

In such a situation does not a form of equity receivership, in favor of an individual's wife and family, seem at least as necessary as one in favor of a corporation and its stockholders? Cannot some such form of relief be made part of our business and legal system? To me, the man who has actually been through the mill, it is abundantly clear that unless some such step is taken, personal bankruptcy in the United States is bound to increase. The individual's respect for contracts, credit, and the law is destined to fall to a very low ebb. And in the process one of the foundation stones of capitalism is going to be destroyed: the normal man's desire to pay his honest debts.

I am not a lawyer. But where creditors and debtors are concerned it is obvious to me that the handling by a personal receiver, upon application to the Court, of the affairs of a reputable person, would work out more equitably for all concerned than the present first-come-first-served, dog-eat-dog banquet. It would certainly serve to distinguish more clearly between the scoundrel who seeks merely to evade his obligations and the man of character who does not wish to take advantage of the bankruptcy law but who wishes time in order to discharge all his just debts *pro rata*.

Such an addition to our present bankruptcy law, if written along the lines of the income tax, allowing stated and reasonable exemptions for dependents during the period of payment of debts, would go far toward ending the present disgraceful situation—a situation which, to those who are informed, constitutes merely an invitation to personal bankruptcy at the first hint of trouble.



OUR HOUSING HODGE-PODGE

AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

BY MERLO J. PUSEY

THERE is good reason to believe that recovery will continue to lag until the dream of extensive low-cost home building becomes a reality. No modern country can expect to attain a balanced economy while millions of idle men live in hovels and large sums of capital lie dormant in marble palaces. Organization of a fresh attack upon this paradox remains therefore a most important step in our long-sought industrial renaissance, despite the miscarriage of numerous plans that have been launched in the name of low-cost housing.

More than any other enterprise, large-scale home building seems to hold promise of supplying the missing factor in our economic equation. There is now an acute shortage of habitable dwellings because construction has not kept pace with the growth of population on one hand, or the advance of housing standards on the other. Millions of families occupy shacks unfit to house civilized human beings. Not a single American city is free from blighted areas in which crime, disease, and moral depravity flourish. Outside the worst slums are countless ramshackle firetraps that ought to be demolished. Surely a nation that is operating nearly twenty-two million automobiles cannot look with complacency upon the wretched environment in which an astonishing number of its people live.

It is not my purpose, however, to emphasize the enormous potential demand for modern low-cost dwellings. That is

obvious. More to the point is a query why the present Administration has fumbled its opportunity of utilizing idle men and idle capital in a great social enterprise. The President is keenly aware of our housing deficiencies. Indeed, adequate and decent homes for working men's families constitute one of his leading objectives. But his hastily planned experiments in this field have produced disappointing results—in some quarters complete disillusionment.

The money, labor, and materials for an extensive building program seem to have been available; why have they not been utilized? Has the planning and organizing ability within the Administration been inadequate? Has private industry refused to co-operate? Has Congress been remiss in providing subsidies? Or has the industry which held the greatest promise of absorbing our surplus productive strength merely languished in the throes of experimentitis?

The housing programs of other countries readily demonstrate that our venture into this field was not necessarily an idyllic dream. Large-scale construction of modest dwellings is given credit for fifty to seventy per cent of the notable recovery in England. On a recent visit to New York, H. Gordon Selfridge estimated England's home production at 330,000 units in 1935, compared with 60,000 in the entire United States. Taking account of the difference in population, he calculates our housing progress—

if that is not misuse of the term—at six per cent of the rate set by the British.

Holland likewise has felt the stimulus of intense residential building. In 1934 that tiny nation put into use 55,294 new dwelling units, matched against a total of 38,000 urban homes in our forty-eight States and the District of Columbia. When the need for jobs became most acute, home building in the Netherlands moved up to a new high peak. Wealthy and "progressive" America on the contrary has not erected enough houses in the depression years to care for its very meager increase in population. The housing problems of the two countries are not dissimilar, but the results obtained suggest that their technics are miles apart.

It is true of course that our Federal Government has tried in a haphazard way to emulate these and other foreign examples. Not one, but three major agencies were turned loose with Federal money or credit at their command to show lethargic city councils and timid builders how America could be rehoused. But this country has never had a housing policy, and the Roosevelt Administration, being eager to make an immediate showing, did not stop to formulate one. After concluding that dilapidated sections of our cities should be made over with all possible haste, divers officials borrowed ideas from European countries, glorified them in typical American fashion, and launched a series of unrelated housing experiments. A variety of interesting community units are beginning to take shape, but there is no indication as to which really exemplifies the New Deal in housing. Nor is there any explanation as to how local enterprise, private or municipal, will be able to finance large-scale duplications of these subsidized models.

Of course we cannot expect an immense low-cost housing program to jump suddenly into action from a background devoid of experience. There are extenuating circumstances for every major delay the program has encountered. The important point is, however, that even the

delayed program is a conglomeration of incongruous schemes, some of which are unsound economically. The consequent bewilderment within the building industry—from which the chief impetus for a really extensive home-construction movement must come—tends to offset any stimulating effect these demonstration projects might otherwise have had.

II

The Administration's interest in housing was originally concentrated upon subsistence homesteads and slum clearance. About two years were required to prove the scheme of building semi-industrial communities in agricultural areas a complete fiasco. The social experimenters in Washington discovered that industries cannot be pulled out of a hat and planted in a given locality where expensive homes have been built for supposedly stranded families.

Reedsville, West Virginia, has already become a notorious example of the ineptitude which characterized the Administration's first venture of this sort. When that community for stranded families was well under way its sponsors began to fear that the town itself would be stranded. For Congress forbade them to construct a plant to manufacture supplies for the Post Office Department and thus provide part-time work for the subsistence homesteaders. In desperation they contracted for the erection of another factory, without proper legal authority. It was not, however, the Comptroller General's refusal to release funds for this work which killed the subsistence-homestead plan. Rather it was the utter impracticability of the scheme. "Subsistence homesteads" costing nearly \$8,000 apiece would be a joke in any circumstances.

Slum reclamation was taken up by Federal agencies because of the apathy of local governments in dealing with the acute social problem involved. At first the Public Works Administration confined its activities in this field to financing limited-dividend corporations organized

under State laws to build and operate low-rental projects under close restrictions as to rents, charges, capital structure, rate of return, and methods of operation. Through that arrangement only seven projects were undertaken. The rate of progress did not satisfy officials at Washington. So the PWA decided to tackle slum clearance directly through its own Housing Division. In doing so it has encountered the snags that any governmental agency must expect when it reaches out beyond its logical sphere of action.

The destruction of blighted areas in large cities is an extremely complicated business. Slums are usually found in congested sections where land is expensive, even though occupied by virtually worthless houses. Condemnation is frequently essential if such property is to be obtained at reasonable prices. One of the major dilemmas of the Housing Division was that court decisions forbade the Federal Government to condemn private property for erection of low-cost dwellings on the ground that such usage does not constitute a public purpose. When that view of the basic law was sustained by the Circuit Court of Appeals, PWA abandoned a number of projects where the demolition of insanitary shacks had been contemplated.

Even where plenty of urban land was available, however, the PWA fell into other entanglements of far-reaching significance. Cities that were delighted to have the Government build model housing projects within their limits are awakening to the fact that they cannot tax these new Federal properties. Consequently many of them are refusing to provide police and fire protection, school facilities, etc., for the low-rental communities. Since special fire apparatus, schools, and the like could be provided for Federal real estate developments only at prohibitive costs, and since want of such essential community services would destroy the value of any housing project, these ventures are in an extremely precarious situation.

Secretary Ickes concedes the justice of municipal demands for revenue of some sort from the PWA's low-rental houses. Speaking of the no-tax-no-service ultimatum, he said: "It must be acknowledged that the position taken by such cities is not unreasonable." Indeed the PWA was ready to pay to cities in which its model housing units are being located five per cent of the rentals in lieu of taxes. But the Comptroller General ruled that Mr. Ickes has no authority thus to spend money appropriated for public works. There the matter rests—a monument to the shallow thinking and hasty planning of officials who have no direct contact with municipal problems.

While the Housing Division was battling its way through these predicaments, the Administration's champion spenders demanded more and more speed in letting contracts and getting men on the job. The Housing Division simply could not keep pace. About half of its undertakings had to be dropped in the formative stage because final details could not be settled before the passing of an arbitrary deadline fixed by the Works Progress Administration. This is the chief reason why the Housing Division has been limited to a total outlay of \$130,000,000, in contrast to the \$450,000,000 earmarked for housing in the work-relief act.

All of these difficulties serve to emphasize the fundamental deficiency of the housing program. The entire PWA, of which the Housing Division is but a left arm, was created to deal with an emergency. It is merely a stop-gap organization, hastily put together and hastily set to work. As soon as Congress stops appropriating money to create temporary jobs the PWA will be assigned to a place in the limbo of dead commissions. Obviously such an organization is not equipped to plan or execute a large-scale housing program, which must of necessity unfold over a considerable period of years, with active participation by local governments.

Dissatisfaction in some official quarters with the slow progress of the PWA proj-

ects is probably responsible for the invasion of this field by the Resettlement Administration. Originally this Tugwell subsidiary was organized chiefly to rescue families stranded by the drought. By a curious quirk of nature, however, the West was flooded by rains while large rural transplantation schemes were in the making. Not to be denied his opportunity of leaving America a few samples of economic planning, pure and undefined, Professor Tugwell diverted part of his attention to "greenbelt suburban developments."

With \$31,000,000 of work-relief funds to spend, the Division of Suburban Resettlement launched four model communities intended to house 5,000 "low-income families" and Government workers. It is not interested in slum clearance. All of its satellite towns are located on relatively cheap land near large cities. In this respect of course its theory runs directly counter to that of the PWA. For, in spite of its dilemma over condemnation, the Housing Division still clings to the policy of building in congested areas with the object of drawing forgotten families out of the slums. About half of its projects involve actual demolition of outmoded shacks. This contrast in objective does not operate entirely to the advantage of PWA, since blighted residential areas are frequently unsuitable for housing of any type under a system of long-term city planning.

In one other respect the contrast between the policies of the PWA and the RA may be significant. Secretary Ickes is distressed because some cities are refusing to render municipal services to Federal communities. The fetters of legislation and executive decrees fit more lightly upon Professor Tugwell. He is planning to build schools and community centers for presentation as gifts to local governments. Likewise, the management of the "greenbelt" communities will be vouchsafed to local agencies. The Resettlement Administration has no intention of becoming a landlord. Instead of following the Ickes plan, it will divest

itself of control over the new demonstration communities at the earliest possible moment. But just who will take over that responsibility was undecided when these projects were launched. Details of that sort could not be allowed to interfere with the major aim of developing a model town that would combine all the modern housing ideas of France, Germany, and Great Britain.

To complete the medley of conflicting policies and administrative confusion, the work of the Federal Housing Administration must also be included. Here we find the Government extending a helping hand to private building enterprise, municipalities, and other agencies interested in housing as a business proposition. The FHA erects no homes. It does not even lend Government money for that purpose. But through a system of mortgage insurance it is encouraging all types of home construction. The chief criticism that can be fairly made of the plan is that it has not been carried far enough.

In this welter of divergent policies a vast amount of energy has been dissipated. Officials in the PWA Housing Division have been skeptical of Professor Tugwell's projects, and vice versa. FHA has looked askance on both of these subsidized undertakings, with an inclination to regard them as "brain trust" experiments. The Government has been "on its way" in the promotion of housing, but it has not known where it is going. The bewildered construction industry could do little more than mark time and hope that the program would be in some way rationalized.

After all the available money had been allocated and plans for most of the undertakings had been completed, the President, obviously concerned over the hodge-podge policies his aides had worked out, appointed a co-ordinator of the housing programs. It would be utterly impossible to harmonize projects of such gross incongruity. But considerable progress is apparently being made toward the formulation of a more workable policy, with sweeping administrative and legis-

lative changes—in short, a new approach to the whole problem.

III

A glance at the economic side of these experiments will even more pointedly indicate why they have not become the nucleus of an extended building program. As I have already noted, the PWA and the RA undertook an immense job without the aid of the private building industry which ordinarily supplies virtually all of our dwellings. Private builders had an opportunity to co-operate through the guaranteed mortgage system of the FHA, but they were undoubtedly discouraged by the uncertainty and chaos of other governmental housing programs. Their attitude is tersely expressed in the following plea to the President from fifteen trade associations participating in the Building Materials Industry Conference last fall:

The undersigned associations in the building materials industry respectfully present to you their request for a prompt clarification of the Government's housing program.

We are reliably informed that there are some 40 major Government agencies directly or indirectly in housing. Their methods are different. Some appear to be competing with each other and some with private industry.

Until we know the extent to which the Government itself proposes to go into the housing business, private activities will be bound to proceed hesitantly and with utmost caution. Thus, without intent or desire, it puts a brake upon industrial recovery.

Coming directly from interested groups, such opinions alone could not be accepted as conclusive. But they tend to sustain what any independent investigator may learn for himself—that, having grasped the housing idea, the Administration permitted amateurs with large sums of money at their command to smother that idea with impractical methods.

The adverse reaction from the building industry might have been avoided if the Government's direct construction activities had been confined to slum clearance and real low-cost housing. From these

objectives, however, our housing agencies have wandered far afield. It is true that the PWA aims to draw approximately 25,000 families out of squalid and insanitary shacks, but to do that it has set aside a fund equal to \$5,189 per family. On the basis of blue prints, PWA calculates the cost of building its average dwellings at \$3,700 apiece, including the price of land. The difference between the two figures constitutes a reserve fund to be used for contingencies and initial operation expenses, since rentals under the present law must be paid directly into the Treasury. With careful administration, therefore, the final cost of rescuing a family from the slums by the PWA method may be conservatively placed somewhere between \$4,000 and \$5,000, although this does not include the overhead expenses of the Housing Division.

No project requiring such outlays can be considered genuine low-cost housing. Instead of carrying out a program that could be widely emulated by local governments, PWA will succeed only in transplanting a limited number of families from the dregs of city life to comparative luxury. A glimpse at its project in Washington will illustrate the point. Washington is a city of rather extensive slums, including a large number of sickening alley huts, now happily being eliminated by a municipal authority under the capable direction of John Ihlder. To aid in the rehousing of families in these and other slum areas the PWA is building Langston Terrace.

In some way as yet undetermined, the privilege of living in these attractively landscaped row houses and apartments will be awarded to 321 Negro families. Their choice will range from cozy two-room apartments to five-room houses, the most numerous units consisting of a medium-size living room, two bedrooms, a large kitchen, and bath. Every room will be well lighted and ventilated. There will be hot and cold running water, modern ranges and refrigeration facilities. From the exterior these dwellings will not be masterpieces of architecture,

but their substantial brick walls and neat concrete trimmings will be softened by shrubs and expansive lawns, for only twenty-five per cent of the site will be covered by buildings.

From this brief description it is apparent that Langston Terrace will provide homes superior in many respects to those customarily occupied by middle-class families. That is very pleasant to contemplate—except for one factor. The tenants will not be able to pay for all these comforts. Indeed, if they are drawn from Washington's miserable alleys, they will not be able to meet ordinary interest charges on the investment. Nor does the PWA intend that they should.

If permission can be obtained from Congress, the Housing Division plans to write off 45 per cent of the original cost of this and similar projects as a subsidy to the favored tenants. Rentals will then be fixed at rates sufficient to pay operating expenses and amortize the remaining 55 per cent of the investment, at 3 per cent interest, over a period of sixty years. By this method the Government can far undercut any rentals for either modern or obsolete housing. But taxpayers will have to make up the difference between these nominal charges and economic rent.

With funds now available, the PWA will be able to offer low rentals to one out of every 440 American families occupying substandard dwellings. A number of recent surveys indicate that more than one-third of the homes in America are so decrepit or inadequate as to endanger the health, safety, and morals of their inhabitants. Merely to replace these socially-condemned living quarters would require the construction of approximately 11,000,000 small homes. At the rate our alphabetical bureaus are spending, this would mean an outlay of roughly \$55,000,000,000, and the structures now under way would probably be in ruins before even the present housing needs could be met.

These calculations are interesting chiefly because they suggest the impossi-

bility of solving our housing problem by policies pursued during the past three years. To an infinitesimal fraction of the people who need better homes the Government is offering very good accommodations. The majority of PWA beneficiaries will live in dwellings that may be reasonably appraised at \$4,000 to \$5,000, while the median American renter, considering both the high- and low-income groups in cities and towns, occupies a \$2,700 house. It is obviously unfair as well as impracticable to draw upon the public treasury to provide for indigent families houses far better than the average renter can afford. The Housing Division has assumed the role of philanthropist, using public funds.

Turning now to Professor Tugwell's Resettlement Administration, we move still farther from a comprehensive and practical housing program. His chief objectives are to create "models for future American communities," to demonstrate mass production, efficiency, and speed in the building process. Perhaps that is why the RA plunged into its \$31,000,000 enterprise without any precise knowledge of how much its houses will cost, how much they may be rented for, how they can be effectively managed, or even what they will look like.

Economic considerations have been clearly subordinated to social ideals. Resettlement officials resent any assumption that they are merely building houses. Rather they are developing miniature Utopias. Each project will include a large tract of land with space for parks, playgrounds, etc. Improvements will include schools, community centers, stores, restaurants, bus stations, markethouses, and streets. Embracing all these items, the total outlay per family to be housed works out to \$6,200, in spite of the fact that land is relatively cheap in the "green-belts." Nor does this include overhead expenses.

Mr. Tugwell's towns may become models of English row house architecture and of German community planning, but they cannot be considered genuine low-

cost housing. Rather they will offer low rentals to select groups, including a large number of Government employees, through devious subsidies that will not be available to other agencies which might wish to duplicate one of these model towns. Gratuities of this sort are egregiously misplaced because they will either benefit families of moderate means, who do not need public aid, or they will confer extraordinary good fortune upon a few poor families at the expense of the next generation of taxpayers. And so far as the encouragement of an extensive home-construction program is concerned, these projects are valuable chiefly as an example of what ought to be avoided.

The Administration's fumbling in this matter of such vital importance to the unemployed and the heavy industries as well as to the public in general is a result of trying to solve a great social and economic problem by emergency technic. Whenever a government plunges into a task of such complexity without a well-defined objective or realistic planning it is likely to make costly mistakes. However, the Ickes-Tugwell experiments are so much water over the dam. In recent months their shortcomings have been recognized, and there seems to be a strong inclination in both legislative and executive circles to make a new start.

IV

Our experience to date and the successful housing programs of various other countries clearly indicate the line this new move should follow. Its primary objective should be neither the elimination of blighted areas nor the employment of idle men, but the construction of decent, low-priced homes for the millions of families now improperly housed. Reclamation of slums ought to be an important segment of the plan, but not its controlling purpose. The restoration of several million jobs fits in as an essential consequence of greatly increased construction work.

The first step should be a shift of emphasis from subsidies to more effective or-

ganization of private capital for home financing. Even if Federal landlordism had not been discredited, mounting deficits in the Treasury due to prepayment of the veterans' bonus, invalidation of the processing taxes, and continued heavy relief outlays, would preclude any extensive appropriation for housing. Consequently, if home building is to be undertaken on a large scale, private capital must be pressed into service. The distressing aspect of our experiments to date is that they seem to have retarded this logical development. All the more essential, therefore, becomes governmental leadership in the stimulation of home building as a normal business proposition.

The direction this leadership should take may be indicated:

1—*Home financing costs should be reduced.* The Federal Housing Administration has helped to drive financing charges downward by guaranteeing first mortgages up to 80 per cent of the value of the property, thus eliminating second mortgages through which so many home owners were mulcted during the recent era of indulgence. To some extent it has also stimulated the flow of capital into housing enterprises. It is especially notable that some of the projects FHA has sponsored fall into the low-cost category more clearly than the Administration's subsidized communities.

To illustrate this anomalous situation a comparison of three similar projects in the vicinity of Washington will be enlightening. Gross outlays for the median family to be served are estimated (in the case of Colonial Village the figure represents actual costs) as follows:

Berwyn Heights (Tugwell project—subsidized) (Includes large tract of land, school, etc.)	\$5,500
Langston Terrace (PWA project—subsidized) (Includes fund for contingencies and initial operation.)	\$4,970
Colonial Village (FHA project—no subsidy) (Private industry using U.S. guaranteed mortgage.)	\$4,077

As I noted, these projects are similar in many respects. Like Berwyn Heights, Colonial Village has a community center, a nursery, and play space for children. Its attractive location in a wooded area not far from the banks of the Potomac affords a quiet and homelike environment. Red-brick, two-storey apartments with flat roofs have been designed so as to avoid monotony and present a pleasant outlook from nearly every room. Except the kitchens, which are too small, the rooms are above average size and are decorated with excellent taste. Sloping lawns, curving walks, and a bridge over a natural stream minimize the suggestion of a low-cost community. Indeed there is no pretense of accommodating the very low-income groups at Colonial Village. Apartments are rented at \$12.50 per room to the first applicants. Incidentally, 15,000 persons applied for the first 276 units completed.

Colonial Village is a sample of the limited-dividend corporations already operating with apparent success. Quite properly, its units will be rented and not sold. Rents as well as other charges will be supervised under Virginia's housing law, and the corporation's earnings will be limited to 6 per cent on its investment under FHA regulations. Yet this "village" is a business proposition financed by private capital with a Government guaranteed mortgage. It is only one of nineteen such projects approved and sponsored by the FHA. Certainly this phase of the mortgage insurance system should be utilized to the full extent of its possibilities.

The FHA is one important nucleus around which the new program may well be developed. And since that organization is now thoroughly established on a conservative basis, some of its regulations may be safely liberalized. Its experience to date seems to justify a substantial reduction of insurance charges, at present amounting to virtually 1 per cent a year on unpaid balances. That would mean another saving for home purchasers. In the case of houses costing less than \$5,000,

however, a greater service might be rendered by maintaining a relatively high insurance rate and increasing the amount that may be lent under guaranteed mortgages up to 85 or 90 per cent. The objective of course is to reduce home-financing costs to the lowest possible level without sacrificing the economic soundness of the system.

Extension of the FHA, however, seems to provide only a partial answer to the demand for lower home-financing charges. The cost of a guaranteed mortgage now runs to approximately 6 per cent, exclusive of initial charges. It would amount to $5\frac{1}{4}$ or $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent with the greatest possible cut in the insurance rate. In Great Britain private building societies have cut their interest to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, giving a remarkable impetus to home construction. A recent study of our own housing problems convinced the Committee for Economic Recovery that the same rate is feasible in this country. The committee's economists and financiers aptly suggested that our building and loan associations be pressed into greater service with that end in view.

The depression brought a serious collapse of our mortgage loan institutions. Nearly one-half of the counties in the entire nation were left without regular home-financing facilities. Since the Government began sponsoring savings and loan associations, however, more than 940 Federal charters have been granted to institutions with total assets of \$418,000,000. In addition 10,000 State associations, with assets of more than \$6,000,000,000 continue to function. All of these home-finance agencies may obtain advances upon mortgage-secured notes through the Federal Home Loan Bank System. Moreover, their deposits are guaranteed by the Government up to \$5,000 each. With such extensive backing, they should be able to reduce interest paid on deposits (which is now generally above the interest offered by savings banks) and in turn lend their funds to home owners at lower rates. Since borrowing and building would thus be stimu-

lated, these institutions might well increase their total earnings in spite of lower charges.

In this period of fiscal uncertainty resistance to any lowering of interest rates will be strong. And of course precautions must be taken to prevent a shrinkage of return sufficient to dry up the flow of capital. Nevertheless, it appears that rates can be safely carried lower than they are at present. Great Britain has financed 90 per cent of her enormous private housing enterprises through her building societies (comparable to our building and loan associations) in spite of reduced interest.

2—*Building costs should be reduced.* Here again we may well turn to Great Britain for an example of what can be done. It is estimated that English workmen's houses which would have cost \$3,610 in 1920 were built for \$1,725 in 1931 and for \$1,430 in 1934. Large-scale production and pre-fabrication methods have brought modest homes well within the means of the working classes. In the United States, on the contrary, building costs have advanced considerably and appear to be still moving upward. The contrast may be noted from the fact that about 80 per cent of the houses constructed in England during recent years cost from \$2,500 to \$4,000. In the United States new homes in that price range are a rarity.

The cost factor is especially important because the chief market for homes is in the lower brackets. If houses are to be built and sold on a mass production basis under present conditions, the average cost must be held down to \$4,000 or perhaps less. This means that the notoriously inefficient building industry will have to be reorganized; that labor will have to accept less per hour in order to obtain more per month or year; that mass production of homes, with the aid of pre-fabrication where practical, will have to supplant individual construction, and that research for better methods and materials will have to be extended.

One place where the pruning knife may

well be applied is speculative profits. Operators who build as cheaply as possible and sell their houses for all the market will bear often reap unconscionable profits. With proper organization, development of higher standards, and introduction of more businesslike methods in the housing field this element in high costs should be greatly reduced. Builders have been calling for a co-operative policy on the part of the Government. A movement initiated by the Government to minimize speculative profits would severely test their own co-operative inclinations.

3—*A third factor that would be extremely helpful is the stimulation of research.* It is not the function of the Federal Government to dictate the standards of home construction. But it might render an invaluable service by pointing the way to better and more economical construction methods, by testing and standardizing materials, by the development of new processes and the provision of technical advice for prospective homeowners as well as builders. The responsibility for research and planning should not be left entirely to the Government, but an official agency exclusively assigned to these functions, perhaps within the Department of Commerce, as the Committee for Economic Recovery suggests, would certainly be an important contribution to any housing program.

4—*Finally, reasonable subsidies should be made available for genuine slum reclamation.* In bringing together the foregoing suggestions I have considered only projects that may be privately financed, built, and sold—or rented in the case of multiple dwellings and closely-knit communities. Unquestionably a preponderant majority of the homes to be built should be included in this category. Yet any attack upon our housing problem would be flagrantly incomplete without an effective move against the slums.

The original ambitious plan of direct Government home building foundered largely because it failed to draw a line of

demarcation between the treatment of cancerous areas in the large cities and the encouragement of home building throughout the country. The new program must prevent any repetition of that mistake. For generous subsidies in a field that should be left to private enterprise tend to defeat their own purpose. They can be utilized to advantage only in rehousing very low-income groups that cannot be expected to pay economic rent and whose present surroundings constitute a menace to the community.

To this line of demarcation another may properly be added, to separate slum clearance from low-cost housing. Many decayed sections which most urgently need a new deal are not suitable for rehousing. They may be more economically used for garages, stores, warehouses, playgrounds or even parking lots. Resuscitation of these dead areas is essentially a factor of community planning and may, therefore, best proceed slowly in harmony with the city's growth. Each city must decide from its own circumstances what areas are desirable and economically available for continued residential use. Where it is practical to shift low-cost housing projects outside of extremely congested sections, however, that certainly appears to be the most desirable course.

When slums are demolished for the benefit of an entire community, the local government acquires a considerable responsibility to rehouse the dispossessed families. That obligation may be constructively discharged through municipal housing agencies. Despite the optimism of the United States Chamber of Commerce's special building committee, this is not a field in which private industry can function successfully. Nor can the Federal Government hope to exercise satisfactorily a function that is so patently local.

Reasonable Federal subsidies might well be granted to municipalities for undertakings of this sort. But that should not mean a continuation of Federal landlordism. For the sake of avoiding fur-

ther dilemmas over taxation and management—to say nothing of preserving the orderly division of powers under the American system of government—these projects should remain strictly under local control. Adherence to minimum standards could be properly required, but the trend should be away from any direct Federal administration.

Municipal housing programs, moreover, must necessarily be limited in scope. It would be naïve to suppose that all slum dwellers can be rehoused in new municipally-owned flats. For that would mean a heavy drain upon local taxpayers, many of whom cannot afford new homes for themselves. Simple equity suggests, therefore, that a great many families in the very low-income brackets, as their disease-infested hovels are razed, will have to find quarters in decent secondhand houses. An increasing number of such dwellings will be available if privately-financed homes can be provided for families with moderate incomes.

V

Necessity rather than idealism dictates this conclusion. We have already wasted too much time and energy in pursuit of impractical housing theories. Now it is time to face realities, disconcerting though they may be to Messrs. Ickes and Tugwell, and shape our building policies accordingly. Objections will be raised against confining subsidies to modest community projects. It may be considered heresy to rule out all of the Utopian schemes that have been conjured up during the past few years. But the time for miracle working has definitely passed. Any program which does not look forward to more normal operations immediately invites suspicion.

In conclusion, however, I do not wish to leave any oversanguine hopes in place of illusions already shattered. To some extent the current hope of large-scale building operations financed by private capital grows out of Great Britain's notable success in this field. But economic

conditions in England and the United States are not strictly comparable. The former can draw upon private capital to finance eighty-five per cent of her building boom because her budget is balanced. Ours is far from it. Conditions there offer capital more inducement to long-term investment. On this side of the Atlantic we have not yet overcome the inclination to regard recovery as a concomitant of vast governmental outlays. It will be more difficult to bring idle funds out of hiding here. To point out this ob-

stacle, however, is to emphasize again the dangers of taking new shortcuts. For reliance on subsidies merely increases our addiction to them. By organizing private resources for a long-range program of home building the country may not immediately regain that economic stride which we all like to consider normal. But we can certainly move beyond the present jumble of disconnected policies, and there is a strong probability that we can make a substantial advance toward a most important economic and social objective.

THE WATCHER

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

BBLACK and still under the Siberian heaven
 Lies the lake, rise the reeds, sleep the herons
 (Wings aware of the coming flight past the high
 Altai); and the sands still; and not quite so still
 The slopes cut by the icier streams where shadow
 Covers the tread of the wolf, the quick nocturnal
 Drinker; in shadow the streams descend through the wood
 Now lapped in the birch's arm, now sweet with cedar;

Sweet and cool the pools in the hill, and still
 The sleeping dove beside the unloving deep.

I can see veins in the dark flesh of the world,
 Warm and nervous, color of dusk, violet.
 I can hear the quick beat of the tremulous moment
 As the land turns, as the night wheels on and hovers.
 Through the weeds of China shine the strange yet familiar
 Lines of a face: the gaze, the trembling wet
 Turn of the lips, the lids long parched with surrender
 Which the years turn pale, which the night, the pale night, covers.

I recall the sigh of the silently falling cities,
 I can hear the deer, the delicate, at the well.



PRICE OF EMPIRE

A STORY

BY OWEN JOHNSON

CURIOUSLY unemotional people, the English. Hard to decipher. The French never understand them, their calm, their phlegm. "*Le phlegm, le beau phlegm brittanique.*" Hard for us too to get under the skin. It's the bit of sentiment that's hidden away, down deep, carefully repressed for fear of appearing sentimental like the Germans. The one unforgivable social error. But it's there just the same, something that's bound up with their youth, with adventure, with some far-flung spot in the great British Empire over which the sun never sets. They venture out with the old Viking lust, drift about the world in strange forgotten places, among queer savage tribes, pick up curious knowledge, do extraordinary things, and retire on a small income to nurse rheumatism or malaria in cheap, tidy places with excellent food which they have discovered. On the Continent go where the English go. The instinct is infallible.

That's how I come to be sitting here, in an immaculate room of the Pension Suisse at Cannes. Immaculate is exactly the word. Even the formal shut-in garden with its twisting gravel walks and sunny bursts of mimosa is meticulously scrubbed and combed each morning. The Swiss must have been created to satisfy the English need of the perfect pension. This is like ten thousand others; the same sitting room with copies of *Punch*, the *Graphic*, the *Times* and *Daily Mail*, the same Swiss clocks and heavy rugs for table covers.

The outer room for coffee and liqueurs is glassed in on a blue-and-yellow diagonal pattern. There is a marble pavement, palms, little iron tables and little iron chairs, and the traditional upright piano that is never played—is never meant to be played. Subdued, restful, the off-season. Only a scattering of guests. A German family carefully speaking broken French and the English.

Nothing exciting. No one under fifty. Nothing to disturb the routine of a month's concentration on a lagging bit of work. Distinctly middle-aged, middle-class English. Not offensively so! The sturdy, purposeful middle-class, backbone of the Empire. Small existences, a few weeks' vacation planned to eke out the last penny's worth. No one will speak to me unless I speak to him, and that would be regarded as an intrusion. The Englishman's home is still his castle and he carries something of that atmosphere with him to repel invaders. So while I sit expectantly in the shining dining room, waited on by a buxom red-cheeked girl from Savoy I study my cousins with a tolerant humor, amusing myself with their ungainly hygienic clothes, their cathedral silences, their inscrutable exteriors.

At the table next to me a couple somewhere in the late sixties. The wife plump, wrinkled, smiling, enveloped in multicolored veils, is a sort of militant head nurse scanning the menu with suspicion, dictating the diet with a ferocious

enmity for anything that suggests a French sauce, substituting endless omelets and shirred eggs. The husband, object of these persistent prohibitions, is short, fleshless, bald like a monk, and his heavy mustaches are decidedly overweight. He has a suppressed energy that explodes at the slightest infraction of the table etiquette and occasionally flares up in a futile revolt against his domestic tyrant. He takes drops before each meal and pills afterward, with shaky, spidery fingers that write scrawls in the air.

The day before yesterday they came in late half-way through the *table d'hôte*. The chops arrived tepid. There was a rapping on the table with a knife, scurrying up of the waitress, and a sudden volcanic eruption.

"Louise, take away these chops. They are cold. Cold and devilish tough tool!"

Madame arrived volubly; apologies and explanations; substitution of a special dish. There was an approving stir and a nodding of British heads. English sense of justice vindicated. Englishmen's rights. It was not that the food had not been uniformly excellent but that no deviation must be permitted where Englishmen are involved. A little thing, but the attitude that rules undisciplined races. Fussy old curmudgeon! If I am down first and get the copy of the *Times* ahead of him, he sits in a corner and fixes me with a bovine stare.

"Who the deuce are you, an American, to deprive an Englishman of the first glimpse of his daily Bible?"

Sometimes I prolong the agony.

On the other side two English women sliding down the fifties. Spinsters? Probably. At any rate something of the spinster's self-sufficiency and authority. Teachers? With us, yes; or business women. I'm not so sure. They reel off endless miles in their square low-heeled boots and homespun; energetic swinging miles which would leave me short of breath and humiliated; returning punctually with reddened cheeks to slip into a frock for dinner. Always the same Lib-erty smocks that have survived a dozen

fashions. They look splendidly scrubbed and tidy.

To-day I discovered their names at the mail window—Diana Drayton and Rose Bart. I can think of no other expression quite so fitting as the English phrase "sweetly pretty." Once they must have looked just that, in a Victorian, Du Maurier style of English girl; rosy-cheeked, clear eyes, straight in body and lithe in limb. You know at a glance what their lives have been: Church of England, charities, gardens, handiwork, sport; with a little stereotyped flirting and a touch of tragedy—lover killed in the service of the Empire. Through it all splendidly unemotional. Victorian once but quite modern now—modern spinsters. I come upon them occasionally at the Casino, venturing a few francs at the least expensive tables, dancing in a rigid revolving old-fashioned way, or at the theater risking a French farce. Old enough to do such things now. To know how the other half lives. What makes such existences tolerable is that hundreds of thousands are doing the same. The caste feeling. Exactly. England is full of castes, rigidly doing the things that are done in a predestined station of life.

Yet once upon a time they must have had more than an average of good looks. Particularly the taller one, Miss Diana Drayton, who comes into the room like a procession of one. Good regular features, nice wavy hair. Put a touch of color in her cheeks, a sparkle in her still clear blue eyes, the challenge of a gay laugh in her voice, men would have noticed her passing. Many men. Miss Bart too might have been pretty, sweetly pretty in a plump, dimpled way but shyer. The waiting, quickly fading English primrose. Nevertheless, spinsters both. The answer? The Empire. Two wars in their generation, the Boer and that great struggle that decimated the already inadequate males in the great imperial hive.

There is between them, as in all such companionships, a marked distinction, assumed and conceded. A subtle distinc-

tion, not at once apparent. It is Miss Drayton who makes the decision: what to select from the menu, when to rise; Miss Drayton who dictates the play at the gaming tables, who plans the daily excursion. Hard to formulate but I feel a difference on the part of Miss Bart. It is more than a conscious inferiority, rather a mute admiration, the recognition of some clear superiority. Perhaps it is only a social distinction. Miss Bart is the commoner. There may be a drop of the aristocrat in her friend. At any rate the feeling that one has had something in life which the other has missed, possibly could never achieve. I am letting my imagination run. The difference may be merely one of authority, a positive nature dominating a pliant one.

Beside my neighbors, a solitary Englishman, long, lumbering, of the foreign service type, who keeps strictly to himself; and a family of five—mother and father, beefy and red, with three rosy mannish daughters between the ages of eleven and fifteen, who chirp incessantly and watch me furtively to see how an American eats. We have been here a week together, crowding into the same lift, mingling in the lecture room, passing and repassing, without the recognition that one insect gives to the other. The curmudgeon and his keeper take to their rooms, the tall Englishman plays solitaire, the spinsters when they are not at the Casino sit side by side reading romantic novels. The clock in the hall tick-tocks the routine hours. Once in a while the youngest of the bounding sisters looks at me as though she would like to ask me a question about the Indians and buffaloes of New York, but doesn't quite dare to venture through the gates of propriety.

Lazy monastic existence. The world a thousand miles away. Like a long, languid English novel of commonplace life. Sometimes in a rebellious mood I am tempted to spring to the piano stool and bang out a ribald tune. . . .

The curmudgeon's name is Ratchett; Colonel Martin Seton-Ratchett, retired. This is a surprise. A most unmilitary

Colonel. I had placed him definitely in trade.

After ten days Miss Drayton has spoken to me. It reminded me of Jules Fabre's experiment with the inchworms. To prove that insects do not reason he directed a file of inchworms onto a circular basin and cut the life line by which they returned to the security of their tree. For two days starving and bewildered they continued to circulate, each worm following blindly the worm in front of it. Three days, if I remember correctly, before the chain was broken. The experiment seemed to me to prove nothing but that insects reason as most humans do. At any rate, after ten days Miss Drayton spoke to me.

"Aren't you sitting on the copy of *Punch*?"

I was. I popped up as though I had been trampling on the British flag. She immediately retired to her corner. An American girl would have developed an acquaintance. Not so with Miss Drayton. She simply wanted the copy of *Punch*. On the strength of this introduction I bow now when we meet in the lift. A most casual, fleeting recognition. The flutter of an eyebrow with an instant concentration upon the far distance. A bow that is meant to say, "Oh yes, you did speak to me once, but I have no intention of permitting the acquaintance to go any farther."

I flatter myself that these tactics are successful. I shall be considered well-bred because I show no interest. Plainly this excites her curiosity in an American.

On the twelfth day the file was broken again. Colonel Ratchett barked out in the sun parlor after dinner:

"Anybody mind if I close this infernal door?"

I did mind, everyone else minded. But the Colonel (he had a muffler about his neck) closed the door. The tall Englishman, Mr. Macklin (he wasn't military after all), immediately rose and said in nasal indignation:

"Garçon, mon café dehors!"

The next day I nodded tentatively to Colonel Ratchett who immediately looked me through.

To-day, the fourteenth, I have definitely broken through the ice. It happened in a curiously impulsive way. I was taking an *apéritif* in the ballroom of the Casino while waiting for the gambling to open. I was studying the ever-interesting spectacle of a cosmopolitan crowd when I noticed my two English women of the pension sitting opposite. Miss Drayton happened to be looking directly at me. I bowed and she nodded with an unexpected smile. There was a touch of wistfulness in the recognition, something that gave me the impression that she wanted very much to dance and that Miss Rose Bart was distinctly inadequate to her mood. An excellent orchestra was playing the "Blue Danube," a waltz that stirs memories and entices middle-aged sentimentalists to out-of-fashion spins. I went over and bowed.

"Would it be impertinent to ask you for this waltz?"

She got up quickly and placed her hand lightly on my arm. I had an agreeable shock. The first time you dance with a woman your instinct tells you a great deal. It was a real surprise. Miss Drayton danced exceedingly well. Nothing rigid, nothing standoffish: a natural, extremely pleasant melting into one's arms.

"You're an American?"

"You've found me out."

"Why did you ask me to dance?"

"Because I felt you wanted to dance with me."

"Oh." After a moment she said, "You are very observing."

"You love it?"

"Oh, yes, I still do."

The music ended. A burst of hand-clapping and we began the encore. I looked down. Her eyes were closed and her lips a little parted.

"Memories?"

"Yes, naturally."

At the end I took her back to her seat

and Miss Rose Bart. This was our entire conversation. But I retained a distinct, even sensuous, impression.

I am now established on the basis of a conceded acquaintance. Largely, I think, because beyond a formal greeting each day, I have carefully refrained from further approach. This arouses her curiosity. So unlike an American. Result: following conversation in the lift,

"I saw you at the shimmy table. Did you have a good evening?"

"Excellent for me. I lasted two hours."

"Do you mean you never win?"

"Never."

"Oh!"

"And you?"

"Very nicely, thank you. I made my quota. If I lose fifty francs or make a hundred I stop."

"Excellent system. Almost a moral pastime. Ahead I hope?"

"Almost a thousand."

"What? And that doesn't tempt you to plunge?"

She shook her head decisively.

"Oh dear, no!"

Last night I saw them at the theater at a typical Palais Royale farce. Rather more so in fact. In a particularly outrageous second act Miss Drayton rose, shook her skirts as though cleansing them of pollution, and stalked out of the theater, followed by Miss Bart with her head down. I could not refrain from a little teasing.

"I see you have an excellent knowledge of French idioms," I said during a chance meeting in the gambling rooms later.

"Now just what do you mean by that?"

"A lot passes over your head in a French farce if you're not up on the slang."

"I thought it most unnecessarily vulgar." She drove each word home as one hammers in a nail.

"Are you easily shocked?"

She looked at me rather resentful at so unnecessary a question.

"Oh, but I most certainly am!"

We sat down for sandwiches and a

nightcap. Miss Bart was still playing at a modest table.

"Then you do know a good deal of French."

"I was in charge of a field hospital during the War."

I was tempted to more questions but refrained with an effort.

My patience has been rewarded. Miss Drayton becomes each day more articulate. She is quite an important person, head superintendent at one of the newer London hospitals. She has what we used to call a strong character. Black is black and white is white. Only the gambling is inconsistent; but then all the English gamble. However, to pursue it with such rigid discipline, never deviating from her fixed principles, is to make of the demoralizing passion an exercise in ethical control. She is a perfectly regulated moral nature. Tremendously conservative. Admires Winston Churchill, Mussolini, and Kemal Pasha. Dislikes intensely Lloyd George, thinks the League of Nations sentimental twaddle. Disdains romantic novels, though she reads them copiously. Favorite authors, Thackeray, George Moore, and Somerset Maugham (despite or perhaps because of his cynical estimate of women). Never reads an American author—are there any? If there has ever been a flicker of sentiment in her nature, except an idolatry for the Empire, it is undetectable. Enjoys laying down the law to me. Sense of humor feeble, sense of enjoyment extraordinary. This is what makes her companionable. An eager response to little pleasures.

This I set down as a quick observation. But now that I have set it down, I don't believe I am at all right. How could a more than pretty woman, in whose veins youth must have flowed imperiously, have gone through two wars in intimate contact with primal forces and have remained unawakened? My instincts deny it. Yet I am puzzled and my curiosity is quickened. Every woman over forty is a novel to be discovered. But with an Eng-

lish woman the discovery is more difficult. Miss Drayton has a realistic philosophy that is like a Prussian discipline, but did she never in some swift revolt of youth, step outside the ranks?

To-day—an extraordinary day—my questions are answered. It all happened because Miss Bart was laid up with a touch of the treacherous Riviera cold. On an impulse I offered to replace her for an excursion over the mountains. To my surprise Miss Drayton accepted—yes even with alacrity. We started early in the cool of the morning, leaving the tram at Grasse, to climb the white road that coils upward over the vast plain of the Riviera.

"Do much of this sort of thing?" she said giving me a compassionate glance.

"Well, don't gallop up."

"It is a bit stiffish."

Stiff it was, but the soaring view was an inspiration. The day was brilliant and with the bite of mountain air. Still I was frankly relieved when we reached the summit and stopped for an *apéritif* at a café that hung in midair.

"Nice here."

"Very."

We sat down, consulted the *patron*, and ordered the local vermouth. Below us hamlets were clinging like wasp nests to giddy crags, ancient refuges from the days when the Moors ravaged the seacoast. Cannes and Antibes on the dotted Littoral ran along the flat expanse of the ancient sea. Other villages huddled on the knobby hills about the moldy churches. Terraced slopes of cloudy olive trees, flashes of mimosa, thin threads of meandering roads through checkered fields extended on the green plain. To the north, against the brittle blue, the stark white Pyrenees retreated in stony waves. We were incredibly high, above even the droning flight of an airplane that hung like a giant darning needle far below us. Above even a wisp of cloud that straggled up a nearby mountainside. The silence had a hollow vastness. Thin sounds floated up. The pipe of a shepherd.

The honk of a motor. The tiny yap of a dog.

"There's Corsica—immensely clear, isn't it?"

The island came out of the flat blue mirror of the ancient sea across which the galleons of Spain and of Venice, the triremes of Rome and Greece had sailed a thousand years and faded away. All so long ago.

"Cozy here?"

I aroused myself—at least she hadn't said "sweetly pretty." Cozy even wasn't adequate.

"There's where we end up," I said leaning out over the wall.

Thousands of feet below in a vertiginous drop we picked out our little restaurant and the cataract that roared through the Gorge des Loups.

"It doesn't seem real."

"Nothing is real here," I said, and repeating my thought, "It's all happened so long ago."

She nodded.

"Quite."

I sipped the vermouth.

"Better this than listening to old Ratchett beefing about the food."

"Fussy, disagreeable old man. He should be spoken to."

"There certainly isn't anything very military about him."

"Ratchett? Oh, but he was a first-rate man, you know. Colonial service. Oh, yes, indeed. He's sort of legend really—like Lawrence of Arabia."

My face showed my incredulity.

"Oh, but everyone knows about Seton-Ratchett. Surely now you've heard about the time he stopped the Zulu outbreak."

"We've plenty of time," I said, pouring out another glass. "Tell me."

"Fancy your not knowing of that! Even in America! There's not much to tell but—"

"Where and when?"

"It was just before the Boer War—oh yes, I went through that too. If he hadn't done what he did we should have had the natives on our backs you know. And just

then that would have been rather awkward."

She told the story as though she had been reading a financial report in a dim Committee Room.

"Let me see if I remember—oh yes, it was in Upper Africa. Right after the second Zulu uprising. Was it the first or the second? The second, yes, the second. Ratchett had to take over a post that no one fancied. Ten days' or possibly two weeks' trekking from anywhere. A most dismal spot I should say. Mail and provisions once a month. Not always that. Two whites, forty Colonials in a bit of stockade. Thousands of Zulus about them. The local king—I can't remember his name—Nambi-Boko, Nambi-Bobo—well at any rate they called him Namby Pamby—had to be closely watched. Very irritating sort of person. Liked to gobble up the Colonials. I suppose he actually thought he was a real king. Natural though, wasn't it? Quite an annoying person for the Colonial Office. You see they didn't want to have another tiff with the Zulus on their hands.

"When Ratchett took over, three of the Colonials had been potted in the last month. Very awkward situation really. The worst of it was they cooked them up afterward. Shocking state of affairs. Ratchett learned the local dialect in three months—he's awfully good at that sort of thing. Then he sent for Namby Pamby and told him if any more of his men popped out he'd hold him personally responsible.

"Well, of course it did happen. They gobbled up two more. Ratchett marched right into the camp and up to Namby Pamby. And what do you think? He was actually dining off one of the Colonials. Double offense, that! Ratchett put a pistol to his back and marched him out, threw him into irons, tried him, and sentenced him to be shot at sunrise.

"Well, there was a row you may be sure. They started up the tomtoms. Ever heard them? Most irritating sound that, you know. Rather unpleasant night I imagine in the stockade. Two Englishmen

with a scrubby lot of frightened natives listening to the tomtoms. When the dawn came in the impis were squatted round, thousands and thousands of painted warriors with the witch doctors shrieking among them. However, a little thing like that didn't bother Ratchett. He shot Namby Pamby right at sunrise. Then he gave him a most splendid funeral. Military honors and all that sort of thing. Clever of him, wasn't it? Just the right touch. So consoling. After that things went very smoothly you may be sure. Nice bit of work, wasn't it? Very efficient chap, Ratchett."

My Yankee emotionalism (which I try to suppress in the British presence) got the better of me.

"Good Lord! Efficient? What's efficiency got to do with it? It took cold-blooded nerve!"

Miss Drayton looked at me blankly.

"But what else could he have done? He couldn't let his men be gobbled up, could he? He just had to see it through."

The picture of the two Englishmen standing there in the gray of the dawn amid a handful of shaky native troops to face ten thousand raging blacks rose before me. Couldn't the English ever show enthusiasm?

"But the chances were a hundred to one against it! Why the man deserved the Victoria Cross."

"Do you think so?"

"Don't you?"

"No-o. You see that's given only for exceptional and extraordinary valor."

I looked at her suspiciously. The English do enjoy "spoofing" us.

"Of course," I said, with a touch of malice, "if he'd been murdered now or splendidly tortured—the Cross would have gone to his widow."

She took this seriously.

"Well, yes, perhaps. But I daresay he much prefers to be kicking about and she too." She reflected a moment. "It was in the line of duty you know."

"That's an English point of view."

"Oh yes, quite. Of course we've been

doing things like that for such a long time you know."

I thought this rather unnecessary.

"Well, here's to Ratchett," I said, lifting my glass, "I humbly beg his pardon."

"As for me, I shan't do anything of the sort," she said pushing aside her glass. "He's a most dreadful, impossible old man."

I gave up. There wasn't a shred of romance in the woman.

"Twelve o'clock. We've a couple of hours ahead of us."

She rose.

"Are you annoyed with me? I shouldn't like that."

"Oh no."

"You Americans are so delightfully dramatic."

I refused to answer this and we set out.

When we reached the restaurant it was well after two o'clock, and the last stragglers were leaving. We took a table under the lindens by the wall and summoned the proprietor. I knew the *spécialités de la maison*: brook trout and spring lamb from the mountains—the tenderest in the world. Out of season of course, but with an exchange of winks between reciprocal sinners, we disposed of that. *Salade de saison, pommes Anna, an omelette aux confitures.*

"Hungry?"

"Wolfish."

"It will take time but it is worth the waiting. We'll have a bit of Jambon de Parme and the local vin rosé. Ingratating and cheering. I've had it."

Our table overlooked the hard white road. A swarm of dusty children appeared from nowhere clamoring for pennies. The river, beyond, went tumbling through the ravine. The mountain we had descended rose thunderingly in dark-blue relief, shutting off a third of the horizon. By craning our necks we could just make out, far above us where the crags split the sky, the little café where we had hung.

The waiter arrived. Fresh butter, the best bread in the world, the bread of France, and thin appetizing slices of my

favorite hors d'œuvre. I poured out the vin rosé, tasted it, and nodded approval. Deceptive, insinuating wine that loosens tongues and puts a ripple in the laughter.

"Clever of you to have found this spot."

"A little more wine? Not bad?"

"It's rather heady, isn't it?"

I filled her glass.

"Glad you came?"

"Enormously."

She wore an ample shade hat with a filmy blue scarf, and as she sat in the grateful shadows, flushed with the zest of one to whom pleasure is rare, it was not difficult to evoke the loneliness of other days.

"Cigarette?"

She lighted one and, resting her elbow on the table, looked at me approvingly.

"Selfish, but I do say, I'm frightfully glad Rosie had that cold!" She laughed with the high spirits of a child. "Quite a lark this for me you know." She took up her glass and sipped it delicately. "Extraordinarily nice of you to take me on—yes really."

"Thought you'd like it."

"I say, I rather fancied you were miffed about something up there. Weren't you now?"

"Difference of point of view. Don't suppose we'll ever see eye to eye. You think us emotional and we think you ice-bound."

"Oh, that story about Ratchett?"

"You English are always doing such amazing things and never want to acknowledge what you've done."

"I think we're shyer than you, you know."

I shook my head.

"No, deeper. Frightful inhibitions. You're afraid of your own nerves."

"I suppose we are dreadfully unsatisfactory," she conceded.

"You are. Now take your own case. You've lived two wars. Actually lived them. You've seen the Empire topple, you've seen dying men by the thousands, you've looked at them in the raw, known the worst and the best. You must have been torn to pieces by your feelings.

You've had things happen to you that come to women who live among men about to die, women like you who attract men. And yet, if you should start to tell me of your own life—" I spread out my hands in empty irritation. "Of course, there's a story about you?"

She nodded.

"Oh yes, naturally." She flicked the ashes into her cup and frowned. "Do I show it?"

"There you go! Repression at once!"

From the restaurant a phonograph began to grind out a tinny one-step.

"Are you going to ask me to dance? That would be sweet of you."

"Will you?"

She sprang up with that animal lightness that was characteristic of all her motions.

"I'm dreadfully out of date. I only waltz."

"Nonsense. I can show you in a moment."

She murmured something in feeble protest but her eyes said yes. I put out my arms and she came softly and quickly into them.

"Smooth—don't bob up or down. Glide. That's it. Splendid."

"You're awfully clever."

"Not at all. It's nothing but stepping to music."

We rummaged among the records and found an old-fashioned waltz. She closed her eyes and drew closer to me. The abundant wife of the proprietor from the *comptoir* watched us with a sympathetic smile; the waiter, napkin over his arm, bobbed his head in rhythm, both trying to puzzle out the exact sentimental relation and probably both immensely puzzled. Miss Drayton did not look like the traditional Riviera *femme galante* or I like the needy gigolo. We whirled around the room twice, three times, while the waiter readjusted the record. Around and around, without reversing, laughing and gay, as though we were unravelling the bobbin of time, recovering the precious thread of the years. Her hair brushed against my face, her cheek

came to mine as the young dance to-day. Around and around, faster and faster!

We ended with a final vertiginous spin and collapsed against the doorway, until the staggering room steadied and we could stagger back to our seats.

"Oh, but you didn't reverse."

"We were dancing in other days," I said gravely. She understood and nodded, gulped down a full glass of the vin rosé, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed.

"I know I'm quite absurd, but I'm immensely happy!"

The trout arrived, tender, young, melting in the mouth.

"What made you say there was a story about me?"

I smiled wickedly. The eternal feminine. Fear of being read.

"Don't worry, you are quite safe. Even I shouldn't have guessed it if I hadn't danced with you."

"Oh! Is there a difference?"

"I'm sure," I said maliciously, "Rosie would have been quite different."

A little smile touched her lips, the instinctive triumphant smile of the woman over the virgin.

The lamb arrived.

"I have never seen such a wee one," she said gazing at the gigot in amazement.

"Contraband, of course."

I waved the waiter away.

"But when you do tell me your story,"

I put in boldly, "please, please don't perform as you did about Ratchett."

She circled her plate slowly with the tip of her fork and then looked up at me from under her eyelids.

"You're a most extraordinary person. What makes you think I shall?"

"Because we shall never meet again."

She rested her arm on the balustrade and frowned. A donkey cart went tinkling below us, the driver asleep on the piled-up bags. A touring car with in-sistent siren screamed past, raising a cloud of dust.

"It was so long ago," she said unconsciously repeating my phrase. "Give me

another cigarette." She lighted it and said in a matter of fact tone, "I suppose that's why you've been so nice to me. Natural in a writer though. What do you think my story is?"

"Tragedy."

I watched her face for a betraying sign but her expression did not change. She was looking beyond me, far beyond, tempted to a moment of self-revelation as all women are who have kept a secret too long.

"Yes, I think I'll tell you," she said in a low voice. "It's forgotten now, but I daresay a good many guessed it. It was Lord Karger." She named one of the Empire's great names and in the naming there was a conscious note of pride. "Old Tom, they call him—only it wasn't Old Tom then—the Boer War you know."

"Please, please, the beginning."

"What? Oh. Well, there wasn't anything much before. Just the usual thing. You want to know how I happened to be in South Africa?"

I nodded.

"Question of marrying someone I didn't want to. Usually is that, isn't it? Quite the sensible thing to have done, looking at it now. He was thoroughly acceptable. Money of course. Sensible thing. But I was all for romance and adventure then. Hadn't had much of either. Everything had to be done for the brothers of course. Usual thing in England. The war got them, yes both of them. Ypres and Neuve Chapelle. We're an old county family. Father was a younger son, barrister, stiff time making both ends meet. I daresay I was headstrong—looking at things now. Family row. I bolted. Went off on my own. That's how I took up nursing."

"And Miss Bart? A cousin?"

"Oh no, mates at the hospital."

The waiter came with the soufflé and departed. I filled the glasses.

"Well, that's how it was. We volunteered together for Cape Town. If I drink any more of this pink wine I shall be quite blotto. Let light your cigar,

"What time is it? Shouldn't we be going?"

"I had a car sent out—the weaker sex you know."

"You are a scheming man. But I really don't mind." She took up her glass and savored it. "Now that I have told you this much, I don't suppose it makes much difference if I do go on. Well, Cape Town was a frightful mess. Transports coming in, Tommies disembarking and marching out. Enormous rush to reinforce the advance posts before the Boers started cutting them off. Exciting though. The brass hats arriving. All sorts of rumors flying about and everyone wanting to be the first out."

She finished her cigarette, ground it on her plate, and took up another but without lighting it.

"Lots of liberty at first. No end of a gay time. Teas and dinners and all that sort of rubbish. Dances too. It really began at a dance." She reflected a moment. "It was a very crowded stuffy dance. Regimental band, some hotel—well, I've forgotten the name. I was having no end of a good time—we all were—when he came in and straight up to me. Didn't know who he was at first, but I knew soon enough by the way the others dropped out. Then I looked at his shoulder stripes and I did have a shock. Officers' dance, of course, but we never had anything as big as that before. He danced with me three times. My head was quite turned of course. But I thought, 'that's that,' until he invited me to tea the next day.

"He was going up to Trefontein to take command. At the end of the week. War hadn't been declared, but of course everyone knew it was coming. Knew too we were in for a nasty go until the army could get over. He asked me to go up with him and organize the nurses. I knew what that meant—oh yes, really all that it meant. I was madly in love with him from the first. He was the sort of man who gets the women he wants, and he wanted me."

A girl with flaming mimosa in her arms came to our table. I paid her hastily and

sent her away. Miss Drayton after one glance did not notice the interruption. I waited, not daring to put a question for fear the mood of revelation might pass and she would be back behind her English inhibitions. Something of this must have passed through her mind because she looked at me with a touch of resentment and said:

"I don't know what started me telling you. It's not like me at all you know. I suppose it's all this pink wine we've been having. Heady stuff. Well, I'm going on. You're right, we shan't be coming in each other's way again. Sometimes it's easier to talk to a stranger, don't you think? Well, then I went up to Trefontein about a month before the war. I must say it didn't look very promising. Not more than seven hundred Tommies and as many volunteers. Everyone expected us to be flattened out in the first rush. Everyone except Tom—Colonel Daubigny he was then. Hold out he did though, six months—six months of touch and go."

"Trefontein? Why I remember everything about it. It was one of the great defenses of the war."

"Yes, I daresay it was. But we didn't realize that then. We were just in a little spot thinking of nothing but carrying on. Lost a lot of splendid chaps. Kept me frightfully busy. Six months is a long time when you expect to be rushed at any moment. The hard thing was keeping up the spirits when the food ran low. Tom was amazingly clever at that. Invented all sorts of amusing games you know. Plays and tournaments. Luckily the Boers wouldn't shell us on Sunday. Their religion you know. Helped because we could play football and cricket. They didn't like that though, sacrilege. They threatened to bombard us if we didn't stop. But they didn't. It was all queer and mixed up; one moment you were laughing at something perfectly absurd and the next hell went loose."

"Yes, but you?"

I could not restrain my impatience. How differently a Latin would have

told it. It wasn't the siege of Trefontein that I was interested in.

"Oh, I was no end busy running about. I told you I was in charge of the nurses. Volunteers most of them. There were some pretty stiff times. Tiring."

She reflected over my question. "I see what you mean. We were tremendously in love. He too. Oh, yes, quite. Thrilling way to live, wasn't it? Thrilling too to be at his side to know just what was going on. Yes, I did stiffen him up a bit. He *would* get down in the mouth at times. Fagged out, poor boy. He'd held out so long, you know, he just couldn't bear the thought of failing. There were lots of times when he thought the game was up. He couldn't show that side to anyone, but he did show it to me. I did buck him up if I say so. Well, that's the way it was. England got through to us in the end." She tapped the cigarette nervously on the table. "Too soon. If you understand what I mean. Now give me a light, will you?"

I struck a match and leaned over.

"And then?"

"That was all."

I took my hand in my hands and rocked it slowly.

"Oh, you English!"

"I say, what's wrong now?"

"You tell me a romance that any woman would have given her inner soul to have lived and then you pull up and say, 'that's all.'"

She looked at me and smiled. The smile of the disciplined race for the emotionalism of the younger.

"Odd people, you Americans. Incurably romantic!"

I was annoyed and showed it.

"And everything ended like that? Ended? Finished? You never saw him again after the war?"

She frowned.

"That wouldn't have helped, would it?"

I blurted out:

"Why didn't you marry him? What was there to prevent?"

"Oh, that is American," she said decisively, "but I suppose that's being a

writer too. I say, you mustn't make that mistake you know. I went into it with my eyes quite open. 'The trouble with you writers is you always want to sentimentalize a perfectly ordinary situation. You like to end up with a melodramatic scene.'"

"Not at all," I said acidly. "I'm quite sure it ended with Lord Karger saying, 'Steady, old thing,' and your answering 'Righto.'"

She laughed at this, shook her head and laughed again.

"However," I insisted, "I don't think it ended that way at all."

"Ah no! No, it didn't end like that," she said more quietly. "But it ended in Africa. We knew that, both of us, from the first. He belonged to England."

"You never saw him again—not even in London?"

"No, oddly enough, no. Well, yes—just once, if you could call it that. At the Victory celebration. Tom was always thinking up nice things to do and he did a particularly nice thing then for me. He took a window for us—a very splendid window it was too. We were among no end of swells. I daresay they were hard put to it to figure us out. You see we had the window quite to ourselves, Rosie and I. It was immensely thrilling looking down on the troops . . ."

"And on Lord Karger?"

"Yes, of course. He was riding at the head of our men. It was all very grand and exciting. They made no end of fuss about him—as of course they should have." She paused. "He knew where I was, of course. Looked up and saluted. Dear of him, wasn't it? But he always was a dear. Rosie was quite upset. Emotional, you know. Wept."

"But not you?"

"Ah no. Not me."

We sat awhile in silence.

"That was a long time ago," she repeated as if in justification.

I did not answer. I was looking out of that window, seeing the pomp and parade of victorious Britain swinging past under the flaunted flags, with all the swank that

only Britain knows how to give to a Roman triumph. Great names, great regiments; the Guards and the Lancers, the Highlanders with bagpipes playing and the rhythmic flutter of white feet and swinging arms; the eloquent guns and the ancient battle flags over the tide of red; and at the last a figure on horseback with lifted sword, looking up.

"You're an impossibly romantic person," she said, looking up at me all at once, but pleased I think at my emotion. "So that's how it was. Thanks, nothing more." She drew her scarf tighter about her throat. The blue shadow of the mountain had crept over the golden wall and now lay at our feet. "Time to be buzzing along, don't you think?"

We rose, made our adieu to the *patron*, and took seat in the waiting car. The sun was dropping fast and as we raced home, the cold shadow ran ahead of us, engulfing the countryside. I closed the windows and sank back in my corner. The obscurity deepened. Lights began to pop out along the road. Out of the darkness I heard her say:

"I daresay you know I didn't tell all."

"We never do."

"Well, no I didn't. You writers are so clever, daresay you've guessed."

"There was a child," I said quickly.

"A boy. Tom adopted him. That's done a lot with us, you know. No one knew of course except Rosie and Lady Karger. Very sporting she was about it. Splendid woman."

I dreaded to ask the question for I foresaw the answer.

"He is alive?"

"I should hardly have told you if he were, should I?"

"The war?"

"Gallipoli."

"Oh."

"Pity too. Hard on Tom. There were no other children you see. Brilliant fellow too. Cut out for big things in the Foreign Office. But he would pick out the Flying Corps. You don't last in that service you know."

"Not in four years."

"Exactly."

Her voice became impersonal. She was back in the ranks again, marching in that anonymity which is middle-age and security.

"Now you mustn't take all this too theatrically—no, really. Don't try to make me out anything I'm not. Never was maternal—not the least bit. Wouldn't have known what to do if I had to bring up a child. Fancy how embarrassing it would have been. Impossible explanations. Oh, yes, I'm immensely glad I had all that I had; and that's about all there is to it, don't you see?"

Neuve Chapelle—Ypres—Gallipoli!

"You pay high for your Empire," I blurted out.

"We always have. But what can we do? We've got it on our hands. So we've just got to stick it, haven't we?"



THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION

PART III. WHY WE ARE FRUSTRATED

BY H. G. WELLS

To readers who have not seen the preceding articles we must explain that Mr. Wells is presenting here what purports to be a summary and critique of the many-volumed life work of an imaginary writer named William Burroughs Steele. In the first article he showed how Steele summed up all religions, all human ideals and aspirations, as efforts to defeat death by identifying oneself with a cause greater and more lasting than oneself; and how Steele arrived at the conclusion that identification of oneself with all humanity was the only complete and, therefore, completely satisfactory form for such an effort to take. To identify oneself with all humanity means inevitably to strive for world peace and for abundance for all men. In the second article Mr. Wells summarized Steele's argument that all other creeds and causes—including socialism and communism—are partial and piecemeal, and therefore unsatisfactory. In the present (and final) article Mr. Wells—again summarizing the imaginary Steele—shows why we have made a botch to date of our efforts for world peace and abundance, and discusses the major educational changes which Steele believed to be imperative.—*The Editors.*

IN COMPARISON with some of his earlier volumes, Steele's treatment of the problem of World Peace seems remarkably close-knit. His peculiar aversion from negative terms, his flair for negatives disguised as positives, is very much in evidence. It is manifest he does not like the ambiguity of the word Peace for that reason. It is too easily interpreted as the absence of war; he harps upon the idea that Peace must be a *forceful* substitute for war.

The gist of his argument is that World Peace is something entirely less natural than contention. It requires no *effort* for a man nowadays to remain a tax-paying obedient citizen of a modern combatant state. He finds himself there. The masses drift to war, individually unwilling but collectively feeble. When they find themselves in the war rapids it is too late to resist. Modern war, so far as the masses go, is not strong action; it is weakness. It is like the screaming and kicking of a person for whom the forces of life are too much and who falls into a

fit of epilepsy. Peace must be *imposed* upon a weakly warring world. A World Pax must be a conquest, not an abdication.

Steele deals very briefly with the vast complex of anti-war movements that passed across the mental surface of the world in the period after 1914. They were particularly prevalent in the English-speaking and Scandinavian communities. "They just said they wanted no more war; they said it by the hundred thousand, they said it by the million, they passed resolutions, irresolute resolutions, they printed tons of books and pamphlets, and they did no more about it." And then he settles down to a long and penetrating analysis of the League of Nations experiment.

The League of Nations, Steele asserts, was brought to futility by bad analogies. Slovenly and inadequate thinking, he declares, is one day a matter of the study and the newspaper office, and the next a spreading virus of human disaster. The last thing human beings will learn is that

it is impossible to get good results from a bad arrangement of ideas. The men who conceived the League of Nations had old-fashioned legalist and not modern biological minds; they floated on conventions and were incapable of penetrating to realities. And so the League of Nations to which great numbers of people looked for saving veracities never produced anything better than evasive formulæ.

For decades two bad analogies paralyzed the human will for unity. The first of these was the false analogy which paralleled states with human individuals. The personification of states played a large part in human frustration in the early twentieth century. Small states were given such characters as "brave and little" and in the political interplay their "rights" were maintained exactly as the "rights" of small individuals were maintained against bigger or more powerful associates. But in reality a small state of five million inhabitants is exactly one-twentieth as important as a great state of one hundred billions. It is not an individual at all.

The League of Nations organization is based on this false analogy. It does not simply ignore, it contradicts the reality that the whole earth belongs now to *all mankind* and cannot be treated any longer in a multitude of separate unequal parcels. We cannot tolerate that small communities of people should squat on this or that region of natural resources, claim sovereignty over it, and drive a bargain with the rest of the world, any more than we can tolerate the private ownership of land and natural resources. But the League of Nations recognizes, intensifies, and does its utmost to preserve the conventions of nationalism and the emotions of patriotism. The primary objective for those who desire a world-order is the replacement of patriotic obsessions by the idea of cosmopolitan duty. Until producers think in terms of world production and distribution in terms of world transport, until the organization and restraint of force is thought of as one simple

world-wide scheme, there cannot be any organic unity in a World Pax. It will continue to be like one of those long carnival dragons, in which a number of men, on their separate legs, walk under a cloth with a cardboard head.

The second bad analogy contributing to the political futility of the times is the assumption that the political organization of the contemporary combatant state can be paralleled and imitated in any world organization. This fallacy is Steele's *bête noire*. Here I find him running into what is very much Lenin's line of thought about the "State." The State, so far as it is the organization of power in the world, will tend to disappear. As Steele sees it, a great economic directorate, a great research, informative and educational system, a hygienic directorate, all three working upon a common scientific conception of the common interest, will co-operate in the co-ordination of human activities, and so the control and application of force will be less and less necessary. The existing state organizations are primarily force organizations. They will "fade out" as the world federal organizations work more and more efficiently. The combative, litigious, and bargaining activities of men will diminish as their productive and creative activities develop.

It is through their failure to grasp this essential change in the structure of the community that people evolve visions of a World President, World Senates, and World Assemblies engaging in debates upon "policies" and playing the ancient game of parties and sections upon a mightier scale. But it is almost impossible to imagine any such single political government arising except through the practical conquest of existing states; it would be a super-state imposed by one or more of them upon the rest. But the organized world community must arise by the essentially different and ultimately far less difficult process of federal delegation.

Nine-tenths even of our most passionate peacemakers have no rational idea and

will not grasp the need for a clear rational idea, of the way to peace. "You cannot make peace," writes Steele, "by *mooving like cows* at passing soldiers. Making perpetual peace is a huge, heavy, complex, distressful piece of mental engineering."

The mental trouble which frustrates the disposition toward World Peace is not, Steele points out, merely one of logical fallacies. Beneath in the subconscious there are deep and powerful antagonisms to the pacification of the world. The story of Man is the story of an excessively pugnacious ape being slowly tamed. Man is a suspicious and fearful creature and easily aroused to fight what he distrusts and fears. In the face of every new necessity he struggles with an irrational antagonism to novelty. Treaties, laws, and every limitation of his freedom to act spasmodically move him toward a sort of claustrophobia. The thought of being tied up drives him frantic. And there is considerable justification for this distrust of his. We are treacherous to one another, and our fabric of social order rests on profoundly untrustworthy supports. We are afraid of one another—and with reason. This fearing, snapping animal is being made into a civilized creature slowly enough by the measure of an individual life, but with incredible rapidity by the biological scale of time.

The tension of the effort to lift up the whole mind and will "above the plane of instinctive personal mortality, to a rationalized immortal universalism of creation," is immense. This is why there is so much snarling, bickering, and suspicion among those who are setting themselves sincerely to shape their general conduct in the form of human service. The wider you stretch your moral energy the thinner it becomes. The intolerance and general bad manners of the Communists are proverbial. The lives of most strenuous, honest, wide-thinking men are shot with a snarling jealousy. The naïve disciple is puzzled and misled by these almost inevitable ignobilities on the part of his prophets and exemplars.

On the other hand, those who have abandoned or never made any attempt to suppress the combative forms of patriotism, xenophobia, and racial self-righteousness, who are guided, therefore, and protected on every hand by recognized conventions, may escape these stresses. Thackeray's Colonel Newcome is an immortal revelation of the moral charmingness and richness that accompany such fundamental stupidity. The ultimate result of these conventional conformities is futility and disaster, but meanwhile they sustain a lot of consistent emotional living and extract a dignified, if sentimental, simplicity from the incoherent imperatives and loyalties of their unanalyzed purposes.

Finally Steele takes up the still very large moiety of human beings who definitely like war, know they like war, want it and seek it. They are people of "coarse excitability." They experience an agreeable thrill in bristling up to a challenge. Their blood quickens as conflict approaches them. The sense of militant assertion is very pleasant to them. A child with a drum can be seen working itself up to a mood of this sort. Everyone has a certain fear of war or any sort of combat; but in recruits and soldiers going into battle one can see plainly that they are screwing themselves up to the fight as many people screw themselves up to swim in cold water—because they feel that it is good for them and because there is an unprecedented intensity of reaction in it that they feel they will presently like. They are convinced they will regret it if they shirk. This orgiastic aspect of warfare appeals to nearly all of us, and until we learn to live as strenuously and dangerously in times of peace it will continue to attract. People do not like the risk of being killed in battle but still less do they like stagnant living. There are urgencies in them more powerful than fear.

Pacifism will continue to be frustrated until there comes such a dream of peace as will stir men like a trumpet. The human imagination throughout the world has to be so educated that war will

be seen as a dreary diversion of energy from excitements more splendid and satisfying. War is not what it was, and mankind does not understand this yet. Its triumphs have evaporated; its heroisms disappear. It is a perversion, a slacker's resort, clumsy, violent, and fruitless, humanity's self-abuse. The terrible hero-warrior of old-world imagination becomes a dangerous and dirty sadist with a gas mask on his face and poison in his fist. When that is seen clearly, then and then only will the peace of the world be secure.

II

I find something at once heroic and faintly absurd in the big volume in which Steele attempts to develop a summary, complete enough to allow us to make directive conclusions, out of the vast mass of human thinking, theorizing, and experimenting about what he calls "Property-Money Conventions."

One thing I find particularly good and clear in this valiant effort—at times it is like a single cow trying to turn a thousand haystacks and a continent of grassland into milk—is Steele's rejection of all legalistic and historical accounts of money. However it came about, money is now part of the mechanism which deflects individual desire and effort into the economic service of the community. He says in one place, "There never was nor is a Social Contract, and yet it is quite the best form in which to deal with endless relationships. And equally there never was nor is a systematic social-economic machine, and yet we have in effect a social-economic machine, and we can bring all our laws and arrangements about ownership, production, and distribution to the test of its operative efficiency."

The only natural things underlying the mechanism of property are greed and respect for our fellows. On these a vast intricate fluctuating system of conventions has been built, entirely artificial and entirely amenable to modification. And in his titanically conceived ninth volume

Steele attempts to get together and bring into comparison every usage and every idea about ownership, accounting, and monetary symbols that can be found in operation or under consideration in the world.

As I turn over these pages, I realize with astonishment what immense wildernesses for inquiry and primary scientific examination about social economic science remain still practically untouched. In the whole world there are only a few score of almost isolated workers nibbling at this encyclopædic, this cosmic investigation. And so it was inevitable that this volume nine, for all its copiousness and Steele's magnificent efforts to achieve a sort of digest, should at times become a mere prospectus of questions, an agenda for non-existent literature, a series of tadpole chapter headings, heads with mere motive tails.

"Irresponsible Ownership, Responsible Ownership—*responsible to whom?*" is one of these. This reopens his indictment of Socialism on the one hand, and on the other leads to a sketchy but suggestive assembly and classification of all the different kinds of things that can in any way be owned. It is a classified inventory of human resources. He considers substances; he considers matter in motion such as rivers; he considers territorial control; he considers substances in a position to yield energy. He considers things that "excite and gratify." Naturally he wanders into some thorny and trackless regions, gets lost, and jumps back to start afresh. He tries to take up his material successively from three different directions of approach. He defines the nature of each sort of property and explains how that nature conditions its use. Then he sorts out his economic material according to the use of each sort of property,—its function, that is to say, in the totality of human activities. And finally he discusses the necessary constitution of the "owning will," individual or collective—the merchant adventurers, joint stock company, public department, or what not that must direct and operate—if the possible func-

tion of any natural material or natural force is to be fully realized.

Certain tendencies that have been emerging throughout Steele's previous volumes become much plainer to himself and to his readers in this ninth bale. Someone has written of Steele as a "sample modern mind" trying to make head and tail of the contemporary drive in things. Steele would have said that it was the duty of every living brain to make the same attempt that he was making. It is an impossibly intricate task for an isolated mind, but it is not at all an impossibly intricate task if there is an organization of minds. If many with a certain community of spirit attempt it they must fall into co-operation and all the possibilities will alter. A guideless man or a man pestered by false and interested guides might easily be lost in the streets of London or the byways of Europe, but not a man with good maps and time tables. Competent economic charting is a primary need for civilization, and the increase in individual power due to competent charting seems incalculably great.

Steele knows quite clearly that his survey of property-money is about as useful a guide for behavior as those pathetic maps of the world which existed before the sixteenth century would have been as guides for world planning. But the general lay-out of his Survey is interesting. His threefold method of approach produces what are practically three parallel surveys.

The first is a sketch of economic geography. He ranges all over the world and probes as far into the crust as he can. "This," he says in effect, "is the human estate. Why do we make so poor a use of it? Here are resources undeveloped. Here are resources wasted. Why?" He leaves his answer open, but the open ends often point in very definite directions.

The second survey is taken from the consumer's end. Here are needs and appetites going unsatisfied. Why? He makes big vague gestures toward an esti-

mate for a world properly clothed, fed, and sheltered. It is not his fault that his estimates are mere wild guesses. There is no absolute reason why such estimates should not be precise. A standard of life, given a quantitative knowledge of what is at present mere speculation, could be defined.

The third limb of his survey arises out of the former two. It is really the project of an immense essay on—to use his own phrase—"Ownership, Wages, and Other Claims." It is a demand for a science upon which law and morality in relation to property and money can be rebuilt. This science would be essentially a branch of psychology, and he invades one stormy region of controversy after another with an unfaltering temerity. I think perhaps the most interesting thing for the general reader will be what he calls his Three Theses. They run as follows:

First: that whatever the origins of the ideas and practices of ownership may be, ownership is now made, protected, and enforced by the laws of society; and there is no reason whatever except the collective welfare why any sort of ownership or any particular ownership should be enforced or permitted. This is plainly the sole basis for all modern law affecting property throughout the world.

Second: that whatever the distribution of sovereignties may have been in the past, All Mankind is now the ultimate owner of the natural resources of the planet, earth, sky, and sea; and that, failing for the present a complete general direction for the exploitation of these resources—which general direction will in time arrive not by any usurpation of power but by the natural development of scientific imperatives—all current sovereignties and ownerships must be regarded as provisional, and those who have them must be regarded as caretakers of treasure-trove and navigators of derelicts, all responsible to a final accounting. The criterion by which all the conditions of their ownership must be valued is the extent to which these conditions fall in with and exploit the primitive human im-

pulses so as to subserve the human commonweal.

Property is the *quid pro quo* by which the man of spirit surrenders to collective living and it is the common guarantee against intolerable usurpation. Men without sovereignty, ownership, or freedom—or the pride that comes with these things—are incurably careless with the goods of this world and spiritless in production. For that reason property must continue to exist. But property must be “kinetic.” It must never “congeal.” Modern property in land or any sort of natural resources can be at most only a “stimulating responsible leasehold.”

Third: “money exists to pay wages.” Steele argues that the whole economic machine is essentially a process of work; that it can be presented as a spectacle of work; that the worker’s instinct to render unrewarded services is practically negligible and that it is money that “works the worker.” Payment in kind means servitude, but payment in money is liberty of choice. The expectation of security and of satisfactions upholds the worker through the less interesting parts of his task and justifies the parts that are interesting. Work done justifies not only immediate pay, but pensions, retirement pay, leisure, and independence. The whole monetary system is to be judged by the test whether the money put into the hands of the worker on payday satisfies his expectations and keeps its promises. The money system has to be worked out to a final simplicity in which you will draw your pay as you earn it, keep it by you, bother no more about it, and be sure it will neither lose nor gain in “purchasing power” until you spend it.

This ultimate simplification of money so that a note or coin means the same thing all over the world is, Steele asserts, the plain objective of every constructive economist. Anything but a world currency becomes an anachronism. And from this third and last thesis he launches out into another big volume of concentrated encyclopædism, a sketch of the history of trading, accounting, and money

from their beginnings up to now. He tries to find the social advantages of each new development and then, under each new development, he makes a section devoted to what he calls its “corruptions.”

This, I think, is a novel and useful way of attacking the problems of economic life as a series of inaccurate processes liable not only to willful but to unintentional abuse. Steele discusses usury and interest entirely from the point of view of whether they are biologically advantageous. They are the profits of uncertainty; they dwindle in a world of quantitative knowledge. They are clumsy expedients for getting leave to produce or for tiding over unforeseen phases of consumption in a tangled and restricted state of affairs. In the clearer-headed world ahead they will have practically disappeared.

He is particularly intent upon the way in which the “arithmetical unrestrictedness” of money lent itself to the development of debt. Before money a man could pledge only his actual possessions; with the onset of money he could incur liabilities far beyond anything he possessed. Steele accumulates a mass of data about speculative operations.

He believes that monetary manipulation has become increasingly vexatious in trade policy and foreign policy. It has interwoven with the felt corruptions of tariffs and trade restrictions. Steele calls all this the perversion of money, but then he hits out the remark, “Money is a born pervert. We have to cure a congenital disease here.” The more men know of monetary complications the easier is it to reap personal advantages, and the more disingenuous becomes the attitude of the expert. The less men know the less able they are to deal with the business. This monetary science is “a corrupting science,” says Steele, and its practitioners should “work with rubber gloves.” The conflict of expertise with disinterestedness is the paradox of scientific finance.

In some parts of this ninth volume Steele becomes almost as pessimistic as Burton. Burton thought Man was mad

forevermore; Steele comes very near admitting that Man is incurably a shortsighted, cheating, self-frustrated fool.

There is a cheat in every shadow, fraud lurks in every inexplicit word in an agreement. The paint on our new institutions is dirty before it is dry. We cannot ignore this tendency to *fester* in every human convention and arrangement. In detail and continually, the infections, the new dodge, the fresh interceptions have to be diagnosed and dealt with. But this is a reason for strenuous effort and not for despair. The complications are multitudinous but not more multitudinous than the business of the world; the corruptions are intricate but not beyond the compass of the human mind. Economic life can be simplified only if it is "drenched in light and kept incandescent with good intentions."

And its simplification to real efficiency must be a complicated incessant business of adjustment. "Revolution" is no final remedy for economic frustration except in so far as it may clear away some very close-knit system of abuses. Revolution means a new beginning, with new naïve principles, all void of immunity and ready to be corrupted. It carries with it a strategic necessity, usually exaggerated, for the suppression of criticism as opposition. The inquiring visitor can trace the development of a whole system of new corruptions in Russia, terrorism, wangling, exploitation of mass sentimentality, unscrupulously defensive privilege, beneath the dark cloak of doctrinaire intolerance.

Escape from economic frustration depends upon a mighty intellectual effort, argues Steele. It will have to be an effort as extensive as a world war and far more prolonged. Upon the organization and co-ordination of thousands of students and men of experience, discussing and publishing freely, helping and stimulating one another, depends the possibility of an advance into enduring plenty. And at present there is nothing in the wide world to represent the vital science needed but a few scattered professors and

specialists working with negligible resources and the disconnectedness of amateurs.

Are we to despair because of the unprecedented greatness and complexity of the work to be done?

Take hope from the story of flying, says Steele. For two thousand years and more men dreamed of flying and sought to fly. But for a wearisome sequence of centuries they never got a step forward. Now one man constructed his machine and jumped and flopped and now another; the general wisdom remained quite sure that flying was forever denied to man.

Then in scarcely a dozen years the problem of flying was solved. By whom? You do not know, for the simple reason that it was done by a multitude of men working in correlation. So and so flew quite early and so and so and so and so; but hundreds of contemporary brains had contributed even to the earliest machine that rose from the ground. It was not an inventor but a science that took men into the air.

In economic science there is still nothing but doctrinaires. In his library, Steele says, he has several thousand books of monetary and general economic theory. *It is rare that any of these writers refer to one another; still rarer to find the slightest attempt to understand, respond, or summarize.* It is less like science than the gabble of geese on a common. "Three thousand years of isolated dreamers and still no man could fly a yard. A few years of free co-operation, of correlated, well-reported experiments and free discussion, and Man could fly round his world. So likewise will it be with the attainment of world plenty," writes Steele, and ties up his economic bale with these words, quite hopefully pointing our hopes for material welfare to the busy skies.

III

Steele's tenth book deals with the current disorder of our education. Here again we catch him at his old trick of making highly controversial statements as

though they were obvious truths. His belief that what Steele thinks to-day the world will think to-morrow never fails him.

In its normal sense education is "what adults tell, reveal, or betray to the next generation." It is the necessary completion of man as a social animal. He cannot exist without it. There is no abstract uneducated man. Even a jungle wolf-boy is educated to a view and way of life—by wolves.

Normally hitherto when men had no perspectives in time and conceived of their institutions as permanent, education has been retrospective and conservative. The young received the wisdom of their fathers and were told exactly what was expected of them. Then they were "grown up" and ceased all further learning. The existing educational methods of the world were evolved in that spirit, and schools and colleges are to this day conducted mainly to put back the new generation where its parents began.

It is quite a new way of looking at the aim of education to consider it not as an exposition of institutions but of objectives. Instead of teaching youth where it stands, you have to show it whither it may be going. You have to train it not for conformity but for a permanent revolution. And the teacher must go with it—adult no longer, a learner still, pupil-teacher at the best.

Education expands enormously in scope and importance as we face about toward our incessantly progressive future. It ceases to be the mere framing of adolescence. We are all adolescents nowadays and the only finished adults are the dead, interred or uninterred. The citizen of the new world must be kept informed throughout his life. Education becomes an all-life affair. It ceases to be final in its form. It ceases to have "classics." It would as soon return to creeds and catechisms. It broadens out to embrace research and fresh thought—all research and all fresh thought however recondite. "I cannot find any point," says Steele, "at which I can draw the line between re-

search however specialized and poetic expression however precious, and the general educational process of mankind." The highest springs and the remotest creeks are all in touch with the ocean. The education of youth now should be not a completion but an introduction, or, to put it in another way, modernity prolongs adolescence and mental adaptation to the last active phase of a lifetime. "Finishing School for Young Ladies," "Graduation," and university "Final Schools" jar almost equally on Steele's ear.

And having thus expanded Education and turned it round so that we all find ourselves back at school again, Steele sets about another of his loose experimental surveys and commentaries, this time of all the existing schools, colleges, churches, theaters, shows, lecture halls, conferences, books, periodicals, propagandas by which mankind is continually educating, re-educating, and mis-educating itself. It almost goes without saying that he finds the totality altogether inadequate and unsuited to the present needs and opportunities of our race.

"Does one teacher in a hundred ever ask himself what he imagines he is doing to the learner and the world?"

This educational survey becomes for a time an onslaught on dons and teachers. In every generation the more vivid young go out to the activities of general life, to business, politics, adventure. But the good timid boys and girls who have clambered obediently from prize to scholarship, learning all that is respectable and nothing that is new, sit enthroned as teachers in the classrooms and cloisters, trying not to hear the world go by outside.

They teach about the past, but they never learn to connect it with the vulgar intimidating present. There is a gap of decades between them and now. They learn languages with a meticulous precision but never how to use them with vigor. The deader the language, the better it is for teaching and examination purposes. They stylize mathematics to

complete inutility. They chant or mumble or sentimentalize or do a reverent hush, do anything but talk straight, when the growing soul wants to know what life is for, what its passions are for. The Ancient Books, which we none of us believe in any more, are read sententiously. "Controversial matters"—that is to say every living reality that will flush the cheek and brighten the eye with mental excitement—are excluded from these institutions for damping off the young.

"We are frustrated by original sin, by fear, pugnacity, cupidity, dishonesty," writes Steele, his pen almost crying aloud, "but most of all we are frustrated by this damned flattening flatness of our schools. If youth did not naturally dislike its tutors and teachers and react against them, there would be little hope for any Next Beginning." But most of that revolt against the teacher spends itself in futile lawlessness, and it is a mere remnant of vigorous and persistent minds that carries on the effort of racial adjustment in the new generation. And so on *da capo*.

Steele has little to say about kindergarten and physical development, training of eye and hand and mental exercise. He seems to consider that that sort of thing can be done well, is being done well in many schools, could be done well in all; and it does not concern him immediately. It is only as the imagination develops in boyhood, girlhood, and early adolescence that the inefficiency of contemporary education becomes patent. "Nothing is more amazing," he writes, "than the charm, the alert intelligence, the fearless freedom, the cared-for mind and body of the ordinary modern child of six or seven, and the slouching mental futility of the ordinary youth in the later teens."

What have they had fed to them to be mentally so ill-grown? Steele made several scrapbooks of extracts and cuttings of schoolmasters' utterances and well-authenticated speeches made to schoolboys and schoolgirls, of books supposed to be "good" for the young, gems of history teaching, school library lists, cases of

censorship, disciplinary cases. From the age of twelve or thirteen onward modern education rots and fades out; it is invaded by antiquated pedantries, suppressions and palpable bunk. The ranks of the youthful advance are broken. In nearly every country in the world to-day, the young people between the ages of fifteen and twenty are as a whole a demoralized and aimless crowd.

Anyone who wants to make the best of it, says Steele, may argue that this is slack water between two tides. But in truth, though the ebb is manifest, there is no sign of any rising spirit. The prospect before the younger boys and girls is just as flat and uninspiring. And until we can raise a great wind of Educational Revivalism things will stay as they are.

It is amusing to read Steele as he tries to be broadminded and patient and confident in the necessity of progress, while all the time he is fretting against his facts. His was an energetic and urgent nature and up to his very last utterance, which I shall give in its place, he was praying in vain for the unshaken deliberation of a true scientific man, so that he should work "without haste and without delay." The situation is like trench warfare, he says, and the clue to victory is how and where to pierce the enemy front. He has no hope of penetrating our line of ordinary schools and colleges. Everything in them makes for routine and conservation. There is much more hope for a mental thrust through journalism, through preaching and lecturing, through the provision of reading for the baffled and inquiring adolescent, through a great variety of progressive books.

To break through in these ways is to outflank school and college and to prepare a later attack upon them from a more advantageous angle. Literature, science, political propaganda must all contribute to the pressure that will ultimately make over education from its present traditionalism to a creatively revolutionary equipment of the young. In the end that may mean the disappearance of the very forms of contemporary

education, of schoolrooms, lecture halls, and almost every process that is considered to be teaching to-day. All that system derives from the technical training of mediæval priests and monks. That is why there is so much "verbal" memory work in it, why it glorifies "scholarship," its flower, and why it is so cursed with examinations.

In all this the hope is plainly father to the thought. In passage after passage Steele's dismay at the unteachableness of schoolmasters and the rigidities of the scholastic organization—the strait waistcoat of the school, he calls it—breaks through. The new education needs a new sort of teacher altogether. But Steele has left very few notes to indicate what that new sort of teacher will be. I am inclined to think he would have a sort of medical-psychologist acting as joint supervisor with the parents over the children's development. He would arrange for elementary teaching which would be done in nursery schools very much as it is done to-day. After that, by eleven or twelve say, there would be a distribution of children according to their aptitudes. Thereafter very largely they would "learn by doing." Adolescent education would be somewhat in the nature of apprenticeship.

Steele becomes much more detailed and manifestly surer of himself when he comes to what he calls the "informative side" of education. Instead of something that is being done most desperately wrong, he is considering something that is not being done at all; he has a clear field, and his aggressive buoyancy comes against no proved discouragement. He attaches extraordinary importance to the production of a "World Encyclopædia." It seems to him that it is the most urgent need of our time. The main intellectual task of education is to put before the expanding mind everything that is clearly known about the nature of the world in which it finds itself, every significant thing in the problems it has to face, the essential issues under consideration, the

direction of collective effort. Every mind in the world needs the framework of this common inheritance of knowledge, and the means of filling in whatever parts of the framework most concern it. Every mind needs to be posted in any essential extensions of knowledge or changes in general ideas.

To meet these ends he projects a sort of human memory, a central brain, an organization for the accumulation, concentration, sifting out, digestion, and rendering of knowledge; it is every museum, library, scientific society, poet and thinker and active intelligence brought into correlation. It is a synthesis of summaries. It is the *New Atlantis* on a twentieth-century instead of an Elizabethan scale.

He demands "scores of millions of pounds" for this central Encyclopædia, "expenditure on the scale of war preparation," and the participation of hundreds of thousands of workers. And from this ever-living and growing and clarifying central and fundamental Encyclopædia there must be a continual production and renewal up to date of outlines and condensations of its purport and content. These are to be used for college and secondary study and for general reference, and from these again a series of introductions and primers are to be made. So we shall get at last for our whole world community a "common basis of knowledge and general ideas" upon which an infinite variety of special interests can flourish harmoniously together.

In the glow of this project Steele manages to forget altogether the parade of donnish and scholastic drearies, the barricades of schoolbooks, texts, examinations with which he has dealt so faithfully. "And so with its accounts rendered and its knowledge and aims clearly stated," he writes, "the human community may at last dare to look its children in the face and give them, before they set themselves in good earnest to play their part in it, some chance of knowing what it thinks it is about."

(The End)



CANADA LOOKS SOUTH

A CANADIAN EXAMINES THE STATE OF NEIGHBORLINESS

BY LESLIE ROBERTS

TIME was when every young English-speaking Canadian of Loyalist, near-Loyalist, or would-be Loyalist stock was taught to fear God, honor the King, and never give a Yankee the benefit of the doubt. Scareheads and editorials on the dangers of annexation by the United States seemed to be permanent features of our Canadian press. From public platforms, at banquets, and in newspaper interviews Canada's statesmen and big business men viewed with dismay the increasing inroads of American capital into Canadian business and urged us to call a halt before peaceful penetration should lead to political absorption. Even during the Coolidge and Hoover eras anti-American feeling often rose to the boiling point in the Dominion, largely as the result of high-tariff legislation and of the high-handed way in which American prohibition officers pursued rum-runners into Canadian territory and otherwise outraged Canadian opinion. Nevertheless, a distinct trend toward closer association between the two peoples has been discernible for more than a decade, a trend which is clearer to-day than ever before.

Twenty-five years ago the Liberal administration headed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced the successful negotiation of a reciprocal trade treaty with the United States. At first reading this treaty seemed destined to sweep its negotiators back into office for another term, because of the benefits sure to accrue to a people

possessed of huge exportable surpluses of raw materials. But pro-British sentiment and fear of the Yankee Bogey were too strong. Quickly Laurier's opponents unfurled their supplies of bunting, draped the hustings with the Union Jack, thundered "We'll never let the Old Flag fall!" and "No Truck or Trade with the Yankees!" and swept the Conservatives into power in a campaign which consigned the Taft-Fielding Treaty to the wastebasket. That was in 1911.

Another new administration recently came into office in Ottawa, led by William Lyon Mackenzie King, a gentleman who had lost many a patriot's vote in the past because of his alleged American sympathies. As soon as his cabinet had been sworn in, Mr. King journeyed to Washington where he was an overnight White House guest and sat in daily conference with Secretary Hull at the State Department. On the Prime Minister's departure from Washington the announcement was made that a reciprocal trade treaty (primary negotiation of which had been opened by Mr. King's Conservative predecessor, Mr. Bennett, an ardent anti-Reciprocity spokesman of 1911) had been concluded which would provide easier access to the Canadian market for goods of American manufacture and similar entry into the United States for the products of Canada's natural resources. How times change! The treaty was acclaimed in Canada as a master-stroke of negotiation, sure to be of incalculable

benefit in solving the problems of recovery. Here and there protests were heard, but they were merely the protests of individual Canadian manufacturers whose preferred positions in the domestic market were likely to be affected by any decline in tariff protection. Not one voice between the two oceans raised the annexation or absorption cry. Not one patriot rattled the bones of the Yankee Bogey. Such criticism as was heard was pocketbook criticism having nothing to do with sentiment or loyalties. Obviously Canadians no longer look on closer association with the United States as a menace to the Dominion's future. Such has been the transformation of Canadian public opinion from 1911 to 1936.

I do not wish to suggest that Canadians have any immediate desire for political union with the United States. Nor can it be denied that economic distress—presumably a temporary phenomenon—has had much to do with the change in the point of view of the Canadian citizen. In recent years he has witnessed the complete breakdown of the policy of economic nationalism at home. What is more, he has discovered that anti-American sentiment cannot be transformed into soup. Any realistic economic policy *must* bring Canadians closer to neighbors with whom they share so many common interests, aspirations, tastes, and folkways. It may still be possible to rekindle the imperialist fire before its embers grow stone cold, or Canadians may be alienated by the receipt of some thoughtless, or imagined, slight at the hands of Washington (a practice to which our neighbors seemed addicted in the past). Nevertheless, the trend toward better understanding is definite. It goes much deeper than a desire to trade. Let the United States maintain a constructive and co-operative interest in the future of the Dominion and our association is bound to become closer as the years pass.

II

Although there may not be in the Dominion such unanimous support for a

policy of North American isolation as there is in the Republic, nevertheless a great and growing body of Canadian opinion is now opposed to all extra-continental contracts which may entail military responsibility. So strong is this isolationist sentiment, in fact, that in the recent federal election each major political leader promised that his party would abstain from all warlike activity until such time as parliament should concur; and when Doctor Riddell, Canada's representative at Geneva, more recently permitted himself to be made the League mouthpiece in proposing fuel sanctions against Italy his action was promptly and publicly repudiated by Acting Prime Minister Lapointe. Riddell, the Acting Prime Minister insisted, spoke purely for himself—surely an amazing role for an accredited envoy! Lapointe's action was significant. He spoke for a vast body of Canadians who have come to regard Europe as a smoldering charnel house in which they have no desire to be burned again, who believe that the country's sacrifice in the World War was made in vain, and who are determined not to become embroiled again in any war "to end wars" or to "make the world safe for democracy."

Such an attitude, bringing the average Canadian into cordial sympathy with his American neighbor, is the antithesis of the attitude in 1914-18, when Canadians were harshly critical of the United States for being, as they thought, slow to join the Allied cause; and of that in post-Armistice days, when the We-won-it speeches and writings of the juveniles of American thought outraged our pride. Now Canadian opinion, after witnessing the almost innumerable *exposés* of war guilt, inclines to the view that we were victimized by clever propaganda (not necessarily of British origin), with the result that a great many citizens look across the Atlantic with cynical eye, resolved to remain aloof from all tumults manufactured in the chancelleries of Europe.

Unfortunately, from the isolationists' point of view, Canada's commitments

abroad are completely at variance with the opinions generally expressed by the public. Actually, those commitments are extremely likely to provide the issue for our next great political pitched battle.

In the first place, as a member of the League of Nations, Canada may be called upon in the near future to decide whether or not we shall approve and share in punitive action against an aggressor nation. League supporters, I venture to believe, will try to persuade us to evade the question, should it arise, rather than risk any call to send soldiers into Europe, Asia, or Africa. Such a call might force the resignation of any government that issued it. The friends of Geneva of course would endeavor to bring about a straddle which would keep us in the League without participation in its enterprises. The essence of Canadian opinion, however, appears to have been expressed by the Right Honorable Mr. Bennett toward the end of his term as Prime Minister, when he said: "We will not be embroiled in any foreign quarrel where the rights of Canadians are not involved." The new Premier has preached time and again to the same text.

The truth of the matter is that Canadians have lost all patience with the League. Their sense of justice was outraged when Japan was permitted to march unmolested into Manchuria, because they believed, with all the *naïveté* of which the North American is capable, that the association had been formed for the distinct purpose of halting such expeditions. Respect disappeared when Geneva failed to intervene in the South American dispute. Patience finally became exhausted when Mussolini sailed across the Mediterranean for the express purpose of swallowing Ethiopia whole. Had the League peremptorily called a halt to Mussolini's invasion, threatening a thrashing if he refused to desist, Canadians were in the mood (for a few days) to join whole-heartedly in the spanking party. But, as the sorry business dragged endlessly through the Geneva negotiations, the Canadian attitude changed to

one of cynical indifference. To-day the conclusion is widespread that the League makes a farce of its own Covenant and has degenerated into nothing but a hive of intrigue from which citizens of the North American continent would be well advised to absent themselves. This new attitude brings us into close sympathy with our neighbors and tends to make us think that Washington was right, after all, in refusing from the beginning to have anything to do with the League.

In the second place, the Canadian isolationist is faced by the problem of the British connection, an ethical commitment which presents even greater difficulties than our League membership. Throughout its existence as colony and dominion Canada has accepted virtually all its defensive services from Britain, without cost. It has attained its present stature without interference from other countries because it has been recognized as Britain's protégé. No matter what abstruse points the nationalists may raise to prove our freedom of action and our right to dissent, the definitely implied *quid pro quo* remains: as and when Britain may call for help she expects Canada to respond. To fit such a commitment into the isolation pattern is not easy. Nevertheless, the fact remains that we are veering sharply away from our sense of responsibility to England. If Britain were to find herself in difficulties to-day our attitude might change overnight. No doubt pro-British zeal would burst into flame among the older English-speaking people. But I am not too sure about the younger generation, the members of which constantly and vehemently announce their determination not to "pull other people's chestnuts out of the fire." Reminded of the British tie, until recently regarded as sacred, younger Canadians reply that as they did not forge it they cannot be expected to regard it as binding on them. Should this feeling continue to grow during the next decade as it has grown during the past one, it will not be easy to secure an enthusiastic response to Britain's next call to arms.

Already strongly represented in Parliament, where virtually every group is committed to neutrality at almost any cost, our isolationists vow that Canadians shall fight no more unless it be in defense of their own hearths.

The gift of nationhood has not strengthened British sentiment in Canada, but rather has tended to weaken it. In colonial and early dominion days Canadians were only too willing to abide by the decisions of Downing Street and the Foreign Office in matters involving international questions. Domestic institutions existed almost solely for the purposes of domestic control. To criticize British policy was to invite the wrath of all good Die Hards and be branded as a renegade. To-day, demanding and receiving the right to name our own plenipotentiaries abroad, disowning all responsibility to Westminster, and offering our ministerial "advice" direct to the Throne (in the person of the Governor General), we let it be known that His Majesty's Government in London must keep its hands off Canadian affairs, which thus far it seems only too pleased to do. The spirit of filial reverence in which it was our custom to approach the Mother Country has been replaced by an attitude which inclines to be sharply critical and not altogether trusting. At the last Imperial Conference we frankly stated that we were present as horse-traders, out to get as much as possible for ourselves in exchange for as little as possible for the Old Country. As to our present attitude toward Britain's foreign policy, no clearer indication of it may be found than that contained in the verbal explosion of a cabinet minister on the day when the Hoare-Laval peace proposals were made public. "After this," the honorable gentleman cried, "will anything seem important enough to take us out of our own continent?" Possibly cabinet members thought in similar terms twenty or ten years ago, but if they did, they kept their opinions to themselves.

Our position with relation to the League and the Empire is becoming in-

congruous. Committed by solemn engagements, our people seem to be losing all liking for the responsibilities involved. It is almost impossible to imagine a group of circumstances which would lead us to throw our weight on the side of the League or to join in any military enterprise under its ægis. An early crisis might fling us back into Britain's arms; but if much time elapses before the call comes, the next great European conflagration is likely to find us turning toward Washington and neutrality rather than toward Westminster and war.

One fact apparently has escaped the attention of the Canadian isolationist. For many years to come the sanctity of our borders must be guaranteed by one of the great powers, if not Britain, obviously the United States. Few in numbers and scattered over a huge area, Canadians are in no case to stand alone. Actually, Uncle Sam's interest is greater than John Bull's, except for reasons of sentiment and pride. Obviously, Canada has more to gain in the material sense from close association with the United States than from a similar arrangement with the United Kingdom. Such circumstances, coupled with our distrust and ignorance of European affairs, tend to draw us closer to Washington year by year and may easily lead to definite embarkation upon a career of continental alliance.

III

Culturally, the English-speaking majority in Canada has been drawing closer and closer to the United States for some time past. The speed with which this change has taken place has been in direct ratio to increasing speed of communication.

Consider a day in the life of an average Canadian family. Throughout his working hours the man of the house conducts his business according to methods and rules devised in the United States; the commercial practices of the British Isles he has come to regard as slow-poke and out-of-date. During his absence from

home his wife arranges her domestic and social activities according to formulæ laid down by American "experts" who speak to her through newspapers and magazines and over the air. The day's work done, Canada's leisure is given almost entirely into the keeping of Uncle Sam. A majority of our principal radio stations are affiliated with NBC or Columbia, with the result that we hear a great many American broadcasts and prefer them to the domestic product, most of which is second-rate. When the President takes to the air we listen as avidly in Belleville, Ontario, and Sherbrooke, Quebec, as do his own constituents in Troy, New York, or Bangor, Maine, because he speaks our own language and discusses problems with which we are acutely familiar. Similar broadcasts from London interest us principally as novelties in long-distance communication which we are likely to criticize on the ground of poor reception. Our daily newspapers are designed on American lines and they draw almost all their world news through the American press associations. We read American magazines. Those published within our own borders closely resemble the product from below the boundary in contents and format. English periodicals we regard as stodgy. We take our motion-picture diet straight and think nothing of hearing Graham McNamee extolling United States' soldiers as "our" troops, or Mr. Roosevelt as "our" president. Such a picture as "Shipmates Forever," produced in praise of the United States Naval Academy, we acclaim for its catchy tunes and love interest, absorbing its glorification propaganda without so much as a patriotic qualm.

Canadian hotels are exact replicas of American. Canadian universities closely resemble American. Their undergraduates copy the American attitude in sports and look eagerly for bids from their local chapters of American Greek-letter fraternities. A Canadian might compare McGill to Harvard, but never to Oxford. The citizen of the Dominion drives an automobile which exactly duplicates that

of his American cousin in everything but price. The Canadian business man is almost as enthusiastic a joiner as is his neighbor, and looks with high favor on the rah-rah service clubs of American origin. His wife attaches herself to the women's guilds with as much gusto as the woman of similar social rank joins women's clubs in the United States. With few exceptions she has little idea how English women spend their lives and cares less. Canadian men may prefer clothes made from English materials, but their tailors follow the sartorial dictates of Boston and Oshkosh. Canadian women accept unanimously the fashion decrees of New York and consider English women badly dressed. Our hospitals reproduce those beyond the border. Our farmers till their acres with tools made by Canadian subsidiaries of American implement firms. Our druggists (few homegrown Canadians ever heard of a "chemist's shop") cure our ills with American patent medicines. Although our law courts are still conducted on the English plan, the attorneys who practice in them would be happier in the Criminal Courts Building in Center Street, New York, than in London's Old Bailey. The dignity of an English "silk" would be out of place in a Toronto courtroom, whereas a New York lawyer of the less raucous type would be entirely at his ease once he had mastered the peculiarities of Canadian procedure. Our slang is Yankee, not English; so is our humor. Externally at least our Americanization is a *fait accompli*.

In no section of the Dominion is this more obvious than in the area which once prided itself (and still does on patriotic occasions) on its adherence to the Never-let-the-Old-Flag-fall imperialistic dogma, the sovereign province of Ontario. Toronto (may Heaven spare me from the wrath of my friends!) is almost indistinguishable from Rochester, New York. The language of its streets, its cafeterias, its hotels, its office buildings, its shops, and its parties is the language spoken in Syracuse. Its municipal politicians could move in a body to adjacent Buffalo and

carry on with scarcely a change in modes or manners. Those who guide the destinies of the province from Queen's Park are men such as may be met in the lobby of the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany when the State legislature is in session. You will hear more nationalistic talk in one evening spent with young "thinkers" of the Ontario capital than may be heard in a fortnight in Montreal, our only major city with any pretense to the cosmopolitan outlook.

True, it is still possible to stir the embers of imperialism in English-speaking Canada, but only among the senior members of the population. When such views are expounded by the elderly it is the custom of their sons and daughters to listen tolerantly and chuckle inwardly; for obviously the dear old fogies do not know whereof they speak, belonging as they do to another day and age. When grandmother was a girl she was not buried beneath an avalanche of American magazines and American-made news. The movies and the radio had not been conceived. Advertising was in its infancy. There was no constant exchange of views between ordinary citizens of the two countries, because the facilities for intermingling did not exist. Our streets were not populated by American tourists, nor were Canadians in the habit of going south for holidays in Florida or California. Once the lines of communication were opened wide, the Americanization of Canada could not be withstood. We offered our English-speaking young people no alternative cultural plan. Even had we done so it would have been useless effort, because of our inability to compete with outlets designed to serve one hundred and twenty millions of people with those operating in a domestic market which consists of a paltry ten. Canadians have accepted American standards because they were and are the only standards offered. To-day only our septuagenarians feel that their spiritual home is Albion. The rest of us are American in everything but nationality.

IV

By only one section of the Canadian populace—the residents of French-speaking Canada—has Americanization been resisted or, to state it more accurately, American influence ignored. The French Canadian prefers to remain as he is, for very good reasons of his own.

The genius of the American nation has been to absorb into a common melting pot all people who come to its shores, whereas the practice of the British has been to grant to absorbed, or conquered, peoples the right to keep their own institutions, customs, and language. To this variation in practices the French Canadian is keenly alive, if only because he has seen what has happened in his own time to the thousands of his relations who have ventured across the border, where they rapidly lose identity as sons of French Quebec, even to the point of pronouncing such a name as Carpentier as though it were Carpenter. French culture along the Saint Lawrence will not be permitted to follow the course of French culture along the Mississippi so long as French Canadians can prevent it.

I do not suggest that the French Canadian is an imperialist. He wants isolation every bit as much as other isolationists in Ontario and on the prairies. The mere suggestion of participation in foreign wars is anathema to him. He is not so much pro-British as he is staunchly *Canadien*; and if he prefers the British tie to any other—or to independence—it is because he believes that so long as he remains within the Empire he may continue to lead his normal life without fear of interference. Actually he prefers the protection of Britain to that of his English-speaking brothers outside his own province, for they, not understanding him, have never been over-tolerant of his customs nor of his insistence upon the right to live his own life. Because of this feeling French Canada has fought tooth and claw against the proposal that the Dominion should apply for the right to amend its own charter, the British North

America Act—a request which Britain is prepared to grant as soon as unanimous application is made by the Canadian provinces.

French Canadians have resisted Americanization as they resist any movement which may constitute a present or future threat to their racial autonomy. Bringing up his children to speak the mother tongue, teaching them to respect the ancient folkways, educating them in French-language schools, the citizen of Quebec has been completely unaffected by American advertising, American go-getters, American ballyhoo, or American culture. It is the only method which could possibly have been successful, based as it is on language rights.

It may even be discovered as time goes on that Canada's hope for maintenance of the British connection lies with the French Canadian people. Much more prolific as a parent than his English-speaking half-brother, the *habitant* is not merely doing everything in his power to increase the population of the Lower Saint Lawrence valley, but is establishing French-speaking colonies in the English provinces, notably on the prairies and in the new northern settlements. Whether or not we shall come to a day when a majority of our population will be of French descent, or shall discover that the balance of power required to maintain the *status quo* is vested in the French, it is impossible to predict. Suffice it to say for the present that in his rigid adherence to the life and customs of his fathers the French Canadian stands as the solitary bulwark against the inroads of American *kultur*.

V

It has not been the intention of these paragraphs to imply that Canada is on the point of throwing in her lot with the United States, because such is not the case. Apparently the destination is a junction of sympathies, not a terminus in which our lines amalgamate. Plausible reasons for amalgamation, of course, are exceedingly easy to discover. The international

boundary is completely false as a dividing line, because at almost every point on its route it cuts across land occupied by people of similar tastes, problems, and aspirations, whereas our own internal pattern is a hodge-podge of conflicting aims, beliefs, and jealousies. British Columbia is cut off from the rest of the Dominion by an almost impregnable mountain barrier, through which two ribbons of trans-continental steel thread down to the settlements on tidewater. Its residents look to Seattle and San Francisco with much more friendly eye than that with which they look across the continent to Toronto. The prairie wheat farmer has much more in common with his neighbor in Minnesota or the Dakotas than with the agrarian population of Ontario or Nova Scotia. Ontario sees the world more nearly through the eyes of upstate New York than through those of French Quebec. Secession talk has featured the politics of our beleaguered Maritime Provinces since the War, and the principal ambition of the sons and daughters of the seaboard appears to be to establish themselves in New England or New York. On the face of the evidence the tendency ought to be to amalgamate. But such evidence fails to take into consideration the aims of Canadians in their respective sections of the Dominion. The movement is towards co-operative union, but not toward a joining of forces in the political sense.

Nevertheless, it is a movement of vital importance. Americanized, as undoubtedly we are, sharing with our neighbors their dislike of trans-oceanic entanglements, abandoning unnatural barriers, we are definitely approaching a more sympathetic understanding with the United States, or so it seems to one looking south across the boundary. If the trend continues to be as marked in the next decade as it has been in the ten years immediately behind us, 1946 may find the two peoples not merely living side by side in comity and accord, but closely co-ordinated in their dealings with the rest of mankind. Unless . . .



The Lion's Mouth



THE SARTORIAL REVOLUTION

BY NEWMAN LEVY

PHILOSOPHERS are still debating which came first, the chicken or the egg. It is interesting to speculate whether many social phenomena with which we are familiar were the causes or the consequences of change. I, for one, firmly believe that the disappearance of the tail was primary cause of man's graduation from monkeyhood, and that the amputation of the dust-collecting, movement-impeding train from women's skirts was the beginning of female emancipation. And I am convinced that the most momentous blow ever struck in the battle for masculine freedom was when the timid, intimidated male dared to cast off the grotesque nightgown and retired to his slumbers in the serene dignity of pajamas.

I remember those nightgowns. They hung loosely and awkwardly from the frame, extending to about a foot from the ground, and revealing a vista of nether limb that was an affront to finer æsthetic sensibilities. They buttoned up high, and about the neck, I recall, was a row of tiny red, embroidered horseshoes. What the symbolism of these horseshoes was, I do not know, but the garb was one of comedy. Just as the penitent of olden times clad himself in sackcloth and ashes as a reminder of his mortality, so the imperial male, in the privacy of his bed-chamber, would divest himself of the

artificial trappings in which he revealed himself to the world. There, alone, in solemn communion with himself and his mirror he saw himself as he was, an object of laughter to himself and the gods.

Then somebody invented pajamas—an invention more potent in its consequences than the invention of the steam engine or the telephone—and man once more regained his ancient essential dignity. No longer did he fear the midnight alarm nor the intrusion of the nocturnal burglar. No longer did his ego, carefully nourished during the day, undergo a nightly deflation. He slept calmly and heroically and he dreamed great dreams. And thus came new and mighty achievements. Arctic wastes were explored and conquered; new wonders of science were revealed; airplanes spanned the trackless oceans. Once more was man, waking and sleeping, a bifurcated, self-respecting animal.

We hear much talk, these days, of industrial revolutions, of proletarian revolutions, and of all sorts of other revolutions with fancy names. We should not overlook the most far-reaching revolution of them all, the sartorial revolution. When emancipated man awoke fresh from his pajamaed slumber it was inconceivable that he should again encase himself in his oldtime harness. A New Deal, as someone whose name escapes me for the moment once described it, had arrived.

This, it seems to me, explains much that is puzzling to social philosophers. A generation or so ago we lived in the Age of Discomfort. To-day we live in the Age of Comfort. All the stiffness of apparel, save on rare ceremonial occasions, has vanished, and with it much stiffness of manner. In some respects we have perhaps veered too far to the left.

I deplore, for instance, the current tendency to deprive one's hosiery of its traditional support and to permit socks to dangle loosely about the upper rim of the shoes. But after all, I am just an old reactionary. The nightgown has departed and the world moves on!

I wonder if this laxity in costume is not the fundamental reason for the prevalent laxity in conduct of which we hear so much. Oldtimers like myself have a tendency to mourn the absence of manners, of formality, and the lack of respect for tradition among younger people. A comparative study of masculine fashions would show that this was inevitable.

When my father left for his office he wore a stiff-bosomed shirt, the kind that had, for some unaccountable reason, a little buttonholed tab dangling from the bottom of the bosom. He would climb into that shirt by pulling it over his head after many struggles and athletic gyrations. Men did not do setting-up exercises in those days, but perhaps there was no need; the coat shirt had not yet been invented. His shirt buttoned up the back, a fact that necessitated further physical effort, and that no doubt tended to produce an early morning austerity of manner. But that was only part of it. Before the shirt was ready to be put on there was the ceremonial function of inserting studs in the polished bosom, cuff links in the cuffs, and collar buttons in the collar. In my early youth there were detachable cuffs that fastened to the shirt by some sort of metallic contrivance. The ritual of dressing reminded me of Mark Twain's description of the Connecticut Yankee arraying himself in a suit of armor.

There was no possibility of being flip or casual with anyone so attired. They were not garments but vestments. Above the shirt was a miniature guillotine known as a standing collar, an instrument of torture that was a bit tough on respiration, but effective in achieving an appearance of dignity. A man wearing one of those collars would hold his head high in any society; he could hardly do otherwise.

I should not omit to mention here that last survival of the medieval hair-shirt—woolen underwear. There may be a few monastic souls left who still obtain spiritual comfort from mortifying the flesh, but thirty years ago we all did it. The purpose was ostensibly prophylactic, but it had a chastening effect upon the spirit. From October until April I was brother-next-to-the-skin to all the flagellants and self-torturing fanatics of the Thebaid. My impression is that the garments we children wore had a greater irritating capacity than those of our parents. But at any rate how could any child wrapped in an itching reminder of original sin fail to be deferential and polite in the presence of a stiffly laundered choker-collared adult? We were seen and not heard; we spoke when spoken to; we said "yes, sir" and "no, sir"; we were slaves to the tyranny of clothes.

It seems incredible that the great achievements of our age could have been accomplished by men who grew up as Little Lord Fauntleroy. Mrs. Burnett could not possibly have invented the creature; he must have existed somewhere before. But as the baneful influence of her book descended like a blight upon thousands of defenseless children the future of American manhood was precarious indeed. The destiny of the nation lay in the hands of these sullen, long-curled, velvet-clad victims. It took a Spanish War to liberate the youth of the country from this menace. Pacifists would do well to ponder upon this.

It may be that the modern trend toward comfort in clothing and behavior started as a rebellion against Fauntleroyism. The boy of the nineties in his hair-shirt underwear, itching beneath his velvet suit, his lace collar, and his sash, was licked before he started. But deep inside there smoldered resentfully the embers of revolt. *His* boys, he determined, would dress like boys; the freedom and dignity he craved he would realize in his children. Few of the boys of my generation went to camp. There were no Boy Scouts. These changes have come

about through the sane, healthful transformation in juvenile costume. I remember one youthful rebel, a friend of mine, whose tragic protest I can see now in retrospect was a rumble of the approaching revolution. Tearfully but firmly he refused to call his mother "dearest" in public. He said the boys would kid him.

I was fortunate to escape being a Fauntleroy. It may have been because my parents were sensible, but more likely it was due to the fact that my hair refused to curl, and that my features, even to a mother's affectionate eye, were manifestly unlike Reginald Birch's ethereal drawings. Nevertheless, I did not entirely escape subjection. I can recall wearing a sort of harness beneath my blouse, the sole purpose of which was to support a pair of garters. Some of my less affluent friends wore no garters at all, and their stockings hung loose and untidy, thus anticipating a current regrettable fashion. But I wore them, and the metallic parts invariably protruded below the edges of my short trousers. For some reason that I cannot recall, that harness with its pendant garters was a constant annoyance to me. But my greatest grief was the squeaking shoes. Who the unknown genius was who invented silencers for boys' shoes I do not know, but he should have a monument in imperishable brass. In ancient times the serfs wore iron collars riveted about their necks as evidence of their slavehood, and some had attached thereto tiny bells to advise their masters of their approach. We did not wear bells, but we did have shoes that squeaked, and it was just another burden laid upon our crushed spirits.

That was the spirit of The Gay Nineties as I remember it. The women, picturesque and ineffectual, slaves to whalebone and trailing skirt; men austere and formal, trying to live up to the image created by their frock coats and top-hats; and the boys, rebellious and squeaking-footed, dreaming sullenly of the day of their emancipation.

Frequently my father wore a silk hat and a cutaway coat downtown. To-day that costume is reserved for afternoon weddings and Tammany Hall funerals. It is strange to recall that he used to address many of his fairly close friends, men whom he had known for years, as Mister. Among my friends the first-name habit is universal. The man who does not call you Jack, Tom, or Dick after a half hour's acquaintance is generally regarded as pompous and rather high-hat. All of this can be directly attributed of course to the current habit of wearing soft collars.

With it has come a new juvenility of spirit. There has been a lot said about the rejuvenation of mother with her lipstick, her powder compact, and her cigarette case. Father too has kept pace. Golf and tennis at sixty are the inevitable results of athletic underwear. Paunches are disappearing and the human form is emerging svelte and streamlined. We move more alertly, and the world has grown more vivid and exciting.

An interesting by-product of this streamlining tendency is the discarding of the excess baggage with which *homo sapiens* used to clutter himself.

My tailor still puts the traditional quota of pockets in my suits. There are three on the outside of the coat (and a small change pocket within a pocket), two on the inside, four on the outside of the vest, two inside, two side pockets in the trousers, two in the rear, and a small watch pocket just below the belt line—seventeen in all. But these are mostly vestigial remainders, sartorial vermiform appendices. We travel light to-day. Thirty years ago, however, it was quite different, and this array of pockets filled a necessary function.

There were keys, for instance. The men of my father's generation went about resembling the turnkeys of a jail. A long chain, hooked at one end to a suspender button, extended, dangling, to the side trouser pocket, and at the other end was attached a key ring from which suspended invariably twenty or thirty keys. It is

my belief that most of those keys never unlocked anything, that their original purpose had long been forgotten, but there they hung, and their number grew with the years. No one ever discarded a key. Possibly they were something like the rings on a tree, and a trained scientist could determine the age of their owner by counting them.

A man's social standing could often be determined by the dimensions of his watch and chain. They went in for bulk in a grand way in those days. The timepieces of my boyhood had the dimensions of a small grandfather's clock, and the dial was covered by an ornamented lid that snapped open by applying slight pressure to the stem. This was for the purpose of bewildering babies who were supposedly entertained by being told to blow on the watch to make the lid fly open. I daresay that many neuroses, and much of the contemporary spirit of disillusion can be directly traced to this early practice of watch-blowing.

The watch cover had another purpose beside engendering complexes in the infantile mind. It was also a portable portrait gallery, the repository of family likenesses, and a public proclamation of the possessor's connubial loyalty. Some pictures were mere snapshots pasted in the lid, some were photographs burned cunningly into the gold. But however reproduced, there they were, the images of The Little Woman, of Junior, and of Baby Isabel, constant reminders of home and hearth. There is no doubt in my mind that the loosening of home ties and the woeful increase in divorce is due to the development of the flat open-faced watch and the disappearance of the watch-case portraits.

The watch chain resembled the anchor-chain of a transatlantic liner, though of course it was smaller. It had to be strong, for it was not merely an ornament but an object of important utility. How else could our progenitors have displayed the seals, the locket, and, above all, the glittering fraternal emblems that jangled from it as bright, outward evidences of

their importance? The Federal Constitution had abolished titles of nobility, but it did not abolish the craving for them. Even in a democracy men delight to adorn themselves with impressive titles and with shining insignia of rank. But as streamlining came in, the massive watch disappeared into the museum of things past, and with it went the chain. Where then could the Imperial Potentate, the Exalted Kingfish, and the Deputy Grand Commander of the Faithful hang their gold encrusted teeth, their stars, their jewelled emblems of authority? The vanishing of the heavy watch chain has driven our unofficial nobility into incognito. It has been one of the great leveling influences of our time. I would not go so far as to say that the threat of communism which disturbs so many people to-day owes its origin entirely to this circumstance; but can it be without significance that the slogan of revolt throughout the world is, "We have nothing to lose but our chains"? There is one exception. Even in the face of an approaching revolution there will always be some who will wear watch chains so long as colleges continue to award Phi Beta Kappa Keys.

There are still men, I do not doubt, who carry cigar cases, but the old-fashioned, portable humidor, a mighty thing of fluted Russian leather, more fragrant than the cigars it contained, has vanished into the *ewigkeit*. It could not survive the trend toward athletic streamlining. It bulged and so it had to go. And its disappearance brought about another minor economic revolution. Years ago our fathers would depart from home laden with a day's supply of cigars securely reposing in the cigar case. The cigarette was regarded as effeminate and the pipe vulgar. But gradually it became apparent that a man could not retain the necessary modish form if his breast pockets presented the contours of a Cossack in uniform. Many turned to other forms of nicotine gratification and the enormous vogue of cigarette and pipe smoking ensued. But this did not solve the problem of the inveterate cigar smoker who

could not easily cast aside the habits of a lifetime. He could not carry a supply, and yet his needs had to be sated. And so came into being the chain cigar store.

In an elder day men habitually carried large, capacious wallets. And like the cigar case, they bulged, not only with money but with cards of membership in fraternal orders, with letters—tattered, soiled letters of mysterious importance—and with additional family portraits to supplement those in the watch case. A man who was vividly reminded of his domestic ties whenever he looked at the time or paid out money would have been hardened indeed to have lightly disregarded his marriage bonds.

Some men still carry wallets, but they are flat, timid concessions to modern streamlining, scarcely large enough to contain a commutation ticket. They are fashioned to hold a limited supply of those new-styled small bills which the government considerably issued in recognition of the desire of men to reduce their bulk. They are, alas, plenty large enough.

On the train on which I commute in the summertime I notice that almost every man carries a brief case, not only the professional men, but those who are in what used to be referred to as trade. These brief cases give the illusion of seething intellectual activity in the suburbs. They suggest briefs, contracts, plans and specifications, and other impedimenta of the learned professions. I am convinced, however, that those brief cases are filled with those things that at one time were frankly distributed about the person. My fellow-travelers never open their cases on the train. If they did so I am sure that I should discover all those mementoes of a vanished age, the cigars, the mysterious letters, and the photographs of The Little Woman, Junior, and Baby Isabel.

I wonder too if I should find those instruments of personal adornment that used to clutter up many of the seventeen pockets, the nail file and clip, the mustache comb, the pocket scissors, and even, in some instances, a small mirror. The

contemporary clean-shaven type is not, as many suppose, an accidental result of evolution in masculine fashions. The mustache has gone, along with the mustache cup, into limbo because modern man no longer will mar the symmetry of his figure by burdening himself with accessories. It is not inconceivable that with the advent of the brief case there will come a revival of masculine hirsute decoration. The brief case of the future will resemble the feminine vanity case. It will contain mirrors, combs, brushes, and, who can tell, curling irons. Then will the beard again come into its own, the dundrearies, the chin whiskers, and the goatees; and mustaches will blossom forth on every lip.

The old proverb "clothes make the man" takes on a new and mystic significance. Clothes do more than make the man; they make the race, they shape the modes of living and they plot the course of civilization. A generation ago it was fashionable to pad the shoulders, and we went about resembling a race of football players. The pads were both an adornment and an aspiration. They popularized the athletic type, and with that came the realization that we could, if we wished, be athletic in fact. The landscape became sprinkled with golf courses; elderly gentlemen went on reducing diets and paid periodic visits to health farms and training camps. Just as the Greeks surrounded themselves with beautiful statues as an inspiration toward physical perfection, so we padded our shoulders to demonstrate what we might become. The impulse that was begun by the padded shoulders was strengthened and carried on by athletic underwear. And old age ceased to be.

I should like to devote my final paragraph to the future of clothes. It is a subject the importance of which is not sufficiently realized. We concern ourselves with international monetary conferences, disarmament conferences, and tariff conferences. No statesman has yet had the vision to suggest calling an inter-

national clothing conference. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that the fate of civilization, which I am reliably informed is trembling in the balance, depends upon whether or not we revert to stiff shirts and collars. The revolutionists of France were called *sansculottes*. Possibly the salvation of democracy depends upon the decision whether or not we shall go in for shorts. An international conference clad in morning coats and gray trousers is fraught with sinister possibilities. A diplomat in a tight pair of patent leather shoes might easily constitute a menace to the peace of the world. We have little to fear from the stuffed shirts. Our real danger is in the stiff shirts.



MELCHIZEDEK FOR PRESIDENT

BY ELMER DAVIS

EVERY four years, when a lot of statesmen begin to go around the country, each of them advertising the reasons why he is peculiarly fit to be President, I wish I were a citizen of Tibet.

Tibet is said by those who have been there to be a singularly uncomfortable place, and its inhabitants have some extraordinary customs. They seem to live for preference on the edge of mile-high cliffs, they flavor their tea with mutton fat and even less palatable condiments, and apparently they have no national pastimes except scaring themselves half to death with ghost stories and devil dances. Nevertheless, they are far ahead of us in at least one respect—their method of selecting their Chief Executive.

This gentleman, as I presume every schoolboy knows, is the Dalai Lama; and one reads in the writings of the learned that he is supposed to be an incarnation of Deity, or of the Eternal Buddha, or something of the sort. At any rate he is a continuing institution, like the

Crown in those countries where one can say, "The King is dead. Long live the King!" But being at least in theory a celibate, he cannot by his own efforts provide for the continuance of the royal line. Accordingly when a Dalai Lama dies the divine essence that lately informed his body is supposed to be instantly reborn into the body of some baby just then seeing the light. So a group of wise men—at least they are supposed to be wise, and I would bet money that their intelligence quotients average higher than those of the delegates to our national party conventions—goes around the country examining all the babies born about that time; and when they find one marked with the signs which point him out to the initiate eye as the current repository of the Eternal Spirit he straightway becomes the Dalai Lama.

Every four years I find myself wishing that we picked our Presidents that way; instead of choosing, eventually, between two undesirables (undesirable relatively at any rate, compared with the large number of men in the country who could do a better job of running the government) the one who has been most successful in not offending large groups of the electorate.

To be sure the Tibetan method has its disadvantages. I have no information as to its practical workings; but unless human nature is notably different in those high altitudes, the consecrated search under divine inspiration for the latest incarnation of the Divine Essence must sometimes be contaminated by mundane influences. Some member of the committee of selection must now and then see some advantage for himself in the choice of, say, his nephew's son, and may persuade other members of the committee to see the significant and sacred markings in this child, by promising them the Tibetan equivalent of post-masterships or collectorships of internal revenue. Also the baby, once chosen, must take time to grow up; meanwhile the country is governed, I suppose, by the Jim Farleys of Tibet, and unless they

are a different species of mankind, they must sometimes be reluctant to let go the reins when the Dalai Lama is old enough to take hold. However, the Dalai Lama has some conspicuous qualifications for a Chief of State in a non-hereditary line. Being trained from infancy for this one job, he never has a chance to be diverted into side lines, to make the wrong friends, to acquire commitments in heedless youth that might gravely hamper him when he attains what Mr. Gladstone called "a position of less freedom and greater responsibility." Also he has no wife; and consequently no children, no relatives by marriage.

The wives of Presidents of the United States have been a very respectable lot—a good deal better than could have been expected by the law of averages. A man destined—if you can apply so rigid a term as destiny to the roulette-wheel hazard of American politics—say better, a man who is going to be President usually gets married a long time before he even thinks of being President. Usually at the age of marriage he is only an ambitious young lawyer; and the Presidents' wives have turned out a good deal better than the average of the women whom ambitious young lawyers happen to desire. There was once a President's wife who ran up bills round Washington that she could not pay off; but in happy contrast, there was a President's wife who embellished American letters with a newspaper column entitled "My Day." To be sure, the space in the newspapers for which she was paid was space for which somebody else would have been paid if she had not been writing, so that her activity might seem to conflict with her husband's endeavors to reduce unemployment; but as she got more money for that space than any ordinary contributor, her efforts may be regarded as having definitely increased the national wealth. Besides, is the President's wife a chattel, a doll, a mere echo of her husband? To reply, "A thousand times no," would in some cases be an understatement.

Still the country might have been better off if the Founding Fathers had thought to restrict the Presidency to bachelors; or to provide, as do some universities for their undergraduates, that marriage automatically severs the connection between the man and the job. This would prevent ambitious women from driving their husbands to the White House when the husbands themselves had no particular aspirations of the sort. Three times in American history that has happened. In Lincoln's case the results were satisfactory; but the other two gentlemen, who might have been happy and useful in other jobs, fumbled helplessly with the problems of national administration.

Certain Presidents' wives have been conspicuously successful, useful to their husbands and through them to the nation; but their mere success sets envy to work, and in at least two such instances people have begun to whisper round Washington that you can appreciate the sort of man the President is when you know that he is cold and cruel to that lovely woman. Besides, a wife implies the possibility of children, and the virtual certainty of in-laws.

No President has ever been brought into disgrace by his children, which again is better than you could expect from the law of averages. But one President has been made faintly ridiculous by his children's divorces and automobile accidents; and possibly for a President to be made ridiculous is a greater misfortune than to be disgraced. Two or three times the lives of young men of amiable disposition and modest talents have been made miserable by the mere fact that they happened to be sons of Presidents, and accordingly expected to live up to the achievements of ancestors who, through no fault of theirs, happened to have been of ampler size.

And as for the in-laws . . . There was once a President of the United States whose father-in-law used to hang round the White House parlor, telling all the tourists who came in to look at the furni-

ture and decorations what a rotten job his son-in-law was doing. He was perfectly right; still the impression created was a little unfortunate—all the more since the President had sometimes had to lean on the old gentleman in his earlier and less prosperous days, and could hardly throw him out now. The same chief executive had a brother-in-law who got in with the worst crowd in Wall Street, in the worst period of Wall Street's history, and came near deflecting the policy of the Treasury to further the schemes of his friends before the honest but slow-witted President found out what was going on. That particular case may be a warning against electing military heroes to a job for which they have no fitness; but on the whole it may be said, with no reflection on the excellent women who have been mistresses of the White House, that the country would be better off if the President had no wife.

Just possibly the difficulty might be met without depriving the President of respectable female companionship. (Any other sort of female companionship must be difficult of attainment to a gentleman who, by a law which he cannot alter, must be accompanied by Secret Service men wherever he goes. Miss Nan Britton asserts that she was kissed by a President in a White House coat closet, but the average President would prefer celibacy to the conducting of amours among the umbrella stands.) If a male child were selected at birth, like a Dalai Lama, and trained up to be President, a female child might at the same time or soon thereafter be chosen and educated as his mate—preferably an only child, whose parents had just been killed in an automobile accident. It is not merely in the Presidency that it happens that the woman a man wants, and perhaps needs, when he is twenty-five is not the woman he either needs or wants when he is fifty; but the White House offers a conspicuous platform for undesirable consequences—consequences which have to date been escaped chiefly through the tact of the miscellaneous assortment of women who

have happened to become Presidents' wives. The loveless unions of royalty are abhorrent to American sentimentality; but at least such marriages guarantee that the King will get a mate and hostess who has been trained from infancy for her job.

Once we came near having a President's wife selected on the basis of her qualifications. A national convention was for a long time unable to agree on a candidate; and it was credibly reported that one of the gentlemen on whom the choice might fall (he happened to be a widower) had made a contingent proposal to a distinguished Washington hostess who happened to be a widow. She would have made an excellent mistress of the White House, and he had asked her, so it was rumored, to marry him if he got the nomination. He didn't get the nomination; she didn't marry him—but in any case the precedent would not have been worth much. Pending an amendment to the Constitution, we cannot be sure that the nominee will be a bachelor or a widower; and even then we could not be sure that a suitable Washington hostess would be at liberty. No, the President, like the Dalai Lama, should have no wife; and we might be better off if he had no relatives either.

Here again we have come off more luckily than we had a right to expect; the brothers and sisters of Presidents have not taken advantage of their adventitious distinction. A man usually comes to the White House too old to have living parents; but there have been one or two Presidents who owed much to the tact and charm of their surviving mothers. On the other hand, there was a President whose father soon after his son's elevation made the front page with a romantic marriage at the age of seventy-odd. Romantic to him, that is; unfortunately the marriage of a gentleman of seventy-odd is apt to seem comic to the general public; and the more romantic its details, the more comic it seems. The Administration of this particular bridegroom's son



was already beginning to look comic, and presently became tragic; the old gentleman's romance probably did it no harm—yet there must have been a tinge of wry-mouthed regret in the President's congratulations.

So far we have escaped—by sheer luck or the favor of Providence—most of the ill effects that might have been anticipated from the fact that the President has family relations; as by sheer luck or the favor of Providence we have escaped a good many other misfortunes that might have been expected to be the logical consequences of what has been done, or not done, in a century and a half of American history. But there are signs that we have pretty nearly overdrawn our account in the Bank of Providence in matters of national policy, and we cannot be too sure that we shall always elect a President whose relatives will walk humbly in the fear of the Lord. For safety's sake a President should have no wife, no parents, no children, no brothers and sisters, and if possible, no friends.

Where could you find such a man? Well, there was one once, if you can believe Holy Scripture—to wit, the fourteenth chapter of Genesis and the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. His name was Melchizedek; he was "without father, without mother, without pedigree"; whether he had a wife or not we do not know, but at any rate nothing is said about her and it is clear that she did not write a newspaper column en-

titled "My Day." Melchizedek was a Chief Executive, the King of Salem; from all accounts he seems to have performed his duties to the general satisfaction—at least so good a business man as Abraham paid him a ten per cent income tax without objection; and the later writer pretty strongly hints that the reason he was so good was precisely because he had no relatives to hang about the Executive Mansion and distract his attention from the public business.

So I listen with acute apathy to the gentlemen who are traveling about the country and talking about relief, and the balancing of the budget, and the farm problem, and so on. Even if they told us what they would do about these matters, instead of merely complaining about what others have not done, they still would not touch the paramount issue. Let some candidate prove to me that he combines the qualifications of Melchizedek and the Dalai Lama, and he will get my vote. And if it be objected that the description, "without father, without mother, without pedigree" sounds too much—especially if you add the stipulation, "without a wife"—like the classic definition of a mule, that is no very serious objection. The mule may be without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, but he is a good worker; and we hire the President to work for us. The mule may be obstinate; but there are times when the President might profitably use some obstinacy too.



The Easy Chair

WHAT THE NEXT HOUR HOLDS

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

HIS Excellency the President of the United States is formally memorialized, and the Honorable the Senate and the Honorable the House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, are petitioned:

In order to avert the dangers and destructive violence that must ensue until, after a series of convulsions, a different order shall be established—to execute measures on behalf of society as a whole that will effect an orderly transition to the Power Age, utilize the potentialities of the Economy of Abundance for the liberation and security of mankind, and establish what the petitioner does not hesitate to call paradise within a calculated period of ten years . . .

There is no need to examine here the whereases on which the petition is based. Repetition has made us all letter-perfect in their details, and the reader may be assured that the petitioner has mastered the findings of science, engineering, and economics. He analyzes the process and acceleration of technological unemployment. He describes the violent revolutions that must follow the development of new mechanical inventions. He sets forth a laborious, orderly, and detailed study of the new energies at the disposal of mankind: which, he points out, have rendered man-power obsolete, which if intelligently used can raise the standard of living incalculably higher than it has ever been, but which, if their management is bungled, can plunge the world

into another barbarism. Declaring that complete autarchy is both desirable and unavoidable for the United States, he points out the catastrophe that will follow any delay in its establishment. For some European nation may beat us to such an organization and may then militantly turn upon us the engines with which we have neglected to supply ourselves.

Our petitioner lists some of the benevolences now within the power of science and engineering, if society will but provide mechanisms for co-operation and distribution. Agriculture is to be collectivized and so completely mechanized that only a few need labor at it, and they so lightly that the working day will consist of minutes rather than hours. It is also to be made independent of weather and seasons. Artificially produced climate will ripen crops in soils which are not dependent on nature's stupid whim but have been mixed to order in the chemical laboratory. For transportation we shall have a system of rationally located express highways paved with a vitrified substance superior to any surface now in use—one of the innumerable new materials at the disposal of the modern engineer. Along them will travel vehicles of a size hitherto undreamed of, at a speed currently regarded as fantastic. It is unlikely that these vehicles will be geared to climb grades, for the highway engineer may call upon energies sufficient to level mountains. The new materials include fabrics which may be hardened

or dissolved into fluids as required, which are produced in sheets of paper- or rayon-like substance of any length or thickness or softness, and which may be compounded to last a lifetime or to be thrown away after one use like paper napkins.

Yet it is in megalopolis and the housing of earth's children that the new age shows most brightly. Our petitioner assumes pre-fabrication, quantity production, and interchangeable parts as axiomatic. He suggests the possibilities latent in new cements, vitrified building materials, glass bricks, flexible glass, and plastic woods which may be dyed and molded. He thinks of such accessories as mechanical dishwashing, private elevators, and selective and even therapeutic air-conditioning as commonplaces within the expectation of everyone. But he goes beyond. With such materials, temperatures, and energies available as are now easily produced, why pre-fabricate a house? Why not mold it as a unit—why not indeed mold it as an enormous unit, capable of domiciling several thousand families, a city in itself? Super-apartment houses up to two hundred feet high are feasible, with vast covered arcades wherein climate may be manipulated at will, and the ancient dream of the city in the country may be realized. These units will make possible an entirely new communal life, at once private and co-operative, with all the civilizing forces of a city and all the humanizing forces of a village inside the common walls. Not only may everyone have his own phonograph and player-piano—though television is not yet clearly indicated, a device is announced for the translation of speech into type and its transmission by electricity. With humanity enfranchised by megalopolis, it follows that the normal expectancy of life will rise, and that medicine will be almost entirely preventive—though the promise of a cure for sea-sickness is consoling. . . . These monolithic edifices will be “neither palaces nor temples nor cities but a combination of all, superior to whatever is known.”

They will necessitate, our petitioner

clearly understands, an entire reorganization of the social system. He outlines its principles and mechanisms at great length. He agrees with Major Douglas that our present attitude toward labor is economic Puritanism. He borrows the Major's National Dividend, he takes over much of the economics popularized three years ago by Technocracy, and perceives unemotionally that education, art, and amusement will have to be controlled by the state in its own interest. He sees that to reconstitute society you must begin with the organization of group-pressures, and like the Communist Party, the Townsend Plan, and Tammany Hall, he concentrates on the neighborhood infiltration of ideas and the house-to-house canvass for Utopia. The plan can be completed in the United States, which has the best natural endowment, in ten years. That being done, we shall be organized to extend our universal paradise over Europe in only six years more. There will be no poverty by then, no wealth, no need for the accumulation of property. The profit motive will evaporate, there will be no urge toward self-interest, and international competition will disappear, taking war with it forever. It follows that intemperance and all bad habits (such as lying and cheating) will also disappear. There will be, even, no marital disagreements in the great dawn. Children will achieve an adult education by the age of ten. We shall be able to remake the intellect and distribute it to all members of the race, develop universal benevolence, and free mankind at last for the cultivation of its spiritual gifts. This is the “unavoidable revolution of the human condition that must take place, in consequence of the progress of human intelligence.”

Mr. J. A. Etzler then admonishes the Senate and the House: “The fate of the world is thus depending from your decision.” . . . The body he is addressing is the Second Session of the Twenty-Second Congress. The President to whom he speaks is Andrew Jackson. His petition is dated, “Pittsburgh, February 21, 1833.”

Mr. Etzler's essay is a movement from the known to the mathematically implied, an adventure in extrapolation. The dewy morn of the industrial revolution was all about him, as he sat there where rivers meet which the revolution has recently proved itself unable to control and gazed westward from the frontier to the Great American Desert where, he felt, his first monoliths would best be constructed. Its energies were caught in algebraic symbols and then put through the maneuvers of an engineer's vision. If his intoxication became rhapsody and if he extrapolated mathematics to sheer fantasy, why enthusiasm is endemic among engineers—and time has been on his side. An addict of Science Service's communiqués from the front line comes upon an old acquaintance on nearly every page, and one's cup runs over when he meets the vegetable "glutinations" for outer and under wear which Mr. Howard Scott's followers were to invent just exactly one hundred years later. Sometimes, in fact, he was far too conservative. His minimum time for the passage from the Atlantic to the then uncolonized Pacific is between three and four days, and the currently fantastic speed at which his queer vehicles are to travel the modern highways is forty miles an hour. We have bettered both speeds without attaining his paradise, without even developing the "union of a few intelligent men who do not judge before they examine" which was to bring in the dawn.

The prophetic slide-rule, the truth is, stood in its own way. Etzler see clearly the cloud-capped towers on the horizon, but he refused to concern himself with the unprecedented, and so he missed not only the middle distance but even the very foreground at his feet. Two years after Joseph Henry had begun to experiment with the galvanic telegraph, Etzler weaves it into his scheme, but his electricity goes no farther than that. His monoliths are lighted by gas, his railroads run exclusively by steam, as railroads ran when he was writing, and his vision sees no omen of the storage battery. For

storage, in fact, he has to fall back on precisely those reservoirs of kinetic energy which Professor Furnas was predicting just a few months back. His floating islands (which are still much dreamed about) move by mechanical energy recovered from waves and tides, and so do his land vehicles, which one visualizes as a kind of apotheosized cable-car traveling gigantically along a line of sunken cams and cogs. He was on fire with vision, but that radiance blinded him to the internal combustion engine.

There were, that is, ambushes on the way to Jerusalem, new forms of energy which were to switch his whole program down a spur track back of the dumps. His system of harnessed waves and tides, his mile-long batteries of windmills and clusters of mirrors which were to transform solar energy into steam, his blueprints of nightmare steam-engines made of cement and ratcheted balance wheels and compensating conversion-machines—well, it was completely rational; the next hour or two made it preposterous, and though parts of it still trouble the sleep of prophets not a single item has ever come about. The road led straight across an open plain. But some protective coloration hid from the prophetic eye gasoline, the dynamo, electro-magnetic waves, the vacuum tube, the high-frequency transmission line, the portable motor, the propeller, and the machine-press. Not to foresee them proved something of a mistake. Though *The Paradise within the Reach of All Men* was first-rate as diagnosis, it was, as prognosis and program, a complete bust.

About the system of social reform that was geared to it lingers not only the aroma of miracle that attends all paradises, but also the purer miracle of scientific mysticism. The idiom of Etzler's age shows in his proposal for organizing Utopia as a joint-stock company. That was the way you went about preparing the Kingdom in the Thirties and Forties, and a respectable series of visions, including Brook Farm, proposed to alleviate man's lot and renovate society for the

greater glory of God by means of corporate consolidation. That antique idiom slides easily into our own of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow when Etzler proves conclusively that an investment of twenty dollars in New Jerusalem will multiply itself one thousand times within five years. For of course he was also something of a promoter and stock-salesman, as most dwellers on the high place seem to be, the blue-sky laws of common sense yielding easily to vision. There was nothing wrong with his social diagnosis, and there seldom is—diagnosis is the simplest process of sociology. No one can quarrel with Etzler's facts or figures: you must grant his premises as you must grant those of his lineal descendants in these days. And, granting them, you are constrained to accept every step by which he moves upon his paradise, for all are rigorously logical and supported by mathematics which you can check for yourself.

It is proved and it did not happen. Three things stood in the way. First, it was extrapolation, which is precarious. Second, mathematics allowed no leeway for the unforeseen, which is catastrophic. And third—Mr. Etzler mentioned in 1833 a slight impediment to his remodeling of society. "Man," he tells us, "needs not to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, and to pass his life in drudgery and misery, except he perseveres in his mental sloth and forgoes the use of reason." That, however, is no more than an irritant and may be disregarded. "The accomplishment of [our] purposes requires nothing but the raw materials for them, that is to say iron, copper, wood, earth chiefly, and a union of men whose eyes and understanding are not shut up by preconceptions." . . . Yes. No more than that has ever been required. And will the local papers please copy.

Ten years after Etzler's date-line a copy of the second English edition of *The Paradise within the Reach of All Men* came for review to the hands of a Yankee in whom enthusiasm had been winter-killed. Later on Henry David Thoreau

was to set down a conviction, induced by long residence in a center of enlightenment, that "if anything ail a man, so that he does not perform his functions, if he have a pain in his bowels even—for that is the seat of sympathy—he forthwith sets about reforming—the world." He had not quite reached that impatience when he came upon Etzler: he said that the *Paradise* was "transcendentalism in mechanics" but he was willing to examine it, and in fact discussed it so heatedly in Concord that he got embroiled with Emerson. He acknowledged that the times were out of joint. On the authority of his friends he understood that the world had "asthma, ague and fever, and dropsy and flatulence and pleurisy" and was "afflicted with vermin." Nevertheless, he decided, the trouble with Etzler was precisely that he tried to meet the condition head-on. He tried "to prescribe for the globe itself," and Thoreau could accept no prescription of that scale. He asked leave to doubt and to reject—for two reasons. "We are never," he said, "so visionary as to be prepared for what the next hour may bring forth." And, "You may begin by sawing the little sticks, or you may saw the great sticks first, but sooner or later you must saw them both"—and the slight impediment mentioned above was one of the sticks that must be sawed. Though a surveyor and a handicraftsman, Thoreau lacked both science and social vision. He was not gifted with belief. Etzler's vision came down to a promise that man's will would yet be law to the physical world and that man should "no longer be deterred by such abstractions as time and space, height and depth, weight and hardness." With firm courtesy, Thoreau repudiated all such projections of the known into the much-desired, and would buy no shares in paradise. He was a sad cynic, and the prophets of his day prayed over him in vain. But after ten times the prophet's ten-year plan for the production of Utopia, somehow it is the cynic that the light falls on. Etzler dreamed greatly, but Thoreau was right.



Harpers *Magazine*

TEACHING GRANDMOTHER HOW TO SPIN

THE TVA AND THE PRIVATE UTILITIES

BY WILLIAM I. NICHOLS

EVERY so often the *Electrical World* publishes a summary just to show how the private power companies are getting along.

The latest summary, covering the year 1935, has recently been issued. Some of the conclusions will be upsetting both to advocates and opponents of rugged individualism. Special pleaders will not like them; but to the average citizen they may suggest a solution of the vexed and vexing "power problem."

In all, the survey covers 103 of the leading electric light and power companies in the United States, with a total of nearly 11,000,000 residential customers. Companies are grouped according to geographical areas. Thirteen of them are located West of the Rocky Mountains, and 90 in other sections of the country.

Now, one clue to the electrical development of a region is the average residential use of electricity. In 1935 the "average use" for the country as a whole was 673 kilowatt hours per customer.

The first fact apparent in *Electrical World's* summary is that the Pacific Coast leads the country, with seven companies now showing average use in excess of 1,000 kilowatt hours.

One possible reason for this development in the Far West was stated by Mr. Leland Olds in the November HARPER'S. Mr. Olds called attention to the strategic location of publicly-owned light plants on the Pacific Coast, at Seattle, Tacoma, Los Angeles, and Pasadena. He pointed out that, in general, the lowest rates are enjoyed in those areas served either by public plants or by private operations lying within the "sphere of influence" of low-rate publicly-owned systems.

Private utilities may not admit the cause, but they do admit the fact. It is a common thing to hear the statement that such and such company leads "all companies *East of the Rockies*"—as though the West Coast were another world and conditions there non-comparable.

Let us look "East of the Rockies." After brief inspection one area quickly emerges. That is the Southeast, defined by *Electrical World* as "South of the Ohio River, East of the Mississippi."

Run down the list of ninety companies "East of the Rockies" and you find that *the seven companies with highest average use are located in the Southeastern States.*

Run through again, and you will be able to identify the three leading companies as: 1. Georgia Power Company, with average use of 1,039 kilowatt hours; 2. Alabama Power Company, with 997; and, 3. Tennessee Electric Power Company with 966. Since the first of the year both the Alabama and Tennessee companies have announced that their average use also has passed the 1,000 mark.

Now there are two interesting facts about these three companies: 1. They lie in the heart of the operations of the Tennessee Valley Authority; 2. They are all subsidiaries of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, whose president, Mr. Wendell L. Willkie, was one of the first to proclaim that the TVA would bring ruin and destruction to the private companies in the Tennessee Valley.

It will be interesting to observe a little later some of the effects of the interaction of public and private power in the Tennessee Valley. But first let us return to the table for a moment.

There are some additional factors which are useful in revealing the relative health, wealth, and wisdom of utility companies. One is the rate of growth—in other words, the increase in average use in 1935, as compared with 1934. Here it appears that *for rate of growth, five of the six leading companies in the United States are from the Southeast.* The three Commonwealth and Southern companies are included. The Tennessee Electric Power Company leads the entire list with an average gain of 192 kilowatt hours. Almost without exception the increases for all the Southeastern companies exceed those for the Pacific Coast, indicating that the lead of the West Coast States may soon be overtaken.

Another factor is appliance sales. In both 1934 and 1935 the three Commonwealth and Southern companies, in relation to size, led the country in sales of electric ranges, refrigerators, water heaters, and other appliances. In 1934 the Tennessee Electric Power Company was awarded the annual Coffin Award by the Edison Electric Institute as the "outstanding company for 1934" because it had established "one of the most, if not the most, remarkable sales increases in residential, commercial, and industrial power in the history of the Electrical Industry."

I rehearse all these facts and figures only because they have acquired a certain ironic significance against the stark background of radio talks and stockholders' letters a few years ago, predicting that ruin would follow TVA. Average citizens may well be inclined to scratch their heads and say, "If this be ruin, give us more of it!" And indeed, the figures of company growth are worth noting, for behind them lie certain human values which may give hope to those who are worried about the future of the Republic in these contentious days.

II

How has the rapid development of the Southern companies taken place? Here is a pretty good testimonial, written by one of the ailing patients, in person:

Last month, the Tennessee Electric Power Company reduced its rates again. To some 100,000 residential customers, the company made this announcement:

"Increased use," says the Company's bulletin, "makes possible—

"ELECTRIC RATE REDUCTIONS
"Increasing to \$900,000 a year!"

Then follows the case history:

"Now thousands more can enjoy cheap electricity for every home convenience.

"Use of electricity by our residential customers now averages more than 1,000 kilowatt hours a year.

"As the USE of electricity increases, the PRICE goes down.

"Since 1932 residential electric rates have been reduced THREE times.

"To-day, increased use makes possible a FOURTH reduction."

This, briefly, is the cycle which is being followed to greater or lesser degree by a number of Southern companies (the speed and volume of reductions varying almost directly with public pressure). Between 1933 and 1935 the average residential rate for the three major companies has spiralled downward as shown in the following table:

	Average Rate (cents per kilowatt hour)	
	1933	1935
Alabama Power Company ..	4.63	3.54
Georgia Power Company ...	5.16	3.63
Tenn. Electric Power Company	5.77	3.63
National Average	5.49	5.03

Rates in the territory are thus dropping more rapidly than in the nation as a whole. By 1935 they were approximately 30 per cent below the national average, and there is good reason to believe that the downward trend is going to continue.

This is a happy cycle. How was it set in motion? Why is it centered in the Southeast? Why is it proceeding more rapidly there than in other sections of the country? This brings us to one of the most engaging arguments of modern times. It is a tender topic too, and one must tread warily. Remember, utility leaders grew hysterical when TVA was announced and sponsored statements that TVA would ruin existing Southern utilities. Now they find themselves in a somewhat foolish position when reminded that Southern companies are leading the country and the world in electrical development. If you leave them alone they almost forget that they have been ruined. Advertisements, stockholders' letters, and annual reports glow with pleasant announcements of increases in use, reductions in rates, and gains in earn-

ings, gross and net. But then let someone so much as suggest that TVA, either directly or indirectly, in itself, or through its heirs and assigns forever, had anything to do with it, and smiles quickly give way to scowls and indignant protest. At times an impartial observer will feel that perhaps the lady doth protest too much.

In a recent issue *Snap Shots*, the house organ of the Georgia Power Company, devotes four full columns to earnest denial of the idea that TVA had any influence whatsoever on the rates or policies of the company. Almost tearfully the editor protests: "Most emphatically, our new low rates were not established by reason of any agreement with TVA. . . . Our rates and sales policies were being applied successfully when Mr. Lilienthal was just fresh out of college."

Meanwhile of course adherents of TVA sit tight on the record. Fair or unfair, they point to the fact that TVA was created in May, 1933; that the so-called TVA rates were announced shortly thereafter; and that it is since this time that the rapid reductions in rates and acceleration in business by local power companies have taken place. They point to the calendar and imply that the inference is clear and compelling.

Then *Snap Shots* returns to the debate: "We suggest that Mr. Lilienthal has merely adopted those sound operating methods and sales policies evolved by the private industry through years of experiment. . . . It is always that way with government in business."

"Yes," says Government-in-Business; ignoring for a moment the subtle compliment, "yes, but, if that is so, why are the methods and policies working so much better in the Southeast than in other parts of the country? Is that altogether a matter of coincidence?"

Snap Shots does not reply. "Please," it says, "please don't try to teach your grandmother how to spin."

Thus the debate goes on. Meanwhile Valley residents sit back and enjoy the show. Regardless of the merits of the case, they know that they are obtaining

lower rates and better service than ever before. But dimly they hear echoes of argument: Who begat whom? Which is grandmother? And who is teaching grandmother how to spin?

For a candid answer it is best to avoid advocates of both private power companies and the TVA. As one who has been interested in the problem from both sides and talked to many people about it, I find that the group with perhaps the best perspective are the small business men engaged in competitive enterprises. As business men, they are apt to be conservative and instinctively sympathetic with private enterprise. As veterans of competitive struggle, they see clearly that many utility minds have been dulled by prolonged enjoyment of a natural monopoly and what is virtually a guaranteed "fair return" on their investment in season and out. Secretly they rather enjoy the new spectacle of watching the Vice President of the power company get out and hustle for business just like the rest of them.

One country banker put it this way: "The power fellows have been eating salmon long enough. TVA's making them catch mice for a change. It'll do them good."

The attitude of the general business group is accurately reflected in a recent editorial in *Advertising Age*, a trade journal which obviously represents the point of view of private business. Speaking of "TVA and the Electrical Industry," the paper says:

Public utilities are natural monopolies, and the tendency of monopolies, lacking the spur of competition, is to go to sleep. They frequently lack initiative and enterprise in broadening their markets. . . . It must be admitted that the TVA experiment has thus far justified itself, from the standpoint both of the electrical industry and the public.

III

At this point it would be well to speak a word about the kind of "competition" which is referred to. To date, any competition which has existed between the

Tennessee Valley Authority and the private power companies has been a competition of ideas and policies only. To be sure, TVA has been instructed by Congress to market the power generated at its structures on the Tennessee River. But so far, this power is being sold only to municipalities owning their own distribution systems, or to non-profit, co-operative associations operating in territory hitherto unserved or in territory acquired by purchase from existing companies. In some cases, it is true, competing distribution systems are being discussed by municipalities themselves, but only in cases where offers to buy the existing facilities have been rejected or enjoined.

Hence, at the present time there is no direct, physical competition in the sense that is known in Los Angeles where two private companies and the city's Bureau of Power and Light are fighting for one another's business; or in San Francisco, where two rival street railway systems run down opposite sides of Market Street.

Instead, there are certain areas, small and scattered for the most part, where TVA power is being marketed at the so-called TVA rates, and these areas are surrounded by the larger and more coherent territories of the private power companies.

Now what is happening in the Tennessee Valley is largely a matter of interaction between the two areas—and the people of those areas.

It is possible for the editors of *Snap Shots* to maintain that rate reductions and service development of the private companies would have happened regardless of the TVA, and that even now they are happening without reference to TVA. But I think that very few in our jury of business men will support their contention. Human nature, or at least American human nature, abhors that particular kind of a vacuum.

A few simple illustrations will indicate the sort of chemical reactions which are taking place.

Two of the first cities to obtain TVA

power were Athens, Alabama, and Tupelo, Mississippi, both of which owned their own municipal distribution systems. Under the general TVA marketing plan, power is sold at wholesale to these cities at rates very similar to the wholesale rates charged by the private companies to comparable customers. In addition, however, the municipalities have adopted the so-called TVA re-sale rates, which range from three cents per kilowatt hour down to four mills. These rates are intended to cover all legitimate costs of service, and in practice it has been found that they do cover them. The rates include a fair return on the actual investment in the plant and a tax equivalent to the municipality exactly equal to the amount which would have been paid in taxes by a private utility. On the other hand, the rates *do not* provide for fancy dividends on inflated capital structures, or, in the case of municipalities, for excessive "taxing" of customers through the electric meters. Hence the reductions. For 1935 the average residential rate in Tupelo was 2.04 cents per kilowatt hour, and in Athens it was 1.99 cents. This compares with a national average of slightly over 5 cents, and an average of about 3.5 cents for the three private companies mentioned above.

What happened when these reductions were introduced in Athens and Tupelo is now a matter of common knowledge. Both the amount of the reductions and the dramatic publicity attending them brought about a transformation in attitude toward electric service. The old fear of the electric meter began to disappear. People became conscious of living in a modern electrified world. Use of electricity and ownership of appliances doubled and trebled within a year.

Almost inevitably rivalry sprang up between the two cities. I have on my wall a picture showing the electrical dealers of Athens, holding a large chart on which is plotted, month by month, the average use in Athens and Tupelo. One of the dealers is pointing proudly to the current month, when Athens' curve rose sharply,

to pass the curve for Tupelo. The "kilowatt-hour contest" between the two towns was widely publicized. It, like other news from the TVA towns, helped to dramatize in all parts of the South the possibilities for electrified living, with a cheap and abundant supply of power.

Now it is not by accident that some months later the Georgia Power Company announced its "Home Town Contest," offering \$10,000 in prizes to the communities showing the greatest gain in average use.

The contest, says a company announcement, seeks:

. . . to discover which are Georgia's champion home towns, Georgia towns in which life is most worth living. That liveability is to be measured by the latest and most accepted standard . . . *the use of electric service in the home.*

The overwhelming response to the contest has indicated that public interest is based on something far deeper than the actual cash prizes involved.

Mr. C. A. Collier, one of the company's vice presidents, reports that the town council of one Georgia municipality even passed a resolution authorizing the city to make a down payment on all electric water heaters purchased in the community!

In another city every water bill that goes out includes a sticker telling the home owner to join the movement by buying and using more electric equipment.

It is not an accident that, in his latest stockholders' report, Mr. Thomas W. Martin, President of the Alabama Power Company, announced with considerable pride that so many towns served by his company have now equalled the average use of Athens and Tupelo, and so many more have surpassed them. It is all part of the general contagion.

It is not an accident that salesmen for the Tennessee Electric Power Company have privately set as their goal to equal, in their territory, and to surpass if possible, the saturation for major appliances now attained in TVA territory.

On my desk is a letter from a sales official of the Georgia Power Company: "Won't you send me the annual kilowatt-hour averages for the TVA towns, so that we may compare our towns with yours?"

All these things are part of the chemistry of human nature. They illustrate the contagious desire for excellence which is now affecting both the people of the area and also the officials of some of the power companies.

Whether they like it or not, many utility people are being roused to competitive standards of performance, and they are beginning to experience some of the zest that goes with competition. The interesting thing is that many of them *do* like it. At least that is true of those who are close to the ground and who think of electricity in terms of its human implications. Several of them have told me that for the first time they are tasting the satisfaction of competitive performance. In the old days there were of course "contests" among salesmen; competitions between units in the same holding company, crowned perhaps by a trip to New York and a shake of the President's hand. But now they are experiencing competition in the sense known to other American business men—true competition in price and quality of service—and they have found it good.

Others there are who like it less. For the most part they live and work in New York. They are thinking of the utility business in terms of dividends and they see clearly that competitive conditions will no longer justify old-style dividends on inflated capital values. This is not a new situation in other forms of American business. What proprietor of a steel plant or textile mill has not had to face this situation and adjust accordingly? But it is new to the utilities, and because it is new, it hurts.

In the Tennessee Valley power consumption is on the increase. Towns are vying with towns to see which can put electricity to the greatest use. Whether the power is supplied by TVA or private companies, people have become acutely

aware of electricity as a force in modern life.

On the back roads farmers no longer are thinking of electricity in terms of "lights and a radio"; they are curious and alert to learn more about electric brooders and incubators, soil-heating cable, poultry lighting, and portable motors.

In town, electric service has ceased to mean just another toaster more or less; now it means nothing short of an "all-electric" home—range, refrigerator, and water heater, of course, and beyond that, attic fans for summer cooling, and electric heaters, "like those at Pickwick," the TVA's demonstration village at Pickwick Dam.

At TVA offices some of the most persistent inquiries are those from local industries asking about new electric processes adaptable to their operations: "Can we use electricity for roasting coffee?" "What is the possibility of using electric heat in processing cotton-seed oil?"

The desire for "power" is spreading through the entire Southeast. Month by month totals are climbing for energy consumption and demand. Gradually, in many sections they are overhauling the capacity of existing generating stations and transmission lines. The consultants and experts who took the stand two years ago and scoffed at the very idea of a "power shortage" are beginning to feel a little silly as the monthly reports come in.

Meanwhile the debate will continue: Who brought it to pass? Which came first, the hen or the egg? And for that matter, which is which? It will be a long time before advocates of public power and private power will have settled the matter to their mutual satisfaction. Technical writers will continue to write, to rain down facts and figures, and to sprinkle trade journals with their technical knockouts.

In the Tennessee Valley people are not going to worry very much about that. They are not going to analyze very deeply. All they know, or feel they need to know, is that since TVA was established rates

have been reduced and service has been improved. Rightly or wrongly, they give credit to TVA. They have become alive to their partnership in the power resources of the region. "The Tennessee River is ours," they say, and they are determined to share in its benefits.

IV

If there is any conclusion to be drawn from experience in the Tennessee Valley, it is one which will be equally unpalatable to the special pleaders for both government ownership and private ownership. It is not a question of mutually exclusive "systems." Neither side has any corner on virtue or ability.

It is not a question of conquest and annihilation, but rather a matter of strenuous emulation and rivalry toward a common goal. There is a clear and single objective—the electrification of the South as an incident in the electrification of America. What competition exists should be in the development of ways and means to reach that end in the quickest and most effective manner.

It is a mistake to define the problem narrowly, in terms of government versus business, of one *ism* versus another. Rather, it should be recognized as a symptom of the restless desire for change and improvement which has been one of the saving characteristics of America. For generations the American people have been giving and accepting challenges to find new and better ways of doing things. It is only when a particular group becomes lazy and inert, when it fails to recognize and accept a challenge, that one need worry about the "American system."

As a general rule, business has been its own best adversary. The examples are matters of common knowledge.

Henry Ford issued a challenge when he first produced his model T. Surely the makers of high-price, low-volume automobiles must have shaken their heads

and termed him a dangerous radical intent on ruining the business. But in the long run his challenge served to jolt them out of an old routine, to establish new standards of profit and performance by offering the public a better and a cheaper product.

Railroad presidents moaned and beat their breasts at the advent of the bus lines, and talked about "unfair competition." More recently they have seen the challenge and accepted it. The growing fleet of streamline trains is but one evidence of their answer.

Just now, merchants are trembling at the "radical" venture of their fellow-merchant, Mr. Edward A. Filene, in sponsoring consumer co-operatives. Mr. Filene has returned the challenge:

Instead of worrying over the rise of these consumers' co-operatives, business men who keep abreast of business change will welcome them as reinforcements in the struggle against depression, and as insurance for the continuance of our capitalistic system.

In the past, the public utility business has known little of this healthy type of stimulus and irritation. The very nature of their operations, hedged in with natural monopolies and "exclusive franchises," has allowed them to operate in peace and privacy. Now in the Tennessee Valley, for the first time on any scale, that privacy has been disturbed. Whether by accident or design, they are experiencing their first effective challenge according to the American tradition.

As the challenge sounds, some turn over and try to sleep a little longer, pretending that they do not hear. Some try to defeat the challenge by the old, unsavory tactics. Some turn cry-baby and beg for sympathy. Others, sensing a race, are stirring into action and seeking to justify their existence in fundamental terms of price, performance, and service to the public.

It is still very early in the game. But it is not too early to predict which method will lead to survival.



AN EXHAUSTED PARENT SPEAKS

ANONYMOUS

FRANKLY I am fed up with this younger generation. I am astounded to be making the admission, but it is the truth. I am fed up with pouring every drop of available effort into the yawning, bottomless pit of my children's demands and the demands of their friends, and about me I see other exhausted parents.

Like every other human experience, parenthood goes through endless phases: phases of exaltation, dogged devotion, concern, and despair. Now that my children have reached college age I have reached what might be called the period of exhaustion. I am exhausted with too much parenting, exhausted not just for myself but for all my generation.

When the children were small my capacity for patience and endurance seemed inexhaustible. Nothing that I could do for them was too great an effort. I poured my service and myself like liquid into two absorbing, exacting little lives. I had the strength of ten, the patience of Job. With almost a fury of concentration I attempted to feed the marvel of their minds and body with—if not the bread of Heaven, as good a substitute as I could provide.

All that I had found beautiful and lovely in life I wished to pass on to them; to thrust it down their unprotesting young throats much as I did spinach and cod liver oil. Everything I knew in music I sang and played into their more or less attentive ears. Everything in prose or poetry that inspired me they heard along with the Three Bears and Mother Goose: hymns, the Bible, Chau-

cer, the Golden Treasury, and a thousand other things.

Then gradually I realized that my position was being usurped. Their teachers, Scout leaders, Camp Fire guardians, and Heaven knows what else were taking my place. In the absence of more convincing authority I still might be consulted, but no longer was I shaping their lives and their tastes; instead, those two young people were now shaping mine: attempting to do what they could, with the limited material I offered, to create a mother in accord with their modern standards.

I conformed, for I admired them immensely. I trimmed ship here and expanded there, trying hard to incorporate their ideals with my own.

That went on until this year. This year I find myself rebelling. I am no longer the complying agreeable parent they have raised me to be. Suddenly I am (protected by my anonymity, I say it boldly) fed up with my children and my children's friends, with this whole generation of assured, bad-mannered, self-satisfied youngsters. Gone is my boasted patience. I am exhausted. I no longer admire these children of mine. If they are the result of modern education, modern thought, I do not admire it either. If they are the result of the training that I myself have given them, I am reaping a liberal harvest of my own mistakes.

In the family unit of my own youth the position of the child was a matter of deep solicitude but not of paramount importance. First came the family's claim as a

unit. Authority and obligation to it were fundamental precepts. We inwardly resisted authority of course, as does all youth. We resented the dictatorship of father and the soft-voiced viceroy dealings of mother. But we conformed. The general good carried weight above our own desires and wishes. Our personal obligation to contribute our small part was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh in the nineties.

My own children were born at a time when the family was no longer dominant. People had come to believe in the paramount importance of the child. I wonder if ever in the history of the world there were—or will be—such devoted, self-obliterating parents as we were! When I recall the perfect orgies of anxious service that we rendered I try to temper the severity of my judgment against the results—against the poor over-cherished, over-parented offspring against whom I now raise my unsympathetic voice.

The present-day individualism of these young people is no doubt the result of that over-parenting. In my children and in my children's friends this individualism astounds me by its egotism, its assurance, its selfishness, and its limited vision. Among the young people of to-day there seems to be absolutely no feeling of family unity except as an inexhaustible source upon which to draw. There is very little sense of personal obligation to others; there is a strong sense of others' obligation to themselves. "It is my own life, isn't it?" is the essence of their convictions.

While I believe that in our generation duty and obligation were over-emphasized, they had undeniable value. It was a nuisance of course to be generous when one wanted to be otherwise, polite when one wanted to swear, a gracious hostess when one wanted to slam the door, the pleasant mother when one longed to quit. Still it padded many a contact that now makes us flinch.

Most of the young people of to-day are utterly unhampered by such repressions. One need never worry that the young woman is inconveniencing herself out of

sheer sweetness of spirit, or that the young man is being polite for any similar reasons. They have no social compunctions. They are contemptuous of what they term our "ancient manners." They class as insincere our casual politeness. So many are the examples of the difference between their standards and ours that it is hard to make a selection. Suppose we take a party.

II

They had a party at our house last night. This morning as I attempted to repair the devastation my inward fire of resentment burned as brightly as the one I discovered smoldering in the davenport cushions where some young vandal had parked a cigarette, or as the lights in a distant third-floor storeroom where no guest had had any need to intrude but where someone had nevertheless intruded—and left ashes and a light. Our home to-day resembles some transient shelter after the guests have departed.

Ours is a large house, bought in the hope of giving these same children the opportunity to entertain their friends at home under capable and affectionate supervision instead of having them go elsewhere. On party occasions I do as tactful a job of chaperoning as I should hope would be extended my own children were they at a party in some other home. I am upstairs and down, in and out. I know all the guests from many previous parties and many previous years, for they largely have grown up together. Yet in spite of my presence till the last lingering couple reluctantly departed, some loving pair escaped my vigilance and slipped on up to the third floor to smoke in a distant storeroom and leave cigarettes smoldering on an inflammable box and the electricity going full blast to burn the rest of the night.

This is but a minor example, yet typical of to-day's young people. I resent their presumption, their abuse of hospitality.

"Good night," I say to a group depart-

ing at the front door long after midnight—only to turn about and meet them cheerfully re-entering at the side door for another dance.

"I can't have my new boy-friend at our house so I brought him over here," explains one young thing, implying Heaven knows what—a compliment or an insult?

They make themselves at home with a shameless disregard for the rights of others. With four bedrooms at their disposal for wraps, they invade my own room, frankly marked by its closed door. I smell a familiar fragrance and hear shrieks of laughter—and find that my lovely scent bottle, a particular treasure of mine, has been taken and that after the entire gathering has been doused with its costly contents the last drops have been used to baptize the cat!

No cupboard is secure from invasion. All the nuts and candy carefully put away for a future occasion are unearthed and consumed, as well as a private reserve of sandwiches planned for some of our own friends. Desks and drawers are rifled without a by-your-leave for cards or any other passing desire. Coats are taken for unexpected expeditions, while for impromptu theatricals the choicest possessions in the house are appropriated with an assurance that is infuriating.

"You want us to have a good time, don't you?" is the injured reaction of our two at any suggested rebuke. "We were hosts, weren't we? And after all your talk about the obligations of hospitality! What could we say when they dug out Granny's ermine cape for Elizabeth's train?" Why nothing of course except "take it," and add my wedding dress and the Paisley shawl for good measure.

When we parents attempt to urge precaution and care of property we go into their blackest books. Dangers exhilarate them. They put implicit trust in their skill at the wheel and their luck. The possibility of damage to the family car carries no significance to them. And when we place restrictions on their hours of getting in, or occasionally even veto some exceptionally hazardous venture,

then indeed does our stock sink below even its normal humble level.

We recently vetoed a river trip proposed by our son—a hazardous, impractical scheme for inexperienced boys, fraught with great danger. His attitude toward us is a graphic example of the modern point of view.

"I hate hurting you, Mother," he explained with painful frankness, "but for once I am making the decision. I know it's a dangerous trip, that our chances of coming out alive are about fifty-fifty, but it's *my own life*. I've never had a really dangerous adventure before, and no matter what you say *I'm going*."

No one can appreciate more keenly than I the longing for adventure. It is an ache that in myself has never been satisfied. I believe this tall, long-legged boy should have his share of danger and thrills and hardships. But why such terrific odds, with none but young boys in the party? "It's my own life," repeated my son with fire in his eye, "and you can't lead it for me."

No, thank Heaven, I can't and I wouldn't if I could. But have I any right, as a guardian, to allow him to go ahead into such positive dangers which he is totally unprepared or trained to meet?

I let him talk. That white intensity of longing brought back an expedition I myself had wished to undertake in my own youth, a tame adventure in comparison and one summarily dismissed by my parents. I waited till he had enlarged on a few more dangers and then tried tactfully to present a substitute adventure with sufficient thrills and sufficient menace to life and limb to keep the family from sleep during his absence: a trip in the old car across country to a big ranch, rich in rattlers, spotted fever, and coyotes.

My suggestions were ashes in his mouth. The dangers were too small. "I am going down the river," said he.

Then it was I heard myself burst into a good old-fashioned review of the price of parenthood and the obligations due

his father, with a few neat references to my own part in the past seventeen years; and I received in answer the familiar age-old query:

"What do we owe you and Dad anyway, Mother?"

Great Heavens, what *did* they owe us! Nothing at all. We didn't want them to owe us a thing. In happiness and fulfillment he and his sister had repaid our efforts—if there is such a word as "repaid" in such a relationship—a thousand times.

"What would the house be without us?" continued this reasonable son.

What would it be? Empty. A dreary place without them and their friends.

But I had been pinned to the mat so often that in my exhaustion I shook off any sentimental reasonableness.

"You've been a terrific investment, if you want to know it, Son!" I said flatly. "You have cost your father and me thousands of dollars in plain, hard cash and uncountable sums in concern and worry and attention. We are not rearing you for any personal gratification or benefit, as you seem to think. Just the moment you are prepared as well as we can prepare you to take up your share of life, the decisions you make will certainly be your own. But till then, my dear expensive and not exchangeable investment, you are *my obligation*, and decisions in vital matters like excessive exposure to danger are, strictly speaking, up to your father and me. There is a limit that must be set to freedom, and *we do the setting*."

I said it firmly.

"You mean I can't go?" said he in incredulous surprise. (The technic of the modern parent is to avoid such definite issues.)

"Yes," I answered. "I mean it."

So now once again in the eyes of the children I am the most narrowminded and cruel of parents. I deprive them of what makes life worth living. Other boys' mothers, similarly tested, have consented, I am reproachfully told. Did I think I was more loving? (This very sarcastically.)

But usually I must admit my attitude

is that of resignation. Protests are wasted energy against such odds.

III

But it is in their attitude toward marriage and all its accompanying obligations that I believe the young people of to-day exhibit most clearly their self-centered point of view.

"It is my own life, isn't it?" is once more the epitome of their arguments. Of course it is their own life—but so closely interwoven with other people's lives, so of necessity part of the fabric of the family life, the community life, that the burden of any decision they may make certainly is not carried alone.

Seven of my friends, and many of my acquaintances, have their married children living with them. "Why have a big house all heated and running smoothly and have us start out in some dump?" is the youthful couples' attitude. "I should think parents would *want* their children to come back home." ("I should think they would be glad to look after little Isobel, and have Tommy whooping all over the place while the young father and mother take a vacation!")

It is almost impossible to explain to these young people just why this moving in with the family doesn't seem the most desirable thing in the world to us parents. Of course we are glad to do all we can for our children. We are glad to help care for the grandchildren, to make the difficulties of rearing a family less heavy. Nor are we asking to be paid for our pains in gratitude. But at the same time we feel that the casual easy acceptance of this extended parental dependence is basically wrong. It is certainly opposed to nature's laws, and while it has its tribal significance, the young people of to-day would scarcely conform to the accompanying surrender to the authority of the tribe.

There is nothing wrong about going home to live with the family when it is a matter of necessity, but there is something

radically wrong in adopting this solution when the problem carries no deeper significance than the opportunity for greater ease at father's expense.

The way young people enter into marriage itself seems to me an exhibition of this same tendency to accept favors too readily. These high-school and college romances that are so fiercely defended by some as the "natural demands of youth" not only are great disappointments to parents ambitious for their children's best development but also add a serious burden. God knows, and I say it with all reverence, that when a child needs his parents' help and understanding he should have it. When he faces the economic responsibility of a new home and children the need looms large and heavy. But this is all the more reason why he should approach such costly and vital decisions with great deliberation and thought.

"We can live on eighteen a week," the proud young bride may boast. "You did it yourself when you were first married." I know I did, but I expected to work, to contrive, and to go without things that these young people have not the slightest intention of giving up.

They may start out in the pretty little apartment and spend a few months totting out there whatever treasures from the old home they can hijack to feather the new nest. But shortly the novelty wears away. The small apartment is stuffy and crowded. Ridiculous too what it costs! The eighteen-dollars-a-week job has a fragile quality. Lucy gets a bad cold and "for a few months"—just through the cold weather—the young people decide to move back into the old home. Lucy's room with the guest room and the bath between make a fairly decent suite, with the run of the whole house besides of course. "And really it is perfectly foolish to operate a great big establishment like Dad's for just those two old people!" The young people are usually still there when Lucy's third baby arrives. Grandpa has given up the sleeping porch to the little family and is

so tired of cereals and baby's wholesome desserts that he could explode. But he doesn't. They are good sports, these modern grandfathers and grandmothers—good sports or else well trained.

I try to imagine my own doughty old father upsetting the regularity of his well-earned, middle-aged regime by welcoming as residents me and my children. Except under the pressure of actual disaster it would have been unthinkable. Certainly he would never have done it for a mere economic stringency that could be met in any other manner. He would never have allowed it just for the gratification of our ease and convenience. When people married in my day they faced the music alone. No one turned the pages or pumped the organ. If the going were hard, Christmas and birthdays brought substantial presents. Meaty chickens and lamb's wool comforts and clothes for the children marked every festive occasion. But the idea of depositing my babies at my family's home so that I could take a nice trip was unthinkable. I would no more have considered upsetting that fine substantial home than I would have considered parking the children in the White House.

That is the difference. Young people then felt the personal weight of responsibility connected with marriage. Don't think we were not just as resentful of delays, of long engagements. But we felt the deep significance of what we were undertaking. There was nothing casual about it—no escape through divorce except as a disastrous last resort, no ready refuge of moving in with the older generation.

I reproached a friend recently whose son, a junior at college, "surprised" his family with a bride. His parents were surprised all right but philosophic; too philosophic, I thought. They continued Tom's allowance, increasing it so that he could have an apartment and continue his studies though married. They became in the eyes of the young people about us "swell parents," models

to be held up for the reproach of less affluent or indulgent fathers and mothers.

I told my friend that she was making it very hard for the rest of us by setting such a precedent. Some of us simply could not afford to support another household. To keep the children in college at all was the very limit of our capacity. And some of us were conscientious objectors to such an arrangement anyhow. I told her that other students would argue, "Surely my parents love me as much as Tom's do him!" and would come to the not unreasonable conclusion, "My people should let me get married and still support me in college."

And it was not a false prediction. Romances bloomed right and left. Other parents are now being faced with the same difficult problem. "What shall I do when my child, only partially ready to earn a living, assumes the obligation of a wife? Shall I say, 'You've made your bed—' and let the halfbaked boy I love so dearly stumble and struggle along alone, or shall I draw in my belt and assume the burden of this new household?" Shoulders do not accept new burdens so easily after fifty as they did when younger. The well-earned peace and quiet of an undisturbed home, the absence of financial drain become only a distant phantom.

Fathers and mothers may be acquiescent but they are not altogether happy when they see the current object of their son's affection appraising the details of the big house with a calculating eye. She rather likes the looks of things: substantial, spacious. The treasures which you have taken years to collect she evaluates coldly. She likes the way you entertain, however. Of course old Ella's service might be improved and some of the furniture assails her finer senses, but on the whole, the answer is going to be "yes." One can read it in her eyes. Give her a year or two and your sleeping porch will be extended and done over in apricot. The crib can go in the small room down the hall. You see your long-planned trip

to Bermuda fade quietly farther and farther away.

What may be the long-term effect on the character of these young people of returning to the old nest and accepting an extension of paternal support in order that they may live in the manner to which they are accustomed, only time will disclose. I can say though that at present they seem in no wise crushed by the situation. The returned sheep are a cheerful flock all right. And there need be no fear that they as parents will over-indulge their own children. Their co-operation in the combined household may not be marked, but they can be counted on to contribute endless helpful suggestions as to expensive household improvements without which decent living appears to be impossible.

The actual material burden of this doubling up in the old home deserves, especially in these days, serious consideration. Two households cannot live as cheaply as one, no matter how you figure it. Add a baby and a few modern ideas, and the increase is very appreciable. And even if the devoted parents are well fortified financially to meet this new drain, the inescapability of it tempers much of the pleasure to the father and provider. After educating their children most men hope to drift into less exacting days. Heaven knows, they enjoy indulging their loved ones, but they would like the indulgence to be a *voluntary* gift, not obligatory. After twenty-odd years of hard work, of unceasing struggle and anxiety concerning which the modern child knows absolutely nothing, this clamping down of a fresh and unavoidable burden in middle-age is discouraging.

The habits and customs of the older household invariably irk the young couple. "Old-fashioned and tradition bound. They ought to be grateful for our suggestions," complain the young persons. They do not realize that the original household has earned rights that deserve respect and consideration.

Nearly always it is the elder couple

that compromises, that concedes, that readjusts with only a few feeble gestures of rebellion. Grandmother may occasionally slip out the side door to avoid the storm caused by the discovery that she has had the temerity to order old-fashioned mince pie for dinner when it is exposed by all modern authorities as an impossible article of diet. But her decision to have mince pie was only a brief act of resentment at having been told that morning by her co-operative daughter-in-law that the house was too hot, that a humidifier was a vital necessity, and that the condition of the electric ice box was disgraceful. Usually she accepts such suggestions mildly.

There are of course hundreds of cases of moving in "on the family" that are perfectly justified. Often such a move is imperative. Often it is a blessing to both generations. I am concerned only about the ease with which such aid is usually accepted when the reason for the readjustment is just the opportunity for

greater comfort. I say quite frankly that I feel these young people have an exaggerated idea of their own needs. They give their own personal desires an importance out of all proportion. Probably we parents are largely to blame. We have indulged them in the past till luxuries have become necessities to them. We have shielded them when we should have exposed them to life's storms. We have not developed their endurance. We have been easy, we parents, blind in our devotion; and now, like Peter Pan, our children have refused to grow up.

"Try to consider others," a mother recently urged her child in an effort to instill in him the idea of unselfishness.

"But who are 'others'?" asked the child.

This, to me at least, quite clearly reflects the attitude of thousands of modern young people. To them there are no "others." They are so wrapped up in themselves that they think the universe revolves about them and them alone.





PURYEAR'S HORNPIPE

A STORY

BY LESLIE DYKSTRA

JUDY could hear the doves calling, and on a sudden the sound was Granpy's fiddle.

She darted round the house and on to the porch, stopping in front of him with eager demand. "Scotched me a new jig-step by accident, outen the bean patch!"

Roused from his memories, he was pointedly surprised.

She made a heartsome picture for his faded eyes to study. Her hair was smoothed back into twin shoulder braids that held the gold light of sun on a brown leaf. Her eyes were gray-hazel, deep-set, and pleasant, and her mouth seemed, like his, only wanting excuse to smile.

"Hit's a pippin; want to see?"

"Sure-certain," he said with fond interest.

"I reaches straight up, hopperin' high, and comes down twisty. Thisaway," she chirruped and made a sudden leap, appeared to fall, but then righted herself with a glib movement born of mountain grace, unmindful that her apron-slip threatened to fall off any minute. "Aim to weave it three spots in the hornpipe figure."

"Hit's foretold kain't no other young-un out-step my bantling," he said proudly.

"Uncle Steuben wonders him ifn I didn't win fame, come festival time tomorrow," she owned. "Gin judges and Sutherland's so minded. Case-happen a medal, I'll pin it on your put-away suit, or a green-back dollar, mammy can spend."

"Now ain't that handsome! . . . and has Melia fixed victuals plentiful to last?"

"Victuals plentiful to stuff an army," answered the crisp voice of Judy's mother from behind her. She stood on the sunken sill, drying her hands on a starch-wilted apron. "Ifn two fried rooster-birds, ham-meat, boiled eggs, strained greens, white bread, and new honey kain't spread far enough—" and she broke off tartly, fretted by cooking, "to keep four folks alive over two days—I'll declare!"

Melia was the widow of Peter's only son. She was a tall, comely person, with work-worn hands, but still unbowed, standing like some town lady in black silk. The weather-browned face might have been called sharp from its steadfast mien but for the eyes, deep-set and dark, that could sparkle with enjoyment of being.

"Do for a regiment!" She leaned over and smoothed the old man's long white locks that the breeze had riffled and took up his fiddle. "Seems like my conscious tells me Granpy's strength might fall short of the journey."

"Who you talkin' about—me?" Peter rose from his chair bridling. "Never felt more able-bodied," he declared, drawing himself up like an old soldier; but Judy pulled him down again.

"Rest yourself, Granpy; take ye plenty of rest. Would be nary a reason for travel did you fail to see me win Puryear

fame." And she turned to Melia with anxious eyes. "Reckon he got peaked account 'f no eggs for breakfast this long while?"

Peter snorted at such a notion. "'Twas no hardship. But I hope they brought you good barter?"

"Fowls earned fair exchange," Melia said, "but eggs—not powerful. Mr. Bonwick, he says, 'Hope these eggs air fresh.' A-lookin' 'em over dubious-like, and three times hopin' they air fresh. 'Fresh!' I tells him. 'Why, Judy has been hand-pickin' these yer fresh eggs from under our hens every single blessed day for nigh on three months' time!'"

"Got me a blue store dress and watered silk hair ribbons to match," Judy said and paused with her lips earnestly parted, showing even white teeth that had just finished crowding out the baby set. "And blue socks, boy-style, and black sateen for dancin' drawers."

"Seems like that last item air a luxury," Melia told her. "But your white cotton ones bein' patched to pieces from skinnin' the cat on the gate bar, kain't have people scandalized."

"And no new brogues?" Peter asked.

"Kin dance a heap easier in old leather anyhow," Judy declared, and went in a whirl of cartwheels across the porch, stirring a drift of leaves at the far end.

"Come, both," Melia said. "Contrive sleep now so to be up and ready for Steuben in the morning."

Steuben was Melia's brother. He lived over in the Garden settlement and worked as a trucker, building roads. But he was faithful to plow and help her plant corn in the cleared patch and give seasonal advice.

Stars were paling when he drove his small truck up "Four-foot Road" and on to the narrow cattle trail that in old times was The Pike leading to Tennessee. There was a lemon-yellow light flushing the mountain rim, and by the fence where he stopped locust and aspen leaves drew silver from dawn.

Fresh hay was packed in the truck body and over it a straw mattress. It was a

soft bed for Granpy to rest on with a bolster for his back against the driver's high seat where Melia climbed.

White mists bordered thickets of blackberry and sumac when the car got under way. Judy, facing the wide log cabin that was overtopped by giant sugar maples, felt the pang of great enterprise at leaving home. Beyond rose the slanting meadows, lush with bluegrass, where Jill and her colt and the feeder-steers grazed. The house, its rock chimneys, the encircling trees, the secret blue-green meadows, together formed a strategic defense, cupped lovely and remote, which she dimly felt and could find no words for.

At the first ravine crossing Steuben halted the car and filled two jugs at his favorite spring. The water came gushing from a rocky fissure, sparkled for a little way across a clearing, and mysteriously re-entered the dark earth.

"Won't find water God-freshened as this anywheres down yonder," he declared, and the sweep of his arm took in the world, with Burke's Garden valley below that was beginning to shine like a colored patchwork quilt spread for an airing.

As they joggled on again Judy could hear Melia telling him how the fine green dress she wore had been come by.

"And the relief Lady entered whilst I bargained with that old smoothie—Bonwick. Came close, smiling kindly-hand-some, a-lookin' on and a-listenin' in as if I might be her special business like the Coon Hollow folks. Made old Government-dawzzled Bonwick give half a yard more than measured. . . . Then she went rummagin' and outen a barrel of clothes, contributed me this, 'Here's a knitted suit, a bit too large for you maybe, but little worn. Would you like it?' Took me by surprise. Was near knocked speechless. But I held up the skirt, lookin' at it thisaway and that, and thinkin', 'Ain't no Puryear begged yet even from Government after wartimes.' But I took further thought: 'Ifn my old garments air so seedy a stranger pities, woe-me. I best accept the gift and cause

no shame to Judy at the Festival.' Waited, clearin' my mind, 'twell Bonwick pushed forward. 'Well, do you want it' he pressed, 'or *don't* you want it? Tell the Lady.' . . . So I said, 'Hit's mighty rump-sprung, ma'm, but I thank you just the same.' "

Judy had never seen beyond the green bowl of Burke's Garden. Now she found herself passing over its farther rim, only to meet with another valley and still another mountain and towns with names like early history. Ridin' fast, time kain't be measured, she thought. No sooner leave one strange sight than another smacks you in the eye and fades before its shape is known.

When they had dropped Chilhowie behind, Granpy stretched out flat and went to sleep, and Judy closed her eyes too, and only came awake when she heard Steuben saying "Konnarock!" Saying "Konna-rock" as if 'twere a battle won. And then they started up the last long grade that would come out on White Top, journey's end.

Just ahead an unwieldy truck rattled, careless of Kingdom Come. Its wide bed grazed banks of shale on the one side and on the other overlapped sheer nothing. In it young women and men stood packed close together, laughing and swaying with every fearsome lurch.

Trailing Steuben was a shiny automobile that held fine town ladies who hid their faces in gay fluttering handkerchiefs against the churned-up dust. Their driver wore a special cap and yet looked worried; unlike Uncle, Judy thought, who could close-curve a downgone place at road's edge withouten qualms.

Then they were at road head, and a sentinel waved Steuben to a stop. There was a sound of loud voices and commotion.

"I'll pay you no dollar," Steuben told him.

"I got to collect a dollar for every car passed," the man said.

"Been invited and aim to fiddle."

"Show your ticket then and get goin'. You're holdin' up the line."

"Wasn't handed a ticket."

"In that case pay me a dollar and go get a refund from Sutherland," the man ordered and cussed Steuben good and plenty.

"See you in hell first!" And Uncle, fightin' mad, braked the car and began to climb down.

"Aw, keep your hickory shirt on, friend," the stranger said, changin' his tune just in time, and made out to laugh, passing them on; though whur else they could a passed to was a question, Judy pondered.

Steuben drove by a mort of cars drawn close together at a level place, paying other sentinels no mind, and took a grass-slippery track to summit, a short journey on, there to strike camp. All was happy excitement.

"Sis honey, redd yourself up now," Melia said, sweeping them all free of dust and then filled a tin basin with jug water. "Wash face and hands. . . . Hi! Granpy, how you feelin'?"

"Fine as a fiddle, new-strung."

"Here, swallow this drop o' pick-me-up, and I hope it won't knock you off'n a cliff backward. . . . Steuben, light into the victuals now and eat hearty."

Steuben was grumbling, half boastfully, "You heered me tell him! 'Unused mountain-tops air free for all.' "

"Steub, he's too quick on the trigger," Melia said laughing. "But a dollar a car—gracious! Who-all gets the money?" And Granpy said, "Man whut owns the mountain, likely, and no wonder he failed to put a fence around it!" And Steuben laughed fit to bust.

Then he stood Judy on a high rock where five States could be seen on a clear day. "But we'd best brogue it down to the doin's now," he said. "Might-nigh time for the music. I'll guide Granpy whilst you-all tag clost."

It didn't take long to get to the Festival tent, but there was a great stir of people in and out of the entrances and going back and forth from the refreshment shelter. After much pushing they found themselves on one side of the platform

with other mountain talent, but the four rows of benches were already taken, and they had to stand alongside; authorities and music judges sat in a row of chairs opposite.

Jim Sutherland, red-faced and breathing hard, rushed up to check Steuben's name on a paper, together with Judy's who would dance to his fiddling. Though mountain-born, Jim had the dress and manners of town, and it was said he had got himself in a spraddle-fix, with one foot set on a mountain and t'other in a city, and him not knowin' which way to jump. He played a tricky banjo himself, and to-day served well as linkster, coupling mountain and city understanding, for the music promoters.

But he was a good showman, and now he started off the preliminary contests in banjo, ballad-singing, and fiddle music by introducing a man who gave them a party-piece, quick and devilish:

When a man falls in love with a little turtle
dove,
He will linger all around her under jaw;
He will kiss her for her mother and sister and
brother
Until her daddy comes and kicks him from
the door,
Draws the pistol from his pocket,
Pulls the hammer back to cock it,
And vows he will blow away his giddy brains;
Oh, his ducky says he mustn't
'Tisn't loaded, and he doesn't,
And they're kissing one another once again.

Everybody applauded, even those jammed in the walkways below where no breeze could wend through.

Next came an infare song, then a sorrowful strain that gave way in turn to a wistful air of love.

Judy knew many of them and joyfully called each by name to Granpy. "That's 'Leather Britches,'" and "that's 'Cripple Creek,'" and "that's 'Herald's Murder'"; and even town folks, who had come to listen, joined in singing the old favorite, "Barbara Ellen," a courting song that began gayly enough, and ended in heart-break.

Songs followed one after another so fast it left no time betwixt to think on a

one. There were quick tunes made you feel upsy-daisy, and others like the crack o' doom; verses fast as skip-the-rope, and songs with many stanzas weary as freight cars—empties foldin' back on themselves; but Granpy clapped his hands for each singer till he was tuckered, and a fat woman gave him her part of a bench with room for Judy too.

Jim Sutherland, in a nimble bearm, prodded singers forward, one by one, only to hold the watch on each, bound to finish and make way for the next, even though applause was lavish, and compliments plentiful.

But now to the central chair of honor came a strong yet gaunt mountain man that would not be hurried. The very sight of his kind homeliness smoothed Judy's spirit.

He took a firm position, squared to the world, his great head fixed like a winter-weary hound that sits in pale sunlight sniffing at spring. Two long ginger-colored locks of hair covered his ears and his eyes, that were mild and brown, drooped at the outward corners. Beneath them hung dewlaps of paunchy skin.

He hummed no note before. His mouth opened and began the tune on a midway pitch. With the timeless air of a large soul he sat, and his voice gathered full volume to the vibrant chord of his guitar, and then quieted down to the end of each stanza. He was no more conscious of listening people than distant waters of a creek's flowing; and as the ballad glided to its due crest, Judy glided with it, carried away by the melancholy twang whose repetition was the secret of spellbinding, felt only by those with minds easy enough to give over. The words were not so important as the feeling invoked, with colors of fantastic pioneer romance and all that darkling mountain memory held.

Judy saw two lovers by a graveside. The air seemed fragrant with cinnamon pinks. A survigrous sun burst through racing clouds and orange-lighted a glimery tombstone. Slowly the lovers em-

braced beside it, and slowly moved away. Smiling—sad, then happy, they took a leafy crested Pike beyond—The Wilderness Road. In mind's eye, she saw them walking steadily through misty woodland and purple glen amid the wayside flowers and rare bird-twitter. Two lovers, lovely forevermore, haunting The Wilderness Road. . . .

The rapt child was one with the singer. . . . But suddenly the spell was broken.

Jim Sutherland had stepped forth, and stood whispering in one majestic ear; and the people out front restless on their bench seats, and those standing in walkways were wilting.

But the singer would not be hindered. Another verse began and traveled on, though the lovers were lost now and the colors faded.

Judy felt indignant at Sutherland for shummacking with papers in his hand, and Granpy whispered, "That singer holds to his spoiled song, clamped resolute as a hound to a wild shoat's ear." And not till it came to a proper ending did the man leave off and bow himself away.

Hardly any but home folks clapped their pleasure, and Granpy's hands were the last to quit, because he felt sorry for the big man.

"That Sutherland's an unmannerly cuss," he said, and his neighbor answered, "Might better kick him offen 'n outhrust rock as pointedly stop a singer plumb in the midst."

But now a fiddler with a rakish air came and struck up a lusty tune.

"Way Up On Clinch Mountain," Judy named, her eyes dancing, and Granpy unkinked himself and stood up. "Hit's like a gift from home," he said, and everywhere feet began to tap the ground.

I'll tune up my fiddle, I'll rosin my bow
I'll make myself welcome where ever I go.

And folks yelled, "Yip-ee!" and joined in the refrain.

Lay down boys and take a little nap,
Lay down boys and take a little nap,

Lay down boys and take a little nap,
They're raisin' hell in Cumberland Gap.
Hic-cup! Oh, Lor-dy, how sleep-y I feel
Hic-cup! Oh, Lor-dy, how sleep-y I feel!

And Judy swayed with the others.

Cumberland Gap is a noted place
There's three kinds of water to wash your face.

"Wow!" voices called. "Yip-ee!"

Cumberland Gap with its cliffs and rocks,
Home of the panther, bear, and fox

And again the people joined in, singing the refrain.

Hic-cup! Oh, Lor-dy, how sleep-y I feel
Hic-cup! Oh, Lor-dy, how sleep-y I feel!

But at last Jim Sutherland filled the platform with his ownself, full of eager talk, giving and taking thanks, "Until after dinner. . . . More talent than time for. . ." And folks streamed outside making out to hiccup, "How sleep-y I feel!"

"No sense in Granpy broguin' all the way to summit and back," Melia told Judy. "Steub and I'll fetch victuals and drink, whilst you stay by him and mind he takes a nap o' sleep." And Granpy stretched out under a tree and Judy rested by turns, between practice of hornpipe steps, so to be ready when called.

The sun was hot but the air stayed cool, and she felt terribly hungry, and the meat and bread and Steuben's bought pop-water tasted better than any victuals known. After his sleep Peter was up-and-coming, and he got him a special chair with a back so to keep rested while the tent was filling. Soon it had overflowed, and common folks kept sitting down in chairs opposite the mountain talent, and were asked to get up again; but none bothered Granpy till two men began to push, making way for music-judges to pass in.

Then, at row's end, a lady in a sleazy-silky dress, yellow as a daffodil, stood behind him with her red lips puckered, and her suitor-man laid impatient hands on the chairback.

"You'll have to get up; these seats are reserved."

But Peter was puzzled and turned around, and the fellow took firm hold and lifted him to his feet so the lady could have her place. And Steuben, with his face colored by a certain fierceness of blood, rushed up and warned him, "Hi-you!" in a smolder. "Take keer how you quick rough-handle a grandsir, mister, happen you prize to-morrow's grace!" But the man only smiled and turned his back on Steuben and begged pardon of the lady as if he asked pardon for Steuben. And she smiled back at him and sat down. And Jim Sutherland rushed up in another bearm, telling Uncle, "Cross over."

So Steuben took Granpy's arm and drew him to his old place with other mountain folks, and a girl gave him her bench-seat and excitement died down. Yet there was muttering, and some spoke their minds out loud with downright displeasure. "No able-bodied young woman, however fine, need bid an aged man stand."

Judy felt downcast till a fiddler began to play and two young fellows clogged in white canvas shoes. The music made her toes tingle, and Granpy perked up happily. Other tunes and dances followed, and she stood like a race-colt straining at the rope barrier, hardly able to hold back. "I'll be next," she thought each time a dancer was called.

A small girl with a red cotton dress danced buck-and-wing; her shiny black shoes had cut-out places in front and they stepped it proud, and it seemed the tent would split open to rid itself of sound when people clapped their compliments. Judy's heart pumped and swelled with pride for the stranger. "Now!" she told herself, bubbling over. "My time, certain." But still another was called, and Judy had never seen anything like her outside an almanac. Surely a dolly cherished for her beauty. A city creature strayed to the mountains by mischance. Dress and drawers were a short smother of pink ruffles matching the pink of plump bare legs ending in pink leather. Her eyes were wide morn-

ing glory-blue, and her hair new cornsilk-yellow. The small feet tapped out a simple story, but their meaning was less clever than the wide silken bow that poised like a butterfly on her head and made a flutter-dance all its own.

"Such loveliness would shame a flower-thing jiggling on its roots," she thought, adoring even as her heart sank recalling her own dark looks. That this small dolly would win the medal was not a matter of doubt. Yet polite noise that followed was less than prodigious.

Wave after wave of banjo and fiddle music fared forth, and Peter sat with his eyes closed and a happy smile on his face.

"Pore Granpy. A-lovin' music so and disabled to play more. . . . Yet just happy to be and not in a swivet to do," she tried to whisper to Uncle who paid her no attention. And even while figuring thus, she saw Granpy's fingers begin to twitch and he cupped an ear forward, as if doubting a rumor heard, and his eyes strained hard like a man on a far peak searching home's familiar landmark.

Then it came to Judy that the tune begun the moment past was none other than the Puryear Hornpipe—Granpy's own!—the tune woven inside his own head when he was young and the same later taught to Steuben, who meant to play it here for her to dance.

A handsome young man was fiddling it with passion, and as Granpy's glory of youth was unravelled the ground began to quake with heel-stomping and the platform quivered.

Granpy got up from the bench liken a man gone agley, and Uncle Steuben came and whispered and got hold of Jim Sutherland and whispered, and the music stopped on a sudden, and people clapped the tent upside down. The fiddler bowed and stepped quickly back, and the noise went on, louder than before, while Sutherland and Steuben brought him over to Granpy. And the old man's gray eyes peered into the young man's face, and he stammered, "Be you Christopher Buchan?"

"Christopher's grandson, sir; my name

is Charles Buchan." And the fiddler took Granpy's hand in a tight clasp, saying, "Can it be true that Peter Puryear, the man my grandsir loved above all other men, is found at last?"

"'Tis a miracle." Peter said, and his eyes went misty and the two stood there still clasping hands whilst people called and whistled.

Then Sutherland prodded Charles Buchan out to the front, and again the Hornpipe sounded, and people swayed to its magic rhythm as before, and all of Judy's body was just one crave to dance. "I wish, I wish," tap-tapping in her heart to the music's beat.

Uncle Steuben, good player though he was, would never fiddle the same piece after this master, she knew, and a bold thought struck her. Should I leap right out in face of reason, could not a soul stop my heel-and-toe. And her feet, near past control, would have done that sin of brazenness directly had not the music closed in midair. But this time Charles, with upraised hand, put a stop to clamor. And the tent grew quiet as a church.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a voice held-back and dream-struck. "I wish to give you thanks for heartening praise. The music you seem to favor is a piece called 'Puryear's Hornpipe,' and it was composed by a man of that name. Now Peter Puryear was the greatest fiddler of his day, and my grandsir's beloved friend of long ago. They traveled far together, shared many strange adventures, till my kinsman married and settled down, and Peter shogged off on another road and lost himself to sight; but my grandsir kept his memory green, and taught me the famous Hornpipe when I was still a youngun. . . .

"Friends, they-two will ne'er meet again on any mountain road of earth, though here at this Folk Festival to-day I feel them near united. But—"

And the people waited in deep quiet as Charles stepped swiftly backward. He put one strong young arm round frail Granpy's shoulder and brought him slowly forward.

"Friends, I want you to meet that famous man—Peter Puryear, right now."

There was a moment of hushed surprise, then such a thunder of approval as made old Peter sway. Men threw up their hats, careless of how their property fell, and women waved bright pocket handkerchiefs. "Hurrah! Hurrah for Peter Puryear!" they called, and Judy was dizzy with pride.

Granpy touched his eyes with the clean blue handkerchief Melia had given him three years ago come Christmas; then, mistily smiling, he made them a low bow of ancient manners, and let Charles guide him back to his platform place.

"Now for me," Judy thought excitedly. "I'll do Granpy so proud he'll ne'er again have cause to mourn havin' no son with talent of a sort. I kain't fiddle but I *kin* dance good as any yet seen 'spite o' my looks."

Applause that had died down started up once more, the people clapping out a rhythm of their own invention, slow yet pleasantly determined not to give over until Charles would come back to play the Puryear Hornpipe.

Sutherland and Uncle were whispering together. Undoubtedly they were planning for Judy to dance while Charles pleased the folks. She smoothed her dress, quivering like a leggy high-breed before it leaps in pasture.

But close on the heels of this happening, all fiddlers were judged, and the people's choice, easily giving Charles Buchan first prize; he pinned the medal on Granpy's coat without ado, declaring he himself owned medals enough for any man, and this one was earned by the Hornpipe more than the fiddling.

Judy could hardly believe there was nothing more to come until she found herself lagging behind Melia, in a daze, as they went toward summit.

"Come, baby," Melia was saying, "we'll hurry ahead and lay out victuals for the men folks." But there were little spiders weaving webs in Judy's heart, closing out sunlight, so that she, so light-stepping by wont, brogued slow as if blinded.

Then they were at the truck, where Charles Buchan drank many toddicks of pure home-brew with Uncle and Granpy, celebrating inherited friendship, till Melia called them to sup, and she told how Judy's dance had got lost in the shuffle. And the visitor said it was a shame, and she would have to dance to his playing when he came soon to visit with Granpy and talk family history. But she felt empty as a skeleton leaf that can make no whisper of song; and before she could gather breath for a word of politeness, he was gone, and Uncle Steuben said Charles was a popular man and company awaited him.

Later Melia fixed blankets and pillows, and Granpy was hoisted into the truck bed, with Melia and Judy on either side, and Steuben went off in search of cronies. It was cold on this high peak, and she pulled up the quilts saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord—" but then thought fearfully, "maybe God doesn't love me any more," yet sleep came soon as head touched pillow, and dreams:

"Your turn next," said the lady-judge, dressed in dove-gray, and next thing Judy was dancing; but her leather shoes that curled up slightly at the toes began to grow longer and tripped her up at last.

Quivering, Judy sat up on the straw bed in the truck and came wide awake. The sky was a silver meadow, yet brimmed with sadness, and a sorrow hammered on her heart to be loosed. The prime reason for her folks coming here had been to see her dance. But afterward, foreign thoughts seemed to crowd her out of their minds much as she had been forgotten by the program makers.

Melia and Uncle had scarcely named her disappointment to her, and even Granpy was like a stranger, and she was lost in misery, wishing herself safe home on her own mountain.

Thin ribbons of cloud drifted across the moon, yet it lighted the dark shapes of trees whose limbs stuck straight out or downward, uncaring to shelter a body like home maples; trees that made them-

selves small, wary as men on a height, marked for target. And the mountain itself was unfriendly, standing apart from fellow-peaks. Small wonder if common-sweet posies feared to grow a-top, and flowing water kept hid. 'Twould be a poor place for a morning ramble in the dew.

"Here be I—Judy Puryear, traveled to the tallest summit, only to get me a hurt. . . . Grandling of a famous man, and me only a one to laugh at." Then she saw that Peter's eyes were wide, staring up at the violet-silver sky.

"Granpy, you see yon flying moon?" she asked, choking back a sob. And when he answered her with, "*Three* moons I been seein', come moon time, this long while, 'count o' short-sightedness," she said, "Must be a star for each and every gathered on this yer Mount. See ary a one singly?"

"They flow together in my sight; but ifn you glimpse one fairer than all others, 'twell bear the name of Nancy Wynne—her that chose my best friend, Christopher Buchan, for a bridegroom."

"Now ain't that a sompin'," Judy thought, recalling how Granpy's own true wife-woman was birth-named Martha Stone.

And she said, "Granpy, was that why you shogged off on another road?"

"Reckon," he said, closing his eyes peacefully. "Sheep's in meadow, and cows in corn."

Two weeks had passed in special quiet since the journey, and Granpy still counted on Christopher Buchan's grandson, now a day overdue. But a cattle-buyer who combines business with fiddling cannot be expected to toe a calendar mark.

The mountainside flourished with green and hot suns drank up heavy fogs, for nights were cool, with much rain fallen.

Melia had put off the green store-suit, and with it bundled out of sight all dreams of rich dress goods and lowland women's finery, and contented herself

with braiding a rug. Judy could see how she rejoiced in each new round of sameness.

Granpy vegetated in the shade for such long hours unmoving. "Hit wouldn't surprise me none were his head to send up silver sprouts," she told Judy. "I misdoubt me he's ailing some. A body'd never devise for all he'd tell, unwishful to cause me trouble."

Peter came to life on a sudden, and his mouth puckered into a denial; but after a puff or two of smoke he put the pipe down. "Baccy distastes me somehow."

So Melia went to the spring-shelter, chose a dew-rimmed jug small as a syrup pitcher, and plucked a sprig of mint.

"Might's well get the good of this now as ever," she said, offering his glass with the manner of politeness that had always held between them, and sat down for a gossip.

He took a sip. "Whoo-ee! M-m. . . . I rate that master. Must save some for Charles and Steuben."

"Steub's in love," she said, and Peter stared. "Hit beats all. Here was he, a counted-on bachelor, payin' him no mind to home girls. Standin' word-haltered and lackluster frontin' the prettiest. Had to go climb the highest mount to come on romance."

Granpy tilted back, suddenly jubilant at this news. "Mankind! What like?"

"A stylish one from over near Baptist Valley. No whit better-favored than ary a home girl. First claps eyes on her, whispers me, 'There's my woman!' Courtship traveled faster'n a March hare. Tips her a 'howdy' at noontime, and the same night bespeaks her to wed."

"That's *courtin'*! . . . what I mean: courtin'. . . 'Twas the starlight . . . music."

"Aims to go see after her next week."

Peter's eyes glowed with interest. "We'll have another party." And he lifted his head liting:

"We'll give the bride-and-groom a happy wedding-infare—" And broke off to laugh with childish delight.

"Granpy, my gracious! You're a scan-

dal," she said smiling and brought him his fiddle.

"Then my old age ain't wasted," he made boast, immensely pleased. "Melia-girl, I been a-studyin' over Government news-ales Steub told us and wove words to fit, steppin' up an old ballad to match new times. Seems as though our songs air too behind. Heark now." And he swept the bow across strings with unwonted ease and sang to the tune of Cumberland Gap:

Wake up boys, you been too long a nappin',
Ain't a thing in Cumberland likely now to happen.

"Wouldn't wonder me you could fight yore weight in wildcats this minute," Melia said laughing. And Peter paused and took another sip, and his voice got strong and he sawed right on through six-to-a-dozen stanzas:

Rise up boys, big times are gone,
Hell's done moved up to D.C. town.
Make yourselves welcome to Roos-e-velt
With a coonskin cap and a panther-pelt.
Fetch along a fiddle, a Clinch Mountain fox,
Horn full o' powder with your old flintlocks
*And three kinds of water to wash your face
When you arrive at the President-place!*

Hic-cup! Oh, Lor-dy, how sleep-y I feel
Hic-cup! Oh, Lordy, how sleep-y I feel.

Melia was bent over with laughter when he put down his fiddle, scant of breath. "Whur at's Judy?"

"Settin' right behind ye."

"What makes her so quiet?"

"I'm unknowin'. That child no longer contents herself. She's a worry. Past starvation, yet withouten room for good cornbread. Seems like we all got benefited by the Music Festival except my lambkin. I sells my rug—ain't nobody goin' to climb these yere back hills a-searchin' out my handiwork, Steub finds himself a wife-woman, and you get bestowed a medal."

Judy rose from the steps and started moseying along on the smokehouse path where a hantle of chickens roamed, separately gawking. The close dappled shadows of branches turned gray, and the sun moved over toward Tazewell, making a fozy smear in the distant sky.

But Melia called, "Jude" in a tone that best be obeyed. "Come stay by Granpy."

So she moseyed back and stood leaning against the old man's chair.

"I'm a tunin' up fer a hornpipe," he wared her invitingly. But she was heedless of music.

"Heark now to the voice of my fiddle; guess what like is this?" and Peter drew his bow again and the strings answered with a lilting lament: "Whip!—whip! whip—whip-ee-r-will," and the sound was so blithesome-lonely it made her heart skip a beat.

"Hit's the long-lost askin' why," she said.

"Tain't so," and his smile twinkled. "Baby, sposen you cut me a caper? Remember the jiggin' step you scotched outen the bean patch, day before journey?"

"Kain't recall. Anyways I aim to sew me a seam and get grown, leavin' off dancin'."

"Leave off dancin'!" The old man stared in unbelief. Then he drew her head down to rest on his shoulder. "Why, you got a lifefull o' dancin' before you. 'Course by courtin' time you'll leave off hornpipe antics, and'll swing yore partner; and later join in play-games with the olduns. But a bonnie lass, light-footed and glad-hearted by nature, air bound to reel it 'twell she's trembly." And he began a shaking movement with his foot like a jiggery ancient, and Judy was obliged to laugh; but she held onto downgone feelings that could no more be named than the name of straw-flowers in general.

"Kain't dance theseadays. Do I try, my feet get tangled. Old ankle bones won't rock me clever."

"Ifn you would dance, yore spirit would ease."

"You darling Granpy!" she said, giving him a quick hug. "Guess I'll go fix a mash-feed for Jill."

The sun came back, and Granpy stared downward at the Garden valley as if his thoughts had turned wandery; but when Judy was half-way up the slant meadow

she could hear his fiddle speaking lonesomely; calling, "Whip! whip!—whip-ee-r-will—"

The dusk was like every other, with birds here and there in the trees and a dewy perfume of roses stirred by a faint wind.

But when Judy went to the porch to say supper was ready she found he was asleep. He sat in his chair, propped by the fiddle, with his chin resting on the smooth wood, as if ready to pitch a new tune.

So she tiptoed away; and when Melia came, she knew he would never wake more.

"Withouten a sound, or a chime o' warnin'," she whispered, "more than the ghostly call o' a whippoorwill."

The nearest settlement preacher being smit with an illness, 'twas left for Steuben to carry the funeral service bravely forward. Near-boundary neighbors were seated on chairs and boxes in the long front room, waiting while he studied what, for a sermon. The day was beautiful with sun and lively chirping and the whirl of a lone katydid, but inside gloom crept over Judy.

Steuben, failing of words to begin, the company saw his trouble, and some one pitched a tune, and all lornly voices raised a doleful hymn. And when the dreary notes had sighed themselves to a close, silence grew, with the mourners staring straight ahead as if they, too, failed of thinking.

Then another melancholy tune was begun. It bade all wicked sinners heed and offered lasting torment.

And when it seemed he would speak at last, a widow-cumberworld in sable weeds put up her frousty veil and picked her a ballad to suit her mind's condition; she stretched her neck and quavered a note, and neighbors took the pitch and carried it forward. The words were roundabout and awesome. They dug up smoldering sorrows best left be, and the long-drawn chant made Judy sob, and Steuben frowned like a thunderstorm.

He loomed by the window-side, both hands thrust into britches pockets, as might a man wrestling in outer darkness. Then he stepped free on a sudden, and his face cleared and the wailing was cut off.

"Friends," he said simply, "hit's hard to speak private feelings in public, and I'm fair puzzled to choose a text fitten for Uncle Peter. But my religion tells me there's no call for high palamity of grief. Seems how such a gladsome spirit owns far less need of prayer than our own frecket souls. . . . You'll bear me out, remembering his golden rule: 'Be happy—case bein' so runs up no bill for other men to foot.' . . .

"I got no fear he'll fail o' heaven. I'm bold to believe he got a call from there. . . . Must be a mort o' folks been broguin' the golded streets, cravin' a change from hymns, might petition the Lord for Peter Puryear, with his mountain-fetched fiddle that he hand-rived from the heart o' a maple . . . cronies, and folks what 'balanced all,' dancin' when here, to his tune times unnumbered." . . .

The mourners were not scandalized at this, but listened solemnly, as if considering how well the words might be taken.

And Steuben was suddenly drawn up into something finer than his own rough-hewn self. His voice, by nature harsh and contentious, now richened, full of persuasion, and grew deep with feeling.

"What I aim to say: hit's certain-sure St. Peter won't leave his namesake standin' outen whilst he gives him word-o'-a-sort. No. . . . All is—when Peter, fiddler and happy spinner of tales, stands before Peter, serious Saint, he'll hear, '*Enter withingates.*' And might even call, '*Choose yore partners; we'll run a set.*'"

And "Amen!" "Fair enough," and "Likely-undoubtedly," was answered.

"Folks—say we give Uncle Peter a happy outfare? . . . In his spirit lingers close, regretful of leavin' his home-place, say we fiddle him close to the pearly gates with music that matched him?"

And the company gathered Steuben's

meaning wholesomely and only waited to rejoice with him.

Straight-off he settled himself and started a galloping ballad-song commonly known and enjoyed. And with this change of music, the room's funereal darkness became festal; grief brightening into gladness, and fear into hope—all growing together as if to show how like are gay things and sorrowful.

Judy's tears had stopped, yet her own heart was still lavish with grief, recalling how she had denied Granpy when he bade her cut a caper but two days gone. And not till Uncle Steuben shogged off into a lively jig-tune did the hurt give over. Feet softly tapped the floor in a wide half-circle, and her own black leather brogues tapped with company.

When the tune was near done a late-comer entered quietly. He paused for a moment beside the smooth-boarded box that rested at the farther hearth, then turned to Steuben, who took his hand in a fervent grasp.

Judy's eyes blinked in amaze at seeing Charles Buchan once again.

"I come too late," he said regretfully.

"Happen not," Steuben said, offering the fiddle to Charles.

"I'd be proud," Charles answered, and directly the strings sang with a melody of woodland sounds. And every stroke of the bow conjured something new: tree-tops in a gale, music of bubbling rain, waterfalls rushing, myriad voices of birds.

Then, as if this Forest Medley had served him only to test the instrument, he waded point-blank into the Puryear Hornpipe; and as Charles Buchan played, the tone of Peter's beloved fiddle grew proud and full. The box quivered and came fully alive and gave out everything it had to master hand. Company's heels were set afire keeping time to that marvelous beat, and Judy felt lifted and spun in a sudden dizziness, light as a leaf in a puff of wind.

"Oh! I craved to pleasure my Granpy too," she cried, and Uncle nodded.

Next thing, radiant, she leaped to front and went whirling east and west

across the floor like the flicker of a dancing sunbeam.

It was almost as if Granpy had laid his summons on her spirit; for she danced religiously, obeying harmony's pure demand. And as the rhythmic waves of hilarious sound pulsated through her being, Judy could feel a holiness above her. Each sportive leap in the Hornpipe figures was begun with her arms wide as if they were broad fans of a fairy angel opening for flight.

The mourners' faces shone with reverence for the child's unconscious act of grace and simplicity—their healthy mountain senses rejoicing in the natural. They watched, whispering, two and two—of Charles and Judy:

"Fiddlin' and dancin' Peter's spirit up

to the pearly gates."—"Never seen a service more fitten to a body's character."

"And she, spry as a hopper a-scissorin' air. Leaped so high, feared me she'd get herself hung from the rafter—time that string o' herbs wropped her round."

"Could no angel tap out sweeter hallelujahs though did they come down to earth and try."—"Unless inspired by that one's music."

"'Twould make a gouty oak tree hobble."—"Way she ankles it cautions me go limber up my ownself before life's fire quenches."

And when, at last, the Hornpipe bade her reel in a magic rope, all the little spiders that had enshrouded Judy's heart wound up their silken threads and were blown away.

THE LANTERN

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

ALL the fields were flakes of fire,
 The lightning-bugs were drifting higher
 Than dim trees against the night.
 It must be fun to take a light
 When going courting. That brought back
 A thing of which he'd lost the track
 For fifty years—how he and Jane
 Had walked one night along a lane
 Carrying a lantern. He had hold,
 And she had hold, and there was gold
 Light spilling on the clover tops
 Between them as they went, and drops
 Of dew caught fire, and they said
 Not one word but went ahead,
 And he knew that their steps would go
 A lifetime long together so.



CAPITALISM AND WAR

BY D. W. BROGAN

“THE war of 1914–1918 was between Britain and Germany and was about trade.” This I read in a number of *The Listener*, the official organ of British broadcasting. The author of the dictum was not arguing, he was telling you—the you in this case being an Oxford historian who was silly enough or mentally twisted enough to think that the last war to end war had roots in other things than trade and was fought not merely formally, but really, about questions not reducible to any cash balance sheet. I am well aware that I am writing myself down as being as blind as my colleague, but it seems to me that the last world war was not “about trade” nor do I think that the next war will be. It *may* be, but it need not be, and I am rash enough to assert that if the only danger to the peace of the world is the covetousness of capitalism for markets or raw materials, peace is safer than I have any reason to hope.

Such obscurantist views seem oddly out of place in a world in which Mussolini is straining his power to the utmost to acquire not startlingly valuable politico-economic assets in Africa and in which Japan is acquiring, not indeed by war, but by the threat of war, large areas of Northern China, which, if they have no other assets, are full of an industrious people whose zeal for work survives a taxation that would commend complete inertia to a Connecticut Yankee. Yet despite these real or apparent examples of the flag preceding trade, of the use of the machine-gun and the bombing air-

plane as sales talk, it seems to me that much of the current assumption that international trade is based on actual or potential war, and that the only safe way to stay out of war is to imitate old not new Japan and make international commerce as difficult as possible, is not merely “defeatism” but is based on a wrong diagnosis of the disease. All wars pay *somebody*; some wars pay *everybody* (if on the winning side, and excluding the dead of course), but there’s not much more than that to be said as a general principle, and not much more that is any guide to a particular situation.

War is an old phenomenon, and even if it is not quite as old as human society, it seems to me unlikely that it has only one cause and unlikely that its roots are going to be pulled up even by a successful revolution replacing the armaments manufacturers and the international bankers by the controllers of a nationalized plowshares trust and the commissars for nationalized credit.

But in talking of a general cause for war I am, admittedly, setting up a man of straw or a man straw from the neck up. In the past there have been wars for war’s sake and there have been religious wars, no doubt with economic motives buried in the foundations, but still wars mainly about the next world. No doubt there were plenty of chances for the exercise of the profit motive in the First Crusade, but most of the leaders and the rank and file were moved to their eccentric actions by the simple belief that God willed it. No doubt economic conditions

played their part in the attendant circumstances, but no amount of economic pressure would have produced the Crusades without a living belief in the paramount importance of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre. So too it has been with many wars; they have not all been about trade or, except in a remote fashion, about "economics." They have been about religion and jealousy and various other passions. But, it may well be objected, that has next to nothing to do with us. We are not living in an "age of faith," we are living in an age of economic control, we are living in a post-feudal age, in a society dominated by bourgeois, that is, profit-making ideas; not merely our practice but our ideal exalts the great producer of worldly goods. Henry Ford, in the West at least, easily beats Gandhi for control of the popular imagination. In such a society, dominated by the profit motive, it would be very odd if war were not also dominated by it. Such an argument is worth consideration, and still more attention must be paid to another, the popular Marxism of the anti-expansionists.

This latter theory is simple, contains a great deal of truth, and explains a great deal, but it is overworked and is made to contain so much that it bulges in an intellectually inelegant fashion, and explains everything—which is usually a bad sign of a social theory. On this theory, as capitalism progresses it develops all over the world; state after state enters on the machine stage and produces more than can be consumed at home owing to the constant discrepancy between real and effective demand which is inherent in the system. Thus markets abroad become more and more important. Tariffs shut out country A from country B, and *vice versa*, so that both try to sell their surplus in the remaining pre-industrial areas, and both attempt to keep the others out by securing political control. "Had we but world enough and time," this might not matter, but both are limited and the competing powers *fight* for the right to monopolize both raw materials

and the disposal of the manufactured goods for which they are exchanged.

The countries which got in on the ground floor, England, Holland, France, have as much spoil as they can manage; the "new countries" (the countries which got into the international free-for-all late) are forced to take what is left—and that is not enough. So the invasion of China follows naturally on the freeing of Manchukuo, and the invasion of Abyssinia represents the necessary gamble with the poor cards which history and nature have given to that newcomer to the international poker game, Italy. So too Germany will sooner or later be forced to burst her bonds and seize what she can, presumably the chance to control the great peasant market of western Russia. By arms, Essen and Elberfeld will cut off these peasants from Stalin-grad, Stalinabad, and so on. Since a capitalist state *can't* avoid this dilemma, *can't* "develop its home market" so as to find buyers for the surplus piled up by technical advance, it must *either* renounce the fruits of the advance, burn its cotton, control its machines, limit and "stabilize" its economic activity *or* find new markets—and those markets have to be fought for, either to acquire them or to defend them if, like the "old countries," you have inherited assets which hungry and desperate peoples covet. Indeed, there is no "or"; for the arts and crafts of the controller, the devices of reformist politicians, cannot avert, for more than a historically short period, the necessity for fighting a way out—though that way is as much of a blind alley as the other. But it will be tried, and war is the inevitable end of capitalist competition. The need for areas to exploit means war just as the shrinking of the polar ice caps forced Mr. Wells's Martians to invade the earth. There's an old Zulu saying "if we go forward we die; if we go backward we die; let us go forward and die"; and in a dilemma like that we are all Zulus, especially as we are in our hearts convinced that if we go forward we need not die; it will be a couple of other fel-

lows. Thus the last great war was fought to decide whether Germany or England would rule the roost and the next may be fought between the winner of that contest (if any) and Japan. Meantime, as a minor demonstration of the theorem, there is the invasion of Abyssinia.

Now this theory explains a good deal; it accounts for a good many wars, but even to-day it doesn't explain all of them or even most of them. There may be times when a war *does* pay, or seems to nearly everybody to pay. Thus the military and naval successes of the elder Pitt seemed to contemporaries to be well worth the cost. It is true that Benjamin Franklin disputed this. He asserted that in the computation of the value of the West Indian islands you had to allow for all the wars they had cost and might cost, and it was by no means certain that the account so cast would show a balance. But people refused to add up the score this way, and even Franklin himself was not quite convinced that the expense of capturing Fort Duquesne and thus making Pittsburgh possible was excessive—especially if it could be charged up to the home country.

II

The eighteenth century had few doubts. Wars—victorious wars, that is to say—paid. They paid some people more than others, and the soldier might have to take his share in intangible glory; but the community as a whole could make war pay. This idea survived the great wars of the French Revolution. Most Englishmen were convinced that downing the French and their infidel menace to all decent ideas and ways of life, and picking up Ceylon, by the way, was worth the four billion dollars of debt it cost, and the mass of Frenchmen had no doubt that all the loss of life and miseries of war and revolution were worth paying for an end of the old regime—a conviction so deeply rooted that not all the ingenuity of conservative polemic has shaken it.

There were in the nineteenth century

wars that seemed well worth the cost. The British Opium War with China seemed a bargain at the time. The collection of the arrears of debt from Egypt by the British army and navy seemed to show a cash profit, and among the emotions behind the support for the Boer War was a belief that it would make the market for De Beers and Chartered more healthy. Even after a year of that war a book was published showing how all the cost of war could be covered from the increased yield of the gold mines combined with the great increase in general well-being that was bound to flow from the substitution of British rule for that of "a corrupt oligarchy." As for the Spanish-American War, not only did Americans burn to rescue ladies from Spanish dungeons and Cuba from concentration camps, but there was the profit of law and order for the sugar trade, while Manila, as a new Hong Kong, would much more than cover the twenty million dollars paid to Spain and the costs of suppressing the "rebellion" of that too literal-minded politician, Aguinaldo. "Our institutions," said Senator Beveridge, "will follow our flag on the wings of our commerce." Even if the institutions were delayed in transit, well, there was always the commerce.

Even before the late war these bright dreams had faded. The auditing of the imperialist accounts by Sir Norman Angell showed a great deal of water in the stock. It required for example no great acuteness to realize that the conquest of the two Boer Republics had, from a cash point of view, been a more than doubtful investment. If the theoretical and practical demonstrations given before 1914 were not enough, then surely the experiment begun in that year should have carried conviction. That war proved that defeat was just as expensive as had been feared, but that victory was so little better that it was hardly worth squabbling about. If British industrialists welcomed war as a means of getting rid of a competitor, the nightmare years that followed 1918 ought to have educated even a busi-

ness man. What consolation came to a Cunard director from seeing the Hamburg-Amerika line swept off the face of the ocean when there seemed a fair chance that the ships of the Cunard would follow their rivals? It was poor consolation to a Sheffield cutler to think that the French were making things hard for Solingen when they (or the nature of things) were making it hard for Sheffield too! Even the triumphant Americans learned, in time, that no spoon was long enough to make it safe to sup with the war devil. If the capitalists are capable of learning, then they ought to have learned that nowadays war doesn't pay—even on a short view; consequently they ought not to be taken in by sophistries that lead to war. Yet they have not, or some have not, for the demon of war has not been exorcised; he has indeed returned to a house swept and garnished, only improved by his expulsion to the degree that Herr Hitler is an improvement on Wilhelm II. At the best, it is a poor result to show for millions of gallons of ink and an approximately equal quantity of blood.

Why should this expensive lesson have been so ill learned? One pessimistic school will murmur "*Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens*," and human stupidity does rise often to the height of a great natural force. But human beings are not quite as stupid as all that. The observers who see in imperialism the last kick of capitalist exploitation will point out, with some justice, that it does not matter whether or no it is possible to show that war for trade, for raw materials, and for markets is suicidal for capitalist society; for the fundamental capitalist weakness is precisely its inability to avoid the suicide that *laissez-faire* involves. The early classical economists believed in an invisible hand ruling all men's selfishness for the total good; that faith is blown upon now; the unseen hand rules our society to its own destruction. It matters nothing that the temporary triumph of one state or one group within a state involves the final

ruin of all, for in a capitalist society the final ruin or happiness of all is nobody's business. Starving men on a raft may practice cannibalism even though they are sure there is no final escape for them; so with capitalist states.

That armament makers, that branches of industry which profit or think they profit by imperialism, will be deaf to arguments showing that their interest is in a hypothetical general prosperity or avoidance of ruin is highly probable. The number of tariff-protected industrialists who candidly admit that they see that the system benefits them at the expense of others is small; the number who are willing to gamble on getting as much out of a new economic set-up at a probably higher level is even smaller. The same obstacles to comprehension do blind many sections of industry to the long-run cost, even to themselves, of their immediate profits. Nor, as I have said before, do I think it unknown in the past or impossible in the present to conceive cases in which war would be profitable, in cash, for a majority of the victorious state's population. If the Japanese get away with the Manchukuo adventure without the expense of a general war it may turn out to be a fairly good investment—although the risk of a great war with Russia ought to be counted in, and that makes it a rash one. But these cases are rare. It is difficult to think of a war on a big scale which any prudent government or even imprudent government could think worth the cost—not to speak of the risk of defeat.

Yet, for good or evil, the peoples of Europe (and of course of most of the rest of the world) have an old respect for war as a pastime worthy of serious respect and, at times, of such respect that no other activity is comparable to it in interest or importance. The ancient and skeptical Greeks were not, in the main, skeptical about *that*. As the case of Aristophanes shows, they were so immune from fear of real pacifism that they could allow dirty cracks at the men who were making Hellas safe for democracy on the battle-

field, which in wartime Europe would have been frowned on and which would have scored at least twenty years in the United States.

Christianity has made very little difference. That good Christian, Samuel Johnson, commented on the inferiority felt by every civilian in presence of a soldier, and one of the greatest of modern Christian poets, Father Hopkins, has asked, "Why do we all seeing of a soldier bless him?" and has gone on to give a highly flattering answer. It may be objected that these were romantic civilians, but there are plenty of soldiers who agree with them. Mr. Liam O'Flaherty (late of the Irish Guards) has told us that he does not care whose low ends he served in the late contest over markets. "Drivel about cannon fodder and hired murderers to defend the loot of financiers. The horse cannot choose its rider. His noble back bears the miscreant as well as the virtuous." This emotion is deep, and several more or less plausible explanations have been given for it, but here it must be taken as existing. It accounts for much even in modern history. If the English Opium War was a trade war of a very pure type, what of the Crimean War that followed it? Richard Cobden, who thought things out, could not understand why the sound business men who had supported the Anti-Corn Law League and on whose common sense his political theory was built, should support that most preposterous of all power wars, the Crimean adventure. The fact was that Mr. Alfred Tennyson (the Poet Laureate) understood business men better than Mr. Cobden. They, like Mr. Tennyson, rejoiced that "the long, long canker of peace was over" and admired "the blood-red blossom of war." As for the mercenary Mr. Cobden, he was as bad as his friend Mr. Bright, that "hawker of holy things," as was severely pointed out, given to listening "even in his dreams to the chink of his pence." The English business man of 1854 was too busy listening to the siren songs of glory to hear the chinking of pence or pounds—though the income tax

in the next few years helped his hearing.

It may be objected that these were remote and safe wars. They might, and did, degenerate into farces, but hardly into tragedies. A modern war like the last and like the not impossible next is ruinous for both sides. True, but the last one came and the next one may. It will be asserted of course that the real business interests of the nations know this, but that the armaments trusts, the concession hunters rule the political scene. If they do, why? In no country have they the bulk of the money or economic power. Why, for example, should Vickers, whose recent financial history has been very dreary from the shareholders' point of view, be so powerful as to be able to induce a British policy that will ruin or seriously endanger great interests which have money to spend where it might do most political good? Why should those dread figures, the international bankers, who would, on the whole, prefer not to lose even their customers' money if it cost them nothing, lie down under a policy that may ruin them as well as their countries? Why is it, for instance, that the heavy industries in Britain, which benefit from armaments and, for a short time, even from war, are so potent for evil and so impotent for good? They can, it is believed, involve Britain in entanglements that may topple us over the precipice, but they cannot, in peace time, stop a policy that cuts down international trade and so the demand for ships, that spends money lavishly on absurd beet sugar or hop subsidies or schemes for inducing pigs to give up birth control, which are not only intrinsically costly but make it harder and harder to work the economic system on which shipping and banking both depend? Why is it that, in America, the great masters of business have not been able since the War to reverse a tariff policy which, even if Mr. Hoover could not see it, was incompatible with the basic economic interests of Messrs. Morgan, Rockefeller, and Ford? Mere talk about capitalist contra-

dictions is too vague here, just as mere talk about Christian principles is too vague in a concrete wage dispute.

III

With all allowances made for stupidity, for atavistic passions for war blinding even investment interests to their own advantage, for the pressure of conquest necessitated by capitalist expansion, there is something left unexplained in the problem. Two points have been comparatively neglected.

In the first place, the importance of big business's selfish interests has been over-stressed. Imperialist wars are not launched by great master-minds of business, any more than the local stick-up man gets to work on instructions sent down, through intermediaries, from a great master criminal disguised as the head of a bible warehouse or as a professor of mathematics. Wars sometimes break out because peace seems boring to many active individuals. The Spanish-American War, for instance, was no necessary result of great economic pressure; it was not caused by the closing of the frontier in 1890 or any deep cause like that. It was caused by Rudyard Kipling, Captain Mahan, the *World*, Mr. Hearst, etc. Mr. Kipling helped because he fed the romantic Anglomania of people like young Theodore Roosevelt. Just as Woodrow Wilson dreamed of a political system which would enable him to play Burke or Gladstone on the accepted British model, so Roosevelt and the rest of them saw themselves on Northwest frontiers, ruling colored peoples for their good firmly and well, being viceroys or, at any rate, pro-consuls. Just as Henry Adams spent his life lamenting that he could not be a hereditary statesman like an English Russell or Cavendish, so Roosevelt saw himself as a Clive or Curzon *manqué*. Maybe Lodge was the Curzon. Then Mahan had proved, or seemed to prove, that a navy was good for something other than providing, in the navy yards, a body of reliable voters. As Mr. Mencken pointed

out later, and Mr. Atkinson at the time, if there had been no fleet there would have been no war. That nice shiny white squadron *had* to be used. It was.

Of course the papers saw money in a war and there were pickings for friends of the right people, but the economic assets were not really important. So the anti-imperialists, William Graham Sumner for instance, wasted devastatingly good arguments on a dummy target. It was easy to show that the war, apart from its moral aspects, apart from that "puking-up" of American principles which William James deplored, was a very poor investment. That truth wouldn't have mattered if imperialism had had any real emotional roots in America, but it hadn't. It was a synthetic emotion, as Richard Harding Davis was a synthetic Kipling. Davis was a synthetic Kipling because Olancho, or wherever it was or Cuba or the Philippines, were simply local color for books and articles. Perhaps if there had been film rights American imperial sentiment would have lasted longer. But Kipling's India was real. I don't mean the India of *Kim*, but the India of *Plain Tales* and *Soldiers Three*, the India that is the background of school life in *Stalky and Co.* But why should not the Philippines have bred that background for themselves? There are lots of reasons, but if you doubt the fact, ask yourselves how many friends of yours have been in Manila for more than a few weeks or at all, how many in Cuba (not counting Sloppy Joe's Bar)? China is background for far more Americans than any part of the American colonies, and the American Kipling is not any of his facile imitators but Pearl Buck. It was this that Sumner and Roosevelt both overlooked. Englishmen go out to India because it offers a career of interest, of power, or fair financial reward for men who might otherwise, in a crowded country, be minor business men or bored schoolmasters. That is one of the assets of Empire that critics too often overlook.

Mr. Earl Derr Biggers introduces a former Indian civil servant "humble and

beaten" who had known "thirty-six years of baking under the Indian sun, looked down on by the military, respected by none." A country in which such ideas are common is not really ripe for imperial adventure, no matter what the economic determinists say! Any member of the Indian Civil Service who has served thirty-six years is a very big bug indeed, and even men who have not served as long, who have not become Governors or Members of Council or Commissioners, are not humble and beaten. As a very general rule their self-esteem is almost equal to their merits, which are great. It is natural for an American to think this way because his bright young men are or were interested in being bankers and big executives or, if they are fond of travel, missionaries or oil salesmen in China (I gather from the movies there's practically no difference nowadays).

There were, and are no doubt, Americans who would like to be the equivalent of Indian Governors or like to lord it over South American republics, but the rather long wait before such rank can be attained by regular promotion is too much for them. After all, young Colonel Roosevelt cashed in his claims at once by becoming Governor of New York; he didn't work and sweat fifteen years to become Commissioner of Mindanao. The American man of letters who knew what we may call the American protectorates best saw the Cromers of that Egypt not in the American officials but in the agents of the United Fruit Company. O. Henry and the authors of the *Sultan of Sulu* knew where was poetry and where was truth in the American imperial dream.

Imperialism is a safety-valve for a country with too many energetic young men on its hands. Lyautey, getting bored with garrison life in France and debarred from other activities like business by his family traditions, could go off and prepare himself to make modern Morocco. In Spain, war in Cuba, and then war with the Riff, was one way of keeping people like Messrs. Weyler and Primo de Rivera

busy abroad instead of pronouncing at home. It was Abd-el-Krim who both forced and enabled Primo de Rivera to become dictator by reducing, for a year or two, the military possibilities of Spanish North Africa to a degree that made home politics attractive. If Germany had any colonies and Italy had more there might never have been Fascism. All the toughs might have been given a chance to express their personalities in tropical countries and they mightn't have been so tough—at least we hope not. The need to do something with the youths whose ardor he has so carefully stimulated probably helped the Duce to take the plunge, and had Germany had a colony or two, Captain Röhm might have been shipped off, like Marshal Balbo, instead of having that interview with Hitler which, even to-day, must make Nazi leaders eye one another with a certain amount of painful speculation. A large number of potential British Fascists are in Kenya, and it might be a cheap way out to spend more money on that colony, even if from a mere actuarial point of view it is a wash-out, if it meant keeping some of the settlers settled there.

IV

But there are more menaces to internal peace than disgruntled young men who may turn nasty if not given diversion and a salary and, by happy chance, menace I, the Röhrs etc., can be employed to deal with menace II, the discontented proletariat. Faced with the menace of socialism, with the weakening, everywhere, and with the practical disappearance in many countries, of such old forces of social cohesion as dynastic loyalty, religion, the mere habit of unquestioning obedience, the possessing classes, not always consciously, have sought for a substitute—and have found it to hand in nationalism. They have developed it; they have relied more and more on it. With radicals asking awkward questions about the success of the current system in making the pursuit of happiness less of a handicap

race, the defenders of the *status quo* have relied less on argument than on the rival mass emotion. The power of that emotion has been underestimated by the left. Yet it has enabled the small and new Baltic republics to withstand the Bolshevik contagion, it has preserved Finnish capitalism a few miles from Leningrad. The Saar plebiscite has shown how strongly the nationalist wave has risen in Germany, how little the fear of religious and class exploitation counts against the call of race, blood, people, whatever misleading label you care to apply.

This truth was perceived long ago in France, where the Conservative parties discovered that poor as their cards were, the least poor was nationalism. The Dreyfus case in which the church was only an ally of the army did far less damage to the army than to the church. It was safe to plunder the monasteries, but, as was soon discovered, anti-militarism only went a very short way. The imperialist wave that ended in the Boer War had too its internal uses for British conservatism. So it was after the World War in many countries. It was not enough to assert with great plausibility that the Italian left was highly incompetent, a nuisance and devoid of constructive power; the collapse of the occupation of the factories (which Mussolini approved) was less fatal than the carefully fostered belief that the fruits of victory had been deliberately thrown away by the left politicians. So too in Germany, the rallying cry of opposition to democracy was not its economic weaknesses but its treason to the German idea. It was the "November Traitors" against whom the most effective assault was launched and even now it is too soon to be certain that the average German does not agree with General Goering that it is better to have iron than butter. All the economic distresses of the last years of republican Germany might have turned against such very vulnerable persons as the subsidized squires of the eastern marches and the rulers of such bogged-down industries as steel. But to divert the revolutionary spirit into safer chan-

nels, patriotism was, for the moment, enough.

The temptation for the business man, convinced of his rightness but not confident in his ability to make a good case for himself, to tap this source of strength is great. For a time it works. It worked not merely in Germany, in Italy, but in Britain, where the *National* government was able to go off gold with universal applause, the turning of its coat being done under the cover of the Union Jack. In America, Americanism is always being used somewhere to suppress dangerous thoughts, as the Japanese put it, even when these thoughts are as indigenous as the Declaration of Independence. It is natural then to overlook any extravagant language used by the demagogues who are successfully fighting one mythology by another. Power, it is said, will sober them down. No doubt Mussolini says a lot of silly things about the beauty of guns, no doubt *Mein Kampf* contains some startling doctrines, but they don't really mean anything and, if they do, power will change their author. So the backers of the two great Fascist chiefs argued. There must already be some Italians wondering as they cast up the accounts of the Abyssinian adventure whether all that militarist ballyhoo which cut the ground from under the Marxists was just ballyhoo. Those young men who might have been taking the Communist Manifesto seriously, can it be that they are now taking talk about the æsthetic charms of war seriously? It was easy enough to turn on hysteria, is it going to be easy to turn it off? To sell the national idea requires great histrionic gifts, great oratorical gifts. It involves too, in these regimes which cannot admit mistakes or turn back, constant doses of the old medicine. A time has come in Italy, and will come in Germany, when the dose required will be very strong—and very dangerous. Nor is it only a case of the patient. Doctors are notoriously tempted to drug taking. What if the physician who orders the medicine takes a shot himself? What if Mussolini is now a firm believer in his own medi-

cine? What if Hitler is still as sincere and dangerous as when he wrote *Mein Kampf*? For the peace of the world I hope that both leaders are consummate hypocrites—but I doubt it.

V

It is nationalism as a counter-irritant for revolutionary socialism that leads to imperialism. "The interests" might very well realize that war for trade seldom pays, if that were the whole question. But they may think it necessary to let dangerously lively ideas spread; indeed, they may encourage them to spread for what seem at the time good reasons. They will put up with a good deal of nonsense at which they make wry faces in private, as American business men have long put up with political graft and tariff absurdities, because to admit error might encourage the enemy. In times of crisis business men will "gang up" (to borrow a phrase from a defender of the utilities) to save even their weakest members, and ganging up may well involve the employment of gangs. It is a form of insurance which seems cheap at the time. But unfortunately the premiums are not settled once and for all. They increase until they eat badly into the profits (as they are now doing in Italy) and there is no guarantee that the rise will stop at all. There is indeed a serious danger that it may wipe out the whole body of interests originally salvaged; but once you have employed this particular firm it is hard, indeed impossible, to change your company. Colonel Ayres has told us that the world cannot afford another great war. It cannot indeed. It might be remembered, as a development of this idea, that the chief positive result of the late war was the Russian Revolution. There has been no successful imitation of it since, either in countries that handed over the defense of the old order to the fascist inoculators for injections of nationalist serum, or those countries which decided that the revolutionary rash was only chicken-pox after all. The second class

of countries are the countries which can afford to let peace and war be discussed on a matter-of-fact basis and which have, then, *some* chance of escaping war. The first get increasing shots of a drug whose deadly potency we have experienced on an impressive scale. Their doctors will not allow them to change treatment though the patient die of it; for if the patient gets a chance to break away he will kill his doctors. It's an awkward dilemma.

There, it seems to me, lies the present connection between war and capitalism; not in the figures of international trade (which would make Scandinavia almost as important to British life as India); not in mere population pressure (Abyssinia cannot take a tithe of Italy's increase). It lies in the chances overseas expansion offers for giving jobs to that most formidable class, the energetic middle-class young man. It lies still more in the succumbing of the business interests, as a whole, to the temptation to divert local discontent by nationalist propaganda which involves using men who either succeed because they believe in what they are saying or come to believe it, since by saying it they have succeeded. And what they are saying is death, to their own countries, to others. It appeals to emotions that sooner or later seek expression in war for war's sake, for "national pride," for "honor," for all the phrases which cover so many mean greeds as well as so many dangerous but attractive forms of self-sacrifice. Franklin called this type of emotion the "pest of glory." It is a pest more deadly than the Black Death and if it does not kill a society it leaves it shaken and weak, ready for real revolution. Even a small war may turn out to be too dear. The money spent by the Tzar on the Russo-Japanese War might have bought off the discontents of the Russian peasantry and left Lenin to die in exile in Switzerland. There is now somewhere a German, an Italian Lenin, whose chance will come when that last Fascist gambler's throw, war, has been made in vain. Italian and German papers please copy.



POST-WAR: THE LITERARY TWENTIES

BY CARL VAN DOREN

This is the first of three excerpts from an autobiographical book on which Mr. Van Doren is engaged. All three will deal with the writers of the nineteen-twenties and the spirit of the times as he saw them from his vantage-point as critic, editor, and student of literature.—*The Editors*.

By 1920 I was nearly done with my long work on the history of past American literature and had reached the present, which flowed in a stream of new books across my desk at the *Nation*, where I had become literary editor. These new books, coming close as only contemporary books can come to any reader, were alive for me with a fresh vitality.

I had grown up in a time when there had been few contemporary books to stir the air, and so I had learned to read not close to books but at a distance, as with classics. I had seen most of the past in the light of literary history, and most of the present in its shadow. Even when I had first gone from Urbana to New York to study and teach, it had been natural to persist in this attitude. In literature there had not been between 1908 and 1911 much of a present to see. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells had already agitated many minds and had convinced some, and John Galsworthy and G. K. Chesterton were beginning to be talked about. But in America there was Paul Elmer More and no H. L. Mencken, only James Gibbon Huneker. Stephen Crane and Frank Norris had died too young and Theodore Dreiser had been suppressed. Willa Cather was barely, and James Branch Cabell wrongly, known. The reputation of Edwin Arlington Robinson was as obscure as most readers found his poems. Still no Robert

Frost, no Vachel Lindsay, no Edgar Lee Masters, no Carl Sandburg, no Edna St. Vincent Millay or Elinor Wylie, no Amy Lowell and only preliminary grumblings about free verse. Mark Twain and William Dean Howells and Henry James had already settled into being classics, and Edith Wharton and Hamlin Garland seemed to be succeeding them. No Sinclair Lewis yet nor Van Wyck Brooks nor Ludwig Lewisohn. John Reed was an undergraduate at Harvard, Randolph Bourne at Columbia.

Graduate students seldom thought of their contemporaries in literature. Brander Matthews knew a great deal about the living theater, and William Petersfield Trent, my favorite teacher and the noblest man I ever knew, was by temper a philosophical statesman as much as a scholar of the most exacting erudition. But even their students could view literature as a museum, full of orderly exhibits, ticketed, secure, and dead. And when, in the summer of 1910, I went with Stuart Sherman for our first visit to Europe I went, as he did too, as if we were exploring a museum's older, longer, cooler, darker corridors.

But the books which people were reading in the earliest twenties had a new ambition and vitality. *Spoon River Anthology*, *North of Boston*, *The Man Against the Sky*, *Sister Carrie* (now revived after long neglect), *My Antonia*, *Jurgen*, *Main Street*, *The Education of*

Henry Adams: these in 1920 had already a classic look.

There was a strong conservative resistance to the new books, especially to those which made up what was called the New Poetry. The public read them but doubted that, being exciting, they could be lasting as the books the public had read in school were said to be. *Sister Carrie* was surely not good, *Jurgen* not true, *Spoon River Anthology* not beautiful. So the public said or asked. The professional critics, who might have guided lay readers in making up their minds, were either violent on one side or the other or else learned and indecisive. The *Nation* was learned but it would not, I resolved, be indecisive. It would take the side of life, old or new. And these books were undeniably alive.

Before the war the *Nation*, though less conservative than the universities, had got most of its reviewers from them. The last three editors had all been professors in their time. Paul Elmer More, orthodox among journalists, was close in temper as in friendship to Irving Babbitt, then heretical among professors. More made special use of Stuart Sherman, whose assaults on Dreiser and Mencken and George Moore put Sherman first among academic critics and gave him a general hearing before any other critic of his years had won it. In those days the way for a young man to rise fast was to agree with his elders. He could seem wise at once, comforting them in their settled judgments. Sherman had more than the usual old head on young shoulders. He had wit and comic force and eloquence. In a university, beside professors who did not even read the newer writers whom he drubbed, he looked bold and venturesome. Had he not denounced the unimaginative study of literature in the graduate schools? More had learned about Sherman from Babbitt, Sherman's favorite teacher at Harvard. The elder who had remained a professor commended the young man to the elder who had become a journalist. All his life Sherman was more or less divided

between the two careers, but he did his best work, in Urbana, for the old *Nation*. His final two years as journalist were not long enough to make him over. He was the last of the professors.

I must be on guard against a possible illusion. When I say that about the time of the War the professors lost their authority in criticism to the journalists, it may mean only that I, changing from one profession to another, had lost touch with the universities and lived in a different world. But I do not believe that I confuse what happened to me with what happened to literary opinion in general. Brander Matthews and William Lyon Phelps did cease to be the Castor and Pollux, if not the Scylla and Charybdis, of critical America, yielding in influence to Mencken and Nathan and Heywood Broun, to Ludwig Lewisohn and Van Wyck Brooks. Once I heard Agnes Repplier say that the new critics made her remember William Dean Howells and Henry James, then young, riding their high horses of realism over all they thought romantic. History, she said, repeats itself in strange disguises.

The *Nation* under Paul Elmer More had been in effect a weekly literary supplement of the New York *Evening Post*, and its prestige had come rather from its reviews of books than from its comments on public affairs. When Villard, owner of the *Post*, sold it in 1918, he detached and kept the *Nation*, which he thought of, under his editorship, as a weekly newspaper of liberal opinion. Villard was never, so far as I could see, interested in literature itself, only in literature as a form of argument in behalf of virtue and justice. His private tastes ran to the simple and sentimental, and he was often mystified as well as troubled by the poets and dramatists and novelists and critics of the twenties. He had a strong sense of piety toward the old *Nation*, which his father had owned and his uncle edited. He wanted to lose none of its critical prestige—even wished, I sometimes thought, that the new *Nation* could be conservative in literature, radical in poli-

tics, and hardly saw why it could not be both at the same time as he was. But he gave me as free a hand as if he had held, with me, that a new book has the same right to exist as a new baby.

Those old subscribers who immediately cried out that the *Nation* had become un-American can have had no native memory. Villard was as American as the Hudson or the Merrimac. His vigilant defense of the Negro minority went back to his grandfather William Lloyd Garrison, and his defense of all minorities was in keeping with it. His insistence on civil liberties might have come from Thomas Jefferson, and indirectly did. Villard's hatred of war and his opposition to imperialism had been shared by many of the best Americans, though he knew more about the army and the navy than any other peace-lover. He believed in free trade, like the Democrats. Like the Republicans, he was by nature paternalistic toward labor. He found it hard not to think of the *Nation* staff as working for him, loyal through him to his—and of course their—ideas. He knew little about economics and almost everything about politics. If he had stayed at his earlier post in Washington he might have been the best Washington correspondent the country ever had. In most respects a typical American, he had one quality in which he surpassed the majority of Americans and the majority of men anywhere. That was what he called moral indignation. It was not always reasonable and was sometimes, it seemed to me, a passion for unpopular causes only because they were unpopular. He had to feel he was in the minority to feel he was right. But there could be no question that Villard's moral indignation gave the *Nation* its power. Like a bull of virtue he charged at every vice.

II

As soon as the *Nation* showed that it was in sympathy with young writers, they turned to it as to a critical friend. Sinclair Lewis in November, 1920, wrote me

from Washington about my review of *Main Street* in the *Evening Post* and another in the *Nation* which he thought might be mine though it was actually Ludwig Lewisohn's:

"Yes, I have, I suppose, a responsibility; at least I'm going to act as though I had one. Already I am planning a second novel of the same general sort as *Main Street*, though utterly different in detail. It is, this time, the story not of a Carol but of an Average Business Man, a Tired Business Man, not in a Gopher Prairie but in a city of three or four hundred thousand people (equally Minneapolis or Seattle or Rochester or Atlanta) with its enormous industrial power, its Little Theater and Master of the Fox Hounds and lively country club, and its overwhelming, menacing heresy hunt, its narrow-eyed (and damned capable) crushing of anything threatening its commercial oligarchy. I hope to keep it as far as may be from all 'propaganda'; I hope to make that man live—that man whom we have heard, in the Pullman smoker, ponderously lecturing on oil stock, the beauty of Lake Louise, the impertinence of George the porter, and the excellence of his 1918 Buick which is so much better a model than the 1919.

"All this you have brought on yourself by your interest! I want very eagerly to talk of novel-writing in general, of this next novel in very particular, with you. . . . It is, frankly, a hell of a job: first earning a living by nimble dives into the *Saturday Evening Post*, then realizing all the enormous and strident phenomena of a Detroit, then selecting, co-ordinating, crystallizing. There are not in America many to whom one may run wailing with problems, as one might, I fancy, in England. (There perhaps there are too many, and Beresford and Swinnerton destroy, not develop, each other.) Hence you have brought on yourself—a responsibility, to quote you!"

I do not know whether Lewis talked with Lewisohn about this first outline of *Babbitt*, but many writers did turn to him. He too had left a university, Ohio,

for journalism, as dramatic critic for the *Nation*. Night after night he went patiently to the theater, enduring bad and mediocre entertainments for the sake of an occasional play worth writing about in his weekly notice. Almost every week he wrote a review of a book, generally a novel. He was no less a journalist for being a scholar and an artist. Hardly any excellence eluded him, though he did not care for *Jurgen*. The copy sent to him for review was lost, and the *Nation* missed a chance to speak out for the book before it was prosecuted. But Lewisohn was as alert as a hawk, seeing better because he lived naturally in the upper air. He touched nothing that he did not elevate. In a play by Eugene O'Neill or Susan Glaspell or many a less thoughtful dramatist he would unfailingly discover some idea, some issue, and enlarge it as with a microscope. Even if the thing were small in itself, and he had to say so, he could mount it somehow in a setting of greatness, and a clear light would fall on it, and it would be seen to belong in the company of eternal ideas, immortal issues. Or if he had been watching only the chorus at the Follies he might come away full of the image of countless perennial girls who had once delighted the princes of Babylon and now delighted the magnates of Pittsburgh, always with the same bright fixed smiles and fine flesh, with the rhythm of merry feet, with laughing hints and gay temptations.

Lewisohn recently asked me why, after his novels, so many people still remember his criticism. The plays he noticed have left the stage. The novels he reviewed have been forgotten or established. Plays or novels, lost or living, they are beyond the need of his individual opinions. But a good critic survives his journalistic moment by a merit that is in himself, not merely in his subject. Lewisohn's merit lay in his power to enlarge and elevate the matters before him until they were matters before everybody. Disciplined by learning, his mind kept a Goethean serenity when he wrote about literature, however passionate his emo-

tions. In his novels he seemed to me to be writing out of emotions that were relatively new to him, and not quite mastered. A disciplined mind outlives the emotions that besiege it. When Lewisohn wrote *Expression in America* his mind seemed free and masterful again. And readers realized that what they had always valued most in him was his lucid mind, whether now in his ripest book or long ago in his weekly journalism.

In 1920 my brother Mark Van Doren and Joseph Wood Krutch came back from a year of traveling fellowships in Europe and joined the *Nation's* staff of reviewers, not as editors with salaries but as regular contributors. Mark took the poetry I did not review myself, and Krutch the novels for which Lewisohn had no time. The responsibility for the department was in my hands; but we were all four so close that we were in practice a committee. This is the only literary group I or any of the others has ever belonged to. That three of us were doctors of philosophy from Columbia and Lewisohn had all but completed the work for his degree there was the least thing we had in common. We were held together by a shared passion for literature as an art so interwoven with life that neither could be understood without the other. This passion set the tone of criticism in the new *Nation* and has marked it ever since. After Lewisohn left for Europe and I for the *Century*, Krutch was dramatic critic and Mark literary editor till Krutch became both.

From the old *Nation* I inherited many conservative reviewers, whom Villard hoped I could keep. As tactfully as possible, but as rapidly, I stopped using them except for books about which they had special knowledge. What really mattered to the new *Nation* was the new imaginative and critical literature of the twenties. Older readers were astounded to find a sketch by Dreiser in pages that had been hostile to him. Mencken became a contributing editor—an honorary post which meant less that he sympathized with the *Nation's* causes than that he

liked a fight and was willing to lend his name to it. This was a symptom of the times. The *Nation* had turned from Sherman to Mencken. The professors had been beaten by the journalists. Suddenly the age was irreverent, contemptuous of the pre-war world and rebellious toward the dead hand which still lay across the present. The age was outspoken, claiming for its books the right to be as free as literature had been in all the centuries but the Anglo-Saxon nineteenth. The age was young, or thought it was. The Younger Generation assumed its name and suspected its elders who had not known how to avoid the War. What good was age if it had no wisdom? Youth had life. To be alive at all, when so many men had lately died, was a kind of triumph. The more life the better. Let nature thrive and prosper.

III

Now that the writers of the early twenties are all middle-aged or dead, and some of them have lost their novelty and urgency, and some have come to be taken for granted, it is possible to forget, even for those who can remember, the days when new poets and new dramatists and new novelists and new critics seemed to come in gusts, singing, satirizing, speculating, telling stories: a fresh literature in a fresh language. I knew the history of American literature as few persons have ever had the need to know it, and I knew that this was unlike anything that had happened before. Boston in the middle of the past century had come nearest to it. But that was a quiet concert of chamber music compared with the full, varied, and sometimes discordant orchestra of literary New York.

Mencken's burly voice, hooting. The tom-toms of the Emperor Jones throbbing in MacDougal Street. Lawyers wrangling over *Jurgen* and the public taking sides. Debates about *Main Street*, whether villages were or were not what Sinclair Lewis said . . . look at Spoon River. Babbitt becoming a byword,

Scott Fitzgerald with his new fashions in heroes and heroines. What was the Younger Generation coming to? Eliot and *The Waste Land*, for worshippers and parodists. Copies of *Ulysses* slipped through the customs and passed from eager hand to hand. Edwin Arlington Robinson gravely, profoundly revisiting Camelot. Robert Frost bringing me a poem for the *Nation* all the way from Vermont, and the two of us sitting through lunch at the Century Club and the whole afternoon, talking about farming. Innumerable young women wondering what it would be like to be like Edna St. Vincent Millay . . . if she were like her poems. Elinor Wylie arriving from Washington, to be poet and queen of poets in Manhattan. Mark Twain rising to another stature with his posthumous books and becoming a touchstone for criticism. Remember the War: *Three Soldiers*, *The Enormous Room*, *What Price Glory?* Poor Randolph Bourne, poor John Reed! *This Simian World*. The past recaptured and revalued in Wells's *Outline of History* and Van Loon's *Story of Mankind*, which Charles Beard told me he thought was better. The expatriates leaving America with large gestures to live in Paris where they could be free. Other Americans staying at home to free America. Every American his own Columbus.

All this the critical committee of the *Nation* viewed with such detachment as it could have while it was itself a part of what went on. Lewisohn wrote *Up Stream*, a beautiful and troubling book by a foreign-born American who, for once, was not complacent about how quickly he had changed his native colors for red, white, and blue, not flattering toward the civilization which had tried to make him what he was not. Krutch undertook, a little later, to go back of what to an earlier generation had seemed the mystery of Poe and to find there nothing much more mysterious than nervous disorders familiar to psychology: as if a chemist should explain what the alchemists had called inexplicable. Mark be-

gan to write his country poems, as fresh as the grass which creeps back where the plow has torn the earth and left it bare. I wound up the long affair of the *Cambridge History*, published in *The American Novel* the first history of that literary form, and in *Contemporary American Novelists* the first systematic study of post-war literature. Mencken wrote me from Baltimore, when parts of this book had appeared in the *Nation*, that he hoped I would not leave out two novelists whom he thought highly of: Willa Cather and James Branch Cabell. Too few readers knew about them, he thought. The new literature was still a forest with no paths cut through it.

Trying to define what seemed to me the strongest impulse back of what the American imagination was just then doing, I named it the Revolt from the Village. America had become urban and industrial without realizing it, and its memory had gone on cherishing and celebrating the village as the home of all the virtues. "The village," I wrote, "had seemed too cosy a microcosm to be disturbed. There it lay in the mind's eye, neat, compact, organized, traditional: the white church with tapering spire, the sober schoolhouse, the smithy of the ringing anvil, the corner grocery, the cluster of friendly houses; the venerable parson, the wise physician, the canny squire, the grasping landlord softened or outwitted in the end; the village belle, gossip, atheist, idiot; jovial fathers, gentle mothers, merry children; cool parlors, shining kitchens, spacious barns, lavish gardens, fragrant summer dawns, and comfortable winter evenings." But life had disturbed it, if it ever existed, and literature was catching up with life. Spoon River, Winesburg, Gopher Prairie had broken a pattern and had challenged a past. Let Americans live now and know how they were living.

Behind the most balanced criticism there is a person as well as a critic. I was divided in this conflict between old village and new city. I remembered my own village of Hope with affection and I

had not been made unhappy by anything Urbana had ever done to me. The revolt, I thought, was partly revenge for early irritations. Dullness had come to be the villain, as sin had once been. Melodrama still lived. I did not think that much would be gained by hating the provinces in New York. In the warmth of my argument I talked about *Main Street* and about Sinclair Lewis. In October, 1921, he wrote me, from Italy, a letter from which I shall quote here one paragraph:

"Finally . . . may I just query . . . your theory, as expressed now both in the New York *Evening Post* and in the *Nation*, that I hate all dull people, that is, unintelligent people; and that, therefore, I am forever barred from the class of the Fieldings and Balzacs and Tolstois (I use your own selection of people by whom you prove my deficiencies). In *Main Street* I certainly do love all of the following people, none of whom could be classed as anything but 'dull' (using your own sense of dull as meaning lacking in conscious intelligence): Bea, Champ and Mrs. Perry, Sam and Mrs. Clark, Will Kennicott (dull about certain things though not all), Will's mother, and almost all of the farmer patients. And I love Carol who is dull about all the male world that interests Kennicott. And Guy Pollock who is of only a slight and dilettantish intelligence. And these are about the chief characters. . . . But this I do not want to argue. It may be that you are quite right. But with the keen deep love I have for Bea in that book (for one example) I wonder if it is more than partially true. And I always wonder whether it is ever very valid, that frequent mode of critics of saying that Evelyn Scott isn't a great writer because she isn't as suave as Edith Wharton; or that Edith Wharton isn't worth a damn because she hasn't the learning of Anatole France; or that Anatole France is altogether hopeless because he has never written Shakespearean lyrics; or, to make the circle complete, that Shakespeare isn't much worth reading nowadays because he

doesn't, like Evelyn Scott, write of America and to-day? Sol!"

Lewis was right in feeling that I had been unjust. I corrected the essay before it became a chapter in my book.

IV

I met Edwin Arlington Robinson, whom I valued above all living poets. Joyce Kilmer had often talked to me about him before the War at the Author's Club, but he was said to be a hermit and I knew nobody who knew him. Finally a bookseller introduced us and we dined at Halloran's. I remember that he noticed my eating only grilled mushrooms, while he ate, as usual, a steak. Which of us was the poet? He never forgot what I had eaten that night and always recalled it at later meals, teasing me with a shy amusement at me for my mild appetite and at himself for his recollection of it. He talked little, only about plain matters. With me, at least, he did not gossip, did not play with ideas, did not bring topics up, and did not say things which stuck in my mind in the very words he had used. He was not slow in apprehension, but he liked things said plainly to him. His subtlety was in his poetry.

"Please let me thank you," he wrote to me in May, 1920, from Brooklyn, where he then lived, "for your most refreshing and intelligent notice of *Lancelot* in the current number of the *Nation*, and at the same time for your praise of the book. I am particularly grateful to you for not going out of your way to damn me for not doing what I never intended to do." Like an editor, I wrote back to him asking if he would review a new book by Thomas Hardy, and, of course, if he could not let me have a poem for the *Nation*. "I thank you for your letter of yesterday," he answered, "and for your suggestion in regard to Thomas Hardy's poems, but I am just now starting off for what looks like a summer of uninterrupted work and don't feel that there will possibly be time for anything else. Moreover, I am inclined to believe that the poetry-makers

should stick to their trade and leave criticism to the others. I may change my mind, but that has been my attitude, in spite of a few lapses, for the past thirty years. . . . Just now I have nothing in the way of verse to offer you, but hope to have something before very long."

He went that summer to Peterborough and wrote *Avon's Harvest*, but in October he had a poem for me, which he offered apologetically because it had been to another magazine and had been, after a good deal of palaver, rejected. "I am sending you the poem that caused all that commotion in the office of *Collier's*. I am still at a loss to detect its difficulties or its dangers, or to believe that the public is made up entirely of imbeciles. Of course you may not like it enough to use it, but that is another matter." What he sent was "Mr. Flood's Party," one of the best of his short poems, and one of the simplest of them. I accepted it with joy, and every poem he ever let me see—though some of the *Nation's* editors wondered what they meant.

In December he wrote that he had nothing to submit to the *Nation's* prize contest. "I am all tangled up just now with a sort of metrical dime novel and an impending collected edition of my immortal works. I hope you may find yourself in a humor to review the book when it comes out—probably in September." And in January, 1921, he spoke of something which had confused some of the readers of his metrical dime novel: "I supposed, by the way, that the knife would be enough to show that the other fellow was not drowned, but chose merely to let Avon think so. Maybe I had better add a few lines to the collected edition to make this entirely clear."

"I am writing to tell you," he said in a letter from Peterborough in August, "that it will give me great pleasure to ask them [his publishers] to send you my *Collected Poems* as soon as they are available, if you find that you will have an opportunity to review the book—which I should send to you in due time in any case. Without implying anything in the nature

of a request, I hope sincerely that you may be able to 'do' the book, as you are one of the very few critics who understand me and what I am driving at." He was always generous with praise, like all men of ample natures, though he always praised in few words. And he was humorous about himself. In this same letter he referred to the evening, that past spring, when he had come to dinner at my apartment, near Columbia, and had got lost on the long way from Brooklyn and had been very late. "I still regret that I had to stir up your household to such an extent when I made a mess of finding it, and I am still at a loss to know how I made so gross a topographical blunder."

New York is a city of fitful friendships, and for some reason—for no reason rather—I seldom saw Robinson again for half a dozen years. He spent his summers at Peterborough, at the MacDowell Colony, his winters in New York, with stays in Boston in the spring and fall. These were the years of his almost annual long poems, which I could not publish in either the *Nation* or the *Century*, and I hesitated to approach him except as editor. But he sent me copies of his books and I reviewed them, though I had no chance to write at length about him.

Talking and writing are such different matters that I have often thought they should not both have to use words and so appear to be the same thing. Once in a while they are, as in Mencken, whose talk has not only the force of his written prose but even the variety and rousing imagery. While you listen to him you might believe you were reading, just as while you are reading you seem to be hearing his actual voice. Krutch talks even better than he writes. He catches each new idea on the wing and, even if it is new to him, thinks it out faster than he can speak, and so when he comes to put it into words gives the impression of having known it long enough to have got just the right words for it. And there is Robert Frost. One winter day when he was in town we met at an apartment which Zona Gale had taken, or been lent, near Wash-

ington Square. She had so many guests that Frost and I had to go into the kitchen where he was to read me a poem. I had never heard him read before. As he read, leaning against the cold stove, the sound of his voice for the first time explained his poetry to me. I had always, somehow, read the words as universal English, like any other poem's. But now I found they were Yankee words and without their true intonation had never said to me half what they meant. He writes only what he can hear himself speaking and is satisfied only when the written words have the tone and flavor of speech.

With Robinson the two modes seemed to have nothing in common. The profound rhythm of his poetry, its singing brevity, the exaggeration of his understatements did not touch his tongue. He appeared to be unable to speak out. He would say "Kipling's poetry is better than most people think" and then stop, without the expected argument or illustration. Put a volume of Kipling in his hands, and he would go through it, find the poems he liked best, and possibly read—not very well—fine passages. But that was all he would have to say. He would talk about places he had been to, but never describe them, or about persons he had known, but seldom characterize them. Asked whether he had had actual originals in mind for Captain Craig or Miniver Cheevy or Uncle Ananias or Richard Cory or John Evereldown or Lef-fingwell or Clavering or Tasker Norcross, he would answer frankly enough, and even mention names. But he would add little to what was in the poem. The poem was what he had had to say and he had said it there.

He seldom talked about his youth in Maine, or about Harvard, or about his early hardships. But he did say once: "They praise me for never doing anything but write poetry. I would always have taken a job if I had known how to get one and keep it." He had had the luck to be unhandy about the common work of men and so had had to stick to

poetry. He knew, of course, that the MacDowell Colony had really saved him. It had given him long quiet summers for work, a comfortable sociable existence, and the sense of being cherished and honored. But he would not have said such things because they would have made him seem to be saying that it was important for him to have been saved. He was completely modest about himself in speech, though he had the faith to be always himself. It was hard to get at his general opinions. He distrusted Soviet Russia: this was the only political opinion I ever heard him express. I think he was not religious, but he was sympathetic toward those who were, and he hinted at mystical experiences of his own. He appeared never to think of money, little as he had. Once when a friend was in sudden trouble, Robinson managed to raise a hundred dollars, nobody ever knew how, for he was supposed to be living on ten dollars a week. Ever since I read, in *Merlin*, his account of Vivien, I have known he must have been greatly in love, and there was talk of one or two women. It was said that his Arthurian poems had a personal basis, in that he had been Lancelot to some Guinevere married to some Arthur his friend. Of that of course he never spoke, and he never spoke of women or love at all in my hearing except in the most incidental way.

By the time I met him Robinson was already within a small circle a very famous man, and though he was seldom seen, nobody ever refused an invitation to go where he would be. The most brilliant and least maternal young women felt for him at sight a quick, adoring, protective instinct. The cleverest young men listened to every word he said with an attention that caught all the implications his words might carry because they were his. His poems were already in their minds. I never saw him in those first years of our acquaintance except in the company of people much younger than he. I suppose he enjoyed the adoration and attention, but he gave nothing

that looked like a sign of it. I have heard that he was at his best in his little flat in Brooklyn where, with one or two guests, he cooked a steak himself. Away from home, where I saw him, he would always, barring accidents, arrive with the punctuality of a modest stranger, and would at first be able to say only perfunctory words.

Tall, he did not seem as tall as he was, as if he were too shy to be. The most notable things about his face were his eyes, which hunted about the room as if looking for words but which were a little obscured by his glasses and his sensitive mouth. It was a guarded mouth, with lips that puckered continually, most of all when he dissented from what he heard. He might not utter his dissent, but it was plain to anybody who read his lips. They seemed to keep out as much as they kept in. He liked good food, eating slowly. When I knew him he had given up almost all liquor for his health. After dinner he would sit the whole evening hardly moving, even his beautiful, long, expressive, unmuscular hands. He did not appear to mind if silences fell upon the conversation, for he did not need to talk as some more nervous persons do. As he never wandered when he talked, neither did he when he listened, and I doubt that in all his life he ever interrupted another speaker.

I can only guess how he might have affected some one who did not know who he was and who could have judged him only by his few words. I always thought of him as a great poet who happened to occupy a house of flesh and blood in which he lived secretly. For the neighbors, talking to them, he had only simple prose. In his house he was all poet, making his poems in secret ways and sending them out to the world when they were done. Talking to him, you heard no actual words that gave away his secret. But now and then you would think you got a glimpse, as through a window, of the man he was, and then you knew he was a poet and great.

[To be continued]



CONFLICTS INSIDE JAPAN

BY ROBERT KARL REISCHAUER

IT HAS become customary in the West to refer to the political outbreaks in Japan during the past few years as conflicts between the military and civilian elements in the government. That such a struggle has been and is still going on no one will deny. The Japanese people have not yet definitely decided whether they want a government controlled by officers of the army and navy or one conducted by professional politicians and civilian bureaucrats.

From the seventh to the close of the twelfth century Japan was governed by aristocratic civilians, and from that time till 1867—a period of almost seven hundred years—the commands of a military dictator, or Shogun, enforced by the gleaming swords of an aristocratic fighting class called the samurai, were the undisputed laws of the land. Since 1867 the Japanese have been trying to fashion a government that would function satisfactorily under modern conditions by mixing these two ancient political systems, adding a few pinches of democracy and constitutionalism, and pouring the resulting concoction into a parliamentary mold. Thus far this brew has bubbled and frothed alarmingly at periodic intervals, first throwing up civilians then militarists to the surface, while at the same time eating away the inside and boiling over the outside of its parliamentary container. Different ingredients are being added continually, and hundreds of political cooks insist on stirring the broth. It is too early, therefore, to foretell just when the liquid will solidify and

how much of the parliamentary mold will be left by the time it does.

The militarists argue that they are the spiritual successors of the glorious samurai. They are incorruptible, one hundred per cent patriotic, idealists who have earned the right to control the destinies of a country they have saved by their strong arms from being crushed by Russia and other Western powers. The civilians are simply the successors of the despised tradespeople and ignorant farmers. Business men have no ethics. They put selfish private interests above patriotism. Their pursuit of money makes them crass materialists without a touch of idealism, and their entrance into politics spells corruption and moral decay. Hence Japan is doomed if her destiny falls into the hands of such vultures. Only with the pure-hearted militarists in control can Japan hope to have a glorious future.

On the other hand, the civilians point out—with much less vehemence, it is true, since they are without proper means to afford the luxury of truculence and a bellicose manner—that Japan's future depends on how she solves her economic problems; that successful business men and competent farmers understand these economic questions best and are the only ones who can answer them; that it is the phenomenal growth of Japanese industry and commerce that has made her great army and navy possible; and that Japan will prosper only when her destiny is controlled by the brains and wealth of her powerful civilian capitalists. Should the

government be conducted by ignorant, narrowminded militarists, whose knowledge of economics is negligible if not downright fallacious, whose international outlook is limited to the strategy of naval and land warfare, who may possibly be "simple hearted" but are undoubtedly "simple minded" when faced with domestic and international problems, then indeed Japan's days are numbered and nothing but chaos lies ahead.

This struggle between the militarists and the civilians is undoubtedly severe and permeates the whole political atmosphere in Japan; but it is not the only fight, nor perhaps even the most important conflict being waged in Japan to-day. Westerners, therefore, make a serious mistake when they try to fit every Japanese event of international political significance into this picture of the military-civilian conflict. The past few months have seen the killing of a general and an admiral by petty army officers, and the attempt by a group of the military to overthrow a cabinet that was more military than civilian. It is easy to see, therefore, that the military group is far from unified; and the deeper one probes below the surface the more disunited one finds the civilian and military elements to be. Hence to understand the present situation one must take into consideration several other conflicting groups in Japanese society to-day.

When the West brought the industrial system to Eastern Asia, the Chinese, because of their inherent conservatism and contempt for foreign things, declined to be impressed and refused to adopt the factory system and reap the so-called benefits of mass production. The Japanese, on the other hand, realizing that their small country lay at the mercy of the guns of Western navies, quickly made up their minds to adopt the European industrial system, so that they too could put guns on their ships and manufacture sufficient war supplies to make their country speedily free from the danger of foreign aggression. However, Japan's ancient agrarian feudal economy and the new Western in-

dustrial system have not been able to exist peacefully side by side, with the result that Japan has been suffering from severe internal pains. Her foreign policy has been frequently the convulsive movements of a very sick patient; and this last flare-up in Tokyo is but another sign that Japan is still a desperately ill man. Consequently this latest attempted coup d'état should not be looked upon as something growing out of Japan's foreign relations so much as a symptom of her internal disorder, this internal disorder being economic and social as well as political in character. One must not, therefore, attempt to interpret it purely in terms of the struggle between the military and civilian officials.

The Japanese are also fundamentally divided into patricians and plebeians. In no other civilized country in the world does birth play so important a part in limiting the individual's political rights and ambitions. For almost the entire period of Japan's two thousand years of history her people have been ruled either by a closed civilian or by a closed military aristocracy. These ancient families look with disgust on such upsetting phenomena as farmers and merchants voting at the polls, or the upstart sons of commoners climbing the rungs of a conscripted army's and navy's hierarchy to positions of political power as generals and admirals. They feel that society is definitely divided into the governors and the governed. A hierarchy based on blood, with the Imperial Family at its apex, should conduct a paternalistic government. The common people, who represent lesser breeds, should not question the actions of the ruling class but should simply obey.

On the other hand, the plebeians have grown conscious of their power and are demanding an ever-increasing voice in the control of the government. The rising middle class realizes that it is the economic backbone of the state. Its members are passionately loyal to the Imperial Family, but they are in open revolt against allowing the patricians to monop-

olize all high political positions, whether military or civilian. Now that the military forces are no longer composed simply of aristocratic samurai, but are made up mostly of conscripted sons of farmers and tradespeople, the plebeians count more and more on the support of the army and navy in their struggle to wrest control of the government from the hands of the old patrician families.

Perhaps even deeper is the chasm that divides the reactionaries and progressives. The former view with deep dislike everything that even faintly smells of America or Europe, whether universal suffrage, Fords, or Hollywood movies. They feel that old Japan, with her delicate arts, her courtesy, her comfortably slow tempo of life, and her simplicity, has been polluted and practically destroyed by the wholesale adoption of Western mechanized civilization. Japan may grow powerful, she may even become prosperous; but she is buying this power and prosperity at the price of losing her soul. Gone are the old virtues. Forsaken is the ancient ideal of the good life. Children no longer are filial toward their parents, young people are no longer courteous to their elders. Everyone is engaged in a mad scramble for money with which to purchase Western things. Movies and dancing, vacuum cleaners and refrigerators, subways and cars, fur coats and dinner jackets are playing havoc with all that was fine and good in Japan's old culture. The son of the ancient Spartan samurai is no longer satisfied with his rice and fish; he must have his poached eggs on toast and lemon meringue pie as well. What daughter has time to learn flower arrangement and tea ceremony when she is dashing about in shorts on tennis courts and sunning herself in scanty garments on fashionable bathing beaches? The younger generation, and with it the whole country, is "going to the dogs" simply because Japan was foolish enough to adopt the mechanistic, materialistic, and soulless civilization of the West. The only hope for the Japanese people is a reawakening of their ancient spirit, a resurrection of their for-

mer virtues and standards. Everything Western that can possibly be dispensed with must be destroyed immediately, every Japanese who has turned traitor to his national culture must be repatriated, by force if necessary, and Japan must be made truly Japanese once more.

The progressives are too busy adopting and imitating everything in Western civilization that appeals to the inherent curiosity of many Japanese people and their passion to try everything new at least once to have time for more than a few snorts of contempt and patronizing smiles for the old fogies and feudal-minded bumpkins who prate about the Utopia that was ancient Japan. Only when these fanatical reactionaries in their wrath march on to dance floors with drawn swords do these modern hedonists speak softly and profess great devotion to Japan's ancient culture. Time and numbers are on their side, and hence they are less ruthless in their opposition to the reactionaries than the old-time Japanese are to them. The conflict is none the less tragic and bitter, however, dividing families, ranging old against young, and turning country against city.

II

Another desperate struggle that is taking place is the one between agriculture and industry. The agrarian interests feel that they are being slowly sacrificed for the sake of big business. The government always manages to find money for ship subsidies, for grants to mining companies, for financial assistance of the textile interests; but the treasury cupboard is consistently bare when the agriculturalists ask for help. The recent expansion of Japan into Manchuria and North China may have opened up additional markets to Japanese industrialists and new opportunities for them to invest their surplus capital; but it is spelling ruin to many farmers who cannot compete against the flood of cheap Manchurian food. The agrarian interests have a fairly good market in Japan itself, and as

their production is automatically quite limited because of geographic reasons, they are not particularly anxious to seek additional markets. Why should they be called upon to imperil this internal market in order to assist the rising industrialists to find ever more customers for their manufactured goods? It is worth remembering in this connection that most of Japan's army officers come from the agrarian districts and have no love for the city industrialist and his ways, whereas the navy's future is inseparably bound up with Japan's overseas commerce and investments, and hence Japanese admirals are generally in sympathy with the industrial interests. Consequently the bitter rivalry that has always existed between the army and navy is further aggravated by the fact that the former is primarily agrarian in sympathy while the latter is pro-industrialist in sentiment.

On the question of foreign relations Japanese are divided in their opinions into four rather distinct groups. The first may be called the isolationists. They find it an intolerable meddling with Japan's private affairs that the price of silk in New York should spell comfort or misery to millions of Japanese farmers each year. They long for the good old days when there were no headaches over what should be done in Manchuria or North China, when there were no naval conferences one had to attend or refuse to attend. They feel that international relations have proved to be a snare and a delusion. Japan's entrance into world affairs has not turned out to be a brilliant move, but a discouraging march in the direction of increasing domestic troubles. Now that she has the military power to protect herself against Western aggression, Japan must destroy all unnecessary contacts with the outer world and withdraw into her shell once more to enjoy again the peace that was hers before Commodore Perry dragged her forth into international circles that day long ago in 1854.

Closely allied in spirit to the isolationists are those who may be termed nationalists. They too have no love for the

outside world, but they realize that the isolation Japan enjoyed up to the middle of the nineteenth century can never be recovered. Twentieth-century methods of transportation and warfare have brought Korea, Manchuria, the Maritime Provinces of Siberia, and North China so close to Japan that any strong power entrenched in one of these regions would constitute a terrible menace to the Island Kingdom's political independence. Consequently all this territory must be conquered by Japan and turned into a belt of insulation before she can resume her carefree, independent existence. These nationalists are not imperialists. They believe in expansion for the sake of isolation. They haven't the slightest interest in turning Japan's Asiatic conquests to her economic advantage. They would be best pleased if the coastal lands of eastern Asia were impassable mountains or trackless deserts of no use to anyone. Then Japan would be safe, and her people could be free from all outside worries. Unfortunately these nationalists find that each bit of Asia they grasp is untenable unless they extend their control over the territory just beyond. As a result they are following a will-o'-the-wisp, and their campaigns and plans for future campaigns are the nightmares of their more realistic military colleagues and the horrified business men of Japan who find themselves called upon to finance adventures that will never prove economically profitable, and were never intended to be so.

Third, there are the out-and-out imperialists who believe that Japan's manifest destiny is to establish a great Asiatic empire. They are extremely interested, however, in the economic as well as in the political aspects of such a venture, and although their ambitions may be without ultimate limits, they are cautious about starting anything they cannot finish successfully. They have no isolationist sentiments, but feel that Japan's future depends on her ability to play a dynamic role in world affairs.

Lastly, there are the handful of genuine internationalists who represented Japan

at the League of Nations, went into raptures over her signing the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact, speak in sonorous tones about Japan's duty to guide her big brother China through the latter's troubles, deliver countless speeches on better understanding between nations, and paint posters of Japan and America wreathed in beatific smiles clasping hands across the sea. They have been made fun of, persecuted in innumerable petty ways, and many have even been assassinated; but their number and influence are on the increase once more. Their weakness lies in the fact that they are at the mercy of the foreign policies of all the world Powers. Again and again the work of a whole lifetime devoted to building up friendly relations between Japan and other nations has been swept away in a wave of popular indignation following such unfortunate events as, for example, the passage of the so-called American Exclusion Act in 1924. Distrusted by their own people and often ruined by the actions of foreign governments, these men have little control at present over the course of events in their country.

III

One conflict that few Japanese care to discuss but which contains the greatest amount of potential dynamite is the growing class struggle between the powerful junker landholding aristocracy and the great industrial capitalists on the one side, and the lean-salaried, economically desperate white-collared middle class and the agrarian and industrial proletariat on the other. Japanese society, being extremely aristocratic in character, with class lines drawn so rigidly as almost to form castes, and with the family system dividing the whole people into large semi-isolated blood units, is ideally organized to permit and even encourage the increasing concentration of wealth in the hands of small, powerful groups. A few dozen great families now have a stranglehold on the economic life of the country. Turn whichever way he may, the ambi-

tious young man finds all avenues of advancement beyond a certain comparatively low level closed to him unless he is fortunate enough to be at least distantly related by birth or by marriage to one of these great families, or belongs to one of their groups of faithful, hereditary satellites. Such has been the case in Japan for two thousand years, and although the little man has more opportunities to-day than did his ancestors a century or even a generation ago, he is still wearing economic and social chains that would prove utterly intolerable to the average American or European.

The doctrines of liberalism, socialism, and communism, therefore, are falling on fertile ground in Japan these days, and the agrarian and industrial capitalists are filled with dread of what the future holds in store for their class. They have tried to control the masses by calling on them to show their loyalty to the Imperial Family through blindly obeying all constituted authorities, and they have then hidden themselves behind the Sovereign. They have diverted the attention of the common people from social and economic injustices within Japan by encouraging them to blame foreign nations for all Japan's ills and to spend their energy in foreign wars instead of in internal revolutions. This is doubly advantageous to the capitalists in that it prevents any drastic changes in domestic conditions while at the same time it opens up new opportunities for economic expansion and investments abroad. However, the relief is only temporary, and the experiment must be repeated on an ever larger scale. Each of Japan's first three wars, namely, the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95, the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05, and the World War, proved of great economic advantage to Japan's capitalists and raised the standard of living of part of the middle and laboring classes as well. But wars that can be waged successfully and profitably are growing harder and harder to find. Although the Manchurian campaign resulted in easing the tension at home and

has furnished profits to a few great companies, the farmers have been brought face to face with the competition of cheap Manchurian food, the working men find themselves menaced by the competing labor of millions of Chinese coolies who are willing to work for much lower wages, and the small business man finds his prosperity endangered by the big companies being formed to exploit Manchuria through methods of large-scale production. As a result this last military adventure is going to increase rather than decrease the economic unrest in Japan proper. The middle and lower classes are already beginning to feel quite strongly that the whole Asiatic policy of Japan must be revised. They are saying that perhaps all business in Manchuria should be placed under government control; perhaps the trouble is that not enough of China has been seized, or perhaps prosperity cannot come until Russia has been driven out of eastern Siberia.

The capitalists are now caught between two cross fires. They know full well that further expansion into China at this time may very well overtax Japan's financial system and bring the whole economic structure of the country tumbling down on top of their heads. A war with Russia would do the same, and if it ended in a defeat the whole present social system of Japan would be swept into the discard in the inevitable ensuing revolution. Yet if they prevent the people from letting off steam in Asia all that energy will be turned toward attempting to rectify the economic and social injustices in Japan itself, and the privileged position of these same agricultural and industrial capitalists will again be greatly endangered.

Hence nerves are very much on edge in Japan these days; and when a Japanese wakes up one morning to learn that a regiment has rebelled, seized government buildings right next to the Imperial Palace, and has killed some of the highest government officials, he is filled with innumerable hopes and misgivings if he owns a little property but has slight chances of acquiring more; he is ex-

treinely nervous and cautious if he is an official, and he is abjectly terrified if he is a capitalist. Are the militarists out gunning for civilians? Are the reactionaries cutting off the heads of the progressives? Are the agriculturalists striking at the industrialists, and will the army champion the former while the navy backs the latter? Has there been some explosion involving the isolationists, the nationalists, the imperialists, and the internationalists? Or have petty army officers from the homes of bankrupt tenant farmers and desperate little shopkeepers opened the first act of an economic and social revolution by killing some admirals and generals who either came from aristocratic families or had sold out to the capitalists after rising from the ranks, and had reduced the great Imperial Army of Japan to the degrading status of a tool in the hands of the agrarian and industrial barons? Any one or all of these might be happening. Hence it behooves everyone to speak softly, eye his neighbors with suspicion, take no definite course of action, and voice no sentiment except that he is consumed with loyalty and devotion toward the Emperor, and that everything he has said or done has been for the eternal glory of the Imperial Family and the everlasting prosperity of Great Japan.

IV

It is extremely difficult to trace the interrelation of these group conflicts and to show how certain combinations of interests have controlled Japan's domestic affairs and directed her foreign policy in recent years. Alliances between such struggling groups are often temporary and shrouded to a considerable extent in secrecy. The government in power is seldom anxious to have its policies and personnel subjected to dispassionate analysis, and the ruling groups in Japan, like those in Germany, Italy, and Russia, are in a position to discourage if not to prevent all probing below the surface of things. Any attempt at a synthesis, therefore, is rather presumptuous at present;

but as it is natural to wonder how these conflicting groups have joined forces to maintain the economic and social *status quo* in Japan and to expand her commercial and territorial empire abroad, perhaps in conclusion a few generalizations, subject to innumerable qualifications, are not out of place.

From among the many conflicting groups that make up Japanese society, the three most powerful, namely, the patricians, the agrarian and industrial capitalists, and the military, have joined forces to control Japan for the past several decades. The great patrician families, both civilian and military, hold vast estates and large blocks of stock in various companies, draw salaries as inactive presidents and directors of business firms, and fill most of the high government posts. Places for a great number of the lesser patricians, such as the descendants of the samurai, have been found in Japan's vast government bureaucracy. These men serve as heads of bureaus, local governors and mayors, and as police, postmasters, and station masters on the government railways, and in all sorts of petty official positions that give them a lean salary, it is true, but mark them off from the common herd by allowing them to wear uniforms and to make it clear to all that they are members not of the ignoble governed, but of the class that governs. Enterprising plebeians who work their way into government service quickly adopt the airs of a superior class and lord it over the little man with just as much gusto, if not with as much finesse, as the best of the patricians. This horde of bureaucrats, their immediate families, and their innumerable relatives can be counted on to support the government and to maintain the economic and social *status quo*.

The industrial capitalists have been the spoiled children of modern Japan. Most high government officials realize clearly that Japan's future as a great world power depends on her ability to industrialize. Consequently the government has lavished attention and money on big business and coddled it with subsidies and

grants of natural resources. The bureaucrats have protected the private property of the industrial lords and have always taken their side in labor disputes. In return of course the bureaucrats expect gifts of stock and money, or preferential treatment on their investments, or well paying jobs for their relatives.

The agrarian capitalists have not received the same considerate treatment at the hands of the government. However, here again the bureaucrats have given them invaluable negative help by practically always supporting the claims of landlords against tenant farmers. Some of these great landed barons are being won over to industrialism by donations of stock in large companies or by being given high salaried positions in big firms. Their names are of sufficient weight to be of great value to business, so these favors are simply good advertising. At the same time the government is encouraging the growth of small industries in the country villages. Japanese farmers along the seacoasts have always engaged in fishing, and those in the mountains spend much of their time on the making of charcoal and bamboo products, and sericulture, and are used to sending their daughters to work in the small neighboring silk factories. As a result, Japanese farmers are psychologically quite prepared to devote a large part of their time to some kind of work other than farming. The government feels that if village industries, as for example, much of the silk industry, pottery making, basket weaving, and the making by hand and simple machinery of innumerable small articles such as those found in the toy shops and the dime stores in America, grow up at the same time that agriculture declines in Japan, there need be no severe agrarian revolt. The local agrarian capitalists can be saved financially and satisfied by being given the opportunity to start or at least to invest in these same village industries. Labor is plentiful and much less organized than in the cities, so wages can be quite low and returns on investments should be correspondingly high.

The third group, namely, the military, is interested in the expansion of Japan's army and navy, and in winning for the fighting forces complete freedom from all bureaucratic control and an increasing voice in the conduct of Japanese foreign policy. In return, the army and navy are willing to give their political support to the bureaucrats to maintain them in office and to protect their social position within the country. From the capitalists, they demand the money needed to expand the personnel and to increase the fighting power of Japan's military forces. In return, the army and navy are willing to win and protect new sources of raw materials and new markets for the industrial capitalists.

Thus the bureaucrats, the capitalists, and the military control the destiny of present-day Japan. They quarrel continually among themselves, but thus far they have managed to overlook their differences temporarily whenever their power and privileged position have been seriously threatened. By military force and by skillful propaganda they have convinced the people that their interests are the national interests, and that loyalty to the Sovereign means loyalty to all constituted authorities. The economic misery of the great majority of the people is blamed not on the social and economic order within Japan, but on the evil machinations of jealous foreign powers who are loath to grant Japan her rightful place in the sun. Japan cannot win this place and thereby bring prosperity to all her people except by force. She cannot exert the necessary pressure abroad unless she is unified within. Consequently the common people are asked to show their patriotism by bearing their economic burdens without complaint and by giving their unquestioning and whole-hearted support to the government.

So long as the bureaucrats, the capitalists, and the military are able to continue this co-operation and to keep the people convinced that they are pursuing national interests, and so long as these groups rest upon the comparatively broad

foundation of several millions of the people, there is no reason why they should not remain in power indefinitely, provided of course that the bureaucracy functions with a reasonable degree of efficiency, the army and navy win new supplies of raw materials and new markets, and the industrial capitalists have the ability to exploit them. However, should one of the groups prove incompetent to do its part, or should the groups incur popular suspicion that they were acting selfishly to the injury of the Imperial Family and Japan, or should the bureaucrats, the capitalists, and the military, divided as they are into so many bitter factions, quarrel openly within their own ranks, then the triumvirate will collapse.

Many believe this collapse to be fairly imminent. Public confidence in the government formed by these three groups is waning. In fact the common people feel that the leaders of the triumvirate have tricked them. They are becoming convinced that their interests have been sacrificed to those of a few among the bureaucrats, the capitalists, and the military. Japan has won a sizable place in the sun; she has put the foreign nations in their places; but no prosperity has come to the little man. Something has gone wrong. Some one or some group has been a traitor. The bureaucrats, the capitalists, and the military realize that the people are losing faith in them, so each of the three accuses the other two of being the sinners, each is growing weary of compromising with the other two and of being associated in the public's mind with their policies, and each is increasingly determined to win back public support by controlling affairs alone. But there is no agreement even within each group. Militarists are accusing one another of bad faith, bureaucrats squabble among themselves most disgracefully, and the capitalists are notorious for their bitter fights. In other words, the conflicts between militarists and civilians, patricians and plebeians, reactionaries and progressives, agriculturalists and industrialists, isolationists, nationalists, im-

perialists and internationalists, capitalists, middle class, and proletariat are tearing the triumvirate and Japanese society to pieces.

Fortunately for Japan the people are still united in their passionate loyalty and devotion to their Sovereign; but greater and greater numbers are convinced that there are high officials who are guilty of the worst of all Japanese crimes, namely, that of posing as faithful ministers of the revered Sovereign who has entrusted them with the task of bringing happiness to his people, while in reality they are betraying his trust by pursuing their own selfish

ends. Death by assassination is the penalty these wretches must pay for such lese majesty. New men, new groups must drive away the impostors and traitors that stand between the people and their beloved Sovereign. Men with really loyal hearts and true patriots must grasp the helm of the ship of state and steer it through the troubled waters of political and social conflicts and economic depression to the quiet haven of real national unity and the prosperity of the common man. Then, and then only, will the Emperor's heart be made glad and all his devoted subjects be happy.

HAY

BY ROBERT FRANCIS

*ALL afternoon the hayricks have rolled by
With creaking wheels and the occasional swish
Of low tree-branches brushing against their sides.
The men up in the hay are silent. Sun
And the scent of hay and the swaying of the ricks
Have taken away all their desire for talking.
They have lost count of the loads already in.
They cannot count—they do not try to count
The loads to come. More hay lies cut and ready
To be loaded than even the longest afternoon
Can harvest.*

*Silent as bronze and color of bronze
To the hips, the haymen ride to the barn in waves
Of hay—New England Neptunes, each with his trident.
Along the beaches of the sky the cloud-surf
Mounts, masses—cloud heaped on cloud. The earth
Is heaped with hay. If a forkful falls from the load,
Nobody notices it. There is plenty of hay.*

*June, and the sun still high at suppertime.
After supper will still be afternoon
With ricks, a few, returning to the field—
Some farmer who will not trust a fair sky
Overnight. And when the sun is down
And the highest cloud pales and the evening coolness
Creeps up from the lowlands bringing the evening
Scent of hay and the sound of a dog barking,
There still will be, far down the field, figures
Moving dimly under the goldening moon.
To-night the moon will light the last load in.*



MR. CHARRABANDI'S ASSISTANT

A STORY

BY DOROTHY BLACK

MR. CHARRABANDI unfastened the door of his house and stood looking this way and that way into the morning. There was nothing to be seen but the desert, pinky-yellow, splotched here and there with little patches of scrub.

Mr. Charrabandi's house was lightly built of corrugated iron sheets and was tacked onto the office, along the roof of which were painted the words:

ANGLO-MALACCA OIL COMPANY
FILLING STATION.
LONDON. NEW YORK.

Mr. Charrabandi called into the stillness of the morning:

"Ramaya. . . . Ramaya. . . ."

There was no answer. Three vultures seated on a sandy ridge close by turned their heads to look at him, but they did not move.

"Now then, that fellow, where is he?" said Mr. Charrabandi to nobody. He put on his battered solar toppee, unlocked the office door, and went in.

Mr. Charrabandi always felt immensely important when he did this. He fancied himself as an efficient business man. One of his ancestors had probably been an efficient business man, passing east through the Canal. Mr. Charrabandi's ancestors were a mixed lot. No national-ity had been quite left out.

In her heyday, they said his mother had been a beauty, but that was before Mr. Charrabandi's time. She was already incredibly stout when he came along, living

in a little house with gay shutters in Port Tewfic at the bottom of the Suez Canal. She told him his father was an Indian Prince. Conflicting rumor had it he was a bathroom steward on a P and O.

Mr. Charrabandi did not care. He did not care about anything very much, though he was annoyed this morning to see he had forgotten once again to lock his safe.

Ramaya had profited by it. The cash box had been battered open with a stone and lay on the floor, empty. Mr. Charrabandi was well aware where Ramaya had gone, even before he saw his splayed footprints marching off into the desert, keeping carefully away from the car tracks, where Mr. Charrabandi might have followed him.

"Trouble, trouble, nothing but trouble," said Mr. Charrabandi. He wrote a report for the Head Office saying he had been raided by Arabs. Then he went out and took a look round the landing ground. It was a still morning. The sleeve hardly moved at the top of the flagstaff. That flagstaff always gave Mr. Charrabandi a thrill. He wouldn't wonder if one of his ancestors hadn't been a soldier.

Labor was the main difficulty at the Anglo-Malacca Oil Company's desert filling station. People did not take kindly to the place. Ramaya had done nothing but complain, in a high nasal whine. His belly was paining, or his grandmother dying, eternally.

Mr. Charrabandi could not understand it. He liked the life himself. He had the job only because nobody else would take it. There was nothing to do there for days on end, which suited him admirably. He liked doing nothing. Sometimes for days on end no one came near them; but Mr. Charrabandi was quite content to stand in the office door, surveying the sky and wondering who would drop in next.

The Dutch planes, east- and west-bound, came regularly, but apart from them Mr. Charrabandi got little but casual passers-by. Be-goggled men finding their way about the world would come down and ask Mr. Charrabandi's advice, casually as if he were a Piccadilly policeman.

Mr. Charrabandi did not know the way anywhere except back to Port Tewfic, so he was not of much assistance to them, but he was always very pleasant. Sometimes a distant caravan passed on the skyline. Sometimes a stray Arab meandered by on a camel and stared in dumb wonder at the floating sleeve. Once there were a couple of strange women in a motor car.

They came and they went. Mr. Charrabandi never inquired where they were going. He did not believe in useless inquiries. To be sure, one day when he went for a longer ride than usual, sitting very far on the back of his little ass, he found a couple of skeletons embedded in any amount of old iron, and he did wonder if it had anything to do with those two women.

He was not in the least shocked. White people were so peculiar. There was never any saying what they would do next for pleasure. He had seen men who owned motor cars to ride in choosing to walk on foot through the broiling sun. He had seen them erecting colossal barriers for their horses to jump over, and falling off and breaking their heads. No doubt it was also their idea of pleasure to be turned into skeletons in the desert.

It was none of his business, so Mr. Charrabandi did not worry, but he thought it must be certain he had no white men among his many ancestors. He never

felt at all like doing any of these things.

Ramaya was gone. There was nothing for it but to look for a new assistant. He sat at his office desk and wrote in a clear round hand:

WANTED. ASSISTANT FOR FILLING STATION.
APPLY SHARP.

Then he heard a humming and whirling. The sand on the landing ground rose in a cloud as a small plane came down.

A girl with a mop of golden hair jumped out. Hair that was, thought Mr. Charrabandi, like sunshine upon water. He stared at her, taken aback by her beauty and her youth.

"Salaam, Babu," said the lady. "Petrol, please. I'm on my way to Australia."

A young girl, a pretty girl, and all by herself.

There were no modern contraptions in Mr. Charrabandi's filling station. The petrol had to go in by hand, five gallons at a time. The drums were heavy, and since Ramaya had run away, he had to heave them up the ladder himself.

As he worked he thought, watching the girl out of the corner of his eye . . . a young girl . . . a pretty girl, and quite alone. A thought or so raised its head in Mr. Charrabandi's brain.

He looked at her again.

She had taken a revolver out of its holster and was examining it idly, making sure it was loaded. A coldness seized Mr. Charrabandi's extremities. No, he thought. Maybe not, he thought. He bowed before her, excruciatingly polite. Like a fawning spaniel he looked, with his treacle-brown eyes.

"Everything is ready, Missie-Sahib."

"Nothing in the way of a meal to be had, I suppose?" said the girl. Mr. Charrabandi was aware that, while he was terrified of her, she never gave him a second thought. It galled him extremely.

"Unfortunately no, Missie-Sahib. My assistant, he has run away only this morning."

The girl surveyed the desert stretching

as far as the skyline to north, south, east, and west of them. Upon a ridge of sand not far off the three vultures sat, wearing a thoughtful air.

"Crumbs," said the girl. "Where has he run to?"

"Yes, now. Where?" said Mr. Charrabandi. He added, in the hopes of impressing her with his education, "But it is no use to lock the stable door after the boot is on the other foot."

"As you say," said the girl, "as you say."

He did not like the twinkle in her eye. Her propeller cut the air, sending a hot blast over Mr. Charrabandi. He became involved in the slip-stream and had trouble with his toppee and his voluminous white cotton nether garments.

She went into the morning like a white bird that dwindled to a bat, and then to a mosquito, and was lost altogether in the heat haze that shimmered over the sand.

Mr. Charrabandi had to cook his own meal and clean his own house. That made him angry. He looked in his log-book to see whether anyone else was due. There was nothing listed till the Dutch plane on Friday afternoon.

At dawn the following morning Mr. Charrabandi cranked up his car, took an extra can of petrol and an extra tin of water, and set out into the desert.

It had been raining in the night. The sand all about him was covered with little red poppies, come out in an hour and as soon to die. There had been no wind, so he had no difficulty in following the tracks his own tires had made on the last journey from the banks of the Canal.

The sun came up, a ball of orange fire hung in indigo clouds that were the last of the night. He saw Mount Sinai, a cardboard mountain pasted onto an opalescent background. The lights from the distant oil refinery twinkled and snapped like a circus. A ship rode at anchor at the mouth of the Canal, her green and red lights a-twinkle, her port-holes a row of diamonds. She looked like an emerald and ruby brooch pinned on the bosom of the waters.

Mr. Charrabandi reached the ferry at

noon. He left his car with an Arab who lived in a mud house that had a flat roof, on which the junk of years was piled, and woven together with the lush tendrils of a cucumber. A camel lying in the shade of the walls made supercilious noises at Mr. Charrabandi and emitted a foul smell.

The ferryboat took him to Port Tewfik in an hour and a half. All about the Customs sheds where he landed officers in white uniforms and scarlet tarbooses lounged in the shade. Rumor said many of them were Mr. Charrabandi's brothers.

"Assistant is run away. Very trouble," said Mr. Charrabandi. "Always running, running."

They made sympathetic noises and exchanged the news of the town with him. As he passed down the narrow dusty streets shutters were thrown open and folks leaned out, hailing him and asking him what he did.

Mr. Charrabandi told them what he did, repeating his tale of woe. He was hot and he was tired and he was thirsty, and he had to go to the Post Office with his notice before he could seek the shelter of his mother's house.

At the Post Office they pinned his notice up, among several others, upon a board. The postmaster very kindly promised to have it translated into various other languages, since in a place like Port Tewfik you cannot say who will come along next.

Mr. Charrabandi mopped his brow and went to his mother's house.

It was cool and pleasant there, the bright wooden shutters all closed to keep out the midday glare. His mother, to be sure, called him by a name that was not his, but he did not mind. When you have as many children as she had it becomes impossible, with increasing age, to remember who they all are.

She was incredibly stout and bundled up in black garments after the manner of the Turkish women. When she went abroad she wore a yashmak that covered her mouth and nose, leaving free only her large soft eyes. There is much to be said for the fashion.

"Sleep, my son," she said. "No doubt we shall think of someone for you."

He was glad to obey her.

He awoke at three o'clock to find her standing beside him. She had with her a long haunted-looking lad with black curls and a ring in his nose. He was so thin he looked like a collection of twigs artlessly put together and bound in place with a loin cloth.

"It is Liliya, a Corringhi," said Mr. Charrabandi's mother. "He will do."

Liliya put his two hands together as if in prayer, placed them to his forehead, and bowed very low.

Mr. Charrabandi liked being bowed to.

"He has run away from his own country, smuggling himself in the coal. He has unloaded himself here two weeks ago, needing food. He is perhaps a little foolish, but it doesn't matter."

Mr. Charrabandi said "No, no. It does not matter." To the lad, he said, pompously:

"You will work for me at my filling station."

The lad bowed again with folded hands.

"Sahib," he said, "I am a poor man. The Sahib is my father and mother."

"It is good enough," said Mr. Charrabandi's mother. "Take it. You will find nothing better for the job. It is lonely and too far."

Mr. Charrabandi hurried down to the Post Office to tell them he was suited.

They were surprised. Mr. Charrabandi's situation was well known in the district. There had been no other applications.

Mr. Charrabandi found Liliya squatting in the dust outside his mother's door, idly writing nothing in the sand with one thin finger. He had collected his luggage, a bundle in a handkerchief, about the size of a large potato.

"I take him," said Mr. Charrabandi, within. "He is certainly stupid. But stupid people do not die. They do not have the belly always paining. They do not grow sick for lack of women, like the one before the one before last. They do

not run away. As for being stupid, it does not matter. I myself shall teach him everything."

"My clever son," said his mother. She was proud of him, whichever one he was.

Mr. Charrabandi started the course of instruction next day, as they drove back together over the desert in the gathering daylight.

"I am taking you to the Malacca Oil Company's filling station. Do you know what that is?"

Liliya did not know.

"It is where airplanes come down to get some more petrol."

That did not help. Liliya had never seen an airplane. They did not come to his country. He had not even heard of them.

Mr. Charrabandi tried again.

"In these days masters go up into the air like birds. Ladies also. And Missie-Sahibs. All up into the air, like birds, and out of sight."

Liliya made dumb noises of amazement and stared at him anxiously, as if expecting him to soar at any moment.

"If the Sahib says so, it must be so," he said. "And the Sahib himself—when does he go up?"

"I do not do it," said Mr. Charrabandi pompously. "I assist others to go up. You will also assist them. With petrol."

Liliya pointed with a sticklike finger to his own lean and hairy chest.

"And I, shall I also go up?"

"No," said Mr. Charrabandi shortly. "You are my assistant. You will help me to sell them petrol for money. Petrol is what makes them fly."

Mr. Charrabandi was enjoying himself. He had not felt so clever for years. He took Liliya over the office and the storehouse, and showed him the little lean-to shack where he was to live.

After the coal bunkers of the *SS Warlingham*, it looked like heaven.

Liliya settled down at once. Apart from the fact that he ate a lot, making shocking inroads into Mr. Charrabandi's stock of provisions—and that from the

moment of his advent the hens ceased entirely from laying—he was a good servant. For the first fortnight Mr. Charrabandi had no fault to find with him save his everlasting hacking cough.

Then the Dutch plane arrived, three days late, from Java.

Mr. Charrabandi thought he had told Liliya everything there was to tell, about planes and what to expect from them. It made no difference.

"The Devil . . . the Devil . . ." yelled Liliya.

He departed into the desert running, his feet sending little clouds of sand up behind him.

Upon the ridge the vultures huddled together, like stockbrokers discussing the market fluctuations.

Mr. Charrabandi had to attend to the Dutch plane himself. He was furious. He heartily disliked dragging the heavy drums over the sand.

"Assistant is run away, sir," said Mr. Charrabandi, explaining the situation to the Dutch pilot, who stood stretching his legs, looking about him. He was a great blond man with a tanned face and very blue eyes. He looked at the sky, the sand, and the vultures, and smiled.

"It is no wonder," he said, "that they run away."

He smiled, showing beautiful white teeth. Then he too was gone again, leaving the sand to settle. He became only a humming in the morning, and presently that humming died.

Round the edge of the shack crept Liliya. He still trembled, and his face was liver-colored.

"Sahib, it was not the Devil, but a God. I have seen him. I myself, Liliya, have seen him with these eyes. In my country they would not believe such a thing, but now I know it to be true."

"Run away again when there is work to be done, and you'll know something else to be true also. Many parts of body will be paining," said Mr. Charrabandi. "Now then."

"Na, Sahib. I shall not run, but remain here to help you, with these Gods

and their machines. When will he return, Sahib, this great one from the Heavens?"

Mr. Charrabandi said in his best European manner:

"Go to Hell!"

Liliya became a very useful assistant from that time on. He did not run away when planes landed. He did *pooja* to them, and placed little bunches of red poppies, when there were any poppies, upon their wings. When he had nothing to do he squatted in the sun, writing in the sand with one finger.

"So you have now an assistant," said the big Dutchman, on his return journey east. "Ah, ha. That is good."

"Yes. But how long will it last I don't know," said Mr. Charrabandi. "Here is always trouble, trouble . . ."

"I see that dame made it," said the Dutchman. "A very fine thing. A very grand girl."

Mr. Charrabandi had no idea what he was talking about, but he smiled ingratiatingly and did not give himself away. Since he never saw a newspaper he had no idea what went on in the world beyond the pinky-yellow sand dunes among which he lived. In any case, what did it matter?

It was early in the New Year that a small plane landed with a neat flourish on the sandy landing ground where the green-and-yellow sleeve floated wide in the cold-weather breeze.

The girl with the hair like sunshine on water jumped out. She was neat and pretty as if she had just come out of a bandbox.

"Well, Babu," she said, gaily. "I got there. And now I'm getting back. Some petrol please. . . . I suppose there is nothing to be had in the way of a snack?"

Mr. Charrabandi did not feel she would fancy his curried goat. Besides, there was only just enough for himself and Liliya.

"I am sorry," he smiled ingratiatingly. "Here is everything very difficult."

He called to Liliya.

Liliya had been occupied in the kitchen, grinding spices. He was still decorated with them, and over one shoulder he had flung a not clean kitchen cloth.

"Crumbs!" said the girl, her hands in her overall pockets. "What's this you've got here?"

"It is my assistant, sir," said Mr. Charrabandi, unconsciously reacting to those overalls. "A very stupid fellow. No brains at all anyhow."

The girl looked east and west. She looked north and south at the never-ending desert, pinky-yellow, merging with the skyline.

"Well, I guess he wouldn't be here if he had many," she said, half to herself. She smiled at Liliya, who stood transfixed, staring at her. Mr. Charrabandi gave him a push.

"Now then, please, get on with the workings."

"Here," said the girl. "Don't you be rough with the poor lad."

She took a cigarette case out of her pocket, and lighted a cigarette. She stood beside the flagpost, a slight, gallant, boyish figure, the cold-weather breeze ruffling her bright hair. She felt in her pocket for money to give the poor down-trodden creature who was toiling over the sand with drum after drum of petrol, and unscrewing them in a frenzy of industry with a spanner.

Poor soul, he was showing off too for her benefit. She noticed it and was touched. His sticklike legs twinkled by her, and back again, dragging the heavy drums. He worked automatically, not thinking what he was doing. From their sandy ridge the vultures watched him.

"Now then, you Young of the Owl, what are you doing?" screamed Mr. Charrabandi, getting angry. Liliya had gone on working in a trance, his eye on the girl, his thinking apparatus entirely arrested. He had collected beside the plane on the sand twice as many drums as he needed. He was automatically dragging more and more of them out.

He came to himself with a start and stood among the little crowd of drums,

grinning sheepishly, scratching his head. Mr. Charrabandi addressed him in Corringhi for some moments, which set him off unscrewing drums with great rapidity, and nipping up and down the filling ladder.

The girl watched him pitifully.

"What a life!" she thought. She recognized the gleam of worship in Liliya's treacle eye. She had seen it often enough in Australia and other parts of the world. She wished she could do something for the poor bloke; but what could one do?

She threw away her cigarette and gave him a handful of the assorted money that accumulates in the traveler's pocket by the end of a large voyage. She climbed into her plane and, half in pity, half mischief, threw him a kiss.

Then she rose into the sky again. The hum of her engine died away. She was gone.

Liliya stood among the superfluous drums of petrol he had accumulated about him, staring at the assorted money in his hand, in a dream.

"She has gone," he said. "And I shall never see her like again. I did not know there were such folk living, Sahib. In my country if I were to tell them of it they would not believe me."

"Screw down those drums and get them back into store," said Mr. Charrabandi impatiently. "Why you stand there, looking, looking?"

He locked the office as well as the safe and stood for a moment, convinced that for once he had remembered everything there was to remember. He mounted his little ass and rode off into the desert, sitting far back on its stern. He knew there would be a caravan passing sometime that day, and he was out of tobacco.

Liliya was still standing among the petrol drums in a species of trance. The Missie-Sahib had struck him dumb. Mr. Charrabandi smiled, remembering some of his own sentiments when he first saw her. They were wonderful, these white women, and the things they did; but it was all wrong. Women should remain,

a shapeless bundle of black garments, at home, donning the yashmak when they went abroad, not displaying their bright hair to be a confusion to mankind.

Times were changing, and Mr. Charrabandi did not like change. He liked everything to go on as before, with nothing new to think about or remember.

Liliya went on standing among the petrol drums.

He had seen Gods, as men walking, and he knew he would never be the same again. Into his poor simple mind all sorts of longings and dreams stirred. He looked afar, where the sand of the desert merged with the sky, and he thought as men have thought before him:

"Oh for the wings of a dove."

Lying a little way off, he saw her cigarette. With trembling fingers he picked it up. He puffed it gingerly. It was still alight. A little plume of smoke blew off through the sunshine; he tasted the delicate fragrance of Western tobacco for the first time in his life.

Rapture stole through his thin bones. Cigarette in mouth, he went back to the petrol drums. He picked up one without a stopper, and began to look round for the spanner to shut it up again.

As he did so his always present cough seized him.

The cigarette fell on top of the drum where the spirit had slopped over.

There was a colossal resounding report that went echoing over the desert, until it died in the distance, like the hum of an airplane, throbbing into silence.

The Anglo-Malacca Oil Company's filling station disappeared for a while in a cloud of pinky-yellow sand. The three

vultures rose in the air, higher, and higher. Then they hung there, circling slowly.

Mr. Charrabandi heard the report three miles away. He came hastening back as fast as his little ass could carry him.

The sand was subsiding by the time he arrived. The office roof had gone. The shutters off his house lay scattered about the desert at intervals.

There was a hole like a shell hole where Liliya had been standing. Petrol drums, twisted and split, were scattered over the landing ground. Wrapped about the flagstaff that carried the sleeve, was a rag of a dirty kitchen cloth.

Mr. Charrabandi walked among the wreckage, stroking his chin.

"Trouble, trouble, nothing but trouble," he said sadly. He remembered now that he had forgotten to warn Liliya that petrol was very explosive and inflammable.

It was too late now to bother about all that. He scratched his head, trying to think of something plausible to tell the London Office.

He propped the doors back into place, and swept the sand off his desk and chairs, rescuing his ledgers and some pens. Painstakingly he wrote in a large clear hand:

WANTED. ASSISTANT FOR FILLING STATION.
APPLY SHARP.

He went out and cranked up his car, sighing wearily.

Trouble, trouble. Nothing but trouble anywhere, all the time.



WHEN YOU DRIVE FAST

BY CURTIS BILLINGS

IN THE whole realm of automobile safety —about which not too much is known —there is nothing so confused and confusing as the relation of speed to accidents. Most people will agree (because they feel it in their bones) that as speeds go up accidents become more severe, but few motorists realize *how* great is the effect of an increased rate of travel on an accident involving a car; and almost nobody understands why it is that accidents are *more likely* to occur at high speed.

In fact many would be quick to dispute this latter point. They themselves have driven cars or have ridden in cars traveling up to 80 or 90 miles an hour without an accident, without, indeed, any particular feeling of discomfort or danger. It is not easy for them to see why such rates in themselves are hazardous, and it is difficult to demonstrate that they are. The physical laws involved are complicated and explanations of them must be somewhat technical; but with speeds ever increasing and the death rates from automobile accidents leaping higher correspondingly, it would seem vital for the American motorist to understand the forces he must deal with when he pushes his accelerator down.

Physicists in their laboratories sometimes roll marbles down inclined planes to demonstrate the tremendous increase in the energy of a moving body as its speed goes up. In this way they show beyond dispute that as the speed of a moving object is doubled, its energy (or destructive force) increases four times; as

its speed is tripled, its energy increases nine times; and as its speed is quadrupled, its ability to destroy itself and whatever it strikes is increased sixteen times. In other words, the energy of a moving body increases as the square of its speed.

That this bit of theoretical knowledge, which teachers spout so glibly, has a direct bearing on motor vehicle accidents can be shown from the records. E. Raymond Cato, chief of the California Highway Patrol, recently said that in his State a fatality seldom occurs to passengers of cars going less than 20 miles an hour, that, on the other hand, the majority of slain motorists were riding in automobiles traveling in excess of 45. Michigan records show that if you are going to have an accident there your chances of killing someone are five times as great if you are traveling over 50 miles an hour as they are at a rate under 20. Numerous States and cities have reduced automobile deaths promptly by lowering average driving speeds; and, obversely, they have experienced sharp and sudden increases in fatalities when they relaxed their control of speed.

It is, however, one thing to adduce data to prove that accidents grow worse as speeds go up; it is quite another to show how and why accidents are *more likely* to occur at high speed. The latter is the more difficult task, but the lesson to be learned is even more valuable to the driver.

R. A. Moyer, associate professor of highway engineering at Iowa State College, made a four-year research of the

action of automobiles on highways, paying particular attention to the effects of variations in speed. His study illuminates this whole problem. He distinguishes three important types of accidents which seldom occur at low speeds and shows why they occur at high speeds. In all three accidents the driver loses control of his car: in the first case he loses control because of speed and surface roughness; in the second case because of speed plus unwise or inadequate braking; in the third case because of speed at curves. The accident in any of the cases may be one in which the car collides with another machine or strikes a tree or bridge head or runs off the road and turns over, or does any of the hundred and one things that cars do when they are out of control. Inasmuch as the speeds are high, the accidents are usually frightfully severe.

II

Surface roughness is a greater factor than one would ordinarily suppose. Who has not driven over a rutted dirt road pitted with hub-deep holes? Nothing happened and the car was in no particular danger of turning over or bouncing into the ditch. But one was driving at a very low rate of speed, probably in second or low gear. At high speed it would be impossible to drive on such a road. One of the smoothest surfaces in the world, that at Daytona Beach, Florida, was too rough to meet the requirements of the world's fastest driver, Sir Malcolm Campbell. For it was a surface roughness quite imperceptible to the eye that caused Sir Malcolm to leave Daytona and go to the perfectly level salt flats of Utah, there to make his world record of more than 300 miles an hour. A waviness in the beach bed at Daytona measuring only two inches to the hundred feet was sufficient at the rates Sir Malcolm traveled to send his six-ton racing car soaring through the air.

The only contact between a car and the highway is through the tires. As one drives along a level road the tires make

a uniform contact with the surface. But as waves or other aberrations appear the contact varies. In the instant after leaving the crest of a bump, however small, the tires *tend* to leave the pavement and this reduces the area of the tire that is pressing against the road. As the speed of the car goes up this tendency increases until the tire actually does leave the surface.

A car need not be traveling at an extremely high rate to "take off." Forty-five miles an hour is sufficient if the rise on the surface measures only four inches in forty feet. The take-off amounts to a veritable flight if the speed is 70 or 80 miles an hour when the car shoots over such a bump. While rises of this height are common enough on old pavements and on unpaved surfaces, they are rather rare, fortunately, on new pavements. They are especially numerous of course in localities where the subgrade is poor, as near bridges and culverts, and where frost has caused the pavement to heave and settle. The weight of the car has nothing to do with the tendency to take off: one is as likely to do it in a Cadillac as in a Ford. Speed and the steepness of the rise or bump are the only factors.

On curves it is easy to see why this sudden reduction of the friction between the tire and the roadway may cause the driver to lose control of his machine. The thing that keeps a speeding car on a curve (when centrifugal force is always trying to impel it off in a straight line) is the sidethrust friction between the tires and the road. This friction must continue or the car will go into a skid. If on a perfectly dry pavement there is a bump on the surface which momentary inattention or a defect in vision induces the driver to overlook, the all-important friction will be reduced and in that instant centrifugal force will get its chance at the car. By cool, quick work the driver may avert a crash, but if he cannot, the car may slide off the curve and land bottom-side up along the fence line—as many do.

The same thing can occur on the

straightaway. Even here one occasionally turns and sometimes sharply, as when one passes a vehicle and cuts back into line before an oncoming machine gets too close. In such a maneuver the same forces are brought into play as on a curve. When one is traveling straight ahead, a bump over which the wheels of only one side of the car pass may throw the vehicle sideways with such force that control is lost. Or, indeed, when the whole car takes off evenly, a strong cross wind catching it in midair can wrench control away from the driver.

Professor Moyer says that surface roughness on the speedway at Indianapolis (which looked so smooth to the spectators) probably was the outstanding circumstance in the series of accidents which took the lives of 27 drivers and mechanics there. "The variations in the surfaces of many miles of our main highways are so great that 70 or 80 miles an hour are impossible with safety," he declares.

III

Of all driving operations the one which causes the most skidding is the improper use of brakes or the use of improper brakes at high speed. When a car skids it is out of control. If one is skillful and the highway is wide and if other cars are not near by, one can sometimes manipulate the car out of the skid and back into control; but too often the driver does not know how to do this or cannot act fast enough to regain command of his vehicle.

Tests show that if there is 40 per cent more braking power on one side of the car than on the other, an attempt at a sudden stop at the rate of 40 miles an hour can and usually will pull the machine out of its lane of traffic and into the adjacent lane. If the greater power is on the left side, this means swerving the car suddenly into the lane of oncoming traffic; if it is on the right side, it means forcing the car onto the shoulder of the highway or perhaps into a bridge head, guard rail, or ditch. Automobiles have been observed to skid end for end on dry

pavements when all the braking force was delivered on one wheel.

But are brakes as faulty as this common enough to warrant special notice? In conducting his researches Professor Moyer tested the brakes of 2,134 cars taken at random. Of these 31 per cent had brakes which had at least 40 per cent more braking power on one side than on the other. The brakes on fully half of the cars in use were found to be inadequate. One can appreciate how much more hazardous such brakes are as speeds increase beyond the forty-mile-an-hour mark. The swerving can be so violent that control of the vehicle is utterly lost. And such swerving always occurs in dangerous situations—situations which called for the emergency stop.

So much for the dangers involved in the use of improper brakes. Now let us consider the *improper use* of brakes and how this causes and accentuates skids. At the outset I might say that at low speeds on ordinary pavements there is scarcely such a thing as the improper use of brakes: braking can be improper only at speeds which are too high for conditions.

First it is necessary to explain how brakes act. When a motorist decides to stop he must depend largely upon the friction which can be developed at two points on his car. The first of these is between the brake bands and the drums, the second between the tires and the road. It may seem odd, but the actual stopping of the car is brought about at the weaker of the two points, *i.e.* the one with the less friction, because it is at this point where the slippage occurs which takes up the car's energy. Thus when traveling on a dry abrasive surface the coefficient of friction or gripping power of the tires on the road surface is generally greater than that developed by the brakes. Under these conditions the slippage at the brakes will provide the friction necessary to stop the car. If the brakes exert a stronger drag on the car than that provided by the tires and the road, they will lock the wheels, causing the tires to slide, thus bringing the car to a stop. There are

numerous conditions which affect the gripping power of the tires on the highway. First, no two types of road surfaces exert the same power. Loose dirt or mud or ice or snow may cover the surface and reduce drastically the available friction. Second, tires are important. Even though variations between them are not so great as between road surfaces, new tires with good treads have a higher coefficient of friction on ordinary pavements than old ones which have been worn smooth. The third and most important condition is the speed at which the car is traveling; for on paved roads the all-important friction between tire and surface decreases as the speed increases so that when one needs the most friction one has the least. At very high speeds on wet surfaces even comparatively weak brakes will have more friction than can be developed between the tire and the road, and applying them will lock the wheels and throw the car inevitably into a skid.

We all know that when a machine begins to skid on ice the most dangerous thing for the driver to do is to put on the brakes. Doing so will only make the skid worse because the driver loses what benefit he had from the turning of the wheels. The same thing is true at high speeds on perfectly dry pavements. When, under these conditions, a car begins to skid or when it becomes so unmanageable that it is difficult to steer it and you think it is going to skid, jamming on the brakes may lock one or more wheels at once, sending the car into a skid from which it is impossible to save it.

It would be well to point out to the reader at this point that there is a very great difference between skidding at low speeds and at high. If you are driving on ice at a necessarily low rate and your car begins to skid you can frequently turn the front wheels in the same direction in which the rear wheels are sliding and resume control. But if you are traveling at a high rate on a curve and strike an unlooked-for patch of ice, mud, or even water, or, if at this rate on a dry pavement you apply the brakes, the car will go into

a skid *within your reaction time* or, in other words, quicker than you can think. The instruction to turn the wheels with the skid is of no use whatever. The car has skidded off the road and perhaps turned over so quickly that you simply do not know what happened. It can occur in a tiny fraction of a second, and the average person requires at least three-quarters of a second to react to such a situation. By the time he is able to react he is wrecked. One must remember then that the proper control of a car on a slippery pavement or on a curve at high speed is not a braking problem, but a problem of steering combined with the skillful use of the throttle.

Professor Moyer says that motor-car manufacturers have a problem in developing brakes which are adequate for the high driving speeds of to-day. What is urgently needed, he says, is a braking system in which the wheels cannot be locked, a system which will deliver maximum braking resistance at each wheel for each type of road surface, and which will provide stopping forces equally balanced right and left for both front and rear wheels.

IV

We have seen that high speeds make accidents more likely to occur on highways of even moderate roughness and that emergency stops by the use of brakes are ever so much more hazardous at high speeds than at low. Now why is a driver apt to lose control of his car on curves while traveling at a high rate of speed, and what can he do about it?

A car on a curve is, as we have seen, the object of attention of two opposing forces and the outcome of their tug-of-war is of utmost importance to the passengers. These forces are centrifugal force on the one hand and sidethrust friction between the tires and the road on the other, aided by the pull of gravity if the curve is banked. Although few drivers realize it, when taking a curve at a high rate the wheels are always out of line with the direction of travel and so the car really

slips or slides round the curve at an angle. This is true of any car which takes a curve at a rate higher than that for which it was banked, but it is especially evident in a racing car taking a curve at maximum speed. This "slip angle" may be so large that the rear end of the car is several feet farther out on the curve than the front end. The greater the speed the greater the slip angle must be, because the friction required to hold the car on the road increases as the square of the speed. Thus at 40 miles an hour the amount of friction needed to hold a car on a curve is not twice but four times the amount needed at 20 miles an hour. Increasing the slip angle will provide the friction up to a certain point, but above that point the car will go into a skid or turn over or otherwise pass out of the control of the driver. The slippage at 80 miles an hour even on a comparatively gentle highway curve is so great that the most skillful driver will have difficulty in steering.

Accidents on curves are usually the result of entering the curve too fast. This is true both on racing courses and on public highways. It is the prime error and the motorist all too frequently makes it. He is lured on by a fast, quiet automobile, a highway that looks smooth and wide, and utter ignorance of the forces that go to work on his vehicle when he attempts to turn. I shall not go into a discussion of radial acceleration but shall merely point out with all the emphasis that I can give to words that a fast driver must slow down on entering a curve unless he is content to risk his life and the life of everybody riding with him at every twist of the highway.

Despite the fact that the outcome of an automobile race depends largely on the speed with which the drivers can take the turns and despite the fact that racing drivers are extremely expert daredevils, they all slow down to enter a curve. The braking action in slowing down throws the rear end of the car out on the curve to provide the wide slip angle they need. Slowing down also enables a driver to turn his steering wheel from its position

on the straightaway, or tangent, to the new angle required by the curve.

Almost every driver has had the harrowing experience of attempting to take a curve so fast that he found it impossible to make the necessary adjustment in his steering angle. He turned the wheel either too far or not far enough and wove unsteadily back and forth across the highway with the car almost out of control. While this may rightfully be termed reckless driving, Professor Moyer says that the fault does not lie entirely with the driver. If highway engineers were to design *transition* curves such as are universally used by the railroads, much of the danger of driving on curves would be removed. Instead of consisting of an arc of a circle connecting two tangents or straightaways, which requires the driver to make a sudden large adjustment in his steering angle, the transition curve is made up of arcs of gradually increasing curvature as one approaches the center of the curve. Thus as the driver enters the curve it is necessary for him to turn the steering wheel only slightly. As he continues on the curve he gradually keeps on turning the wheel until he reaches the circular arc itself. He has come to this circular arc very gradually and leaves it by the same gentle gradations.

This improvement would give a driver on a curve two or three times the margin of safety that he now has. In other words, if a curve is such that a racing driver can barely drive round it safely at 60 miles an hour, and the average motorist cannot manage it safely above 40—and there are many such curves—building transitions into the curve would enable the motorist to take it at 60 as safely as he now can at 40. The device would not impel faster driving or even encourage it; it would simply spare the lives of a lot of people who unwittingly attempt to enter curves too fast.

Banking a curve so that gravity will be utilized to offset centrifugal force is a great help to motorists, but they must remember that curves are not banked for high rates of speed and that gravity re-

mains constant for all speeds while centrifugal force increases as the square of the speed. Just because a curve is banked the motorist must not attempt to maintain any rate he chooses—if he wants to live.

The danger of encountering snow, ice, or mud on a curve (or water on some types of pavements) is so apparent that it scarcely needs mention. A driver is entirely dependent on the frictional resistance of the tires on the road, and if this resistance is reduced suddenly his car will go into a skid.

It is seen then that accidents on curves are far more likely to occur at high speed. For the driver who wants to be safe on our present highway curves there is one thing to do: reduce speed, particularly when entering the curve.

V

This discussion of the dangers of fast driving would be incomplete without mention of one other aspect of it: how high speed affects the accelerating power of an automobile and why one must allow a far greater distance for passing a car going 60 miles an hour than one going 30, even though one's machine is capable of such a high rate as 90. Accidents resulting from the exercise of poor judgment in passing cars when a third car is approaching from the opposite direction are particularly serious because they occur at high rates and frequently take the form of head-on collisions.

Professor Moyer says that a 1934 Ford V-8 or a car of like accelerating ability requires 600 feet to pass a car which is traveling 30 miles an hour. (This assumes that the overtaking car is following the other at a safe distance before starting to pass and that it will not cut back into line until a safe clear distance between it and the passed car is available.) More than twice this distance, or 1,350 feet, is required to pass a car traveling at 60 miles an hour. To pass one going 80 miles an hour, 1,875 feet are needed. The reason for this great increase in necessary distance is that the ability of an automobile

to accelerate decreases as its speed goes up. It is far easier for your car to accelerate from 30 to 40 miles an hour than from 60 to 70 miles an hour because in the former instance it has more reserve power.

If an automobile is approaching from the opposite direction as you decide to pass another machine on the road, how much clear distance must you have between your car and the one which is approaching? If it is coming at 40 miles an hour and you are trailing a car traveling at 30, the required clear distance is 1,050 feet. But if you are trailing a car traveling at 60 and the approaching automobile is coming at the same rate, to pass safely you will need no less than 2,300 feet, or almost half a mile. Since it is impossible to judge speeds accurately, a safe rule to follow is this: do not attempt to pass a car which is moving at 40 miles an hour or more unless there is a clear distance between your car and an approaching car of one-half to three-quarters of a mile. When in the slightest doubt wait until the approaching car has gone by. Other rules which grow out of this discussion are as follows:

1. Drive slowly over rough surfaces. At high rates of speed beware of even small bumps and rises on the pavement.
2. Keep your brakes equalized and never apply them if the car begins to zig-zag on a curve or to skid.
3. Slow down *before* entering a curve.
4. Remember, the higher the speed the worse the accident. Fatal accidents are most common at speeds above 45 miles an hour.

It is a question whether the American motoring public taken as a whole will ever learn how to handle an automobile safely at speeds above 50 miles an hour. Can the thirty million drivers in the country be capable of the precision of control that such rates demand? Surely they cannot be unless they comprehend the physical laws that they are up against when they sit behind the wheel—laws which are inviolable, which no traffic judge, however lenient, can set aside.



ON BEGINNING TO WRITE A NOVEL

ANONYMOUS

A DAY comes when no ingenuity can devise a way of putting it off any longer. You have exhausted your last resource of logic and delay, and to-morrow you will have to begin to write. The moment when that realization takes hold of you is lonely and very cold. You aren't as young as you used to be; you are two years older than you were when you began your last novel, fifteen years older than when you began your first. Age may have given you confidence in your material and your skill, so that you know you will avoid many of the pitfalls and most of the torment that are your professional risks; but also it has taught you your limitations, deprived you of a young novelist's fine carelessness, given you obstinacy and rigorousness and a respect for your job that have their satisfactions but also take their toll. There will be none of that early zest while you are writing this book. Through ten or twelve months your attitude toward it will be an alert and wary distrust, almost an antagonism, as though the book you are bringing to be had powers of betrayal, of personal treason, and would exercise them to your irrevocable damage if you gave it half a chance. In that cold moment before your plunge it looks like a hazardous adventure, foolish and even foolhardy, fraught with certain discomfort and unknown dangers, fit only for a younger and more believing man than you will ever be again.

Of all the cold winds blowing on you in that moment, probably the most chilling is this: that, however clearly you see

the book as a whole, however intimately you know all the details that will go to make it up, you also know, after writing a half dozen novels, that you begin by seeing some parts of it wrong and that other parts of it you do not see at all. There it is as you have slowly imagined it into existence, smoothly articulated, all the parts fitted together, a coherent whole whose logic and necessity you have built up by hundreds of hours of the most intense thought you are capable of. That you are ready to begin writing is the guaranty that the book is complete and that you see it plain. But you know that that perfect poise, articulation, and clarity are an illusion. You have been there before: you know that the novel will change as you write it. And your deathly fear is that it may change for the worse.

A friend of mine, a geneticist, once announced that he was going to write a book. When I asked him why he said, "To find out what I know about genetics." He was right. He would not know what the status of his knowledge was till he had written a book, and I think everyone who works at this strange job of translating either thought or emotion into words must have the same experience. In that way every book is a novel, and every novel is a mystery story, and it is written as it is read, to find out what the solution is. You write a novel finally to find out what novel you are writing. This does not mean an easy *cliché* of literary people, as distinguished from people who write books. I have heard of a character's "taking the bit between his

teeth and running away"—doing things the writer never intended him to do, acting in defiance of his creator's will. I don't believe it; that, I think, is an affection, one of the rituals of the impotent who do not write novels but only talk about them. If a character "runs away" with a novelist he is an inferior novelist, or at least a badly self-deceived one who is incapable of analyzing his own processes.

Nevertheless, the process of unfolding a novel, from the writer's mind to the manuscript page invariably reveals colors, emphases, relationships, and even plans and preparations of which he has been unaware. Take a simple instance, the unforeseen solution of a foreseen difficulty. Looking ahead two or three months, the writer may anticipate a perfectly insoluble dilemma which converging lines of action are certain to bring about. By that time, let us say, various threads of development will come together in a situation which, from this distance, looks as if it will be altogether preposterous—which will require the characters to behave as human beings cannot possibly behave. Or an episode will require him to produce an effect for which no methods or devices exist. It looks like a dead stop—the whole novel must certainly collapse. But he is committed to the job now and so he goes on writing toward that vitiating point, which looks more hopeless as he approaches it. Contemplation of this impasse produces an intense anxiety. The novelist may lose weight, and he will certainly lose sleep.

But suddenly an odd thing happens. A day or two before the catastrophe must be faced, or more likely on the very morning, he realizes in an instantaneous clarity that the problem has never existed at all; that Lionel and Patricia must inevitably act in one certain way and no other—and that he must somehow have known as much all along, for everything he has written so far has been preparing it; that there is one way and only one to get the effect he needs—and that without realiz-

ing it he has meant to use that particular technic from the beginning, for day by day he has been building toward it; that the insoluble problem has an inevitable solution and that he has written every page in full, if unconscious, understanding of what that solution is.

Such a discovery may occur two or three times in the writing of a novel, and is so usual that an experienced novelist comes to depend on it, thus sparing himself much pain. He cannot, however, avoid a comparable pain, the slow discovery that parts of his original conception were fake—that the book as he projected it substituted guesswork or mere bluff for the mastery of his characters' motives which the novel must have. That comes to light in the discipline of the daily deskwork. Even more disturbing to the perfection of his earliest plan is the slow recognition that his big scenes have shrunk in importance or dropped out altogether and that the daily facing of Lionel and Patricia in the imposed honesty of the desk has expanded what seemed trivial or incidental into the dominant, the all-important, the justifying theme. This, then, is what he really meant—this, then, is the book he started in to write. Looking back from that moment of realization, he can see it all clearly enough: obviously that is the whole burden and bearing of all his preparations. But a detective mystery is also quite clear in retrospect, when you find out who did the murder and just why.

Now all this has a considerable significance. Obviously it demonstrates that not all the processes of fiction are conscious. But also it shows something more important: that a novel exists in its own right. The act of writing, that is, reveals submerged parts of a structure—or rather uncovers internal parts of an organism. The important thing is that they were there all along, they are interstitial in the complete work, they are living parts of a living whole—which has some personally very gratifying corollaries. It means that a novel, even a bad one, is

true. It means that the novelist is committed to an endeavor whose issue is predetermined. It means, basically, that there are no problems of creation—that if the novel is ready to write it can be written in only one way and to only one conception. It means that a novel exists in the writer's mind as a whole. The genesis of a novel, the process of letting it form and prepare itself, may well go back for many years and probably includes nucleating bits of experience from the writer's childhood up to day before yesterday. But when he comes to write it he begins a process which has no more doubt or chance in it than a chemical reaction has. He will have to go pretty deep into his own mind, and he is likely to make some disconcerting recognitions on the way, but he will find what he is looking for. It is there; he would not be looking for it if it were not.

II

Is a novel autobiographical? Altogether and not at all, and all degrees of yes and no. Obviously no one, not even the most versatile hack, can write about things to which he does not have some kind of emotional or intellectual response, and he can respond only in accordance with the pattern of his own personality. The emotional circumference and the emotional emphasis of any novel must inevitably obey the limits and rhythm that the writer's own experience has determined. We can least of all escape from ourselves in the solitary exploration of one's own mind that writing a novel consists of. Be very sure that, positively or negatively, in acceptance or rejection, in wish or fear, every novel is conditioned by the needs of its writer. But do not therefore decide that any novel contains the writer's emotional past or suggests it. Do not suppose that you can recover from it anything that has happened to him—or anything he has wanted to happen or has been afraid might happen. Do not think that you can read his adventures in it, real or im-

aginary, or his love affairs, actual or day-dreamed, or his ambitions and defeats. Especially do not think that in Lionel Montessor you recognize John Doe who is known to have seduced the novelist's wife, or that the fair and false Patricia is his defensive version of Mary Roe with whom rumor linked his name five years ago. For whatever the novel may be in its autobiographical conditions, it is not, to use Vincent Sheean's phrase, *Personal History*.

Some novelists do try to set down their friends and enemies as literally as possible, but they are a rare breed and the job is hopeless. With the best will in the world a man may try to describe Mary Roe with objective literalness; but his understanding of Mary will at once be swept into the turbulence of—let us call it for a moment—his creative faculty. At once he begins to reconstruct Mary as he knows her into Mary *as she must be for his book*. He must consciously hold her against the complex necessities of a complex whole, which in the terms of its own being sets requirements of its own for the role that Mary must play. At that first instant Mary ceases in some degree to be her literal self and to that degree becomes Patricia. Something also happens to Mary without the novelist's being aware of it and goes on happening, so that Patricia grows away from her in the submerged organism I have mentioned. That is to say, the effort has failed.

Usually it is not made at all. There are, for instance, probably two hundred characters in my published novels, at least thirty of them full-length studies who carry the weight of the books. None of the principal characters was "drawn from life"; none of them represents my understanding of or comment on any friend or enemy of mine. None of them comes from my own experience or from the principal other actors in my own history. Perhaps a dozen times I have made haste with lesser characters—made haste by calling upon the superficial characteristics or experiences of people I know, because I had to use something to get over

the ground in an unimportant passage or a minor relationship. It was, observe, a time-saving device used in places not vital to the book. You make such time with whatever serves, the immediate material of experience, yesterday's newspaper, or any casual association with the problem at hand. But when you are dealing with important things you have to go deeper. No doubt you may go deeper into your own personality. But also you may sometimes go into something that has no relation to that whatever: the logic and equations of your book.

I have no doubt whatever that a psycho-analyst could in time anatomize most of my fiction and demonstrate that characters, relationships, situations, actions, and the resolution of them all come from what I am and what I lack. That does not mean that he could do so from any study of my books alone. The psycho-analysts who have written about fiction have not been very convincing to me and they have usually departed from the methods and standards of their science. The amateur psycho-analysts have written sheer bunk, on which it would be interesting to loose an analyst in turn. Worst of all have been the literary scholars, who lack both the analyst's clues and the process of the novelist himself, and who really seem to believe that you can recover the proliferation of a novel from the newspapers and the reference shelf. But the psycho-analytical relationship would be something else. It is the one known way of finding these things out. I do not doubt that in the course of such a prolonged re-living of my past an analyst and I might discover what Lionel and Patricia are. What we should discover, however, is what forever prevents anyone else on earth from being right: the fact that Patricia is a composite. That she is many-celled and has many strata. That she is my mother and my wife and my sister and the girl who got my virginity and the girl whose virginity I did not get, and from two to twenty or a hundred other women whom I knew and loved or hated, or did not know but saw at mo-

ments when some deep repulsion or deeper lust caught a symbol from the flux. That she is also myself: the unfocused femininity that every male contains, and its attractiveness and repulsiveness, the fundamental dread that it may prevail, the boiling-up of infantile anxieties about it, the gape of the abyss. That she is also me in a hundred other ramifications—me projecting myself into the experience of my friends, me stirred to fantasies by a headline or twenty seconds of a movie show. That she is my revenge for a hundred specific slights inflicted on me by specific women, and a hundred fulfillments by which I give myself women I could never have. And so on. Yes, I have no doubt that, in a two years' course of such exhaustive research we could find out about Patricia and Lionel and those curious events of Chapter Nine. But that is why I know that I never can find out completely and no one else ever can in the least. Who is Patricia? What leaf do you see stirring in the breeze?

And, I am confident, we should find something else: that Patricia and Lionel and what happens to them are also, in part, nothing relating to me whatever. This is the free will of the novelist. For there must be occasions while the book is growing or being written when the sum of the writer's personal conditions permitted two or more outcomes. Two or more alternative solutions, scenes, sequences of motive, behavior, talk, action, emotion—either or any of which would have equally satisfied the psychic necessities of the writer. But one of them was chosen to the exclusion of the rest, one of them is what Lionel actually feels, Patricia actually does, the situation actually develops. The reason for that decision lies outside my past.

This is the part of fiction-writing that the critic and the psychologist alike customarily ignore. No novelist ignores it. It means that a novel must come to have an organization of its own which is in part independent of everything else and is referable to nothing but itself. The chemists recognize an identical phenome-

non. Elements have properties of their own, but so do compounds which are made up of elements, and the properties of the compounds are different and distinct from those of the elements that compose them. And as compounds are built up more complexly, the chemical system, the relationship among them, has properties which determine the behavior of its constituents. Well, that is a novel. You have thought and felt these characters into existence, you have grown them into relationships and situations that produce forces of their own, released by and operating by means of themselves. That is, ultimately, the momentum which carries the book along, till, photosynthetically, or electro-chemically, or as it may be, you are translating the lives and emotions of imaginary people according to the needs and logic of themselves and of the relationships in which they live. In this area or dimension you are free of your own elements; they have been built up into organic compounds with properties, with life of their own.

In that area exist the deepest obligation and the truest fidelity of the novelist. It is a way of working to which I can apply only a battered word—art. There is no way of formulating its laws or stating how they are obeyed. You bring to the job a kind of voluntary code of practice. You will live with these people in the dynamic relationships they themselves live in till you know how they feel and behave. From that knowledge you will not depart. You will not falsify it for pay or glory, for technical brilliance or the applause of reviewers, for your own aggrandizement or the Pulitzer Prize. You will overhear, you will watch, you will feel. All the faculties of your trade you will concentrate on the logic and unfolding of these imagined lives; but you will not interfere from without, above or below. You take your oath: you will tell what you find, neither forcing nor altering it. If you observe the oath you have the satisfaction of knowing you are a novelist. If you violate it—well, you know what you have done.

III

This brings us to the central inquiry: what does a novelist try to do? What is he interested in doing? In the jargon of the critics, what are the values he would like his book to have? Other novelists may want other things, and the fashion of the day, or at least what the reviewers have decided is the fashion, is against me. But what interests me, what goes deepest in my desire, is something that has always been a part of fiction no matter what the fashion, and I think the life-giving part.

Just now the reviewers—a group of apostolic young men or at least men whose experience is immature—are telling one another that fiction must devote itself to the class struggle. They know how novels must be written and they agitate to enforce their knowledge on people who can write them. But in the fifteen years I have been writing novels these young thinkers have agitated at least four other absolute imperatives that were the sole ways in which novels must be written. That is a frequency of three years per imperative, and the cycle does not convert me to the class struggle or even to the reviewers. Now I have no doubt that if a novel is a good novel, if it truly records the experience of its characters, a reader or even a reviewer will be able to observe something about the class struggle, though at best not much. If the class struggle makes a good lens for looking at the world, then it will find objectives in fiction. But I must regard with holy horror any novelist who sets out to write a novel about the class struggle *per se*—or about chiropractic or Rosicrucianism or enzymes or Social Credit or polyphony. What anyone feels, or much more what he has experienced, in relation to any of these must unquestionably color what he writes—must help to shape the people and the scenes he creates. But when he starts with the enzymes and moves from them to the people, when he lets the enzymes come first or between, when he derives his people by deduction or distillation or

osmosis from the enzymes, then he is a bad novelist. He will greatly please the reviewers but he will be betraying his own job.

Or maybe not. That is my own feeling, not a law of nature. Literature has many mansions, and if the doorplate of one is labelled Marx, all right. Only, for me, no thanks. I want to concern myself with people. I want to deal with the most durable occupation of fiction, people in the round, people as living beings, and that has only a small and very late relationship to their position as members of the proletariat or the bourgeoisie.

How men and women grow up and adapt themselves to themselves, to one another, and to the conditions of their lives. How they fail to grow up and to adapt themselves. How they learn, or fail to learn, from what happens to them. How they deal with experience and how it deals with them. How desire and disaster and the death of friends affect them. How they are entangled with the world. Above all, the friendships they form, the love that racks them, the marriages they make. What happens in the caverns of the soul.

You will always be out of touch with the fashion of the moment if these are the values you choose. For the reviewers who agitate and who principally create the fashion are, by the fact that they are reviewers and not novelists, unfitted to understand or even recognize such values. You will not have enormous audiences; for large masses of people are not qualified to follow you. Prize committees will pass you by; for they must accept dictation from reviewers and the sales offices of publishers. But an audience will be there, sufficiently large to satisfy your ego; you will have a satisfaction that has nothing to do with an audience, and you will be working, however humbly, the richest and the deepest vein of the art of fiction. You? I mean only that this is where I prefer to work. If required to work elsewhere I should stop writing novels.

Only once before this essay have I tried

to rationalize my desire. When my last novel was published a friend who does me the honor of taking my work seriously wrote to me protesting it. I was moved to defend myself, and I quote here from the result. The novel had a number of adulteries in it—that ancient theme of fiction which would not be ancient if it were not vital. My friend objected to them, saying that I misrepresented life by portraying such a high frequency of adultery. And he said further that there was no philosophy in my book, that I did not give the reader an ethical judgment, a final judgment of any kind, on the people and events I displayed to him in my book. How many novelists have been assailed by how many friends and how many critics on just those grounds in just those terms!

I was constrained to answer that, as for judgment, it was implicit in every word of the book, that no one can write about people without judging them in every scene he transfers to paper—and that, beyond such tacit judgment, it was no more my office to judge my characters than to criticize the daily weather report. As for philosophy:

Behold, then [I wrote to my friend] what I assert to be the philosophy of my book. It's this: Both pain and necessity exist in human relationships, especially those of friendship, love, and marriage. The process of growing up includes variations on these relationships, and includes extremely uncomfortable experiences as a result. We'd like to avoid the discomfort but usually we can't, or at least don't. To be fully adult is to have achieved a satisfactory relationship with the world at large. Few of us achieve it. In various ways and to varying degrees we are, for one reason or another, not completely adjusted to ourselves, our lives, our friends, and our emotions. Failure to make that adjustment is, to that exact degree, failure as a person, failure in life. Most of us constantly feel ourselves, in great or small degree, failures. It isn't a comfortable feeling, but it's justified, it represents a true thing, and there are reasons for it. Because most of our failures center in the things I've mentioned, friendship, love, and marriage, the explanations for them, the reasons, are properly to be sought there. We do try to learn from experience, we do try to right what is wrong with us, and, to a smaller

extent than is comfortable but to a certain extent, we do partially learn the truth about ourselves, try to act on what we feel to be the deepest or the best or the truest things about us. We're mostly faced by weaknesses and impotences that we completely misunderstand, of course, but we slowly and with great pain find out a little. Not much but a little, and we do find out. . . .

We have [in my last novel] two people battling with all their strength to achieve what you quite accurately enough for my purposes describe as personal integrity. And, permanently maimed, they do win it. If a great part of the battle takes place in bed or on the way to or out of bed, all I can say is that, since men and women fall in love and marry, a great part of the significance of their lives is necessarily related to the bedclothes. We fall short of completion, we mar ourselves, we suffer the sense of failure and dismemberment, or of castration if you prefer the Freudian term—of personal incompleteness, of a bewildering and terrifying enfeeblement and maladjustment. And since so much of it comes from our inability to adjust ourselves to friendship, love, and marriage, in order to understand it we must deal with friendship, love, and marriage. Most of us, I repeat, are in some degree if in varying ways, failures. What does failure consist of? Why does it occur? How can we grapple with it? To what extent can we repair it? My book is, philosophically, a treatment of those questions, and in [Lionel and Patricia] they get full exposition. As I remember them, the last words of [Patricia's] reverie are, "and that may save us." Philosophically, my boy, that is the climax of my book. And, I point out, it is, for me, quite an optimistic and even a triumphant climax. . . .

That is the only kind of fiction I am interested in writing. In me, as in most novelists, I imagine, exists a conflict. I am impelled two ways, toward the big canvas and the wide-sweeping brush, with whole historic eras for playthings, whole classes of society, for counters, the crash and tumult and turbulence of society (including, possibly, the class struggle); and toward the small, contracted beam of light that ignores the big canvas and falls for only a little while, a year or two at most, on only a few people, a half dozen at the outside, but penetrates their ambiguity as deeply as may be. And in me it is the second impulse that always wins. Every novel I have written began in my mind in the wide outlines and primary

colors of the first, and ended, by the time I sat down to write, in the intricate details of the emotional lives of a few people, the half-lights, the chiaroscuro, the tentative and ambiguous dubieties that the second impulse implies. This one that I begin next week first came to my conscious attention as a plan to swallow the American continent and bring it forth again as fiction. Now as I reach for the blank sheet of paper that will become Page 1, it is just a chronicle of five or six new Lionels and Patricias deeply entangled in the pain and necessity of their relations with one another. It is, in short, one more novel that the reviewers will call "psychological," believing that they have said something final and momentarily critical. The word indicates, they will point out, that the novel has nothing to do with the class struggle.

Sure, it will be psychological—if that adjective means anything at all. Properly understood, the adjective is arrogant and I do not shrink from its implications. The psychologist is a comparatively late development in culture; there were poets, dramatists, and novelists long before he set up business as a lay artist, and through all that time you had to go to them if you wanted to find out what men and women are and how they feel and what makes them act the way they do. In the mass, people still go to the novelist to find out, not to the psychologist; nor can I find it in my heart to say that is an unwise preference.

Sure, it implies that novelists know better than you do what the human being is and how he gets that way. Sure, it implies that in so far as I am a novelist, just so far I am wiser than you are about the human soul. Don't think that any novelist will manage his own life or understand his friends any better than you do. But, in common with most other literate people, you have got from novels a part of what you know and a greater part of what you believe about the human race. From novels. From books written by men and women who, in frustration or impotence or despair it may be,

but *somehow*, were more sensitized than most others to how people feel and why, and who have made that sensitivity a means of giving you more understanding and more pity than you had before. While that remains true, as it is likely to till the psychologists travel a good deal farther, I will prefer to write this kind of fiction, and let the class struggle go by default.

IV

There was a comic evening when Sinclair Lewis, after reading a chapter of my last novel in manuscript, turned on me the tornado of his soliloquy. It was all wrong, he chanted, every phrase and every scene of it, wrong in conception, wrong in performance, wrong in the big and in the little. That Fundy tide of speech swept on: I was not a novelist, I should not try to be; if I persisted in my folly I should be defying the plain teaching of my good sense and his. Finally the general discharge focussed in one specific denunciation: "people don't talk that way." My dialogue was bad—it was artificial, it was forced and unreal, it didn't sound like human speech.

I could make little headway against that gale. But the answer is pat. Oh, my dear Red, what you mean is merely that my novels are not like yours, and I don't want them to be, and that my characters don't talk like yours, which God forbid. For people don't talk like your characters either. People don't talk like any novelist's characters, Red. We don't want them to. If they did we'd be writing pretty bad novels. Worse novels, a good deal, than we do write.

It is a flagrantly obvious point that opens on the second durable satisfaction of fiction-writing, craftsman's skill. For dialogue is much more than what your characters say to one another, and whereas a man walking a tight-rope over Niagara needs only such a skill as will maintain his equilibrium in three-dimensional space, a novelist writing dialogue must maintain his equilibrium in a hundred dimensions simultaneously. The

least of it is what Mr. Lewis means, persuading you, the reader, to accept an artificial jargon as what the characters actually said. (It is *all* artificial of course, and all representations of thought are artificial too, James Joyce's quite as much as Zane Grey's. The mind, Molly Bloom's or yours, thinks only a little in words and much more in visual images, auditory symbols, remembered odors and tactile sensations, and less formulated raw gobs of emotion and desire. To represent any of these by words is to be artificial.) Persuading you does take skill, but it is only a matter of establishing conventions early enough and unobtrusively enough to win your co-operation. Red Lewis, or any other novelist, persuades you in his early pages that, however "real" people talk, these particular imaginary people are going to talk in a particular way. Thereafter you accept the convention and delight in your perception of what you take to be the overtones and rhythms and idioms and mannerisms of speech transferred from life. You will think that Lewis has a miraculous ear for speech. He hasn't, or if he has it would be fatal to use it. He has instead something far more valuable to the novelist, a miraculous convention. It persuades you that the printed words are the words and grunts and shrugs and sighs and aimless meanderings of speech, instead of being a shrewd stimulus to your illusion.

That illusion is only one of the dimensions dialogue works in. Just beyond it is the necessity of varying the pattern with the character, so that Lionel and Patricia will each seem to have his own speech. There will be little need of "Patricia said" and "Lionel remarked" if the novelist is worth much, for their speeches will have a pitch and tune of their own which you will identify as easily as you identify a friend's voice over the telephone. This also is the novelist working at his bench, not sitting behind a dictaphone. He is listening but not to "real" people, he is feeling but not a surface of reality; he is listening and feel-

ing for tunes and rhythms of the complex organism I have described. They finally reach him in words, a phenomenon which Robert Frost has described as a poet experiences it. Mr. Frost says it is such a sudden feeling of rightness as a less analytical person might mistake for Voices. Unquestionably a good many religious visions have been just that sudden congruence, an instant precipitation, the thought made word and the word made flesh.

You, the reader, may be aware of these two skills in dialogue-writing, but you are unlikely to be aware of the others that are exerted at the same time. While you read these crucial five pages of speech between Lionel and Patricia you are carried forward on the momentum of the exchange, on the fluctuating emotion at the very moment when they speak. But you are also being subjected to a great deal more. You are understanding what they do not say. You are being led deeper than speech into the sum total of their natures. You are learning what they have felt and done in parts of their history that the novel ignores. You are adding the sum to a present total for a future end. You are glancing into places hitherto dark, now lightening bit by bit toward complete illumination. A jigsaw puzzle of the utmost complexity is coming together before your eyes. In short, you are co-operating in the realization of an imaginary world, and everything you do is the result of a deliberate effort by the novelist, whose skill consists in applying the exact pressures to make you do it.

Dialogue is only one part of an elaborate mechanism. Even the most casual reader, skimming perfunctorily to kill time, gets far more from a novel than is on the printed page. The more carefully he reads, the more of this invisible novel he will perceive. For the printed book is only a conveyor, the wire over which a communication is transmitted. The imaginary world is complete in the novelist's mind, and depending on his skill and the reader's attention, it will be more or

less completely reproduced in the reader's mind. The reproduction can never be complete, but its approximation is the end which the novelist has in view with every word he writes. He is to sensitize you in just the right way to just the right degree at just the right time. He must always work with a minute part whose place in the whole must always be clear to him. Charge by charge he must produce in you a response something like the persistence of vision, the illusion remaining after the stimulus is ended. It is not experience he gives you, but the illusion of experience; not a belief that these are real people in a real world but an involuntary acceptance of a recognized substitute. He works to that end by known and calculated means.

For if a great part of the formation of the novel in his own mind is unconscious, none of the process of transmitting it to the reader is. No matter how firmly it is embedded in habit, it is the continuous, conscious manipulation of a technic far more intricate than a reader ever is aware. How long should any given scene be and just how much should it contain? You, reading the novel, never phrase the question; but it had to be answered by the man who wrote the scene. Should this particular scene come at just this time, or should it come earlier or later, or would some altogether different scene accomplish the purpose better? Just how much should go into it and how much be left out or suggested or saved till later? How much weight should it carry? How far should the point be driven home at this moment? What is the right way to uncover just as much as we now need and leave the rest buried? What is the true emphasis—and the right way to convey it? Can the point be best made with Lionel alone, or with Lionel and Patricia together, or with them and Jane and John in the center of the stage? Is it worth an hour or a year of elapsed time, an hour or two hours of "playing" time, five hundred words of essentials or five thousand words of detail?

It is this constant manipulation of so

many forces acting on one another that distinguishes the novelist's skill from that of other artists. The necessities of their mediums require dramatists and poets to work against greater difficulties than a novelist, and the same is true of painters and sculptors. But no one, not even a composer who also works in a time-relationship, must keep so many energies under control. The process is all directed to a simple end, as Conrad said, to make you see, to make you feel, to make you understand—but there are few more complex activities for the human mind to engage in, bringing into a single focus the unnumbered means of communicating what is thought and felt in such a way that someone else will receive the communication undistorted.

At any rate, if the durable satisfactions of writing fiction come from exploring one's own mind, the day-by-day pleasure comes from applying technical skill to the problem of expressing it. Few novelists, I imagine, have ever been able to echo wholeheartedly Thackeray's cock-crow on finishing a scene, "By God, that's genius!" But, sitting down in an apprehensive mood to take up a critical scene where a telephone call from one's publisher broke it off yesterday, one comes to life amazingly as the thing goes better. Not so

bad, not so bad—the thing did come off after all! Something more out of the clearly seen into the stated—into the stated once and for all. It really goes: Lionel is alive, these hours of Patricia are real, the book is growing before your eyes. To-morrow the point will go all the way home, the last bit of Patricia's resistance will be broken down. A little hard probably to get into the four pages you can allow her all the implications you must put there, but you are not alarmed. That will take care of itself, the right devices will be at hand when you need them. You are justified. The preposterous occupation of sitting on your tail and splashing ink over paper in pursuit of phantasmal creatures is not so preposterous after all. You are working toward the dissipation of mystery. So at least you are permitted to believe when the pressure in your mind is smoothly finding its release through the channels you have devised. So I tell myself now, on the eve of composition. A queer moment, this pause before to-morrow, before inert matter must try to come to life. A blank sheet, a pen dipped, the words form, "Call me Ishmael" and the thing is under way. Queer, even as jobs go in a queer world. But a queerness that only death can prevent any of the queer tribe from diving into.



HOLLYWOOD GODS AND GODDESSES

BY RUTH SUCKOW

THE immense influence of Hollywood in our national life has lately passed the point where it was matter for comment (frequently for denunciation) and seems to be accepted as matter of fact. Manners, clothes, speech, tastes, all are affected by the actors and actresses of the motion picture screen as they never were by the popular figures of the stage or by any of our popular idols.

Robert Edmond Jones, I believe, once wrote of the motion picture stars as a new race of gods and goddesses comparable in their symbolic nature and the worship accorded them to the pagan deities of Greece and Rome. The fan magazines frequently, and even matter-of-factly, refer to the feminine stars as "goddesses," while at the same time trying to prove that these shining ones are just like the rest of us.

Just why do the figures of the screen loom so large in our day? A few, a very few, of the great motion picture figures have also been great actors; but it is not through superlative excellence in their profession that they have been raised to mythical heights. It often works the other way. To be an artist is a drawback. It would seem at times that this nation, losing the stern Puritan orthodoxy which it brought with it to the new continent, yet still crude and young in the mass, has turned to the worship of these picture gods, real and yet unreal, common as life and yet larger than life, known in minuter detail than next-door neighbors and yet shiningly remote, because they have come to represent certain national ideals re-

duced to the lowest common denominator. For that is what the screen does—it reduces while it magnifies, grinds down what it exalts into the typical.

The stories of The Stars, told over and over in those curious Hollywood addenda, the fan magazines, follow the national fairy tale: the overnight rise to fame and material wealth, to social opulence, with Sex and Beauty in headline type, and all turned out in mass quantities with great technical smoothness and ingenuity by machinery. These stories—for the screen dramas and supposedly "real" biographies have been hopelessly mixed—reveal an amazing combination of small-town familiarities, front-page magnification, and "glamorous" remoteness. The present status of the motion picture art as an art—at least in Hollywood terms—is reflected in this naïve mixing of the personal with the objective; so that reviews of motion pictures seldom bother with the names of the characters of the drama itself, but read something like this, in frank admission of the preponderance of "personality":

Clark Gable is cast as a director of musical comedies, Joan Crawford again appears as a dancing girl. Clark and Joan don't get along. A young plutocrat, Franchot Tone, falls for Joan and wants to marry her. Joan goes to Franchot's home, where he introduces her to his mother, Mae Robson. And so forth.

Almost more popular than any single star are those male and female combinations known as "teams." Here again the personal and the impersonal elements,

the dramatic and the "real," are virtually indistinguishable. The popularity of these screen teams, it is almost needless to say, does not rest primarily upon the excellence of the acting in duet—like that of Marlowe and Sothorn, or of the Lunts to-day—but on the telling manner in which one popular favorite, that is, one popular type or symbol, makes love to the response of the other type or symbol. Thus varied specimens of masculine and feminine "appeal" are shifted and shuffled and momentarily held up together as leads and examples to the thousands of hungry young watchers in the audiences, in a new form of pictorial fortune telling.

It is interesting to try to find the significance of this half-grown and at the same time over-grown mythology in the concrete images of the stars who supply the symbols—the gods and goddesses of the screen.

II

The early gods of the screen rose out of the good old Westerns, which almost form a mythology in themselves.

Tom Mix was a child's hero—the gaudy circus rider, the fancy cowboy with the wonderful trick horse. The Bill Hart image might be taken to symbolize in some degree a more deeply rooted and less gaudy national ideal: that of the lone cowboy, the modern representation of the hero of the wilderness, personified in legend by Leather Stocking, and in history by Daniel Boone. These are masculine heroes, the sort who figure in books for boys. On the screen, only too characteristically, they are divested of wildness and made fit for family enjoyment. Buck Jones, the hero of the sticks, wears their spurs to-day. But their real follower in the development of motion picture legend is rather Gary Cooper—no longer a child's idol, but the hero of an adventure-love story with a dude-ranch setting, a sort of modernized and movie-ized version of Leather Stocking who has acquired sex appeal.

There was a juvenile cast even to the

greatest romantic heroes of those simpler early days—Wallace Reid, the "clean-cut" type, like a character from a Richard Harding Davis novel, and Douglas Fairbanks, the "athletic" type, sweeping all before him with Teddy Rooseveltian vim and vitality.

But the really great gods of the screen, those who step from airplanes and automobiles into mobs of palpitating women, represent unmistakably some feminine ideal of a perfect lover. Of *the* perfect lover. It took some time for this ideal to flower in any single image. Some of the early screen lovers, Francis X. Bushman and the rest, were not much more than matinee ham stereotypes put into chaps and Stetson hats or into badly fitting tails and white ties. Although in their day they had worship a-plenty, they faded out of popular renown when they lost their profiles and their waistlines. Jack Gilbert, dashing and temperamental, went beyond these. But the idea of "the perfect lover" really took on definition with the appearance of Rudolph Valentino as The Sheik.

It was a very ancient ideal which Valentino so completely personified (although he gave it a distinctly contemporary aspect) and one that has proved troublesome to the hard-working males of America from the very start: that of the handsome foreigner, the suave and accomplished Latin lover with a lot of time on his hands, the other man, the eternal gigolo. The appearance of the image was perfectly timed. It came at the very hour when the fevers that followed the World War were hottest, when women were wild to go dancing, and were all scrambling to put on sophistication. The sloe eyes, the smooth approach, the insinuating touch, led them all astray, like the call of the Pied Piper. The funeral of the screen's great lover—for there was never any attempt to separate the screen representation from the individual—has become a hideous classic instance of the orgy of mob adoration. Even now, some years after Valentino's death, it is frequently reported that the

middle-aged matrons who were his most hysterical worshipers make pilgrimages to prostrate themselves before his tomb. The morbidity of the Valentino worship belongs almost with the phenomena of sexual insanity. Some of its madness still spills over upon later heroes who most resemble the lost lover.

But in the idolization of the present great god of the screen ordinary American manhood has its innings. The story of the dimming of the Valentino image and the rising of the Gable star is very much on the order of a popular novel of the Graustarkian era in which the plain American six-foot hero wins in the end over the more romantic (but ah, how much less sterling!) foreign prince. There is nothing foreign or morbid about the "appeal" of Clark Gable. It is native American. It goes with popcorn, horse-shoe games, and B.V.D.'s. No preliminary publicity campaign was required to put over this hero. The girls themselves picked him out of his obscurity as a minor screen "heavy." Producers, still blinded doubtless by the glory of Valentino, had popularized Gable at first as "a menace"—the term was a hang-over from the overwrought days of the Valentino craze—as a he-man cave-man lover, whose first great popular action on the screen was to give the heroine a sock on the jaw. But the girls were right when they discovered the handsome ice-man, or laundry man, or whatever the role was, and demanded that he be placed among The Stars. As a god in picture mythology Clark Gable has as much validity as Bill Hart.

For surely that face—ears, eyes, dimples and all—is the face of the good-looking fellow in the next block. It is essentially a small-town face, although its owner has learned to slick back his hair and wear evening clothes. It bears the unmistakable look of the native good fellow—a Mason, an Elk, who might stand for a popular athletic coach, or be chosen as Scout Master to take the children on a camping trip. Although now groomed and made familiar with night clubs, as the movies require, this is the same fellow

who used to bring his girl a box of candy every Saturday night. And Clark Gable is almost as popular with masculine as with feminine fans; for in his person, or in his screen image, the ordinary American—whether business man or garage mechanic—long famous as a good husband and a poor lover, and a big child all his days, receives the accolade from the women.

No other American at the moment comes very close to contesting Mr. Gable's supremacy. The appreciation of the elegantly light-footed Fred Astaire is special in comparison. Foreigners are still the chief romantic rivals, though at the moment, the ever-present foreign menace speaks with an Oxford rather than a Latin accent. There is a company of these rivals, who may be said to represent varied aspects of the same general ideal—the ideal of the well-bred English gentleman, whimsical, chivalrous, "spiritual," chock-full of honor, thoughtfully devoted, emotionally restrained: Ronald Colman, with his romantic polish and his little mustache; Leslie Howard, with his attitude of sensitive deference; Herbert Marshall who, with his noble self-effacement, his appealing faint limp, his suffering good-dog eyes, is a hero who has come straight out of a woman's novel. But in none of these figures has this Anglo-Saxon ideal been completely crystallized. It takes the lot of them. All are polished actors, playing always the same part. They make good leading men.

And none of the other heroes of the day—Bing Crosby with his pretty mama's-boy face, his air of a Christian Endeavor boy with a worldly polish, and a voice that breaks and wins the heart; Dick Powell, with his brashly taking manner of a snappy young salesman—they are too many to mention, they come and go too fast—has quite the force to be more than a demigod.

There are some who, although pretty much limited to a single role, have been able to present and stamp with a name a highly typical representation: Harold Lloyd, for example, comic symbol of a

well-meaning white-collar boy; or Wallace Beery, who has come to stand for a lovable roughneck with a heart of gold. James Cagney, with his sharply edged characterization of a speedy young twentieth-century tough, is popular not only with the big audiences but is something of an idol to left-wing critics. However, it is a question whether some of these are not praising Mr. Cagney chiefly on the grounds of what they believe to be his intentions, rather than on actual accomplishment. He, like the others, is caught in the mechanics of Hollywood dramatization. In his part of Bottom, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he certainly did not show himself an actor of any great understanding. W. C. Fields did far better when he stepped over into a "classic" role as Micawber in "David Copperfield." The bland clown-face of Fields, which reveals in flashes of ominous irritation the savage mishaps that strew the main-trodden paths of human existence, is that of a genuine artist. Will Rogers was a screen god certainly, a family god in the magnitude of his popularity; an artist too in the representative quality of his brand of rustic Western humor, if he had diluted it less with the personal likeableness of that good fellow and too canny showman, Will Rogers.

But among all the picture gods, huge as their following is and tempestuous their worship, the image of only one has attained the universality which belongs to genius. The image is that of a tramp—a lost though comic figure wandering through a bewildering world. Too much has been written about Charlie Chaplin for his gift to need description here. It is not inappropriate to note, however, that this pathetic figure does not belong to that movie world in which the slick machine-made heroes, the menaces, the lovers, know all the answers and give them so easily. The little fellow in the battered hat, like Chaplin himself, child of the London slums, is one of the world's dispossessed. He is forever on the outside looking in—that is his place in the great American myth as it flourishes in

Hollywood. The happy ending, the kiss in the fade-out, is for the Horatio Alger heroes of the films. The little fellow's fade-out is still that dismal road, with no visible ending, although now his girl takes it with him.

III

In picture mythology the goddesses have always outnumbered the gods. The very fact that their chances for stardom are greater, however, makes their artistic opportunities less. More even than handsome actors, they are forced into the strict mold of accepted charm. They must all seem worthy to be loved; each be a version of "As You Desire Me." Even the most talented soon loses her appeal as an actress and becomes interesting chiefly for what she reveals and typifies. She appears as the embodiment of some ideal already loosely present in contemporary life and consciousness.

Of the early screen heroines only Mary Pickford has remained in the magnitude of a goddess. Great actresses are remembered as they appeared in great parts: Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, Sarah Bernhardt as Phaedra, Duse as The Lady from the Sea. But Mary Pickford is simply the representation of "Mary Pickford." The name has the same sort of familiarity as the trade mark upon any famous commercial product. What the name sums up forever is the image of a child-woman with golden curls.

It was fitting that the early days of this new art-industry should have this child-woman as its heroine. It was a pre-war ideal which Mary Pickford represented. Present for years in the national consciousness, personified in all the sweetest child heroines from Elsie Dinsmore to Pollyanna, her pretty face gave it concrete finality. This Mary Pickford image was the visible representation of those sunny mottoes and shibboleths, of the posy-framed "Smile, Just Smile" and "Be Glad" which characterized the early fair days of the century. America's Sweetheart was the embodiment of the nation's

sexual and spiritual childhood. It has been said truly that a major turning point in national history was reached on the day when Mary Pickford cut her curls.

Miss Pickford at last outgrew the part. The part itself was outgrown. A smaller but also authentic goddess then more briefly ruled the screen. She was Clara Bow, the Brooklyn Bonfire.

The era of which Clara Bow was the popular symbol was known in literature as the era of the Lost Generation. But to motion-picture audiences it went by the name of the Flapper Age, the age of Flaming Youth. In this version its ideals, reduced to the lowest common denominator, became nothing more than Sex Appeal, jauntily abbreviated to S. A.

The central figure of this age had her rivals too, who at the time seemed formidable. But the Clara Bow image was left as its symbol. The image was still that of a child, but of a bad child, not a good child—although of course with the proverbial movie heart of gold. The early innocence was dispelled. The Brooklyn Bonfire appealed to sailors on leave, to boys just out of the army. The child had learned the facts of life. The golden hair had turned to fiery red, the eyes were knowing, the curls were cut and tousled. The childish form had taken on seductive curves. The childish legs were provocatively shapely. (The mental age had not risen in any perceptible degree.) The child had reached the dawn of a precocious adolescence. She was running wild. The high-keyed discussions of Sex in Greenwich Village had come down on the screen to plain It, as defined by the redoubtable Elinor Glyn. There were no refinements upon that raw vitality. It remained for a later era to touch the symbol with the dubious charms of decadence.

All during this brief bright reign another star had been rising. It still shines with an enigmatic luster no one has quite defined. The image of Greta Garbo is the first among the goddesses of the screen with enough subtlety to puzzle anyone; and perhaps to this degree it may be taken

to signify the first dawn of a coming age of the picture art-industry.

Perhaps more influence has been exerted by the personality of Greta Garbo herself than by those of earlier stars—in some ways an individuality marked to the degree of bizarre eccentricity. Nevertheless, the picture image is a representative one. Nor is it truly adult. For this goddess' strange charm analyzed proves to be that of adolescence—not the precociously and voluptuously maturing childishness of Clara Bow, but adolescence all the same, strangely childlike, still more strangely mature. The tall figure has an awkwardness sometimes crudely coltish, sometimes divinely odd with its queer off-grace. The long swinging bob of soft light hair, a variation of which is still the favorite coiffure of youth in spite of the hairdressers' efforts to supersede it, is that of a girl just past childhood.

And even about the face—that face so purely marked in its characteristic outlines, with the high cheekbones, the extravagant lashes, the brows curved into a wilful exaggeration of temperamental individuality—there is something immaturely overdone. Immaturity lies in its very enigma. For the peculiar charm and power of this beauty taken as the symbol of "allure" are not those of womanhood but of neurotic adolescence crystallized and held spell-bound. This face holds intact the "mysterious" entity of emotional youth, mysterious because not yet yielded. It is a self-centered loveliness.

No such extravagant amount of personal legend has grown up round any figure of the screen as that which surrounds this tall, fair-haired, foreign girl. In a way it is laughable, the manner in which the naive craving for personal familiarity centered upon national idols has been shocked into awe by the simple quality of aloofness. This famed aloofness—which means largely Miss Garbo's efforts to keep her personal and professional affairs separate, something not attempted by screen deities before—has been variously ascribed to eccentricity, glum-

ness, "ungraciousness," stupidity, a past sorrow, the romantic loneliness of the great, and an ultra-shrewd publicity sense.

Nevertheless, the screen image and the individual are not really far apart, not even (it seems fair to guess) in the mind of the goddess herself. It has been argued frequently that Greta Garbo is the first great actress of motion pictures. She was dubbed early, with customary grandiloquence, "The Duse of the Screen." But although she has compelling power and intensity, beauty and distinction, it is still, I make bold to state, as a "personality" that Greta Garbo holds her place; and, in a more subtle way than that of the earlier screen goddesses, as a representation and a symbol. The image which she has created out of herself gives a mold to ideal feminine qualities of an era even more than it suggests a unique individual. The way in which girls everywhere have responded to this representation proves the point. The Greta Garbo image has caught their imaginations not so much because it was itself strange and new as because it embodied in thrilling and exquisite form that which they all desired to be.

It was altogether fitting that this more subtle quality of charm should have a foreign flavor; that America's Post-War Sweetheart should bring the conscious "allure" of the Old World. The image came into popularity along with the awareness of "civilized" sophistication which was so much an outgrowth of the mingling of the Old World and the New. It is easy of course to read too much into these symbols; and yet I think the comment holds. Feminine charms were no longer open, but artful—touched with the peculiar glow of decadence in which magic lies. The luminous goddess of this day was no longer a figure of bounding health, but anæmic and almost emaciated, pale, introspective, at once adolescently boyish and ultra-female. America's new sweetheart was distinctly a neurotic girl.

Greta Garbo was the first great popular

introvert heroine of a nation of blithe extroverts; and in that shift from earlier and simpler ideals lay the galvanizing shock of change, and perhaps of self-development. This image was the final reduction to the lowest common denominator—glorified of course for screen purposes—of a heroine who had appeared long ago in literature, disturbingly and variously, as the heroine of the Brontë novels, of Russian fiction, of the plays of Ibsen. She had come late to these shores but, arriving in lovely and distinguished form, had overturned the feminine ideal of the nation. The It Girl was popularly transformed into the Glamorous One.

Yet it must be repeated that Greta Garbo, although the quality of her acting is indubitably higher, is no more essentially an actress than the goddess who preceded her. An objective artistry is not at the source of her fascination or her power. The truth is that of all the feminine Narcissi who have gazed into the mirror of their own beauty on the silver screen she ranks first. Using the screen as a magic magnifying glass, she like the others, even more than the others, has been acting out her fairy story. For even those famous love scenes with which she won her first popularity had this queer unreality, this lack of human give and take, as if they were being played out alone in a dream. The companion of these scenes is only a shadow prince who never quite comes to life. The drama seems hers alone. She might have created it.

Sometimes she did create it. Take for example the film "Queen Christina," which was almost made to Miss Garbo's measure—the Northern queen who is both boy and exquisite woman, who dreams of love to which she cannot yield herself without losing her exalted role, in whose overshadowing personal glory the hero of her love story fades out—all this seemed clearly utilized as the visualization of a secret history through which the star was moving. The Great Garbo romance, like that of all neurotic heroines, is tragic. And it may be a perception of this which

gives to that thin clear face, enlarged in the closeups, its disturbing intensity of personal pain. For it is personal, in no true sense dramatic—the faint knitting of the pencilled eyebrows, the quiver of the beautiful mouth, the indrawn yet far-away expression of the strange bright eyes.

It is this narcissus quality, upon which feminine stardom is still so largely founded, which has kept Miss Garbo from truly earning her title of "The Duse of the Screen." In "Anna Karenina" the dignity of the story gave power to her acting; but it was not the character of Tolstoi's Anna—vital, radiant, unthinking—which she played. She might never have read the book, only the scenario. It was Great Garbo in the situation of the play.

So far, unlike her Queen Christina, Greta Garbo has not relinquished her crown. Other actresses may rank higher momentarily at the box office, other types may be held up for an interval, but none of these has sufficient power of representation to be raised to an unassailable position in picture mythology. The national ideal wavers, but has found no newer representation. Girlish figures are lankier than ever, bobbed hair is long and blond.

IV

Demi-goddesses have appeared meanwhile during the Garbo reign. They are important enough to offer cause for interesting speculation.

The loveliest is that other foreign beauty, Marlene Dietrich. The German siren is more truly a personification of "feminine allure" than Garbo herself, for there is nothing equivocal about her femininity. The famous trousers set off this voluptuous womanhood comically, like the tights and silk hat worn by the charmer in the music hall. There is no adolescent angularity, but the essence of luxuriant feminine beauty in that delicately rounded figure with the notorious silken legs. The face itself is like either an exaggeration or a more exact render-

ing of the exotic strangeness of the Garbo face: the cheeks more hollowed, the cheekbones higher, the lips half open, the eyes self-consciously enigmatic, the brows pencilled to a more fantastic sweep. But the mystery of these deep-set eyes and of that husky voice is the age-old mystery of feminine beauty, that and nothing else.

Her image on the screen, no matter what part Miss Dietrich plays, might be called the symbol of a finished ideal of European femininity, ripe, almost over-ripe in luscious beauty, and heavily charged with disillusionment. In the person of this lovely woman, that ideal, so long a jealously cherished private one, is made visible to outside eyes. It is like drawing back the curtains of the harem. Somewhere behind the masklike smoothness of the face, sculptural yet fascinatingly irregular, there is a frightened and distasteful shrinking, turning slowly to disdain.

But her very excess of femininity has seemed to be Marlene Dietrich's doom as an artist. Obviously too intelligent to be the ridiculous Trilby of her legend, there is, nevertheless, an almost weary passivity about her, a leaning upon authority, an apparent refusal to arouse herself to do her own thinking. The thinking that has been done for her has not overcome that self-placed handicap. Hollywood is prodigally wasteful of talent, but it is doubtful whether it has ever done worse than with the exciting promise and rare beauty of Marlene Dietrich. She was turned into a static image of lorelei charm, frozen in a lovely pose—and to bring the image again to life, there seems to be no proposal except to point again to its over publicized legs, and its—by this time—rubber-stamp "allure."

Joan Crawford is probably the most widely popular of these demi-goddesses. But her own story is more representative than her image on the screen. It is as the heroine of this story, retold in almost every issue of the fan magazines, and not as an actress, not even as a movie star, that Joan Crawford appears as a genuinely significant figure of our times. The story

might be called "The Rise of an American Girl." It is a Cinderella story of course, but put into modern terms, for its heroine is an active and not a passive figure. The frank story of a climber, yet it carries an intensity of burning ambition which gives a compelling and moving pathos to a half-shoddy tale.

The same story unrolls, even more clearly, in the pictures in which Miss Crawford appears first as a buxom hoover with all the obvious charms of burlesque; then as the hungrily ambitious heroine, thin and big-eyed, of the shopgirl's drama; and last as a gorgeously gowned typical star of the screen. The dramas in which she has figured have not been tragic—success stories, rather, although beset with trials. Yet there is a tragic note in the representative history of Joan Crawford as its outline appears through the pictures and beneath the ballyhoo. It is the tragedy of a naïve materialism. A self-made tragedy, it might almost be called. For in the intensity of the effort to Become Someone, to Develop a Personality, the personality itself has become almost wholly externalized. The face has been "groomed" until the earlier interesting and strongly human qualities have been almost entirely ironed out of it; and the image now presented on the screen has become a mask no longer capable of expressing any truly genuine emotion.

Yet the same pathos hovers about this image as about the dramas built round it—and about the movies themselves—that queer pathos of great promise and cheapened accomplishment, the promise nullified by too golden a success. The profile etched for a moment upon the screen gives an effect of nobility, never carried out by the character in the flashy play. A tragic sense of waste is hidden somewhere in the success story.

Katharine Hepburn would undoubtedly be considered by many the strongest contestant for the goddess role, in spite of some spectacular failures. She too has been called "The Duse of the Screen." The Hepburn image, like the Dietrich

image, shows a blend of likenesses and contrasts to the Garbo image. Perhaps it is the best American version. But the individuality of the Garbo image has been developed to an exaggerated degree—the face thinned down to genuine oddness, the body to an emaciated angularity. The "personality" is wilfully, even thornily, displayed. It has always seemed to this screen spectator that Katharine Hepburn has missed fire because of a split purpose. It would appear that she is ambitious to stand as a genuine dramatic artist capable of playing varied roles, and that at the same time she must display herself and herself only. As a result, the image which she has given to the screen is provocative, but unsatisfying.

This is offered as guesswork—that in spite of her diffuseness on the one side, the narrowness of her talents on the other, Katharine Hepburn has a capacity for suggesting a representation, slight and brittle, by no means so deeply typical as that summed up in the image of Greta Garbo, or even in the Joan Crawford image, but genuine in its degree—a picture of a debutante, a Junior Leaguer. In her wilfulness, her tomboyishness, her piquant face, her tinny little voice, in her very eccentricities, there might be found a concrete definition of the intense individualism of the spoiled little rich girl of this era. It is a role which Miss Hepburn suggests, but does not play; and in order to play it she would have to deprive herself of that somewhat phony movie "glamour" which, distressingly, she has added even to the roles of Jo March and Alice Adams. Here is another contradiction—versatility where versatility does not exist; a star who has lost, rather than gained, by the lack of that rigid "typing" which most screen actors and actresses rightly dread.

There are other picture celebrities as popular as those mentioned and yet with scarcely sufficient power of representation to give them a place in picture mythology. There is Norma Shearer who, with great facility, presents an image of the all-round young woman of the day whose

cleverness is her chief asset, enabling her to do everything well and nothing supremely well; and Myrna Loy, who suggests the "smoothness" which is a contemporary ideal. Others might be considered rather as reinterpretations of ideal types which have already been given lasting personification. Thus the sweetly pretty image of Janet Gaynor is another affirmation of the Mary Pickford ideal; and the Jean Harlow image a sort of later representation, more sophisticated, more bawdy, of the It Girl.

Some of the newest screen heroines have made their initial success as actresses rather than as impersonalized symbols. However, these girls have all been importations from the stage. Ruth Chatterton and Ann Harding were the first of these stage ladies to add technical equipment to good looks as a requisite for the screen. But their capabilities have gradually become blurred by the demand that they should first of all measure up to stereotyped "appeal." Helen Hayes did something during her screen career to break down this requirement. Now there is Miriam Hopkins, with her vivacity, her touch of elfin oddity; Margaret Sullavan, with the charm of her "natural" acting; Josephine Hutchinson, with her sympathetic comprehension; and Bette Davis who, in the difficult role of the vicious Mildred in "Of Human Bondage," transcended the abilities of all the stock movie heroines put together. Other spectators no doubt have different favorites.

A number of these rising stars have shown signs of rebellion against the hackneyed repetition of roles, the gossipy vulgarity of the fan magazines, and the trumped-up interviews built on spurious "angles" which make up the blatancy of Hollywood ballyhoo. But there is a harder fight ahead of them than there is likelihood to believe many of them will be able to wage with any great success. For as soon as they reach Hollywood their factory numbers are pinned on them. The beautifiers are let loose until the very qualities which made them indi-

viduals are relentlessly smoothed out. Publicity "builds them up" with absurd falsifications which they may spend half their time later trying to explain and live down. Fan mail pours in upon them; mob adoration magnifies their "personalities"; their "screen selves" and their "real selves" become hopelessly entangled, and soon the integrity of their acting is lost. The producers hasten them into parts to reap the reward of their popularity while it lasts. Will Josephine Hutchinson be given roles really suitable to her intelligence? Will the touch of gallant wilfulness which makes Margaret Sullavan interesting be forced to the poor exchange of regular photographic prettiness in order to make her a *bona fide* star? Will Bette Davis be forced to play too many meaningless blond roles until the biting edge is gone—her truly unusual talent never allowed to reach maturity?

And another necessity faces these actresses if they are to retain the artistic integrity with which some of them started. They must throw away that magic mirror which the screen holds up before them and look into the far less flattering reflection of authenticity. In sober fact, they must step out of their exalted goddess parts, descend first to mortal size to gain a truer sort of relative immortality. But who can fling away an apple so golden?

No stage importation, however much applauded, has yet attained to the popular supremacy of such genuine movie stars as Joan Crawford and Clara Bow. I doubt if it can be attained through talent. The late Marie Dressler, for example, reached her position of screen deity by something of a dramatic side-path: because she stood for the "come-back," the golden second chance of the middle-aged, the ideal of life beginning at forty. In spite of the greater technical ability of newer actresses, of the influence upon screen acting left by Helen Hayes, and of the influx of opera stars held up as promise, the reigning goddess of the screen, who has stolen up closest to the

Garbo throne, represents no great advance in the demands of screen audiences. A backsliding, rather. It is the image of Shirley Temple, curls and grimaces, a summing up of all the ideals of bright, forward, and over-emphasized American childhood.

The screen has no feminine Charlie Chaplin. That old demand of "As You Desire Me" is too strong. The coiffure must still be perfect no matter how hard the winds blow. The clothes must be immaculate even in desert Bar-B.Q. stands and underworld hide-outs. The fame of Mae West alone is comparable, in a minor way, to that of Chaplin. For Mae West plays a single role, but that role is a conscious representation, not an unconscious typification of an inarticulate ideal. The great exponent of Sex capitalized, she plays not to be loved, not to "keep faith with her fans," but to present the part for all the part is worth. In other words, Mae West is in her degree an artist.

The two consistent artists of the screen, as Hollywood now permits the screen—a slap-stick tramp and a burlesque queen.

V

How truly are these images, in spite of their worship, the gods of America? How much are they actually and literally "build-ups"? And do they, taken all over the world to represent America and "Americanization" in the deepest sense, represent it at all? How much of this mythology is real and how much is bogus, like any over-advertised commercial product?

Examine these images, and the bogus element becomes apparent at once. To create them Hollywood has misused rather than used the true power of photography. Look at the faces of the goddesses in the huge close-ups. Artificiality is so much taken for granted that it is almost accepted as a picture convention—the bleached hair, the painted eyebrows, the false eyelashes, the made-to-order mouth, the shining teeth—these are not

faces but masks, created to conceal rather than to reveal. The process can be seen in the history of almost any European star brought over and "glorified" for the American screen. Take only the unfortunate history of the Russian actress, Anna Sten. In "The Tempest," a German film in which she appeared with Emil Jannings, Miss Sten looked the part which she portrayed, that of a rough-neck charmer of the slums; crudely dressed, tousle-haired, she had all the weakness and the power of the vixen she was meant to be. But in the ill-fated "Nana," after a year or more of "grooming," with eyebrows pencilled, hair coiffed, clothes by Somebody-or-Other, body attenuated, all the force inherent in that broad Slavic face was diminished to a conventionalized prettiness. To make over the actuality into predetermined types, set to stereotyped and mechanical notions of beauty, is a falsification at the start.

Having examined the images themselves, it is interesting next to try to find the actors and actresses behind the images—the "real" this one and that one.

First of all, let us look into the literature that has been built up round them; those curious contemporary documents, the fan magazines. These are all made to pattern. All are addressed to "the fans" in order to bring them into personal touch with their gods and goddesses. The personal note runs throughout—runs riot. It is in the editorials, intimate and flattering, addressed to "you and you and you," with a chummy air which says, this is *your* magazine, run only for *you*, to bring you news of *your* idols—for we, the writers, and you, the readers, are all common folk together basking in the light of these shining beings. They go into the homes of the deities, leading the readers by the hand, showing them the living rooms, the swimming pools, the playrooms, the kitchens, placing them at the tables (set for guests, menus included), almost in the beds of The Stars.

In all this mass of print, acting itself gets short shrift. The articles are a mixture of highly personal criticism and

ballyhoo. The same thing happens over and over again, with nearly all the actors and actresses brought to Hollywood, until it becomes a routine. First the magazines bring out a big ballyhoo, devoted to the fresh charms of the new heart-throb, or menace, or sensation. Each is billed as an utter alien to the accepted rules of Hollywood. The actor is made one of us by being called at once by his first name. Even that is abbreviated if the name itself offers any chance. The Margarets become Maggies, the Constances Connies, the Jameses Jimmies; and even when Katherine Cornell got as close to Hollywood as a theater in Los Angeles, she at once became in the fan magazines Kit Cornell. The glorifying process starts immediately, attempting to lift the actor into mythology through mechanical processes. There were never beings in the world like these; so exciting, so glamorous, so good to the poor, such householders, with such fine cooks, such good dressers on budgets, such parents, such lovers.

But right along with this glorification goes that jeering reduction to the bottom level which runs through American journalism. The fan articles present a curious mixture of adulation and a touchy sense that these deities are no better than the rest of us. The deities are examined first to see if they are "regular"—that is, if they are going to play ball according to Hollywood rules. The first rule is, of course—tell all. You are ours, so open up. A desire to stick to professional instead of personal issues becomes "high-hat," a sign that the actor thinks himself too good to tell. Thus, one magazine spoke of the "vulgar taste" of an actress who refused to "come across" with the intimacies of her marriage. If actors hold out for the conditions under which they can do their best work they are damned with the other bludgeon adjective, "temperamental."

A quotation from a fan article with the subtitle: "Frank Knows All the Answers and Tells Them All." We will call the actor Frank Jones.

More than this, Frank is available to his fans. A lot of women have traveled across the country with the sole and intense purpose of meeting Frank Jones, and, almost unheard of in this town, these fans do meet him. Some of them even lunch and dine with him.

And this is offered seriously as evidence of the *realness* of Frank Jones. As an actor? Don't be silly. As a movie star and a popular god.

In all this grind of the mill, what wonder that the edge soon wears off the acting? Some few survive it. Not many. The waste is enormous. Sometimes an actor is brought to Hollywood to play the same role he has played on the stage. It is informing to observe the differences between that first part, with its finesse, its sinking of the actor in the part, and the succession of the film roles as the same actor gradually comes to play them. The acting of Helen Hayes in her first motion picture was a revelation to film audiences; but her acting had become worn down to the ordinary when she left Hollywood. Charles Laughton is in danger of applying a formula for villainousness in those terribly wicked parts which he plays with a childlike enjoyment. Paul Muni, able and earnest actor, appears in dramas in which the original intention still shows through; but which, under screen manipulation into Hearstian ideals, tend to fall into the deteriorated compromise hash of "Black Fury."

There is little criticism worth the name. This is true not only of the fan magazines. Critics not connected with Hollywood are still too grateful for any favor in the films; either that or they still take the position (fewer of them now) that no good can be expected to come out of Hollywood. In the fan magazines there is such a naïve emphasis upon the personal that acting is called "natural" and "sincere" when it isn't acting at all; when an actor, met face to face, is exactly as he appears upon the screen. When will the producers throw away these siren roles, the complaint runs, and show us the real Marianna, natural, gay, and just a girl at heart?

The blame is by no means entirely on

the side of the producers, however. Too many of the actors and actresses themselves very probably come to love the image in the magic looking-glass. Motion pictures constitute the only art in which the players are actually able to see themselves. Nearly everybody prefers a flattering photograph.

Meanwhile, these images which Hollywood has presented have at least the raw value of revealing where the lowest reach of the lowest common denominator seems to lie. That is how they must be read—as a broad typification, half genuine and

half imposed, creative only in the tremendous influence which they exert.

With the Hollywood set-up as it is today, we cannot ask for very much else. The stories that Hollywood permits can only scrape the gaudy and tawdry surface of American life and legend. The images of its gods and goddesses are now magnified out of all proportion to their genuine value and significance. So far, American motion pictures, in spite of the skill that goes into their making, form an unconscious social document rather than an art.

AFTERNOON

BY AUDREY WURDEMAN

IT IS too quiet here, and one dark wasp
Intent and instant goes about the green,
Making a low monotonous surly rasp,
Glinting in sun, in shadow half-unseen.
It is pure beauty; it is perfect peace,
Save for the snake's head, small below a leaf,
Save for the forked and flickering tongue, the crease
Folded in air by the flash, and the fragile grief.
The snake has struck; the wasp has set its sting
Under a beetle's carapace; the fly
Dies folded in a waiting web; its wing
Floats loose before the faceted gold eye;
And while the endless even hours are spun,
Death does not tire of dying in the sun.



A MORAL EQUIVALENT FOR ATHLETICS

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

A CELEBRATED conductor, foreign born but long resident in this country, recently asserted that the trouble with music in America is that "People stay home from concerts to play quartets in the wrong key, with the wrong notes, in the wrong tempo, and think they are doing so much for the future of music."

This man has fairly earned a position in music which makes anything he says in that field important; unfortunately, this reputation will cause many people to take him seriously when he ventures out of the field of music and into that of philosophy, as he did in this quotation. And that, as the North Carolina farmer said from the tree-top where the freshet had deposited him to his children who were lamenting his demise with shrill screams below, "is how all these damn lies git about the country."

For the highly skilled and highly trained professional musician is of all men the man least likely to know why amateurs play quartets, or why amateurs play anything. There are a few exceptions of course. Mr. Sigmund Spaeth, for instance, seems to know, and so do Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler, Mrs. Catharine Drinker Bowen, and a few others. These intelligentsia, however, can probably be counted on the fingers, and I do not think there is a foreigner among them. This is no cause for astonishment, since the problem is not a matter of understanding music but of understanding Americans. Indeed, it should not be expected of alien musicians among us. If they understand their art, that is enough; when they cause

perturbation by misinterpreting the national character the fault is ours for expecting them to be psychologists as well as musicians.

The distinguished musician quoted above may, therefore, be forgiven for his utterance, since he could not reasonably be expected to know what he was talking about. What is unpardonable is that his remark was widely quoted in this country with respect, if not always with approval. Apparently there are Native Sons so dull of understanding that they actually believe that the amateur quartet player is the national stayer-away from concerts. Yet no mental, but only a visual, process is needed to dissipate that illusion; let the observer attend a concert and look about him. He need not think; he need do no more than look, because the amateurs will be there.

It may be objected that even a foreign-born conductor ought to be capable of that, hence he has no more excuse to err than the native. But the cases are not the same. The foreigner may look as hard as he can, but he will not see the audience, he will see the empty seats; and he cannot disabuse his mind of the error that those who are not in them are at home playing quartets. Only an American can understand that those Americans who stay away from concerts would regard the idea of playing quartets with the same horror and shame that would fill the soul of a European at the idea of carrying a package on the street for his wife. The reactions are identical because they are aroused by the same stimuli; neither the

American, asked to play, nor the European, asked to carry a package, really objects to the trifling physical labor involved; it is the social stigma the act would put upon him that he cannot endure.

Perhaps the American born and bred in one of the dozen largest cities of the country may find this hard to believe; but one brought up in the country or in a small American town will understand at once. To this day in large sections of the country music is a slightly shameful mystery so far as men are concerned. Sinclair Lewis satirized this attitude brilliantly in one of the most tragic pages of that supremely tragic history, *Babbitt*. When the proposal was made that the Rotary Club support the project to establish a symphony orchestra in Zenith the members really wanted to do it, but each, before casting his vote in favor of the project, felt that his own self-respect demanded that he clear himself of any suspicion of liking symphonic music; they justified voting for the orchestra by assuring themselves that it would be a fine advertisement for Zenith. The vice of music, they agreed, would be counteracted by the virtue of advertising.

The general assumption has been that this proves one thing, and one thing only, to wit, that Babbitt is a fool. That this is true is hardly open to doubt, but that it is the whole truth is by no means so certain. The fact that the European objects violently to carrying a package on the street likewise proves that he is a fool, but it also implies the existence of a long series of social concepts and attitudes which account for the existence of the folly and its prevalence over wide areas. Is it not reasonable to suppose that behind Mr. Babbitt's objection to confessing a liking for symphonic music—and for chamber music, opera, and the recitals of most virtuosi as well—there may be a similar complication of forces?

Note that the conventions of Zenith do not impose a stigma on appreciation of all forms of music, but only of serious music. Not long ago I heard Paul Whiteman, in

a lecture at a famous conservatory, pose a question that has not been answered. He stated that every week he has to meet a huge payroll; I am afraid to quote from memory, but the figure was far up in the thousands. He said that there are in this country at least five organizations similar to his which meet comparable payrolls; he was inclined to think some of them were even larger than his. These payrolls have been met regularly, right through the depression, and they have been met with money which Mr. Babbitt cheerfully paid as admission fees. At the moment when Mr. Whiteman spoke, the Metropolitan Opera was making frantic appeals for financial support to avoid closing its doors. Practically every big symphony orchestra in the country was also cadging for funds, and the very conservatory in which he spoke was financially distressed. Why, asked Mr. Whiteman, can jazz not only pay its way, but return a handsome profit to its practitioners, while the music which most of the world has agreed is the finest is dependent upon alms?

Part of the answer unquestionably is the fact that Mr. Babbitt can afford to boast of having attended a concert by Paul Whiteman, but feels it necessary to make an elaborate explanation of why he attended a concert by Fritz Kreisler. Now I venture to doubt that this is altogether to Mr. Babbitt's discredit. He knows that nobody goes to a Whiteman concert unless he wants to hear the music; and he also knows that in the smaller cities and towns a great many people attend classical concerts not because they want to hear the music, but because they wish to make the neighbors think they like to hear classical music. He detests that form of hypocrisy and snobbery. Unfortunately, his recoil from it throws him straight into the opposite hypocrisy of pretending to dislike classical music when, sometimes, in his heart he likes it. All the same, the initial recoil from sham is not discreditable.

There is, however, an American—and his tribe increases—who has escaped that

inhibition. He is the one who plays quartets at home—in the wrong key perhaps, with the wrong notes and in the wrong tempo—but who doesn't do it for the future of music, but for pure sport. He need not necessarily be musical at all, within any reasonable definition of the term; all he must have is an ear not completely tone-deaf and a high appreciation of ingenuity and dexterity. With this equipment only he cannot hope ever to produce music worth presenting to an audience, but he may very easily develop into a downright rabid concert-goer; and if we develop some millions of rabid concert-goers, the future, if not of music at least of professional musicians, in this country is assured.

II

I am not guessing about this. I know it without any question because I happen to be a reconditioned Babbitt myself. The inscrutable dispensations of Providence gave me a youth spent in typical American villages and small cities, with an ear so dull that I can no more tune a fiddle than I can whip Joe Louis. The fire of genius that burned in the young Mozart, if it ever touched me, encountered an asbestos soul which emerged not even slightly charred. I had, moreover, observed the sort of people who professed to go into ecstasies over every wandering concertizer who drifted our way, and I knew that a large percentage of them were frauds of the first order. Music? Bah! Oh, a barber-shop quartet was all right, and a brass band was usually made up of honest workmen who were entitled to as much respect as competent brick-masons; but violinists and singers of art songs were fishermen for suckers. Honest men evaded their nets.

Furthermore, I remain only slightly more musical than a wooden cigar store Indian; yet nowadays I go to concerts and have a grand time, although to this day I have some slight difficulty in distinguishing between "La Paloma" and the "Habañera" from "Carmen," and even

the Strauss waltzes consist of two, the other being the one that isn't "The Blue Danube." Understand music? God save the mark! What I have at last discovered is that this great realm is not exclusively the province of those whose ears are keenly attuned to the beauty of sound and whose emotional response is swift and unerring. There is room in it also for those whose talents and aspirations run no higher than to the satisfaction of the sporting instinct.

This discovery I owe to the process branded as the ruin of American music—the process of playing terribly as a member of a terrible ensemble meeting at home. If our group has any virtue at all, it isn't a musician's, but a sportsman's virtue, to wit, a genuine admiration of form for its own sake and not for the sake of the gallery. This is not necessarily allied with skill. The poor dub who slams everything into the net may yet cherish a keen admiration, and even a theoretical understanding of the miracles of skill and balance that the great Tilden used to perform on the tennis court. Certainly he appreciates and understands them better than a man who never held a racket in his hands; and if he plays his best he is a tennis-player all right.

Our ensemble, I think, has consistently played its best. At any rate it has avoided gallery-play, for no audiences are permitted. In my youth I should have asked, if you play for nobody then why play at all? And I should have been astonished if anyone had countered with the question, Do you play duck-pins for the bystanders or stud poker for the kibitzers? Yet the question is a fair one. If you are up to professional form, play for an audience by all means; but that isn't the only reason for playing. There remains the game for the game's sake. I am convinced that the musical sterility of America, about which we are always hearing, is due in no small part to the fact that it has occurred to so few Americans that it is possible to play the "Jupiter" symphony for the same reasons that one plays

duck-pins or stud, and to derive the same sort of satisfactions from it.

Consider, if you please, wherein lies the fascination of these two games. There is an element of chance in both, but in bowling everything depends on the player's own body; no great strength is required, but co-ordination, timing, balance are supremely important. At cards, on the other hand, much depends upon the other players or, rather, on one's own speed and accuracy of observation. Rest assured that both these elements are of vital importance in playing in an amateur ensemble. The moment of greatest tenseness in bowling is the instant after the ball has left your hand and started down the alley; before it has traveled ten feet you know whether it is rightly or wrongly placed and, if it is right, you watch it describe its long, flat trajectory with a hook at the end that brings it crashing into the point of the triangle of pins—well, if you have ever bowled, you know what it is. Now the "Jupiter" is notable for the relatively even use it makes of all the instruments. No matter what you are playing, you will find a dozen places in your part where you are called on for a long, sustained note, followed by a staccato run of very short ones that is supposed to wind up with a bang squarely on the tonic or the dominant.

I suppose that to a skillful musician this means nothing much; but a rank amateur finds that the success of this operation depends very largely on the start. If that first note is well struck the effect is very much like launching a bowling-ball properly. Thereafter the thing pretty well takes care of itself; you shoot down the alley—I should say the staff—spinning in a beautiful curve, and at the end crash into the midst of the other instruments scattering bright harmonies in every direction as the pins are hurled wildly by a strike. But oh, if you don't hit the first one right! Down you go, scrambling madly to recover the pitch, but edging, edging, edging off to right or left, sharp or flat, finally to hit the gutter with a thud conventionally, but correctly,

described as dull and sickening. From the very first instant you know that it is all wrong, but if you are a genuine amateur, one of the really hopeless kind, there is nothing under God's heaven you can do about it.

This is, however, only half of it. In bowling you act alone; but in this game there is a whole roomful of other amateurs participating. Most poker players, probably superstitiously, like to sit, as they say, "under the gun," that is, next to the dealer. In an amateur ensemble, however, there is no superstition about it. To be placed right at the conductor is a distinct, solid, substantial advantage; for no amateur ever knew his music any too well, and it is a grave risk to lift one's eyes from the page even to catch the beat. Near the leader, however, you can sense it, even if you don't actually see it, and this tends to lift self-confidence to the level of arrogance. The amateur under the gun can bear down, override, and trample all opposition, and he usually does so. But when you are sitting back a little, then comes the psychological test. The deal has started, and let us suppose you are playing the "Jupiter." The moment is approaching when you must pick up the theme. Now it is not only a matter of playing it correctly yourself, but also of figuring what that clarinet player on your right has in the hole. By all that is right and proper it should be nothing but a low, smooth, sustaining tone to heighten, by contrast, the brightness of yours. But since he is an amateur, this is a game of chance, and he is as likely as not to turn up a joker in the shape of a reedy squawk that Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, could not cover harmoniously.

Horried musicians perhaps will be shocked to the soul by the idea of making a game of one of the world's masterpieces. That is one of the things that are the matter with music. It is too full of horried musicians, too easily horried by every contact of music with common humanity. They have pretty well succeeded in withdrawing it from contact with American

humanity, with the result that Paul Whiteman's jazz band flourishes prodigiously while the Metropolitan Opera went into the red. The jazz players at any rate must be credited with remembering the pit whence they were dugged. Any art that becomes altogether arty and in no wise common is a dead art and should be disposed of like any other cadaver.

Fortunately, however, the world still possesses musicians who are not horrified, who, indeed, are practically unhorrifiable. The amateur who is in it for sport and who encounters one of these is in luck. I remember a white night some fifteen years ago when I sat in a Greek restaurant—the only place open at midnight—in a small Southern town with Efrem Zimbalist and heard him, over a steak and potatoes, telling a young violinist whom he had encountered by chance how to play Bach's "Air for the G String." Everything connected with the fiddle is Greek to me, and I remember nothing that he said, but I do remember my stupefaction at discovering in a man whom everybody called a great artist simplicity, kindliness, deep understanding of plain men, and sudden outbursts of sly humor. I was even more ignorant then than I am now; it did not cross my mind that it would have been much more remarkable to discover a really first-rate man who doesn't possess some of these qualities.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was a first-rate man. I do not believe for a moment that he would be horrified at the mauling our ensemble gives his "Jupiter" symphony—that is, so long as the mauling is due to the fact that we can't play it, and not to any disposition intentionally to add to it innovations of our own. There is a tremendous difference between sandlot baseball that is nothing else and an exhibition game for the spectators. For the amateur who tackles before an audience music that he can't play I have no defense; he deserves the withering comments that musicians make on his performance. But he is not the subject of

this discussion; we are considering "people who stay home to play." On these there is only one limitation—the music must be music that they like, or the business will become a bore.

Any man who likes to bowl or to draw to a three-card flush would like to play the "Jupiter" if he suspected half of what is in it. But he will soon discover that this is no game for short sports; taking down the two corner pins for a spare, or filling an inside straight, is child's play by comparison with fitting together the parts of the fugal section of the last movement. Obviously it can be done, for the thing is played by the great orchestras constantly; but the amateur whose proudest achievement thitherto has been to carry the air of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" isn't going to do it. More than that, and worse than that, he isn't going to know why; for the notes are easy, and, unless his conductor is trying to imitate Beecham, the time is not confusing. Then he will wax wroth and, like a pressing golfer, make a worse mess of it than ever; after which, if he is a prudent man, he will calm down and begin to consider the lie of the land. And then perhaps he will begin to get an inkling of a curious fact, to wit, that this Mozart, as I have heard it put, is one of the easiest composers to perform and one of the hardest to play that ever lived. This is perhaps the beginning of a musical education; but it is certainly the beginning of a resolution that the next time the "Jupiter" is on the program of a competent orchestra you will be there, paying particular attention to this section just to see how the infernal thing is supposed to go.

III

There you are. There is the complete answer to the complaint of the musician quoted at the beginning of this article. The people who at home play quartets, or symphonies, in the wrong key, with the wrong notes, in the wrong tempo, don't stay away from concerts. They can't afford to. Their reasons may be all

wrong. Their motives may be low. Their attitude may be reprehensible; but they attend, and their money swells the box-office receipts just as effectively as that of the righteous.

More than that, they get their money's worth. I do not assume to say that they get what the truly musical get. Probably they do not. There are people to whom music is meat and drink, the very stuff of life, and what they experience at a great concert must be far beyond the comprehension of those of us who are not dowered with that gift of God, high appreciation of music.

But quite ordinary fellows, as I know by experience, get their money's worth. It is, in the beginning, the delight of the sandlot baseball player in the Polo Grounds, the dub tennis player at Forest Hills, the gallery of heavy handicaps watching Gene Sarazen tee up. There on the podium is a champion, with a hundred-odd big leaguers in the semicircle before him. Here are form, speed, power, precision, all in ample measure. Here, at last, the thing is going to be done right, every shot placed to a hair's breadth, every backhand drive like artillery fire, every smash timed to a split second. Now we shall see exactly where our ensemble has been so consistently muffing it, and if we are no more able to do it ourselves, nevertheless we shall rejoice in having seen the thing put over.

So they come to the last movement and the fugue begins to build up. Perhaps we have heard the "Jupiter" before, but in the wild welter of sound who could pick out those slight, tentative beginnings if he had not seen them on paper, had not gone over them a dozen times, never getting them quite right? But having done that, who could miss them now that the conductor is lifting them, apparently

picking them out with the tip of his baton from the rich embroidery of the symphony? Now the violins take it and a measure later the cellos ought to come in; they do, but how is this? This is not the music our ensemble plays, this roar from the deep, this chorus of singing Titans. It is the fugue, all right, but what, oh, Lord, has happened to it? Here where the thin piping of our flutes supplies the third voice, comes a shout from the woodwind choir, strong, clear, airy, and yet piercing, caught instantly, borne along and whirled away by the triumphant strings.

Well played, magnificently played, but—after all, what was it? Perfect timing, perfect balance, perfect co-ordination, yes, these we can understand and appreciate; have we not been striving for these very things for weeks? These are what we came for, what we paid our money for. These constitute Symphony No. 41 in C major. But out of them has risen something more, something unaccountable and confusing, something arising out of the music, but not the music—at least not the game we have been playing, but something which we might have passed unperceived had we not played the game. The game, played as it should be played, is transformed into something else; so one begins to perceive, dimly, why this thing, already sufficiently named, is also called by the name of the king of the gods.

Here though we begin to trespass on forbidden ground. These matters are for true musicians, not for amateurs who practice mayhem on good music for their own amusement. All the same we return to our ensemble more determined than ever. The game is a good game; never mind the art. Spread Mozart's pages on your music racks and prepare for crime. Let us play.



UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM

BY DOROTHY HAMILTON DICK

UNTIL two years ago I had never spoken in public. I could conceive of few ordeals more difficult. But I wanted to do something definite and tangible in behalf of a cause in which I was deeply interested—birth control. Apparently the alternatives were speaking for it and raising money for it; and a miserable winter of trying to solicit funds had convinced me that anything would be preferable to money-raising. So I made my decision and enrolled in a Junior League course in public speaking.

The instructor had definite ideas. He told us how to sit on the platform, how to arrange our legs with the knees close together, and how our long dresses should be draped gently round our ankles. He warned us about cats escaping in the audience, and told us that, since the cat would be the center of interest, we should stop speaking at once and turn the meeting into a cat chase. In case of fire we should, without trepidation, lead the audience in the "Star Spangled Banner." He suggested we come to the next class prepared with a five-minute address on any subject we might choose.

Here was my first opportunity to plead for my cause—birth control. I composed my speech carefully, worked over it, made my phrases as polished as possible, learned every syllable by heart. The instructor had told us to stand in front of a mirror. I obeyed. I stood and practiced. Most of the time my eyes had a glassy, faraway look as I concentrated on remembering each word. I was not much impressed by my own appearance.

The day arrived. I sat trembling and awaited my turn. The session made me think of a remark my son had made after performing in a musical recital. "All the time I wasn't playing, Mother, I was bored to death, and when I was playing, I was scared to death."

"Now, Mrs. Dick." At the sound of my name I arose and in an agony of fear went through my speech.

The class clapped politely. I felt a surge of relief and joy. Now that it was over I was convinced I had done a fine job. I had found my career. I realized for the first time that I was probably born to be a public speaker. I looked back, proud and happy, on the sonorous roll of syllables. I thought the applause was eminently deserved. I looked expectantly at the instructor, waiting for the final wreath of bay to be placed upon my head.

"Well, Mrs. Dick," he said, "that was a fine speech. You learned it all by heart, didn't you?"

"I certainly did."

"If I teach you nothing else in this course I'm going to teach you the one completely criminal fault in public speaking. Whatever else you may do, never, never, never learn your speech by heart!"

The speech lay dead, slain by these words.

I have been told that the best way to get thin is to announce this purpose loudly to all comers. I had in the same brazen spirit of desperation announced I was to be a public speaker. It was my excuse for refusing to raise more money.

I had hoped I should not be taken seriously, trusting the need for public speaking had been greatly exaggerated. Such, however, was not the case. After only a few wet-handed sessions in the class I was suddenly summoned to my telephone.

Was I ready to speak in public? My public was ready for me.

The first call of my flock was, appropriately enough, to a little church in a Long Island suburb. I was invited to attend the Ladies' Sewing Circle and then to speak. What should I wear? My public-speaking course referred only to long flowing skirts to be draped across my ankles. A long flowing skirt in an afternoon sewing circle was manifestly unsuitable. It seemed to me I must be business-like and yet chic. I must not look the frump who usually espoused causes in compensation for frumpishness. On the contrary, I must create the impression of a smart, well-dressed New Yorker who, in spite of attributes and abilities, believed in birth control. I must bring to my efforts the weight that Mrs. Sabin's appearance and position always brought to her espousal of the repeal of prohibition. I never took more trouble with my appearance, not even for a man.

The train wheels monotonously thumped my heart along, the thumps growing louder and louder the nearer I approached. I was met by a committee of three women, put in that most domestic of vehicles, a Ford sedan, and whirled along a wide, home-bordered street to the door of the parish house.

Inside the house were long wooden tables arranged on sawhorse trestles. As I entered a hush fell upon the fifty or so women who were circulating about. For the first time in my life I felt like a personage. I was deferred to. I was given the seat of honor at the right hand of the president. I was asked whether I would not have more fruit salad; another roll was pressed upon me; did I not care for more ice cream? I explained feebly that I never ate much before I spoke. I would have died rather than let them

know this was my first appearance. My hands were cold; my head swam; I sipped a little black coffee.

After lunch the tables were hastily removed, the chairs pushed back in straight rows. Then, to my astonishment, began what I thought for the moment was going to be a complete church service. The minister, the only man present, announced a hymn. A small organ began playing wheezily. All sorts and conditions of voices were raised. There followed various announcements, then heads were bowed in prayer.

But in place of the sermon came I.

Let us drop a kindly veil over the next hour. I cannot, to save my life, tell what I said. I had an outline. I had an eye. The outline was on the table, and the eye was on the clock. I knew my eye was supposed to be on the audience; that like an animal trainer, I must seize the audience with my eye, nor let it escape that set, hypnotic orb.

After my frenzied fixation of the clock had continued some fifteen minutes, my voice racing madly, the rector boomed forth in startlingly masculine tones: "Don't feel hurried. You can take as much time as you like." The ladies looked sympathetic. Somehow I was restored and was able to finish creditably.

That winter I took a real public-speaking course. Forty women signed up—forty jittering, trembling, paralyzed, well-dressed women. Perhaps ten were, like myself, seriously intending to make use of the experience. Among them were a state leader of the League of Women Voters, the President of the County Garden Club, and one prominent official of the City Club. About twenty in the class had nothing particular in life to do. They had joined for various reasons—some because their husbands thought it a good idea, some because their husbands had told them not to, some because they wanted conversational fodder for dinner partners. The remainder were débutantes, young girls just out of schools.

I wondered how the poor instructor would manage us. How could he hope

to keep us coming for ten straight lessons—especially the women who did not have to come, the women who did not have to do anything?

The first lesson provided the answer. "What makes an interesting speech?" asked our teacher. "Just one thing—that you, yourself, be interested in the subject. You can always be interesting when your topic is something you really care about. When are you probably the most inspired? When you are telling a person exactly what you think of him; then your whole heart and soul is in what you are saying."

"But," objected one timid soul, "what if you have nothing you can talk about?"

"There is always one subject anyone can converse upon eloquently. What do you know more about than anything else in the world?"

A blank look and silence.

"Why, yourself!" he answered for her. And at that forty pairs of eyes lit up. "If you can find nothing else to talk about, get up and talk about yourself."

The first assignment was a five-minute speech on "the life" of each of us.

I must pause now to say that no course in college, no modern psychological novel, no reading of police-court records ever taught me more about human nature than the self-revelatory "talks" of the other thirty-nine women, particularly those of the younger generation.

Here were five or six *débutantes*, reared in luxury, educated at the "best" schools, launched into New York society with conventional coming-out parties, and with at least one season to their credit. Most of them were products of what our sob-sister reporters describe as the broken home.

What did these girls care most about? What do all young people care most about? Sex, love, marriage. They were pathetically, desperately anxious to grasp the happiness their fathers and mothers seemed never to have obtained. They were full of young sad ideas as to how to get it. Most of them believed that if they could have physical experi-

ence before marriage, that knowledge, through some strange alchemy, would transfer marriage into an Eden out of which they could never be driven by any angel with a flaming sword.

These young women rebelled against their polite upbringing. They rebelled against their lack of knowledge. One, perhaps twenty-two years old, made an impassioned plea for the proper sex education of children. She said that when she had married she had known nothing whatever about the facts of life. At her own words she stuttered, stumbled, and grew red.

In spite of this confession, one pale, repressed, weary, scornful young girl said she did not want to know anything. She thought it would spoil marriage if she knew anything at all in advance. She was perhaps nineteen years old.

The instructor asked, "Do you mean to say you'd never tell children anything?"

"No, I certainly would not! I'd be ashamed to consider such a thing."

The few mothers in the room who had children of about the age of these two listened breathlessly. Opinion was enormously divided. Discussion became fervid. There were no moist palms, no stammering speeches, no lack of fine and free gestures while this subject held the floor.

The instructor had proved his point. He assured us that, if we persevered, the day would come when we should thoroughly enjoy public speaking. This seemed to me a marvelous dream, because the shining cloud that was leading us toward the Promised Land had heretofore kept its dark side turned most persistently toward me.

The purpose of my organization was to change the Federal laws so that a physician could legally give birth-control information to those who in his judgment needed it. I soon made up my mind to confine my talks in the class to this subject, and to attempt to find out for myself what phases of it would be most likely to penetrate the careful armor of this super-civilized group.

Such women knew the facts already. If they did not they could get them from their doctors. The only possible way of making an impression upon them was to arouse their imaginations to the point where they could see for themselves the position of less fortunate women. This was hard to do. Their kind never said, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." They were incredulous; they affected to believe the reason the poor reproduced so prolifically was because of stupidity. It was hard to get them to contribute to a cause like birth control; they enjoyed so much more giving palliative relief. They felt a warm interior glow from feeding a hungry child or giving clothing to a shivering man. No personal satisfaction came from helping people to help themselves. When all was said and done, the role of Lady Bountiful did not impress them as appealing to the vainest and least disinterested of motives.

I soon found myself fascinated, not as before by the thrill of listening to my own voice, but by something else which I had not foreseen. I was learning about people. It was a forecast of what was to come, for my speaking career was to reveal to me life in manifestations which I had had no conception of.

II

I belong to the so-called better class; certainly the privileged class. In studying the French Revolution at college, in hearing tales of the Russian Revolution, I had been impressed by the smugness and sense of false security enjoyed by my class. But I realize now that I have had it too in my own station and my own country. I have laughed and pooh-poohed the idea that "anything could happen" here. I knew there were millions of unemployed. Nevertheless, I protested the dole in England, the public relief funds in America. I knew vaguely that anti-government organizations existed in New York City, that the colored shirt did not flourish only in Europe or on the laundry line. But I did not com-

prehend the depth of unrest or the conditions which made for it until I began to answer summonses, not from churches or women's clubs, which were relatively infinitesimal in numbers, but from the laboring classes and the underdogs who needed our message far more than any other social group.

Who were my audiences? Young people, for the most part, young unmarried workers, wondering what possible chance offered itself under existing economic conditions of having a home and children, looking tragically about to see whether if in this much misunderstood, much maligned, mysterious birth control there was any hope for them. Young Socialists, older Socialists too, debating whether birth control should be part of a national program for betterment of living conditions. Young Communists and older Communists also, even anarchists, such pathetic-looking anarchists. Working women who had had three or four children, tired, dragged out, discouraged. Working men also, many without jobs, fearful of bringing any more children into a world where newspapers might be their only swaddling clothes and where they would too often die of starvation in their first year.

How did my audiences receive my outpourings? Often the women were desperate and eager, the men embarrassed. In another type of audience the women and men would giggle, and look sidewise at one another and then away, although they were not afraid to look at me. At other times the men would whisper among themselves with a sort of bold shamefacedness. Usually the young people showed an honest, straightforward thirst for knowledge. From them I never had anything but whole-souled serious response. They regarded matters of sex as they would have regarded any other branch of human knowledge—an indication perhaps of how the generations are changing. The dirty post-card attitude and the honest abashed one of the peasant type occurred chiefly among middle-aged and older people.

The second time I spoke was at night in a loft building, dirty, unaired, empty. My husband was with me. I drank a cup of black coffee across the street and then we climbed the long narrow stairway. The immigrant audience, Russian and German, listened with blank impassive faces. I was worried and uneasy, fearing they did not understand me. Only one question showed any comprehension at all. A man asked me in broken English why we should want birth control in a country with such vast open spaces. I explained that nobody insisted upon it. We were only trying to make it available to those who did need it. This was my only lethargic meeting and the only one at which a charge was made to hear me—ten cents. They tried to press one of these dimes upon me for my subway fare. It was distinctly embarrassing. The audience was leaving at the same time, and I slunk past my new car and hid until the way was clear. I was ashamed to own it.

The next address was at a Jewish community house in Brooklyn, again in a loft building of four storeys, steep stairways creeping up and up. Every room off the narrow halls seemed alive with boys and girls. Groups of every sort and age were working or playing together at top speed on radio, crafts, scouting. When our guide opened a door at the end of a long corridor we were suddenly caught up in a vortex of sound and motion. A basket ball game was going on all about us, fast, rough, brutal. The smells were as overpowering to the senses as the din of shouting. It was like going into a stockyard where young bulls were charging all over the place. These bodies hurtling about, so full of life and vigor and action, seemed to symbolize the tremendous rushing movements of young people all over America. For a moment a feeling of personal terror overtook me. If this vitality and power were not directed it could tear us to pieces.

My gathering assembled on the second floor; the elevated crashed along by the window. The room was meant for

recreation. At one end cards, backgammon, chess were going on; groups were talking. At the other end chairs were arranged in rows and a sort of pulpit was prepared for me. The chairman called for order; I asked my audience to come up front, close to me. Their ages ranged from about nineteen to twenty-five. Attention was perfect. I had no need of fixing them with my eye to secure interest. No trivialities, no sex consciousness, no giggling marred their seriousness. It seemed utterly illogical and senseless to this audience that a government should hand out relief on the one hand and yet do nothing to check the increase of population with the other.

After the meeting a boy who had come eighty-five miles as a delegate from his C.C.C. camp asked half-truculently, "What are we going to do? Most of us are the results of too large families. We haven't had a chance at a higher than grade-school education. We had to get out and earn money. Now, we aren't able to get jobs of any kind. What do you older people think we are talking about and thinking about all the time? All we talk about and think about is girls and whether we'll ever be able to get married and how we are going to take care of our wives and kids if we do. It's easy enough for us to get girls; what we want is wives and kids."

I felt during this whole evening as though I were filling thirsty cups. I was full of my subject, inspired; I had the impression that what I was doing amounted to a great deal.

III

One of the heartening aspects of birth control meetings as I have found them is that no matter how inclement the weather, the audience always comes. One night of fog and rain, so bad that the New York lighting system was paralyzed, I could not imagine why anyone should turn out to hear any speech. But I set forth for the Bronx and arrived at what resembled a private house, with a sun

porch turning a glassy eye on the elements that howled without.

But beyond the porch, filled with dripping umbrellas, I found myself in a schoolroom. Stuffed uncomfortably behind the small desks, row after row of women, definitely of the lower working class, sat like overgrown children. A blackboard stretched the length of the room, and on the other walls hung pictures which any capitalist would have regarded as a rogues' gallery—large ones of Lenin and Marx, and smaller ones of lesser Communist leaders. Posters in incomprehensible Yiddish filled in the spaces. The light bulbs flickered on and off. The rain beat against the windows.

I learned that this school was held by orthodox Jews after regular hours for children of their own nationality. Officially they were supposed to learn Hebrew tradition and the Talmud, in the endeavor to carry on in this whirling modern world the ancient customs and practices of their most ancient race.

At the close of my talk, as was customary, the meeting was thrown open to discussion. The true motivating force at once burst through. A haggard, weary-eyed, but still fiery woman jumped to her feet and asked me most earnestly whether I did not think birth-control principles could be inculcated much more rapidly if capitalism were first destroyed.

Another woman rose to denounce a government which had made it impossible for birth-control information to be freely given and proclaimed; was this not an additional proof of the tyranny and autocracy of our pretended democracy? Their children were compelled to go to school and to be educated by their hereditary class enemies. As long as education was compulsory nothing could be done about it.

When I realized the significance of this woman's words, I understood better her spirit of rebellion. In my ignorance I had always assumed the greatest gift America had to offer the immigrant was free education. That they should resent this compulsion was a new idea to me.

All the little rows of desks seemed to look on in mute defiance as though to say they were doing what they could to end this intolerable state of affairs. It was apparent that here the new generation was being taught all the elements of class warfare.

But not all the meetings I spoke at were somber in tone. No two were remotely alike. Many had amusing aspects; most were for me ordeals in one form or another. The largest concourse was at a Masonic Temple in Brooklyn. Two hundred and fifty members of the Eastern Star and their husbands had assembled to hear me. I was consigned to the ante-room while the sororal business was being conducted in great secrecy. Then emerged an imposing woman in a white dress, with white shoes and a broad purple band across her bosom. In ambassadorial tones she announced, "I will conduct you to the Worthy Matron."

I heard a great bustle of noise and voices behind the closed door. Presently it was thrown open as though for a wedding. Round the rim of the great ball-room were pewlike benches, about five deep. At the far end was a raised dais, upholding a throne, a high-backed chair with a canopy over it in which was seated another equally imposing white-clad figure with another purple band. Behind her, a little to the right, was a gentleman, resplendent in a dinner coat.

The organ played. The Conductress and I slowly and solemnly paced to its rolling strains toward a flat-topped desk in the very center of the room. She paused, addressing the throne. "Worthy Matron, may I present Mrs. Alexander C. Dick, secretary, etc." Then, to my utter consternation, she cast off, abandoning me in midstream. Under my own power I had to continue my grave progress from the desk to the dais. The Worthy Matron reached down a helping hand and assisted me up. She introduced me; my big moment had come. I urged everyone to come forward. The benches were pulled into position close round me. I set myself to the not easy task of convinc-

ing these middle-aged, middle-class husbands and wives of the importance of my message.

When I had finished the Worthy Martrou thanked me most graciously, gave me a beautifully embroidered Appenzell handkerchief—one of my most treasured possessions—and opened the meeting to questions. They came in great quantities. Hitherto I had escaped being heckled, although I had always dreaded and feared it. Now a bulky gentleman interjected, "Well, birth control may be all very well, but how do you expect me to be in favor of it? I'm a baby-carriage manufacturer."

Silently I called upon Demosthenes, the master orator, for help, and he put the proper words into my mouth. "Don't you know," said I in assured tones, "that in a small family proud parents buy each of their one or two children a new and shiny baby carriage, whereas in a big family the carriage is handed down from one to the other until it has been reduced to wreckage?"

The applause showed me I had cleared the hurdle safely. My adversary laughed too. "You're right, madam, a family with only one child usually buys four carriages—a bassinette on wheels, a big buggy for the street, a go-cart, and a collapsible stroller."

"Thank you," I said. "It's very generous of you to provide arguments for my side."

At the end of the session, the hitherto silent gentleman in the dinner coat announced facetiously that he had been so impressed with what Mrs. Dick had to say that he was going to take his good wife, who was sitting over there in the audience, and go right home and begin practicing what I had preached. This amazing remark was not greeted with the silence it deserved; everybody laughed.

IV

I was always encountering surprises. From a given street address I never could foretell the nature of the meeting. One

evening my assignment led me to a slum section on the lower East Side not far from the river. My husband and I prowled along a dark, deserted street so badly lighted that I had the illusion I was in some city other than my own. We came to a little one-storey building; the window glass was so dirty that light filtered from within like a pale yellow fog. A crazy sign was tacked precariously on the outside of the door. As we peered closely to read it, we saw a minute notice of my address. We pushed open the rickety wooden door and stepped into a small room which looked like the interior of a country crossroads store except that it lacked shelves and counters. Hard wooden backless benches were set in rows. At the far end was an old-fashioned, quite inadequate Franklin stove, its pipe disappearing into the top of the wall behind it.

The room was filled with people who had arrived long before the appointed hour, mostly women in calico dresses with shawls over their heads, in threadbare coats and sweaters, and trodden-down, shapeless shoes. I had never seen before so draggled and tired an audience. The younger-looking women among them almost all carried children in their arms. One baby cried so persistently that its mother, taking her shawl from her head, wrapped the infant in it and turned to one of the shy-looking men in the back of the room with mute appeal. He shuffled uneasily forward, took it from her arms, and melted into the night.

All the speech I had outlined in my mind vanished in the presence of these victims of circumstance. Of what use to talk to them about the rights of man, woman, or child? My heart was in my words as never before. I did not have to use persuasion. They wanted only one thing—to know what to do and where to get information as essential to them as food and drink.

After I closed this meeting the women crowded up to me from all sides, asking a thousand and one medical questions. For the first of many times in this work

I wished that I had been a doctor. When they found that I could legally give them little definite advice they did not even look disappointed. Life had been so hostile to them that it was no more than they expected. But out of torn pockets and shabby purses and off parcel wrappings came scraps of paper, and with short, stubby, worn pencil ends, the address of Margaret Sanger's clinic, 17 W. 16th St., was written down by every hand in that audience.

One woman was in obvious need of hospital care. But she was afraid. She had never known anyone to return from a hospital. Five minutes were not enough to change an opinion so deeply rooted. Yet she too had that precious address, and one of the invaluable services at the clinic is a general physical examination. I found out later that she went to the clinic and was induced to enter a hospital for removal of a fibroid tumor. Her experience was so unlike her preconceived medieval idea of it that

now she is vociferous in urging all her neighbors to go to the hospital if they have so much as a headache. "I've had a grand vacation. No cooking, no sweeping; and, would you believe it, I didn't even have to wash myself."

The only meeting I ever missed was when I had been taken ill suddenly, and was utterly unable to attend. At the last minute the office obtained an obstetrician to pinch-hit for me. Busy man though he was, he took time to go off into a remote section of the Bronx and ascended the platform to do his duty for the cause. He had not been talking ten minutes when the telephone rang in a distant room and a white-faced boy came tearing down the aisle. "Doctor, there's a man on the telephone. He says to tell you Minnie's just about to have her baby and for God's sake to hurry."

That audience heard no lecture on birth control. Our obstetrician was too busy bringing another baby into the world.



The Lion's Mouth



AUNT EMMA

BY NEWMAN LEVY

EVERYONE, I imagine, must have an Aunt Emma. Her name of course is not always Emma, nor is she always an aunt. Sometimes she is Cousin Matilda or Aunt Sophie or my mother's friend Mrs. Maisel, but always she is spiritually Aunt Emma. And her identifying characteristic is that she attends lectures. It is possible to draw a portrait of Aunt Emma, one of those composite pictures like the ones they print in the rotogravures of Henry Ford, superimposed upon John D. Rockefeller, upon J. P. Morgan, representing the typical King of Finance.

The composite picture of Aunt Emma would show a buxom lady in her late fifties, gray-haired, and generously endowed with chin. She is no Victorian throwback, is Aunt Emma, as her lavish use of rouge and face powder, which sometimes causes her to look as though she had recklessly stuck her head into a flour barrel, would indicate. A string of imitation pearls wound about her truncated neck and reposing upon her promontory of bosom is to Aunt Emma what the frat pin is to the sophomore, the elk's tooth to the traveling salesman, and the swastika to the Nazi. It is a badge of caste and social security. Now that the children are "married off," as she describes it, she lives in an apartment hotel in the West Seventies. Her wants are ministered to by a colored maid who comes in by the day.

She has other distinguishing traits and characteristics, and it would be possible to devote several essays to her Tuesday-night bridge game with the three grandmothers whom she refers to as "the girls," and to her penchant for attending funerals. But fundamentally Aunt Emma is a lecture-goer.

She is an annual member of something that is called The League. There are other leagues, The League of Nations and the National League, to name two; but when Aunt Emma speaks of The League she refers to a group of dowagers and elderly spinsters that gathers at frequent intervals at Town Hall to imbibe a wistful Indian Summer culture in gentle homeopathic doses. The League of Aunt Emmas is, I fancy, its full name.

The curriculum of The League is delightfully catholic. Nothing that is human is alien to it. It was Aristotle, I believe, who was said to have possessed all the knowledge existent in his time. Aunt Emma and her girls of The League, I'll wager, could give Aristotle a stroke a hole in a Universal Culture contest and beat him seven up. I remember a few years ago she attended a lecture on Color Photography given, as she told me, by "a most fascinating man." All the League lecturers are most fascinating men. Sometimes I suspect that beneath the guise of Culture there lurks the sinister figure of Sex, and that the major function of those suave commentators on Mayan Architecture, Ethiopian Diplomacy, and Applied Hydraulics who hold forth at The League is to fan the dying embers of romance. Just as Sergeant Buzfuz demonstrated the possibility of breathing sentimental passion into something so prosaic as chops and tomato sauce, so

these alluring platform artists can awaken slumbering memories by casual allusion to Limitation of Armament or Assyrian pottery. At any rate the lecturer on Color Photography was a most fascinating man. I questioned her in a somewhat unsuccessful attempt to obtain a bit of culture at second hand myself, but Aunt Emma's vagueness concerning color photography was due perhaps to her confusion with a talk she had heard the day before, also by "a most fascinating man," on Psychoanalysis. I gathered however that Color Photography is a process by which photographs are reproduced in color. And Psychoanalysis, as Aunt Emma finally succeeded in explaining to me, is something quite different.

I should have mentioned before that Aunt Emma is an inveterate sweater-knitter. This is important because it throws a revealing light upon the intricacy of the mind of a confirmed lecture-addict. The process of knitting a sweater is partly manual, but mostly mathematical. It is a science of intricate formulas and computations derived from a book that Aunt Emma invariably carries with her, supplemented by frequent technical consultation with a laboratory assistant at a place called The Knitting Bar. There is a complicated, logarithmic process called "casting off" that seems to demand the profundity of an Einstein.

I mention this because Aunt Emma takes her knitting with her to The League where, like a modern Madame Defarge, she pursues her task to the accompaniment of the rumbling tumbrels of social revolution upon the platform. It takes a contrapuntal mind to be able to knit two and purl one—not to mention casting off—and at the same time to gather the pearls of wisdom that are scattered by the fascinating man who spent three weeks in Russia and has come back to explain why the Soviet Experiment is a failure.

Aunt Emma does not approve of Russia. Not that they have not done some splendid things, as for instance embalming Lenin's body in a glass case, although who would want to look at such a thing

she can't for the life of her imagine. But The Home has been destroyed, anybody can have a divorce just for the asking, and the glowing reports brought home by tourists of the progress that is being made in Russia are due to the skillful propaganda of the Soviet Publicity Bureau. Aunt Emma knows that it is all bunk, for the fascinating man who lectured at The League had said so. He had managed to see a lot of things that the tourist ordinarily misses, and he had talked to several Russians.

But the most fascinating of all the fascinating men is the one who lectures on Current Events. His name is Purvis Kennedy, and his weekly résumé of the news, sandwiched between talks on The Restoration Drama, Pre-Fabricated Houses, and The Sex Life of the Hopi Indians, is the great event in Aunt Emma's life. Occasionally when afflicted by a toothache or lured by a particularly enticing funeral she will pass up the Hopi Indians or the Pre-Fabricated Houses, but Purvis Kennedy—never!

Mr. Kennedy, who wears a Van Dyke beard and an immaculate morning suit, is an intense gentleman of about fifty. His speech has a slight suggestion of a Harvard accent which he acquired while taking a post-graduate course in elocution after his graduation from Minnesota State. To Aunt Emma he is a divine combination of Demosthenes, *The Literary Digest*, and Frank Case of the Algonquin. In his magnetic person there is united eloquence, a profound knowledge of contemporary affairs, and an intimate acquaintance with The Great.

"When I was in Italy last summer," says Mr. Kennedy, radiating personality all over the auditorium, "Mussolini said to me . . ." or "I was discussing the Manchurian situation last week with Ike Marcossou . . ." It may not quite be the same as being in on earthshaking events yourself, but to Aunt Emma it is the next best thing.

It is an excellent arrangement. Through Mr. Kennedy Aunt Emma reads the newspapers vicariously and manages

to become conversant with all that recondite news that is buried obscurely on the first page of the *Times*, thus leaving her free to follow her traditional habit of newspaper reading which is to concentrate upon the obituaries and the reports of weddings, engagements, and births.

At times, perhaps because of faulty attention or too close proximity to some lecture on another topic, Aunt Emma's general impression of the flow of events is apt to become blurred. This was true recently when Kennedy's discussion of the Gold Clause decision was followed in close succession by a talk on Early Greek Music. The matter was further complicated by the fact that she had just reached the yoke of a particularly involved sweater, a crisis that was fraught with grave potential disaster. Aunt Emma was convinced that the Mixo-Lyidian Mode was a term devised by Felix Frankfurter to enable the government to avoid paying interest to those loyal citizens who were patriotically hoarding gold.

There was no use in attempting to argue her out of it, for had not Mr. Purvis Kennedy said so in so many words at the League lecture in Town Hall. This, by the way, is a phenomenon of the lecture-addict. Purvis Kennedy is the final, incontrovertible authority on all matters relating to current events. It saves a wealth of statistics, research, and verification. "My dear, don't argue with me. Suppose you did read it in the newspapers. What of it? Purvis Kennedy told us last Tuesday at the League that the Dionne quintuplets are merely quadrupeds, and that the fifth one was secretly adopted for publicity purposes. He met Dr. Daniel Defoe last summer in London . . ." In fairness to Purvis Kennedy, he undoubtedly never said anything of the sort. Aunt Emma may have had the Dionne quintuplets mixed with the Man in the Iron Mask about whom she had been hearing a lot lately.

And so Aunt Emma goes on placidly, serenely imbibing culture from the itinerant founts of wisdom. To-day the Poetry of William Blake, to-morrow Life in Lit-

tle America with Byrd; it is all one. At times there is the gentle, melancholy interlude of a funeral, on Tuesday night bridge with the girls. But always there is Purvis Kennedy. And sweaters.



WE CHANGE OUR SKIES

BY BRYAN M. O'REILLY

A SHORT while ago Fred G. Clark, commander of the Crusaders, demanded "that aliens in this country either get American or get out." He was reflecting the opinion of a considerable number of Americans who, aware of the intense suffering throughout the nation and conscious of the heavy cost of relief, resent the presence of aliens both on the relief rolls and in jobs. The record of the United States in its treatment of foreigners during the world depression compares favorably with that of any other nation; she has been generous; but it is very natural that as the shoe pinches, her citizens should commence to look askance at the interloper. Mr. Clark is by no means alone: an old friend of mine, a New England Quaker, remarked to me with that peculiar Quaker quietness which I often envy, "That thou art not a citizen will lessen thy prospects of success." It is in the air. But "get American or get out" is a summary disposal of a problem in human relations. May I, as an Englishman resident in America and not yet a citizen, discuss the question from the point of view of an alien, or at least one alien?

When the United States welcomes the stranger, gives him a home and an occupation, and in the course of a dozen years gives him companionships and warm friendship, she is an open-handed benefactor. She offers more intimate things: participation in her growth, the hospitality of her Southwest empire, the charm of

her old South, the New Hampshire and Vermont hills, and Barnegat "beyond the oak, the berry patch, the pine, the sandy flat." When, holding back nothing, she thus welcomes the newcomer, and he remains aloof, takes out no papers, and fails to "get American," an explanation is called for. It is not surprising that people should in effect say to him, "America has welcomed you, given you a home; you partake of all the advantages of the United States, you work among Americans, with Americans, and for American dollars; you should become a citizen of the United States. It is not fair to take all that the Stars and Stripes can give you in protection, opportunity, and security, and yet avoid the responsibilities of citizenship. Get American or get out."

There is a rough and ready backwoods horse sense in this attitude. You live here, you work here, you share with us; well then, join us and do not be the cat that walks alone worshiping strange gods. It is a very old reaction, the elementary instinct of the tribe. But, like most rough and ready solutions, it is superficial. Hesitation to comply with it may spring not from indifference but from a true concept of values. To offer a facile lip service would be an easy way out, but it would be to cheat all round, one's self, one's old country, and one's adopted country; to deal in sham counters.

Unquestionably the financial aspect of this matter of citizenship should be ruled out of the argument, though the depression brings it very much to the fore. American money is paid for with effort and sweat and endeavor. An American service is rendered for it. This is a fair exchange, should have no strings attached, and has no bearing upon citizenship; for citizenship should be based upon patriotism, and patriotism is not a matter of economics and a "quid pro quo," but of ethics, loyalties, love, and affection. To mingle the idea of pecuniary gain with the idea of patriotism might well be termed "the last refuge of a scoundrel." To say this is not to condemn out of hand the just anxiety of citizens concerning

national expenditures and the natural inclination to make sure that national reserves of wealth are not squandered upon those who, at best, have a poor claim to it. It is simply to lay these things aside as extraneous to the matter under discussion.

Striking to the heart of the matter, why have I neglected to take out my papers? Because of a distaste for synthetic things, imitations, and second bests. What other than a synthetic American could be made out of me at the moment? I was born, bred, and cradled in England, and my people before me for many generations. England's history, its background, its fields, are mine. In education, outlook, tradition, even idiosyncrasies, I am English or I am nothing. These things just are; they are not of recent making, and they are not to be unmade by a declaration.

Consider my Quaker friend for a moment. He is as close to me to-day as an old glove to my hand. His background is his own, it has made him the fine thing that he is—an American gentleman. But what went to the making? He was born of New England parents of New England stock for generations back. His very sinews and mind have taken on the coloration of his native place. The twists and turns of idiom and thought which have evolved through environment and the mellowing process of the years grace him like a mantle. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather helped to make and mold America. Rooted in the soil, he is indigenous. You cannot imagine him as something rootless floating upon the surface of life—that would be to mutilate him. Drop him in Persia or in Sussex, and he remains himself and an American. Just so my roots are somewhere deep beneath the white cliffs of Albion. To America, because of circumstance, I have only a truncated thing, a husk or a shell, to offer. To fold it ever so fervently in the folds of the Stars and Stripes would not change it an iota. Is it ungenerous to hesitate to offer to a people who have been good to me—hos-

pitable, open, and kind—such a shoddy thing as a specious imitation? Friendship is a better thing than an outward conformity.

The settled policy of the United States has been to welcome all to her shores, and absorb them. The happy results of this policy, after a generation or two, are all round us. This is a result which grew and was not made, and it might seem that attempts to hasten the process merely tend to spoil the products. An old book on heraldry speaks of the son of a bearer of arms as a "gentleman," the grandson as a "gentleman of blood," and the great-grandson as a "gentleman of ancestry." A process begun in the grandfather, continued in the son, is complete in the grandson. The same process that makes the heralds' "gentleman of blood" makes an American—time. Worthwhile, solid things are slow in growth. The individual, newly arriving, may or may not so merge into the landscape as to take upon himself its colors—grafting sweet apples upon a crabapple tree is a process of patience—but those he leaves behind him will bloom naturally and take on the tang of the soil. This fruit is worth waiting for, it has made America in the past.

It does not seem sound to me that you should be anxious to apply the name of the fruit of time and maturity to that which does not in fact qualify for it. Citizenship should be grown into rather than assumed, and its adoption should be the honored exception instead of the expected rule. You might have, were this policy followed, a considerable alien population unavailable in case of war. To this there is but one answer: no nation which recruits its citizenry merely with a view to possible cannon-fodder is going to improve its stock. Those foreigners settled within your borders who could add anything to the United States will be with her as volunteers against any foe other than their mother land; unwilling conscripts are better outside than within the fold of citizenship.

The man who becomes a citizen merely to improve or safeguard his material posi-

tion is doing no honor to the country of his adoption. The man whose sense of nationality is so slight that wherever he may be he automatically "signs on the dotted line" at the behest of surrounding opinion is at least light when weighed in the balance. There remains the man who views the act of becoming a citizen—I should say of requesting the honor of citizenship—in its true light: as a far-reaching and important step. To him it involves giving as well as receiving, responsibilities as the natural consequences of advantages. It involves an inward assent more important than the outward form. He is the only desirable material.

What is required of that man? He is asked to swear true faith and allegiance to the United States, and to repudiate, reject, and disown faith and allegiance to the country of his birth. At once there is a conflict of loyalties which appears irreconcilable, of which the only solvent is time—and time measured in decades rather than in years. Any answer to this question must be personal. Few men could spend a dozen years in the United States, meet the kindness I have met, and know the men I know, and not love it. True, I could never become that fine thing, an indigenous American gentleman, but I could throw in my lot with them and become—how shall I style it?—a "lesser American" or a "newer one," with roots an inch or so deep. Most willingly would I, if the necessity ever arose, seize a rifle in her defense against any foe but one (and that one is inconceivable). That is the positive side of the picture and easy of acceptance. But inexorably there remain also the older loyalties. Against the dozen years is a quarter of a century, and embedded within them the place where I have hung my childhood. Behind that are more years than the United States can number, during which my people were rooted in the soil of England. My affection for the land in which I live is sincere, but not yet so deep that with a quiet heart I can rise in open court and with a Bible in my

hand, and in a loud voice, repudiate all these things. I cannot turn my back upon my youth; that would be a treason for which all my past would rise up and haunt me.

Yet it is paradoxical that because of this inbred loyalty, which you possess and prize in yourselves under your own skies, you should say to me, "Get American or get out." The true import of the phrase "get American or get out" is really "get your first papers or get out," which is by no means the same thing. For example: John Jones alien (but otherwise an excellent and capable individual) applies for a job and does not get it because he is not a citizen. John Jones, erstwhile alien, takes out his first papers (swallowing his scruples) and promptly obtains a job next door and in due course becomes a citizen. Now there has been no gain here for the United States, or for any American within the United States, but only for John Jones. What is more, the entire transaction has been a mercenary one which tends to degrade the true value of citizenship. In fact there is a definite loss to both parties: the man has sold his loyalty, such as it is, for a piece of silver, and the country has cheapened its best gift.

These then are the bones of the problem as one man sees them. The solution to be satisfactory presupposes three things. It must satisfy the just claims of the country chosen to live in, but it must not in so doing override legitimate ties to the mother land, and above all it must be sincere, buttressing rather than undermining the self-respect of the individual. The basic position of the United States is absolutely sound: those who seek her shores come to belong to her, to be a part of her, and to owe her fealty. It has always been so, and in the long run all her sons are equal in having been

adopted either earlier or late. The soundness of this position does not spring from any law or ordinance of government, but from nature. No population forming a state to-day was homogeneous at all times. Yet sound as this position is, it loosens not a whit the legitimate and natural pull of deeply founded roots in a tradition and loyalty foreign and apart from the land of residence.

To be personal again: I realize that the continent is quietly at work upon me. I am not the same man that left Southampton Water behind him a dozen years ago. Environment, custom, and contact have changed me. Returning to London I should look at her with distinctly American eyes. America is molding new material in the only way that is worth while; the gain comes after; for my children will possess by nature the grain and bent which their father could not acquire—or acquiring did not recognize. You will have then what you fruitlessly and even unreasonably demand of me—an American.

Meanwhile a stranger lives amongst you, who becomes each year less of a stranger, who pays you the compliment of wishing to live amongst you and brings his children up along with yours; that is a sincere tribute to America. In the light of American tradition in the past you have small grounds to resent his presence or be intolerant of him. He has always played a part in your national economy, and while it is your undisputed right to change that circumstance at will—as indeed to a large extent has been done—is it not short-sighted to attempt to penalize or harry those who came in good faith? The law recognizes only citizen or alien; but there is, at least in spirit and in mind if not in law, a twilight zone, a time of transition. Sound wine ages slowly.



The Easy Chair



NOTES ON THE RED PARNASSUS

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

IN THE *Partisan Review & Anvil*, which is the *Yale Review* of the literary revolution, Mr. Alan Calmer makes an intelligent plea for more sense and less emotion in discussions of an active literary fashion of the day, the proletarian movement. He is probably betraying his cause; for minorities need all the emotion they can get, and those of his colleagues who publish in the pulps rather than the slicks of the movement may resent as counter-revolutionary his suggestion that some of them have been writing nonsense. But he is quite right. A good deal of the talk on both sides has been wildly irrelevant. Or let us say that much of the firing has gone wide of the target; for proletarian literary criticism likes to speak of itself as a "front" and enjoys using the metaphors of warfare even in book reviews. Well, it is the nature of much literary talk to be irrelevant, but the proletarian movement is especially liable to irrelevance, and both camps can profit from a clarification of the issues.

Mr. Calmer and his general staff will find the job of clarifying them pretty difficult. Like most theoretical systems, theirs has rather more criticism than literature to work with. It has got some of its recruits simply because it is a fashion, and such rookies are undependable, embarrassing, and confused in mind. And finally, however sociological in purpose, it is also a literary movement—it enlisted and commissioned personnel are literary people and, therefore, gifted with temperament, ego, neuroses, and profes-

sional jealousy which sometimes interfere badly with warfare and break up the front into a series of highly individualistic guerrilla combats. Imposing order on such a front is going to be quite a job. Nevertheless, it is a pious one and deserves the help of anyone who is interested in literature and has help to offer. From its wholly bourgeois point of view, the Easy Chair offers a few suggestions, some of them theoretical enough to rank as strategy, some of them just the sad fruit of experience among the literary and so no more than tactics.

First: let orders issue from GHQ restraining the Comrades from hurling the epithet "Fascist" at any reviewer who doesn't like *Till the Day I Die* or *Marching! Marching!* Mr. Calmer says that the Marxist critics are now discussing literature as literature, not as something written by a brother Deke which they have to like. That is a little more wishful than realistic: Mr. Farrell and Mr. Wilson will be surprised to hear about it and, in the pulps at least, a book continues to be a masterpiece if one of our boys wrote it. But even if the more advanced Dekes are beginning to admit that the proletarian point of view is not in itself enough to endow a writer with skill and talent, they still can't take it from the barbs. If a Deke may admonish a neophyte brother under the oath, still anyone who hasn't got the pin on his vest is presumed to be drilling black shirts by night if he finds the same faults in the neophyte's book. Any writer bleeds

when he is cut, and it is infinitely solacing to identify a bad book with the disinherited class, and criticism of bad writing as an attack on the workers.

That is childish. The whole literary use of the term "Fascist" is childish: it is a handy *cliché* which substitutes for thought, knowledge, and the facts, and which infects the faithful with the despised mentality of the bourgeoisie. But this use is particularly childish; if an inability to admire the works of, say, Philip Stevenson is to be the test for Fascism, then you have at once consolidated the most widespread Fascist movement yet dreamed of on this continent. It is also pretty stupid. Lots of people with no particular love of the Comrades' enemies dislike bad writing as bad writing. There is such a thing, and it is not confined to bourgeois literature, and a reviewer with his mind on bad writing is not supporting the enemy or even slandering the Dekes when he notices it. Movements get what help they can, and especially the hardheaded proletarian movement is glad to utilize the poor dupes from the other side; but you don't utilize them when you get the brothers out yelling "Yah—Fascist!" you just convert them from utility to opposition. In a celebrated incident of a couple of years back the movement lost one of the principal literary talents in America, ready at that moment to take the Deke oath, by just exactly that display of fraternity sentiment. Any movement that hopes to prosper has to keep childishness and stupidity at a minimum. Headquarters had better determine what the working minimum is and enforce it.

Second: better confine wish-fulfillment to poetry and drama, and keep it out of criticism. It is right for fiction to set up the guillotine in the last chapter, for plays to end with the united workers irresistibly on the march, for Mr. Patchen to cuddle a gun-stock to his cheek in a practically continuous Buffalo Bill act on the rest of us. That is what Mr. Patchen is for. Poetry exists for the vivid elaboration of such fantasies, and

his job is to shoot us swine down as often and in such multitudes as he can. But the field is not yet won, the literature of revolution is a long way from triumph, and when the cuddled gun-stock gets into criticism then criticism has lost the factual touch. It succumbs to a mild paranoid fantasy which, alas, may solace the faithful quite as readily as the damned. That kind of delusion is just funny when a business man buys a Vermont farm to flee to when the rioting breaks out day after to-morrow at nine-thirty. But there is a kind of proletarian critic who in effect is always hurrying home lest the train service be disrupted before he gets there, and he is just as funny. It isn't so much the explicit promise of the great dawn by next Thursday, though some of the critics are promising that to one another, as it is the implicit assumption that Blücher is on the way and the field is won. Much more criticism than good generalship would tolerate is conducted on a stupendous simplification. Some of the boys simplify far too much and the harder-headed ones ought to take them in hand. They have already proved that organizing a literary movement is far from simple; bringing one to a position of effective challenge, still less of domination, must take a long, long time and more sweat, agony, defeat, and even liquidation than the manifestoes allow for. Not to be realistic about it is the worst kind of self-deception.

Third: it would be wise to get rid of the mere neomaniacs. Unhappily, any literary movement is a literary movement. With the best will in the world, and the best organization, a part of this one is sure to perish as mere fashion. Some of the most prominent personalities in it, as well as an undetermined number of the obscure, are not what Mr. Calmer calls the heirs of past literature but only the heirs of Mah Jong. They were lilies-and-languor aestheticians, Reform-Congress-by-Morris-Dancing cultural analysts, post-Freudian psychological critics, Dadaists, and Humanists before the class struggle became a stop-press principle of

literary criticism. Nothing on earth can prevent them from abandoning the exploited the moment the obscure catalysts of mass taste have produced some shimmering novelty that makes the present movement seem old-fashioned. Every literary movement that ever existed has been infested with such vegetarians, dew-walkers, numerologists, and swamis. They will get off anyway as soon as wave-mechanics or Zoroastrianism has provided a clue to the next fashion. Their loss will cost the movement only some Park Avenue prestige and some caviar. Getting rid of them now would make for greater effectiveness.

A related problem is more melancholy. The movement can only profit from the loss of its fashion-chasers, but it can suffer from defection, and is certain to. The literary remain the literary even when they are dedicated to the proletarian view. Even with the upraised fist, writers are still subject to pique, caprice, hardening of the arteries, sheer temperament, and their personal formulas as individuals. One of the most active proletarian critics of to-day is clearly earmarked to edit the *New York Times Book Review* ten years from now, and no amount of fasting, prayer, or mortification by himself or his colleagues can avert that certain destiny. Some unknown percentage of his allies must have similar hormones in their blood. Also, if capitalism ever gets alarmed, it will try to buy as much of the movement as it can, and will be able to buy some of it—directly by purchase or indirectly by opportunity. The offer of an editorship may open up splendid vistas of working for the cause, but the vistas will turn out to be something else. People can go to Hollywood expecting to work from within who will end by just going to Hollywood. Such matters must necessarily affect the movement, and GHQ must be realistic enough to allow for them.

Fourth: there is one principle which proletarian political dialectics have tended to sidestep, but which the proletarian literary criticism would be wise

to face, accept, and act upon. It is this: that the nature, shape, and activity of any movement are conditioned by the nature, shape, and activity of the opposition. One reason why political Marxism has had hard going in America is its failure to understand that principle. We are here concerned only with its operation in literature and criticism, and can be concerned with only a small part of that; but it is of the utmost importance.

As yet there has been no formal opposition at all to the proletarian movement in literature. Even such sporadic dissent from it as has appeared has been almost exclusively æsthetic in principle. The proletarian critics have not been realistic here. On the one hand, they believe that an organized conspiracy to denounce and ridicule the literature (and probably to interne the writers in concentration camps) meets secretly, lays out programs of attack, and carries them out through the organs of capitalist opinion. Even the extremely clear-minded Mr. Calmer seems to hold that delusion. On the other hand, they assert that capitalism is too decadent, diseased, and moribund to provide any opposition, or even to be aware that one is needed. They point to the revolutionaries who have prominent positions in the capitalist press as evidence of bourgeois stupidity or sentimentality. They greet the award of Guggenheim fellowships to a large part of the movement (with *The New Masses* rejoicing in this *gemütlich* success of brother Dekes) as further evidence that the system is on its last legs, is too dull to realize what is going on, and too weak to act in its own interest. Naïveté of this sort is downright dangerous. Always, everywhere, in any circumstances it is a dangerous mistake to underestimate the strength, intelligence, alertness, and resourcefulness of your opponent. It is particularly dangerous to underestimate them when you are being militant—when you are a front, using military methods, in a war. GHQ would be wise to put a stop to such yearning simplicity wherever it shows up or the movement will

perish of fatuous over-confidence. It would be much safer to assume and to instruct the naïve that such evidence indicates capitalism's thus far justified self-assurance, that the evidence can and most likely will change at once if the capitalist press or the foundations discover any formidable threat, that the opposition will be organized and go into methodical action as soon as the conspiracy sees any genuine need for one. Good generalship must insist on that kind of preparation; one weakness of the movement so far is its belief that its job is comparatively easy.

Besides the organization of the critical conspiracy which has so far never existed, formal opposition may arise in many ways. One of the most obvious is the mechanical reaction of all things literary. Presently there will be no better way for a young literary aspirant to make a name for himself than by sailing into the proletarian movement with no holds barred—for the simple reason that he is younger than the movement. That is certain to happen over a wide sector, and this kind of literary reaction is certain to be accompanied by other kinds. The very momentum of any movement solidifies and intensifies an opposition, and all forms of opposition must condition the proletarian movement—must force it to alter its shape, keep its dogmas elastic, abandon old positions, modify others, occupy new ones. GHQ must always be prepared to fight the war as the nature and condition of the terrain and the nature and concentration of the enemy dictate, which of course implies the abandonment of programs and the alteration of objectives at need.

But far more important than this as a conditioning force is the social quality of literature itself, the very fact which proletarian criticism assumes as a foundation stone but is too prone to ignore when it moves on to dialectics. American literature will be conditioned in the future as it has been in the past by the institutions and ways of thinking and feeling that are

native to the American people. The mistake that all systems of criticism up to now have made is that of letting the theoretical approach distort and misrepresent the facts, and this is a great risk for the very rigid and probably over-simplified theories of Marxism. Too much of its critical system is settled in advance of the facts, organized and elaborated in alien places in earlier times, separated from the phenomena it is asked to work with, in part prophetic and in greater part deductive, not easily adjustable and not willingly adjusted. If proletarian criticism is to deal effectively with the material it undertakes to work in, those who apply its system must be more willing than they now appear to sacrifice parts of it as the phenomena may dictate. That is to say that any social study of literature must be a social study and not a sacrifice of fact to theory, that knowledge must come first and prophecy only afterward, that the proletarian critics must develop more elasticity than they have so far shown and a more complex analysis than they have so far used if they are not to end as just one more system to be deposited in the museum of exploded metaphysics. It is to say that they too, who believe that their opponents are conditioned but assume that they themselves are free, must accept determinism—that they will come out at the end of their study considerably modified by the material they have worked in. They will encounter much on the way that their too simple theories do not allow for, and if they do not alter their theories to conform to it they will just look funny. For the decisive force in any kind of revolution is not the theory of revolution but the social institutions along whose channels revolution must move. Literary revolution is no exception to this omnipotent rule. If proletarian criticism is to do its job it must go native—and if that implies forfeiting the charter of the Dekes and applying for one in the B.P.O.E., then headquarters must take the step no matter how much it costs.



Harpers *Magazine*

WHEN THE CROP LANDS GO

BY STUART CHASE

HERE is a sloping cellar door. Take a watering can and sprinkle a quart of water on the top of the door. Measure the amount which slides off. Except for a little evaporation, the whole quart will be at the bottom, and it gets there almost instantly. Now tack a piece of thick carpet on the door; to cement it on would be still better. Fill the can and pour a quart of water on the top of the carpet. Your measuring trough at the bottom will be lucky if it receives the merest trickle to begin with. Observe that the trickle continues to come for a long time, as the water slowly infiltrates through the mat.

This is the story of erosion in its simplest form. The cellar door is any land with a slope; the canful of water is rainfall; the bare boards are bare fields, or fields cultivated between the crop rows with the rows running parallel to the slope; the carpet is natural cover, either grass or forest. In the first case, most of the water comes down, dissolving the top soil and taking it along. In the second case, the cover absorbs the water, puts much of it into ground storage, to be

slowly released. Almost no soil comes down. Broadly speaking, American agriculture is a bare cellar door without any carpet on it.

When we admire the fantastic sculptured peaks of the Yosemite or the Grand Canyon of the Colorado we are admiring geological erosion. This is the kind that cannot be helped. In this discussion we are interested only in unnatural erosion, the kind produced by man, and shall use the term in that meaning.

North America before the coming of the white man was rich with growing things, incredibly beautiful to look upon, wild and tempestuous in its storms and climatic changes, and perhaps the most bountifully endowed by nature of all the world's continents.

To-day, after three centuries of occupation, the old forest, the old grass lands have almost completely disappeared. Desert lands have broadened. A dust desert is forming east of the Rockies on the Great Plains where firm grass once stood. Woodlands—and a spindly lot they are by comparison—cover only half

the area the primeval forest once covered. Grazing areas are still immense but the old native grasses have largely gone.

Three billion tons of solid material are washed out of the fields and pastures of America every year by water erosion. To load and haul away this incomprehensible bulk of rich farm soil would require a train of freight cars 475,000 miles long; enough to girdle the planet 19 times at the equator. Approximately 400 million tons of solid earth are dumped into the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi alone—the greater part of it super-soil, richer than that of the Nile. Plant food can be restored to soil that has been worn lean by cropping, but when water takes the soil itself—minerals, humus, microscopic organisms, everything—only nature can restore fertility to that land, and her rate, under primeval conditions, is one inch every 500 years.

One hundred million acres of formerly cultivated land have been essentially ruined by water erosion—an area equal to Illinois, Ohio, North Carolina, and Maryland combined—the equivalent of 1,250,000 eighty-acre farms. In addition, this washing of sloping fields has stripped the greater part of the productive top soil from another 125 million acres now being cultivated. Erosion by wind and water is getting under way on another 100 million acres. More than 300 million acres—a sixth of the continent—gone, going, or beginning to go. This, we note, is on land originally the most fertile.

Kansas farms are blowing through Nebraska at an accelerating rate. In the spring of 1934 the farms of the Dust Bowl—which includes western Oklahoma, western Kansas, eastern Colorado, and parts of Wyoming—blew clear out to the Atlantic Ocean, 2,000 miles away. On a single day, 300 million tons of rich top soil was lifted from the Great Plains, never to return, and planted in places where it would spread the maximum of damage and discomfort.

Taking the continent as a whole, it is reliably estimated that half of its original fertility has been dissipated by these vari-

ous agents. The rate of loss tends to follow the laws of compound interest. The stricken areas grow cumulatively larger.

II

American soil vitality suffers from three man-made plagues: erosion, depletion through cropping, and leaching. Experts are in some disagreement as to whether depletion is worse than erosion or vice versa, but they agree that both are disastrous. Leaching is minor by comparison. In erosion, both plant food in the form of mineral matter and the earth itself slide downhill. In depletion, only the minerals come out, largely incorporated in the body of the crop and shipped away to market—nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium. They can be brought back by artificial fertilizers, but usually are not. Leaching is the dissolving of minerals in rain water and the carrying of plant food out of the topsoil underground. It occurs on bare crop land and can happen when the fields are level.

Water erosion, unlike wind erosion, cannot of course take place on dead flat land. It is estimated by the National Resources Board that 80 per cent of the surface of America is sloping. That offers plenty of scope. How steep must the slope be? Unless one has studied the matter he will be surprised at the mildness of the gradient which will lose soil. I have a dirt tennis court built to drain to the west with a four-inch difference in level over a standard width of 60 feet—making the slope 1 in 180. To the eye the court is flat as a griddle. Yet after a heavy downpour I have dug as much as fifty pounds of surface clay out of the wooden drain chute.

Tennis courts are more subject to erosion than crop lands because they are packed harder and offer little absorption for the rain. But crop lands are often steeper. In Tennessee I have seen cornfields where, if one missed his footing, he would land in the next county—some gradients by actual measurement run over 80 per cent. The erosive power of water

varies in geometric proportion with its velocity. When the slope doubles, erosion quadruples. Traditional American practice has encouraged erosion by:

Plowing over-steep slopes. Slopes more than 20 per cent normally belong in forest; slopes between 10 and 20 per cent normally belong in grass—in some cases five per cent is the limit for tillage. (My tennis court is less than one per cent.)

Failure to rotate and diversify crops. One-crop farming, generally speaking, has been a curse to soil fertility. The pioneer with his diversified agriculture was far easier on the land.

A selection of commercial crops like cotton, corn, tobacco, which require cultivation (weed elimination) between the rows, thus allowing water a fine, smooth channel to operate on.

Plowing rows up and down hill against the natural contours of the land, thus starting gullies for the water to finish.

Leaving fields bare after harvest instead of planting a grass or grain cover. This practically assures a tennis-court surface, and water can tumble down anywhere it pleases.

When rain descends on natural cover it percolates through the duff and litter and down through worm holes and other tiny openings into ground storage (granting of course that enough rain descends). Now take the same rainfall on the same area after crop land has replaced natural cover. Again it runs into little holes and begins to percolate into storage. The holes are there. But the water and the moving particles of earth form a *film*, a thin cement, and *close the pores of the soil*. Subsequent water cannot get through, and down the slope she goes. It used to be thought that litter absorbed the rain and prevented run-off. Dr. W. C. Laudermilk of the Soil Conservation Service produces exhaustive evidence to show otherwise. The litter does absorb some rain to be sure, but the effect is secondary. The main effect of litter is to keep rain water *clean*. On plowed ground the water muddies at once, and soon the earth pores close. Then the rain, shut off from percolation, goes rushing downhill.

The first effect is *sheet* erosion. This

is a general skinning of the rich top soil under the momentum of the water, so insidious that it passes unnoticed. In time the farmer finds his yield per acre declining. Plant food is being washed away. Sheet erosion is the most serious, though not the most dramatic, form of soil waste-age to-day. It is active or incipient on 600 million acres in America, according to the National Resources Board, including pasture and cut-over woodlands as well as crop lands. It can be measured but it cannot be seen.

After sheet erosion comes *finger* or *shoestring* erosion. This is visible. It is as though one let his fingers drift through the soil down the slope in an elaborate system of tiny wandering furrows. It marks the beginning of grave danger.

After the fingers come the *gullies*. One furrow becomes a main channel. The others feed into it like twigs into a branch. It cuts deeper and deeper, and as it goes down it cuts back. It grows like compound interest. We shall presently inspect a gully 200 feet deep, covering 3,000 acres. When a gully system goes far enough it is practically incurable.

A gullied area with hard work and great patience *may* be brought back to grass or forest, but not for centuries to tilled crop. In many cases it must remain permanent, tumbled desert. Some 50 million acres in this country have so far been essentially destroyed by gully erosion.

III

Erosion is an earth disease, and it spreads. In many sections the disease has proved fatal. By way of contrast, here are the Marshall silt loam series of soils in Missouri. Natural cover anchors them. In the past 1,000 years soil scientists calculate that they have been subjected to a percolation of water the equivalent of a column 1,700 feet high. And they have stood firm.

Here are two adjacent fields of Kafir corn in Kansas. On No. 1 the soil is bare between the rows as usual. On No. 2 grass has been sown between the rows,

which is highly unusual. No. 1 lost 4,250 times as much soil as No. 2 in a measured period, and its water run-off was 399 times as great. Three hundred and ninety-nine times: imagine what this means in stimulating floods in the rivers below! The Forest Service studied three adjacent plots in the Appalachian forest. In the first, the forest litter remained in natural condition. Its run-off was taken as 1. In the second, the litter was burned off. The run-off promptly increased to 10. In the third, the litter was raked off for four successive years. The run-off shot to 160. The Soil Conservation Service, measuring land in Georgia, found that on a five per cent slope, top soil 12 inches thick, if plowed and left uncovered, would disappear in 25 years. If forested, the same land would hold its top soil for 35,000 years—not allowing for soil building from decaying vegetation. On a steep Kentucky cornfield, a pouring thunderstorm will “let loose 100 to 400 tons of water per acre per hour. After two or three crops the land is through.” The National Resources Board reports that, by and large, grass is 65 times as effective in preventing erosion as clean tilled crops, on the same slope, and absorbs five times as much water. The Board has also prepared an impressive annual balance sheet of estimated national soil losses. The “losses” are from erosion, depletion, and leaching. The “gains” are from fertilizers, manures, nitrogen fixation by legume crops, and other soil-building processes. All figures are in tons.

	Losses	Gains	Net loss
Organic matter, total	322,000,000	100,000,000	222,000,000
Nitrogen . . .	16,100,000	11,800,000	4,300,000
Phosphorus . .	2,500,000	1,100,000	1,400,000
Potassium . .	36,200,000	4,800,000	31,400,000
Calcium	53,600,000	13,800,000	39,800,000
Magnesium . .	16,800,000	4,600,000	12,200,000
Sulphur	11,300,000	8,700,000	2,600,000

This study is based on a billion acres of farm lands, including crop land, pasture, and woodland pasture. Carrying net annual losses into the future, the mathematical calculation shows that all organic matter will be gone in 136 years, a

shorter time than the Republic has already existed. This is one of those curves which never happen in fact, because the process either quickens or moderates its pace, but it well betrays the trend.

According to the State Planning Commission of Arkansas, three million acres of good bottom lands in the State have been “irreparably destroyed” by stones, gravels, sands washed down from the fields above. This is an important point. Observe that erosion takes first the top soil, which may or may not benefit farmers down below. Sometimes it does. But when the gullies have cut through the top soil into the B and C horizons then nothing but tons of debris descend, ruining downstream farmers.

Seventeen million acres of good Arkansas crop land have been gashed to the point where cultivation is no longer possible. On certain measured areas a foot of top soil has been lost in the past 30 years. Forest fires, according to measured studies, may increase run-off 85 fold. Arkansas is a dangerous State. It has many steep slopes; it specializes in clean cultivated cotton; its rainfall is heavy, and its winters are open with little snow, so that the washing season lasts a full twelve months. There is altogether too much land in crops for prevailing soil types and topography. Erosion gallops. A quarter of the crop land, according to the Commission, should be retired to forest or grass. Large farmers can afford to rotate their crops and do better. Small farmers are forced to cultivate intensively, and are in a terrible plight. The figures for farm tenancy in Arkansas bear out this conclusion.

New Mexico reports overgrazing as the chief cause of its extensive erosion. Other hundreds of thousands of acres have been ruined by plowing land not suited to crops. An investment of \$25,000,000 in dams and irrigation projects in the State is now seriously threatened by silt and wash. Pennsylvania reports half of its topsoil lost in a century of farming. South Dakota finds nitrogen content down, capacity to hold water failing;

water and wind erosion increasing cumulatively. From the Washington wheat district: "If wheat farming is continued this land will become worthless." In Pullman, Washington, two identical plots were studied. On one the regular wheat and summer fallow practice was in effect; on the other native grass was sown. The runoff from the first was 1500 times as much as from the second, for the years 1933 and 1934. Dr. Arthur E. Morgan of the TVA reports that in 100 years gully erosion has destroyed half the good farm land of the Tennessee Valley; which is one reason why cornfields have been forced up on the steeper slopes. Iowa is perhaps the most fertile area in the Union, if not in the world; once largely covered with tall, flowering prairie grass, only about a tenth of the State to-day has escaped some degree of erosion. "Since the cover was first disturbed, Iowa has lost approximately 550,000 tons of good surface soil per square mile, or a total of 30 billion tons." Forty per cent of the State has lost from 50 to 75 per cent of its surface soil. Iowa lakes are filling with silt.

The State figures above are taken from the special report of the National Resources Board on State Planning Commissions. The reader may be confused by the differences shown: sometimes grass holds water better than crop land by five fold, sometimes by 1500 fold. The reason for the wide differences is variation in the sites chosen for the experiments. The steepness of the slope, the kind of grass, the kind of crop, the kind of soil, the volume of rainfall, the time of rainfall, the condition of forest litter—all act as variables to modify final results. Note, however, that all results everywhere show run-off halted and absorbed by natural cover as against tilled ground.

IV

When one becomes erosion-conscious, a motor trip through the country, especially west of the Alleghenies and south of Washington, becomes an endless

game of finding gullies. One spots them as a beggar spots a coin. As the traveler scans the surrounding fields he frequently loses sight of classical examples just off the shoulders of the highway. In spanning the nation with cement roads, erosion has been forgotten, and both highways and abutting farm lands are suffering in consequence. The smooth concrete gives the water an admirable start for gouging a side ditch down the hill. Some of this has been repaired. In Oklahoma one finds neat check dams along the highways; in Tennessee, under the TVA, wild roses among other cover crops hold the highway cuts and fills in place.

In pursuit of this grim game I once followed gullies to their supreme exhibit in this country—Stewart County, Georgia. The county is half way down Georgia on the Alabama line, in the midst of the cotton belt. The topography is rolling but there are no mountains or even considerable hills. The soil is, or used to be, excellent. We drove in from Americus, over a blood-red dirt road; past cotton fields awaiting the plow (it was March), groves of long-leaved pine, shacks that passed for farmhouses, bleak unpainted churches, jessamine vines, evil side gullies, a lovely square red-brick courthouse, mules, happy-go-lucky negroes, broken down Fords, deserted lumber mills, rickety cotton gins, cross-roads stores whose whole stock seemed to be Coca-Cola and chewing tobacco.

The road ran due west to the Alabama line. Suddenly across a dipping valley we saw the hill on the other side laid open in a bright red scar rods wide. "That's one of 'em," said our driver, "but not the best one. You wait." It was evident that he took a certain pride in the exhibits. We passed, without stopping, a vast red cavity on our right. Gashes and declivities now became common on either hand. Usually one sees gullies coming down hill to the road; here they fell away beneath it.

Presently the road approached a kind of isthmus, perhaps one hundred yards

wide. A plowed field was on the left and beyond it a sickening void. A battered church stood on the right, a few pines about it, then another void. "Yes, sir," said our guide, "here's the old he one, the one on the left. He started the whole system. And do you know what started him? A trickle of water running off a farmer's barn about forty years ago. Just one damn little trickle, and now a third of the county's gone. Forty thousand acres. Don't get too close to the edge. Sometimes she goes in, an acre at a time."

"Where is the barn?" I asked.

He pointed his thumb to the center of the earth. "Yes, the barn, the farm, a schoolhouse, a church, a graveyard, other farms—all gone. You see this road with a gully on each side? Well, they've moved the road three or four times already, but this is the last time. Come summer and a few smart storms, and the field here will go, that church will go, and the gullies will join, and there'll be no more road. And how will you get to Alabama then?"

"I suppose you'll have to go around," I said.

"Yes, sir, you will—at least ten miles either side before you hit solid ground. There's nothing but nests of gullies north and south. This was the last way through."

We got out of the car and approached the brink. Only once before have I seen a comparable phenomenon—the Canyon of the Yellowstone in Wyoming. That was geological erosion, and even grander; this was manmade, but sufficiently superb. The land fell away almost sheer for two hundred feet. We stood over one of the gully's arms and far down caught a glimpse of the central basin. Shaped like an octopus, it covered more than three thousand acres. A red gash on a little hill a mile away marked the tip of another tentacle of the same gully.

The chasm was awful and beautiful. It was perhaps one hundred yards wide. The earth strata changed from red to yellow to brown, mauve, lavender, jade, ochre, orange, and chalk-white. Pinna-

cles rose from the gully floor, sometimes with a solitary pine tree on their top at the level of the old land, banded and frescoed with color. Along the banks, trees were in all stages of collapse; some just ready to plunge downward, some holding on by their roots with might and main, some leaning crazily outward. At the bottom a few small pine trees were alive and growing. Sometimes one was living with its red sod about it halfway down the slope where it had fallen. There was no water at the bottom, but when the rains came, soil and water rushed off through a vent to the Chatahoochee River, which divides Alabama from Georgia.

It was something like looking into the crater of a volcano, only instead of eruption one feared a cave-in. The good earth had given up the struggle. Anything might happen. Now and then as we stared a boulder would detach itself from a side wall and fall with a sickening crash into the abyss. Yet here was a field plowed right to the edge.

"I reckon his cotton will go down," said our guide.

"Can this whole thing be stopped?" I asked.

"Yes, I think we could stop it. We could never bring the land back of course. But if we went up on the height of land and diverted every drop of water, and then planted the bottoms and sides where they weren't too steep with Kudzu vine and Black Locust, we might stop 'em. It would cost something."

"What ought to be done with them?"

"Well, sir, I'd have the Government buy up the whole county and turn it into a National Park—with plenty of railings. You might even charge admission. You don't see a sight like this often."

I looked into the vivid slipping horror.

"No," I said. "You don't."

V

The technic of controlling erosion is still being worked out. Our guide indicated one of the methods. Local condi-

tions dictate the remedy to be employed but, broadly speaking, there are seven chief methods:

Return of natural cover. Steep slopes to be taken out of crops forever and planted with trees; less steep slopes to be planted to grass and held permanently as pasture.

Rotation of crops. Instead of planting corn every year, a given field will be sowed to corn the first year, to a grain crop the second year, to clover the third, and back to corn the fourth. The clover fixes nitrogen and is plowed in to enrich the soil.

Terracing. This consists of scooping broad embankments along the contour lines of a tilled field to catch the rain water. The terraces are some rods apart and connected by a down channel, preferably cemented or stone-lined, to carry off surplus water without harm.

Contour plowing. This gives the effect of many little parallel terraces and is a less expensive job.

Strip cropping. Leaving broad strips of grass along the contour lines between the plowed land, which act as field-wide dams.

Check dams. These are for building up gullies, but must be applied before the gashes have worn too deep. They may be of concrete, lumber, or just plain trash. The run-away soil settles back of each small dam, and in due time if all goes well, the gully fills up.

Gully planting. Advanced practice is now using check dams less and hardy creeping fast-growing vegetation more. This is cheaper, as it passes the job back to nature, and on the whole is more effective. It is biological control rather than mechanical. The shrub masses spread a tangled cover over the wounded earth, hold the water, and begin to rebuild the soil.

Technics are improving rapidly, but erosion control itself is hardly news. The rice growers of the Philippines have been terracing for two thousand years. In 1813 Jefferson wrote of his farm in Virginia: "Our county is hilly and we have been in the habit of plowing in straight rows, whether up or down hill . . . and our soil was all rapidly running into the rivers. We now plow horizontally, following the curvature of the hills and hollows on dead level. . . . Every furrow thus acts as a reservoir to receive and retain the water, all of which goes to the benefit of the growing plant instead of running off into the stream."

Our land has been washing away, but

not for lack of knowledge. Jefferson, Madison, Washington, Edmund Ruffin were practicing contour plowing, rotation, strip cropping a century ago and more. It happened because Americans as a class were indifferent. There was always virgin land to the west. Three thousand miles was considered the equivalent of infinity.

Stewart County has gone. No work by man or nature can bring it back within a calculable future. Tens of millions of acres of American crop lands are taking the same precipitous path, and no virgin areas are left. But all over the country groups of men like the conservation worker who drove us to Stewart County, lean, tanned men with clever hands and keen eyes, have set to work to check the landslide. Many farmers are aiding them; but they cannot do it alone. There must be more of them; and they must feel the force of public opinion behind them.

The Soil Conservation Service was organized in 1933 to demonstrate the practical possibilities of curbing erosion and the allied evils of flood, low water, pollution, and silting. Also it has made the first comprehensive survey of the extent of erosion in the United States, and the figures quoted early in this article covering national losses are chiefly from that survey. It works on wind erosion as well as water, and in the laboratory as well as in the field. It co-operates with the Forest Service, the CCC, the Resettlement Administration, the TVA, and all conservation agencies, federal and local.

At Americus, Georgia, I watched a Service project in operation. It was as exhilarating as the Stewart County gullies were depressing. A watershed comprising some 40,000 acres of land, primarily devoted to cotton and seriously eroded, had been selected. Two hundred farms were involved, and up to the time of my visit 130 farmers had signed contracts with the Service. Sixty per cent were owners; 40 per cent tenants, and seven individuals were negroes. The first step was to call a meeting and explain the proj-

ect; then those who so desired could sign a contract. A plan was worked out for each farm with a careful map as the basis. Service man and farmer evolved the plan together. This steep slope had best go to pine; this to grass or pasture; this field should remain in crop. Slopes were classified A, B, C and D—the latter being 12 per cent or over. All D slopes were taken out of crops. A plan for rotation was evolved.

When farmer and Service man came to agreement, then the CCC boys came in, WPA workers, seeds, fertilizers, and a special Diesel tractor-terracer. The farmer on his part contributed labor, mulch, and such supplies as he had available. Crop lands were terraced. The CCC boys—negroes from Atlanta who three years ago had never seen a cross-cut saw—went after the gullies with cement dams, lumber dams, Kudzu vine, and seedling pine. They also built fine water ditches to drain the terraces, neat and regular. Since they have been in camp the boys have gained twenty pounds on the average. I used to pass them in their trucks singing on the way to work. (Meanwhile along the roadsides old negro women were planting trees at \$22 a month on the WPA.)

It was an impressive sight to see a protected farm where work had been in progress for a year and more, alongside an unprotected one. Here neat terraces, gullies filling up, whitewashed ditches, new grass, little long-leaf pine trees feathering the slopes; there, red, raw gullies, finger erosion above them, with furrows running up and down on all kinds of slopes. Needless to say, the more prosperous farmers sign contracts first, but their neighbors who used to lean over the rail fences to spit and scoff are now signing up too. "See that slope there; how nice those terraces came out? Pretty, isn't it? And that new grass. Those cows are new. Yes, sir, you wouldn't recognize this farm. And we're getting more cash income for less labor." The Kiwanis Club has offered a prize of \$50 to local school children for the best essay

on erosion. All this, if you please, in darkest Georgia.

VI

Henry Ford once said: "The land supports life. Industry helps man to make the land support him. When industry ceases to do that and supplants the land, and the land is forgotten and man turns to the machine for sustenance, we find that we do not live off the work of our hands but off the fruits of the land." Broadly speaking, we have made America the most productive nation ever known by stimulating invention and consuming our resource capital. This has been the American formula. Advances in technology have kept ahead of declines in resources until very recently. The depression dramatically uncovered a series of blighted areas where the resource base, considerably to our surprise, had suddenly disappeared—the cotton belt, the cut-over lands of Michigan, the dust bowl, and many more. No mathematician would count on the two curves offsetting one another indefinitely—a growing prosperity at the price of capital loss. Sooner or later resources were bound to decline more rapidly than random invention could close the gap. Every spend-thrift comes some day to the end of his inheritance.

It may be objected that invention has still a chance to win. Why bother with soils, for instance, when Dr. W. O. Willcox announces that we could raise our present tonnage of crops on one-fifth the present acreage by an intensive use of the principles of agrobiology? Why worry about oil when motor engines can run on alcohol? Why bother about the forests when houses can be built of steel, aluminum, and glass?

These are fair questions, not to be answered by pointing tearfully to the scarred beauties of nature. If science has beaten the natural environment altogether, let us know it straight and true, weep for our trees and our wild fowl if we must, but plan for a forthright scientific world. Every such question, how-

ever, must be severely scrutinized on its merits. Let us test the three given, for they are typical.

Whether the American population could feed itself on 80 million acres of land instead of the present 400 million is debatable in itself. I tend to agree with Dr. Willcox that it is theoretically possible. Assume that it is. How does Dr. Willcox propose to operate these acres? By a tremendous program of irrigation on top of normal rainfall. Such a program calls for dependable watersheds, full artesian basins, water planning on a huge scale. Water planning calls for forest and grass cover and strict measures against erosion. Thus the instant one tries comprehensively to plan for food crops, the whole land and water complex comes in. Discount four-fifths of our crop land as ultimately needless if you will, but still nature's equilibrium must be respected to secure dependable results on the remaining fifth. There is no escape.

Geological erosion tends to be static; soil builds as fast or a little faster than water carries it away. *Man-made erosion is dynamic and cumulative*, and has no end save complete destruction. Without erosion control, reservoirs will fill with silt, dams become useless, power supplies will be shut off, floods will increase in violence, droughts and low-water periods multiply, irrigation projects will be ruined, navigation disrupted, wild life progressively destroyed, recreation facilities increasingly limited. Adequate calories for food might conceivably be secured by growing plants indoors in cabinets, as competent scientists have suggested. But if we neglect the soil on the score of the food supply alone, we expose ourselves to all manner of alarming deficiencies in other economic fields, to say nothing of destroying the surface on which, after all, we must build our houses, carry on our work, and contrive to live.

Now for question number two, the sub-

stitution of alcohol for oil. We will assume that petroleum does run low, as seems likely, within a decade or two, but that inventors produce a motor which operates with reasonable efficiency on alcohol. We can still get from New York to Boston in five hours if we step on it. But what does alcohol come from? From grain, potatoes, or other plants. What nourishes plants? Soil and water. Furthermore, if all our present corn crop were converted into motor fuel—to quote C. C. Furnas—it would supply only half our present needs for motor fuel. If we are to employ alcohol as a substitute for petroleum we shall certainly need more agricultural land rather than less.

Question three. It is true that houses can be built of steel, aluminum, or glass, all common in the earth's crust. But the most important function of the forest is not to supply lumber but to protect soil, guard against floods, promote hydroelectric power, or help furnish supplementary irrigation for Dr. Willcox's intensive agricultural operations. Trees are even more useful alive than dead.

If the soil goes, life goes. It is not a mere matter of food. Observe that the weight of the Soil Conservation Service technic is thrown against more crop areas, and in favor of grass and forest areas. Erosion corrupts the whole continental balance. Morris L. Cooke sums it up:

"Just as with bodily diseases such as cancer and tuberculosis which can be cured only in the early stages, so it is with soils built through the ages. Once ravaged beyond a certain point, they are incapable of restoration except by nature's slow processes, which are measured not in tens but in thousands of years. Leaving out all 'ifs, ands and buts,' running the risk of being precise in an area where precision may have no place, I believe that at our present rate of soil erosion this country of ours has left to it less than a century of virile national existence. We have two decades at the most to plan our campaign."



THE SECRET LIFE OF A SECRET AGENT

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

(This narrative is true. I have told it not in the precise words in which the secret agent told it to me, but in words which convey the gist and spirit of his life story. A few unessential details have been altered, others suppressed, for obvious reasons. The whole effort has been to preserve in its stark reality the human elements involved in the melodramatic experiences of a trusted secret service agent, working for thirty years at his dangerous undercover craft. H.W.L.)

FOR more than a quarter of a century I lied and stole and deceived and bribed and killed men suddenly and ruthlessly—all in doing my appointed everyday job. Not once did my conscience reproach me. Rather did I feel that I have “deserved well of the country” I served.

But I realize now that I have been necessarily a solitary soul. A secret agent must live without friends, without love, without excitements, without even enthusiasms. Only when he is completely divested of these “irregularities” does he become the perfect instrument his task requires.

Almost from my birth I was sternly trained in the cheerless art of living alone. I was predestined to be a soldier, like my father and all my forebears. Ever since the First Crusade that tradition had been unquestionably dominant in our family: a first son was born, not into the world, but into the Army.

My father was an awe-inspiring illustration of how a man may harden into an egocentric tyrant over all the little group of human beings he can dominate. That was my father, a brilliant mathematician, a most capable brain, a completely logical mind. He brooked no contradiction, exacting blind, slavish obedience. But while the colonels and majors and captains of his staff feared within and stammered without each time they came be-

fore “General Bear,” his family was in far worse case. No checks stood between the autocrat and the slaves of his household. Law, ancient tradition, and accepted custom gave him unrestrained dominance there.

As a sub-lieutenant, I went on a gay party to Monte Carlo with my cousin Peter and several other fellows. It was my first escape from home and I speedily became drunk with the novel excitement after my restricted existence. I quickly lost not only the thousand dollars I had saved up during several years for some such epoch-making occasion—but two thousand more which I did not have.

After the first overwhelming panic I found Peter had been lucky. Borrowing from him the sum necessary to clear my debt of honor, I paid the Casino. Then I wrote my father, telling precisely what had happened.

His reply was completely in character:

“I am sending you a draft for the two thousand dollars you have thrown away. You will *immediately* pay this over to your cousin, taking his receipt and forwarding this promptly to me. The slightest reflection will show you that you have merely transferred your creditor: you now owe this two thousand to me instead of to Peter. It is a large amount

of money, especially for a boy of eighteen who has *nothing* except the allowance made him by a generous but just father.

"There is but one possible way in which you can discharge this debt within the next ten years; and, recklessly dishonorable as you have shown yourself in this disgraceful episode, no son of mine could possibly hesitate under such circumstances to redeem this small remnant of honor.

"You will write me at once your solemn, sworn obligation never again to touch cards or bet on games of chance as long as you live.

"For I have decided that, with this safeguard of my name for the future, I shall cancel your debt to me of this two thousand dollars."

In my abasement it seemed a small price to pay for a clean slate. I swore as ordered. And, after keeping that oath for thirty-five years, I no longer have any desire for the relaxation of even the most innocent card games.

I realize now that I have never had an intimate friend, never really loved any woman. That capacity too was a part of me which was excised, first in part by my father, then completely by the master craftsmen who shaped me for my profession. Even when I graduated from the military college and went, as second lieutenant, to join a Colonial regiment, my father fought hard and cunningly against letting me escape. He actually wrote my colonel, suggesting that he keep an extra strict watch over me.

"He is a boy who will disgrace his regiment, his family, and himself unless you drive him always with a curb bit and the tightest of reins—as I have done all his life," declared this parental missive.

The Colonel happened to be a human being. He sent for me, read me the whole thing.

"What in the world does this mean, Lieutenant?"

I told him.

"Ah, I see. One of that old race which confuses themselves with God. Listen.

While you are with me I wish you to live a normal life. Nothing more. Nothing less. It will not be gay; but after twenty years of—that—it may be good for you. Can you do that?"

"It will be heaven after the life I have had to live, sir."

"Very good. Remember. Dismissed."

All this home repression, driving my natural instincts back within, to consider and feed upon themselves; all the daily training in concealing everything I really felt, was a chance product of being sired by a martinet. Yet it did something irrevocable to me: always would my secret life be mine alone. The outer layer of "me" could and did take part in all sorts of small social activities—and never betray that there was anything different underneath.

I was secret long before I was a secret agent. And since there is always a place where an unusual human quality can be put to work in the great human machine, presently this complex organism stretched out a cunning hand, laid hold of me as a potential cog in its intricate mechanism, and deliberately set about perfecting the involuntary training and shaping of my nature first begun by my father.

II

The days of army life merged insensibly into weeks, months, years. In peace times that routine military existence is like an endless uneventful ocean voyage. A man does not even have any ultimate decisions to make, responsibilities to assume and worry over: all initiative, all responsibility is for those higher up. A subaltern officer must not think; he obeys orders.

The lucky fact that my colonel had been through the mill so many years yet remained human saved me from the worst effects of the tyranny my father had attempted to continue from his little official dictatorship a thousand miles away; he did succeed, however, by the solemn oath he had exacted in depriving me of one of an idle man's chief resources—

even the most harmless forms of card-playing without any stakes.

Now cards and chess and dominoes and such "time-wasting" little diversions are life-savers to a man engaged in a mechanical routine, in a profession to which he was predestined by lack of any other taste and by the example of thirty generations of ancestors—but in which advancement during peace times means waiting for a superior officer to die.

Some men require only a charming woman in the offing to secure all the excitement they need. There were charming women who appeared in my little orbit from time to time. More than once, in a momentary blaze of sentiment, I fancied such a fascinating creature was the feminine other self whom every man dreams of finding; but in no case did the illusion last long enough even to land me in that bittersweet turmoil which is the supreme joy and torment of hot questing youth.

The ancient anodyne of drunkenness had no appeal for me. I considered a real dinner impossible without wine, but a little satisfied me. And some native temperate quality made it impossible for me to seek release in the relaxing potencies of alcohol. It seemed messy and stupid.

I had not even the recourse of an intimate friend: that same fixed glance inward, that self-conscious uncertainty with other unknown personalities, prevented my making any real friends.

Little was left except my work, my ambition to rise in my profession, and books. Hardly a balanced mental and emotional diet for a healthy, vigorous young man of thirty. Yet that is what I lived on for ten years.

It was not a gay life. And, as any psychologist could have told me, these stupid social inhibitions increased all the time. Then one day, out of the blue, I was ordered to report to Q 2. That was somewhat startling.

For Q 2 was our Secret Service—so secret that one in any other branch didn't talk about it. To be summoned there

might mean anything: if a man happened to have a bad conscience it might mean running away as far and fast as possible—while knowing that wouldn't be fast enough.

For the head of that Service had no superior except the Head of the Department; he ranked as a major general, with peculiar responsibilities, privileges, and summary powers. Should swift private action be necessary "for the good of the State," he did not report or consult—he acted. And those people had their own peculiar definitions of traitors, and were ever ready to justify their classification by sharp deeds. A man who let out secrets in unfriendly company, however innocently, came easily within that definition.

Nothing of that sort troubled me. I had no women in my life to whom one must at times tell forbidden matters. The one wholehearted allegiance of my life was the Army, and the Government behind it which symbolized my native land. It would have been impossible for me to be indiscreet even had I known anything to be indiscreet about.

Still it was with lively curiosity, and with something more nearly approaching excitement than I often experienced, that I set out for the designated quarters.

The major before whom I found myself, in a retired little whitewashed cubicle, received me with the smiling intimacy of an old friend of the family.

"You are comfortable in your new quarters? And it is something to be a captain instead of a lieutenant, no?"

"Yes, sir, it is a step."

"And it stirs your ambitions?"

"They do not need stirring, sir."

"You wish then so ardently to rise in your profession?"

"It is all I have, sir."

"How is that? One has love, one gambles, one savors good wine, one has a family, and friends."

"The Army is all that to me, sir. I have nothing except the tradition of a thousand years to be a soldier."

"Then why—?"

And to my amazed discomfiture he began at the very beginning, nearly ten years before, and recited, with all the proper emphasis, every single peccadillo, every least infraction of regulations, of which I had ever been guilty.

It was like having the Recording Angel receive one hospitably, and suddenly pull forth your complete dossier and read inexorably through the list of things done which ought not to have been done.

The tall man facing me seemed to know even the fugitive hot, impulsive, rebellious thoughts smothered without turning into acts which I myself had utterly forgotten.

I was scarlet, tongue-tied, in a daze. So this was the reason for my summons. What was going to happen? The cumulative effect of these petty misdeeds piled on top of one another was overwhelming. It must be like that to stand in the dock and have some relentless prosecuting attorney charge you with one crime after another. Should I presently hear this calm emotionless voice announce that I was reduced to my former rank? Or could it be that I should be dishonorably dismissed from the Service?

The Major's next words quite dumfounded me.

"We shall soon see if you have the makings of a Q 2 agent. You will be transferred immediately. Report to the place mentioned in your orders.

"Remember always that now, in these dull times of peace, we may be only sixty in all, we who belong to Q 2. But when war comes it is we who will have to handle the essential activities of thousands.

"And remember always that the first law is *silence*.

"Carelessness with us is just as bad as treachery. Indeed it is often more fatal: we can look out for traitors and open enemies; but a hundred wise men's efforts may be destroyed by one loose-tongued fool.

"There is a hard but true saying in the Bible: 'For it must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh.' You may go."

I went out from there, a very thoughtful young officer. A week later I entered my new and secret life's work.

III

Many a time I have smiled, even if somewhat wryly, at the romantic readers of spy fiction who tell me how thrilling and exciting my life must have been. There may be romance and adventure in the secret agent's work, but he has no part in it. Those things are found only by those who already carry them within. And before a man is fit for our work he must, as the surgeons say, completely extirpate that very capacity.

As proof, consider the course of training devised by the razor-keen minds responsible for the Service's cherished reputation of infallibility. No individual ever gets credit for any specially brilliant coup. His immediate superior demands success, at the price of dismissal; if that final disgrace of open discovery should befall, he knows that those who sent him to death must disown him completely.

He is no longer a person, he is a secret Number, one of a group of Numbers which, when put together acquire a mystic power.

Here is what happens to the digits before they can become integers of this dominating complete Figure.

The aim of all the activities for which I was to be trained was, *to obtain information*.

That was the Chief End of Man, as your Catechism puts it. Information about every "enemy's" armaments, fortresses, military condition, new inventions, plans, experiments. And to our Service, as to any General Staff, all other nations in the world are potential enemies. To justify existence there must be plans all ready and filed away, complete, like those of the great German strategist in 1870, down to the last legging button—for war with anybody.

Of course generals can't make intelligent plans without being informed ex-

actly as to what the enemy has, both in the way of attack and defense. That was where we came in. To secure a constant stream of up-to-the-minute "inside dope," on which to base these constantly revised plans for all conceivable and inconceivable emergencies, a marvellous technic and a body of traditions had been developed over a couple of centuries.

And we performed that job. There was nothing so hidden in any great country but that we presently revealed it to our masters in power. In military and naval matters we knew all about every other nation—and, I must admit, they proved again and again they knew all about us.

Once I was somewhat taken aback, on reaching this point, to have an irrelevant outsider burst out laughing and demand:

"Well, if you discover all their most closely guarded secrets before they can be used, and they find out yours—kindly inform an ignorant layman just wherein your solemn precautions, and all the stagey hush-hush stuff, differ from the play of a gang of boys pretending to be Indians on the warpath."

I can't answer that; it was not included in any of the school courses. Anyhow, mine was not a thinking part. It was not my province to understand the least fragment of Why. Doubtless the department heads would have a crushing retort to such levity: their god-given attributes were omniscience and infallibility. As for me, I obeyed orders.

I soon learned there were half a dozen chief sections of the curriculum which was to turn out competent workers in this exacting profession of procuring Information:

(1) Special and technical knowledge of many sorts.

(2) Physical and mental equipment of the worker.

(3) The working tools of the profession.

(4) The science and art of securing information.

(5) Arranging to get the information to Headquarters.

(6) Offense and defense in emergencies.

There was plenty to learn in each of these divisions, even on top of the rigorous years of training in military college, and ten years' actual army service.

When I reported to the C. O. in a city not a hundred miles from my own native region, and learned that my first study was to be geography—three months of intensive concentration on it—it seemed somewhat as if time had actually turned backward, landing me in childhood's classes once more.

But I soon discovered this geography was different. A highly specialized form it proved to be—military geography.

I learned every detail of the strategic position and defensive qualities of every important city in Europe—not to mention some in Asia, Africa, and the transatlantic world. The highways, railways, mountain passes, rivers, and other joints in that country's natural armor took their place in this memorized, annotated gazetteer, as did the location of fortresses, army posts, artillery, small-arm and munition plants, chief factories, water supplies, centers of electricity and gas, ports—everything one would need to know before marching into that country, either as a lone scout, or with an invading army.

No notes. A man who couldn't write would hardly have felt the handicap in that branch of the Service: nothing must be put on paper lest in case of accident some private fact get out. Everything must be patiently memorized, held in the subconscious, ready for instant use, yet safe from the cleverest enemy. I learned the amazing things constant practice and rigorous necessity can do in developing memory.

The textbooks used in this course had an ancestry dating back to the Thirty Years War, when France and Germany, Catholic and Protestant, concentrated central authority and a shifting group of heterogeneous States, showed the world

what sub-human savageries man is capable of in the sacred name of Religion; also they dragged all the rest of us Europeans, actively or passively, into that terrible vortex of blood and tears.

These texts were revised up to the minute like a Wall Street broker's market reports; like all the other textbooks, they came in part from authors world famous in their own specialties, in part from men whose very names were unknown outside the Service, but whose special knowledge was exhaustive, and whose enthusiasm for the cause was that of fanatical devotees. Naturally we used the splendid work of Bertillon on fingerprints, and some stuff on handwriting and physiognomy by great German scientists, as a basis for the expert manuals developed by our own technical writers, just as they embodied in their works any new ideas we developed.

It was a bewildering new world of startling facts and ingenious classifications, complex in the extreme. Even the comparatively straightforward statistics of geography jostled one another into kaleidoscopic confusion.

But I had nothing to distract my mind from my task, and I am capable of profound concentration. Impossible as such a result seemed at first, when I came to the exhaustive tests at the end of the quarter-year, I had a mental map of the civilized world as vivid and detailed as if Mars, God of War, looked down and beheld every past and present human activity in his honor—a rolled map, which at a question slid smoothly across the conscious stage of my mind, displaying every least fact needed for the answer.

In physical and mental fitness, and in all-round ability to do anything which might need doing, our instructors set a difficult enough standard.

As a self-contained, independent power unit, ready to perform for himself any operation of everyday life, a man must of course drive a motor car or plane, run a launch, sail a boat, ride any horse, be an exceptional mountain climber, walker, skier, swimmer, diver. His muscles

were trained to instant explosive energy and to tirelessness; he must run till finding second wind became an expected commonplace; even gymnasts' tricks, scaling walls, climbing ropes hand over hand, had to be included in the repertoire, since he could be quite sure of finding himself in situations where only the unexpected and extraordinary could bring him out again.

Mental training went beyond the utmost which one could imagine called for in ordinary walks of life. We must be completely at home in at least four languages. Memory and observation were cultivated to their extreme capacity. Everything must be carried in the head to avoid tell-tale memoranda which might be lost or stolen. The parts of a face impossible to disguise must be studied so minutely that that face would never be forgotten. Thus we learned that the base of the nose is full of individuality and cannot be altered; nor can the space between the eyes; nor the way a man uses his hands, all those unconscious little personal tricks of expression.

There was detailed training in the tested methods of securing documents, courses in handwriting, frightfully complex and difficult study of codes and ciphers, invisible inks, sign messages.

Above all, there was the constant inculcation of silence. Silence about the most insignificant details: some veriest trifle might fit into some other trifle in a shrewd opponent's brain, and he might get a glimpse of a pattern which must remain utterly hidden. Silence on everything, to everybody, in health or illness, at all times. Silence even in the face of shameful death.

In laying and testing this essential foundation, our trainers did not hesitate to use *agents provocateurs*.

At the café or wineshop a pleasant stranger would buy drinks, strike up a conversation. Most subtly, after long desultory chat or amusing stories, he would lead the talk to some fact about our military force, some harmless reference to the Secret Service—all in the most

casual, innocent fashion, avoiding the least impression of interest or importance.

But woe betide the neophyte who, drunk or sober, even so much as admitted the correctness of the other's surmises. No later than the next day he would find himself before a stern, inexorable C. O.

"At five-thirty-seven yesterday you said in the presence of a stranger thus and so. Do you really imagine, childish imbecile, that we will entrust the reputation of this Service, the safety of the nation, to one who has no more control of his tongue than a gossiping woman?"

And when the offender was reduced to a quivering pulp of shame, he would be dismissed with a suspended sentence.

One such interview was enough to put the future agent constantly on guard against the whole world. Reticence became second nature. Everything real dwelt in a dark depth of the mind: should even the lovely little feet of the most alluring woman stray in that direction the sound was an instant warning; all that hidden knowledge crept away to a still more inaccessible retreat.

We learned the use of some highly specialized implements of our trade. Photographs were invaluable records in a hundred ways. Our camera was adapted from the ingenious device worked out by Lumière for the French bureau: it was a stickpin adorned with diamonds the size of a ten-cent piece. Each stone was a magnificent Zeiss lens, working at F.3, with universal focus up to one hundred feet.

The tools became more grimly suggestive as we took up the approved methods of removing awkward human obstacles which stood between us and success in our missions. An agent must be a crack shot and thoroughly understand all sorts of explosives. He must be a fencer, wrestler, jiu-jitsu expert, wielder of sandbag and leaded cane. There were those who from racial instinct added most skilful knife-throwing to this armory of attack.

We knew the disabling stroke with the

side of the open hand against the carotid artery or windpipe; the stunning or fatal blow at the base of the brain. We knew the precise effect of the dum-dum bullets from automatic pistols, making a tiny hole on entering and a six-inch cavity on the other side; also the three spots at which to aim—the jugular vein, the heart, just behind the ear. For when the time came to kill, as it surely would sooner or later, the killing must be cold-blooded, sure, instantaneous.

One final, culminating weapon remained for the most dangerous missions: a tiny hypodermic syringe with prussic acid. Most of us added some other swift deadly injection to this equipment. I knew one agent who specialized in curare, that mysterious virus prepared by the Indians of the upper Amazon; though the sale is strictly prohibited, he had journeyed six days up the river to Manaos, and through underground channels had obtained several of the poison-impregnated thorns, each good for five deadly little pricks. His clinical observations were that there was almost instant partial paralysis, death followed in about ten minutes, and the body turned black.

I had my own superior rarity—a West African hell-brew, said to be compounded from the venom of a small snake, like a garter snake, and the virus of the tsetse fly.

These melodramatic weapons were not for show. We used them. And they did their work.

IV

Since my retirement I have been met with cynical smiles when I casually mention something which was an everyday commonplace of the Service. Fiction writers have worn out certain obvious situations, just as certain excellent useful words become banal and shabby from over-use. Probably the following incident would strike many sophisticates as copied from a story, instead of being the literal fact it is.

A battle-cruiser of a powerful country was being launched. The Captain gave

a big luncheon in honor of the occasion; and, just on general principles, I secured an invitation. No harm in seeing what these sea-dogs had got in their latest floating fortress.

I noticed a little man painting away at some retouching, cap pulled down, absorbed in his mechanical job. My gaze kept coming back to him: surely I had seen that face before.

Making an opportunity, I came close and asked quietly, "I know you. Who are you?"

He glanced up with a quick smile, bent to his painting again.

"I know your face," I repeated. "Come to my room at my hotel to-night."

He came. But I could get nothing out of him except more of those amused, non-committal smiles and little deprecatory bobs of the head.

"All right," I said finally. "You are of such nationality. I've seen you before, somewhere. You needn't tell me anything if you prefer not. I shall know all about you presently."

He was a captain in his country's navy—incidentally outranking the C. O. of the battle-cruiser. Yet there he was, an inconspicuous little workman, picking up every scrap of first-hand detail which keen eyes, shrewd brain, and great professional knowledge could gather.

Why not? The two countries might be allies, good friends. Still, no one *could* know what might happen. And the guiding minds of that foreign navy must know what even an ally considered the last word in guns and armor plate—in speed and handling, in anything which could be "adapted" by one's own designers.

In looking back at my thirty years of experience, I remember it all, but half a dozen episodes stand out sharp as framed paintings.

Were I an outsider and heard another man relate these little stories, I should most probably be convinced he was touching up the picture. Yet the incidents related are just what happened. In my work truth is miles ahead of fiction,

and surveys terrain and happenings of which the second-hand story teller remains quite ignorant.

I was dressed in the unpleasant, greasy, nondescript garments of a town loafer, bought in a local slop-shop. Just an inconspicuous derelict, with the furtiveness natural to a down-and-outer. Elaborate disguise usually defeats itself. The experienced agent gets inside some surface too commonplace to be noticed: a workman, a seedy member of the unemployed—those are apt to be perfect masks. Not one chance in a thousand that any responsible person will so much as look at your face. Why should he, when you are so obviously just one more member of the ever-present and possibly troublesome proletariat?

In the afternoon of a raw winter day I slouched through the streets toward the harbor—that harbor upon which had been spent millions, and then more millions—to make it one of the world's most impregnable naval bases.

My job was to get photographs and notes of the fortifications if possible. But, above all, I must bring facts about the great locks by which the fleet of new sea-hornets returned to safety from their ocean dashes. These must be operated electrically—but how, and from what spot? Nothing more fascinating to a military strategist than exact details of such a vulnerable heart to a great war mechanism, whose owners may some day be in the enemy class. Martial efficiency rejoices in the mental vision of one good "egg" striking that center and crippling the whole elaborate mechanism on which depends the usefulness of the locks.

Thickets came down near the shore in places. Sentries, each with a beat of fifty paces, patrolled the whole stretch opposite the locks; on the retaining walls of the latter guards kept watch. After long hanging about, and scrutiny of these structures, I could see not the slightest indication of any control chamber.

Dusk fell. As the darkness settled down, I slipped gently into the icy water. Very quietly I inched my way through a

bed of reeds. Then, with the numbing water up to my shoulders, I worked my way out toward the lock.

The slow minutes were as monotonous as the lap of the little waves against the concrete walls. I thought nothing—not even whether, if I did get my facts, I should be too numb to turn back and escape. All my mental powers were concentrated in a complete alertness, ready to catch any least hint of the secret I must pierce.

Hours passed. There is a second wind in suffering as well as in running. When a resolute mind refuses to admit the pain upon the lighted stage of consciousness, tortured nerves after a while lose some of their capacity for feeling.

Deep night settled down upon land and harbor and sea outside. No moon, no stars. I had figured on that. There was no sound except the measured tread of the sentries, the provoked slap of the waters against this manmade obstruction. Midnight had passed long before: that meant I had but three or four more hours before even the sullenest dawn would betray me. If any favoring quirk of chance were to aid, it must come soon. Impossible to guess even what form this piece of luck might take. Concentrate your whole being into attention of every sense. Wait.

At last. A vessel is coming into the lock. One of the veritable sea-hornets returning from a cruise by the canal. No excitement: "excitement makes your needle lose the North." Only a more tense readiness of senses to grasp at the first indication of the mystery.

Floodlights beat on the stone walls. The slender, pointed, wicked-looking craft advanced between them to a point where she must evidently rise to the next level to proceed. And then eyes and ears seized the answer.

A uniformed officer passed along the gangway on top of the wall, entered a low dome-shaped structure a third of the way along the lock.

Wondering when I should step into some hole and plunge over my head, I

worked my way to a point opposite the window in this dome, and not more than ten paces away.

I looked into a dimly lighted room. The engineer lieutenant was there, handling levers. Gradually the masts of the vessel began to rise. At the end of seven or eight minutes she had lifted to the higher level. More lever work. Boiling and rushing of water. I understood everything. I could draw a map from memory, placing that domed control chamber within a few feet of its actual location. The information was secured.

Naturally, that was not all. I was in the water, between sentries on the lock and patrols on the shore. What had been accomplished meant nothing unless I could get away with my mental booty.

Very cautiously I worked my way back through the water toward the spot where two sentry-beats met. Even this gentle movement was welcome after those motionless hours. The patrols did not speak as they came to their respective boundaries, but the beat of their feet told me where they were every moment.

At last one sentry was relieved. The new man stopped for a few seconds to speak to the other. Before he started his patrol I was creeping up the bank toward the nearest tongue of woods.

I crawled like a snake—and kept on crawling till I was far out of hearing. Reaching the outskirts of that town, I started at once on foot for the nearest large city, where my orders bade me deliver what I had secured to our Consul's diplomatic pouch.

I had succeeded. But I can say honestly there was almost no elation. No reaction of tense nerves, no overpowering sense of relief and triumph bade me celebrate with some vintage cognac.

It was only a job, like a thousand others. Yet after twenty-five years I admit I can still hear the *lap lap* of those little gray waves, and see that officer throwing the control lever, and feel the briars and stubs that raked me as I bellied my way up from the shore of deadly peril to the safe woods.

V

I suppose that a man going through the crisis I learned to meet must have many emotions in his subconscious self of which he is not aware. I can say that I had no sense of fear or excitement. I knew of course that the possibility of shameful failure or death might burst upon me at any moment. But I never experienced a flutter of nerves or perceptible acceleration of heartbeat. It may be that the directing will had learned to stifle such emotional reactions.

Grand Duke Nicholas with a Russian army had captured the ancient city of Trebizond, on the south side of the Black Sea. Enver Pasha and his German military tutor, Von der Goltz, decided that this was too close to their military nerve center; they were planning to send a force against the Russians. We too wanted the exact plan of operations, also the size of the guns in the shore forts and what reserves of ammunition they had. While one was about it, the location of the mines in the Dardanelles might come in handy.

That was my chore. I completed the slow, roundabout rail trip from Salonika to Adrianople, passed on through, and met, at a remote country hut, an Armenian in the Service employ. He lived in Istanbul and had come up there to pass me through the Turkish lines.

The method was picturesque and simple. Along came a convoy of peasant laborers, bringing essential tobacco from Macedonia to the capital. Dressed like one of them and lying back in an oxcart, I was no more conspicuous than any other as we creaked and jolted our snail-like way.

Awkward questions from my fellow tobacco haulers were checked by my guide's pitying comment that I was partly deaf and entirely dumb. We passed the sentries at the city gate without the slightest incident.

At once I got in touch with another Armenian who was handling the direct communications with the man who was

to provide those plans. Very soon I met this essential person—about 5 P. M. on a rowboat in the Bosphorus. He proved to be a tall, handsome Turkish officer with a black mustache, who was on Enver Bey's staff. He was well-educated and keen; and he explained that he himself was of Armenian birth. From the moment when Mutagh Bey decided terror must be struck into the hearts of the rebellious Armenian "dogs" and ordered those wholesale ruthless massacres, which our new acquaintance had witnessed in horror, a deep hidden passion for revenge had burned in the heart of this Armenian Turk.

No revenge could be so complete, he explained, as ruining all the plans and hopes of these savage oppressors by getting me what I wanted. That would be easy, owing to his position of confidence on the Turkish General's staff.

I politely applauded a resolution so helpful to my effort. And even when he justified all the sayings about the bargaining proclivities of his race, I refrained from any comment on the result of mixing eagerness for money with patriotism.

We agreed on a price. It was large, but the plans were worth it.

"I can secure everything you wish," said the officer on parting. "But you must give me a few days. You will have to be ready at any moment, for it may be impossible to notify you in advance. I have fooled Enver's spies so far. But they are very clever and terribly persistent."

I assured him we should be ready at the Armenian's house, day and night, and we separated furtively.

We made arrangements with a fisherman to hold his motorboat ready for our call, telling him we should probably wish to be landed in a small Rumanian port on the Black Sea. Then we settled down to that hardest of all routines—necessary inaction amid dangers that might burst upon us at any moment.

The Armenian's house was built round a central court of trees and flowers and fountain; it was flat-roofed, with galleries,

trellises, and vines. A pleasant enough abode under other circumstances.

As it was, all I could do was again to discharge my mind of all speculation and be completely ready when the instant for action arrived.

Several days went by in this taut quiescence. Then, at night, I was in an upper room with Mirochian, the Armenian guide who had turned me into a hauler of tobacco for Turkish cigarettes. The other Armenian, owner of the house, was below.

Suddenly the Turkish officer rushed in at the ground-floor entrance, his face white, his eyes wild.

"Where is he?" he cried. "Quick! I have them. But the police are following! Quick!"

"Up, fool," said the Armenian, sitting motionless as before. "Up. Get away over the roofs. I will meet them."

The officer dashed up the stairs, thrust a parcel at me. "The money!" he demanded. "Hurry. The money—and let us fly, or we are all dead men."

I hurriedly examined the documents. The package did not contain everything we had bargained for, but it was a haul all right.

We ran softly up to the roof, jumped over the parapet to the adjoining one. No go. The trap door leading down was fastened from below, not to be opened.

To call would be fatal. We returned to our own house, descended the top stairway, sat down, hands on pistols, in a small room with an old sofa.

I noticed with some surprise and contempt that Mirochian, my cheerful, resolute Armenian guide, promptly hid himself behind the sofa. I had expected better things of him.

We heard voices and footsteps.

A few moments after the officer had joined us, a squad of four police had entered below. Their leader confronted the impassive Armenian owner:

"Where's the Captain?"

"What Captain, Effendi?"

"The officer in Turkish uniform who entered this nest of traitors just now."

"No officer came into this room, Master. I was almost asleep, but I should have known had one entered."

"You lie, pariah dog. He came. I shall search the house. And when I find him I shall shoot you for the nasty jackal you are."

"That will be as the Master wills," replied the Armenian submissively.

The police officer hurried out, afire with the chase.

"Search each floor so that no rat escapes," he shouted to his men. "I will see to the roof and cut them off there."

Quick steps ascended while we heard doors slammed below, the frightened squeal of a woman.

He was just setting foot on the ladder-like steps to the roof, when a cautious glance about showed him the open door of the room in which we were.

Long years of bullying slavish subject races had removed all thought of possible resistance. He came right in, revolver drawn, but more from a sadistic pleasure at the thought of shooting somebody than from precaution.

"So here you are, my little mice—snug as possible," he roared. "Come!" he called to his men outside.

It was death if we were imprisoned: I had the documents on me. Worse, it was open, shameful failure.

I coldly threw up my hands in token of surrender. "All right," I called out. The guide followed my example.

The police officer turned sharp toward us, a horrible grin on his sallow face. That stopped my hand stealing toward the automatic in my belt.

"Aha! So we have ideas, have we? Naughty, very naughty—"

The word broke off. He staggered, gulped, and fell forward as the Armenian Mirochian behind the sofa rose and threw a long, sharp knife deep into his back.

The other four policemen were just entering. I seized my automatic and shot fast. The guide shot too.

In a moment two of the policemen were dead. The other two, whimpering and sobbing, had thrown down their guns and

were begging for their lives. The officer lay face down, dead in a pool of blood.

I was trained to kill swiftly when necessary, but never needlessly. Leaving those two alive did not greatly increase our danger. We tied them and hurried out.

Making our way to the waterside, we signalled the fisherman. The honest fellow got the signal almost at once, rowed ashore, and put us aboard.

It was nearly 2 A. M. The strictly enforced port regulation was that no boat of any sort could leave the harbor before daylight. It seemed foolhardy to sit there with those vital papers next my skin. I went to the anchor-chain locker, scabbled some lengths of the rusty links aside, put my precious documents down, and covered them deep with anchor chain.

Then there was nothing for it but to wait—without speculating whether the bodies had yet been found, how soon the hunt would begin. Rarely have I looked with more pleasure upon an approaching dawn.

Dressed as fishermen we fussed about the deck, tidying up the litter. The motor *put-putted*. We were off—leaving the Turkish-Armenian officer, avenging patriot or traitor, to make his escape in another boat with the price of his patriotism.

I heard later he managed to get into the British lines at Gallipoli, where he was made prisoner. The news meant little. He was already like a figure in last night's dream.

VI

Another tense scene took place in a European capital.

I was ordered to get the latest codes and some highly confidential reports, statistics, and plans.

Those were staples in my strange business: you bought them at rates pretty well established by the importance of the material—often modified by the necessities of the treacherous seller. For it was customary to haggle over the price like any pair of Hebrew junkmen. But a bargainer is severely handicapped when he

knows, and the buyer knows, that pressing debts force him to sell.

In this case, not at once discovering any obviously venal official in that particular government bureau, I decided to make it burglary instead of bribery. So I got a job as window-washer and general handyman in the War Department building; and I succeeded in having employed as my helper a most entertaining scoundrel, whose nature and training fitted him for this special work.

He was a Frenchman. He had worked in a safe factory till he could make the tumblers of a complicated lock sit up and beg; then retiring from manufacturing he started a business of his own, taking a rigorous post-graduate course in safes of all makes as he came upon them, until there were few which he could not persuade without having recourse to raw violence. He was a unique combination of a marvellously skilful mechanic and a cold-blooded apache, knowing every trick of disablement or killing.

His own country did not appreciate his gifts, or perhaps he had not found the right job in which to exercise them. He shook off the dust of his ungrateful native land, and after an odyssey which would furnish material for a dozen picaresque novels, he arrived within our borders. Some alert scout of our Service, perceiving how handy a human instrument this might be on occasion, recommended him to our superiors.

He had achieved a most complete internationalism; he naturally took pleasure in the thought of tricking his native land which had, he felt, persecuted him because he was so much cleverer than most. Except for a sort of good-natured personal liking for myself and some of the others, he would just as readily have worked against us as for us. In fact, for a price, he was ready to work for or against any country in the world, being desirous mainly of frequent chances to show his varied and startling professional skill, and having enough money in his pocket for women and drink. He needed no more training than does a tooled steel

jimmy. All we had to do was to understand him and use him.

It took nearly three months of surreptitious spying to locate the safe which housed our prizes, to determine the make, to study the location of that little office and the possible ways of quick getaway, to chart the daily habits of the officer who was the responsible custodian of that particular strongbox.

At last I was ready. Late one afternoon I hid with my safe-cracker pal in a little coat-and-broom closet of the office, facing the door.

Everybody left. The lights went out. Stillness settled down upon the deserted war department offices.

As soon as it was safe we entered the little inner room. Like any honest skilled workman who loves to exercise his craft, my apache got busy without a word, lost in his delicate problem.

In spite of his absorption, however, his sensitive perceptions caught the click of the latch on the door of the outer office.

Instantly his powerful hairy hand smothered the flame of the stubby plumber's candle by which he had been working. We crouched there, holding our breath, I with an automatic gripped in my left hand.

Steps crossed the outer office. The inner door was pushed open. Stepping to the desk, the visitor flashed on the light.

It was the officer in charge of that bureau. He had forgotten something, and it was our bad luck that he had returned for it.

As the light fell on his startled face and waxed mustachio, it also gleamed on a pair of brass knuckles, evidently kept on the desk as a paper-weight.

I was nearest. I jumped on him before his wits were fully functioning, and got in that disabling blow with the side of the open hand upon the windpipe.

Automatically he had seized the brass knuckles at once; his roundhouse swipe at me caught me over the eye, so that the skin hung over, and blood gushed down, blinding me on that side.

My companion got in one cunning

blow as the officer fell. Something more grim, however, was needed.

He had seen far too much, this poor devil, and I should be a marked man. There was only one thing to do. We gave him a prick with a thorn point soaked in that African poison—then did not even watch him die, but returned to our job.

Unfortunately the other papers had been removed, but we got the codes, which were most important. My efficient apache gave my wound first aid in the toilet, and we hastened silently out, down the deserted stairway and through a window from which we could reach the street.

The calm moon shone brightly on the quaint buildings of the ancient capital. I blessed the architect who had loaded the outside of the office building with all that hideous encrusted ornament of baroque architecture which made descent so easy.

My driver, a splendid exiled Alsatian, was waiting round the corner in a dark spot. In two minutes we were speeding out of the city. By circuitous side roads we made the border before dawn. There was no trouble; our passports were in order, and the Alsatian chauffeur could joke any guards into good humor.

VII

One might ask whether I realize how completely cynical my experience has made me. I prefer to call myself a realist. I take no responsibility for the world of men. I did not create them. I have used them as I found them, to do the job which came my way to do, and serve my country as ordered. For I was born, and have lived, a soldier.

As a matter of cold fact, I have never met a man I needed to buy whom I failed to purchase. Some came much higher than others, but there was always a price. The men who could filch what I needed were not independent; they were underpaid bureaucrats, men with a grudge, men who felt themselves unfairly treated by an impersonal, unfeeling Government.

Such men are not independent—far from it. They are daily going through the degrading process of trying to get a better job, or hold the one they have, by currying political or personal favor. After some years of that, any man is bound to become blunted in his finer sensibilities; usually he is utterly demoralized—ready for any momentary escape from the toils.

For always these are men with a position to maintain, whose children must go to the right schools, whose wives must be properly dressed at official dinners and functions. Such men are always in debt. And a man deeply, irretrievably in debt can no longer afford the bright jewel of Honor.

Hence the incongruous fact that the higher an official's position, the easier he was to buy—and the cheaper. He was harder pressed. It is only one man out of many who will not break under the steady, relentless torture of continuous, hopeless financial pressure.

I took a sort of professional, clinical interest in marking the action of the idea of relief upon one of these unfortunates. In an important case I would look the man up before meeting him—from acquaintances, bankers, anywhere. When we came together I knew a good deal about his antecedents, finances, personal peculiarities, and official prospects.

The talk at first would be about anything interesting. Gradually I would begin to complain about the cost of everything, the impossibility of living on an official salary. That always brought sympathetic response. Then the general topic of financial gain, people who had made a lot quickly by some lucky coup. After a time, when it came to actual negotiation, his eyes would never meet mine. Always he would look away. But I learned to know from his expression when the amount mentioned was enough.

If he was the kind without that odd courage to do a disgraceful thing at first, I would drop the subject, leave him to himself for a week or two. Only too well I knew that I had in his financial worries a ceaseless ally. Almost always it was he

who brought about the next meeting. The rest was easy.

An elderly colonel was anxious to be bought. He would turn over detailed plans of all his country's fortifications. But he valued his honor highly—at twenty thousand dollars, in fact.

Some instinct warned me as I negotiated with him; but for once my confidence, after an unbroken run of successes without a hitch, made me disregard this inner monitor.

The truth was that this ingenious colonel had decided to retain money, plans, and honor—all three. His idea had the simplicity of greatness: alone with me, he would kill me and take everything. No one but himself would ever know.

A meeting-place was appointed far away from both our headquarters, on the coast near Brindisi.

It was a lonely house occupied by one of our men.

The Colonel came swiftly in, looking about nervously.

"Are we alone?" he whispered.

"You see, Excellency," said I, waving my hand about the bare room.

"Let us finish. Here are your plans. Where is the money?"

I stepped forward and handed him the package of large notes in my right hand, stretching out my left for the large envelope.

And at this instant he drew his right hand from inside his cape, armed with a blackjack, and gave me a glancing blow on the forehead.

Taken by surprise I was knocked down. The blow opened that former wound, and I was momentarily helpless. He had me at his mercy, and I could see his smile as he deliberately drew a pistol.

But my local man had not taken any chances. He was watching at a cunning hole in the wall, concealed by a loose flap of figured wall-paper.

When he saw the Colonel's blow, he rushed to the door, levelled a big pistol, fitted with a silencer, and shot the Colonel through the heart. It was odd to lie there, hear the slight *phht* of the explo-

sion, and see that officer topple forward on the floor almost at my feet.

I was never over-given to trustfulness in my work, but that experience made suspicion of everybody an instinct.

VIII

In Bucharest, on a short furlough, I had become acquainted with an agent of a friendly country. He was a splendid, efficient chap, with a delightful vein of quiet humor. Temperamentally and professionally, really intimate friends were not for me; yet I took considerable pleasure from his company. We separated, of course with not the slightest hint where either was going next.

My assignment was odd enough—to make a full report on the coast defenses of a fortified Oriental port. No stretch of the imagination could conceive of our invading that country. Still, secret agents do not question orders.

I reached my destination, and found that all the harbor fortifications would be in plain view from up the steep hillside—but the entire area was prohibited and strictly patrolled, with a military post on the crest of the mountain. One could go a short distance up the main road, toward the heights; then a sentry would politely turn the visitor back.

I started up, left the road some distance below the sentry post, plunged into the thick scrub, and painfully worked my way up toward a sort of slanting shelf, from which the mountainside fell off sheer for some hundreds of feet.

As I cautiously wriggled through the last thickets between me and my vantage point, I caught a glimpse of a human figure ahead, just at the spot I was making for. With all the stealth I could manage, I wormed my way toward him.

Just as I had decided I was close enough to rush him, I was amazed to see that he was using a camera—on those very fortifications I meant to photograph.

My surprise must have made me careless. A dry twig cracked under my knee. The man whirled about quick as a flash, reaching for his pistol. Then he saw my

startled face peering through the leaves. He broke into a noiseless laugh, and waved his hand.

It was my Bucharest friend, on the same mission as I!

We foregathered, compared notes, finished our work together. It had got on to perhaps four in the afternoon. Just as we were thinking of making our way back to the lower road with our booty, we heard a crashing in the bushes between us and the road. The sentry had evidently seen something suspicious and was coming to investigate.

My companion sank out of sight behind some thick bushes. I concealed myself as best I could across the partly clear space in which we had been working.

The crashing drew nearer, interspersed with violent language as some stub raked the sentry in a tender place. Presently he broke through close by me, hot, sweaty, and much out of humor. I stood up. We looked at each other.

He jabbered angrily; and while I could not understand a word, his sign language with his gun was all too clear. To hold his attention, I stepped toward him, talking loudly and gesticulating.

My companion needed no prompting; as the sentry took a step backward, leveling his gun at me, my ally seized him from behind with a jiu-jitsu hold and swung him over his shoulder. The rifle flew through the air and crashed among the bushes. The man was too startled to make a sound.

There was no help for it now. And we must both share in the finality.

With a mighty heave we swung him over the precipice. No need even to glance over to see what happened down there. We stayed not on the order of our going from that place.

For two weeks we lay doggo at the house of a countryman of my companion. Then we got away safely. Though the authorities made the most strenuous efforts to penetrate the mystery, all they ever knew was that this soldier was found at the base with a broken neck, while his rifle lay in the bushes far up the hillside.



MARRIAGE AS A CAREER

BY CHARLOTTE MURET

LIKE most people who earn a pleasant living, I am sometimes congratulated on my "career," and when I say that, though I like my work, I do not believe in careers for women and consider marriage the best "job" for most of us, I am accused of liking paradox. It is true that marriage is not possible for everyone and also that, to paraphrase Shakespeare, some women are born to careers, and others have careers thrust upon them. Some, that is to say, have a vocation so strong that they must follow it under pain of frustration, and others (an increasing number) are obliged to earn their living. But these are a minority, though a large one, for most women do marry. What I regret is the growing belief that this is not enough for the average woman; that she should also, if possible, have a "career" to fill her life.

The idea is abroad that marriage as a profession is somehow inferior to a job; that the mere wife is a parasite compared to the busy worker. It is esteemed more honorable to labor at a typewriter for a "boss" than to cook and mend for a husband, and the measure of self-respect is the pay-envelope which gives "independence." Wives compare themselves to the "career woman" whose prestige is so great, and think that they too might have earned money and been free and envied as a stenographer, a teacher, or a newspaper woman. Thus I often hear married women say apologetically, "I am afraid I don't do anything (!), my husband and children seem to take all my time," as though they were at fault.

Sometimes they even add humbly, "I know I am very uninteresting." A delightful acquaintance of mine recently lamented that since leaving college (twenty years ago) she had "wasted her life," she had "accomplished nothing." "What was it you wanted to do?" I asked, but she had no idea. Her feeling was merely a vague sense that she ought to have done *something*. I know a woman who gave up a successful newspaper career to devote herself to her husband. She is perfectly happy, but the decision she made seems still to weigh on her conscience almost as though in sacrificing her work she had committed an unsocial act! Others feel frustrated not because they are unloved, but because they have not "expressed themselves" or "made a life of their own." It is with these ideas that I quarrel, for when people really have something to express it is usually not themselves; and marriage is essentially the sharing of another person's life. To be a wife is a delightful (though arduous) career, which ought not to be taken casually.

Why is it that to-day so many women do seem to find matrimony insufficient? The reason usually given is that the tasks of married life no longer fill a woman's time or occupy her mind as they did in the day when "domestic economy" was more complicated and to run a household was to conduct a variety of minor industries. It is true that our housekeeping involves less labor than did that of our grandmothers. But although they complain that modern conveniences have

robbed them of most of their home occupations, I am not sure that modern women devote all the time to their homes which they could profitably employ there. Do they not hurry to buy every new gadget which will save them labor and so give them more time to spend on committees, in lecture rooms, or at the movies? Lack of home occupation then is not the real cause of discontent and personal ambition.

A more cogent reason why American women are dissatisfied with home life is that they do not always find in it the companionship which would bring a sense of fulfillment. Men leave their homes early in the morning and return late, worn out with the efforts of the day. Their energy and their interest is concentrated in their business. Not only do they leave the running of the home and the children, but also everything connected with the intellectual and æsthetic aspects of life to women. That is why some people call America a "matriarchy." American men say that their wives make such financial demands upon them that they are forced to put all their energy into money-making. To ask whether it is the demands of women which drive Americans to put their vitality into their careers, or whether it is men's passion for their work which makes them relatively indifferent to other sides of life, and so leads women to expect little from them except money, is like asking whether it is the egg which makes the chicken or the chicken which makes the egg. It is probable that both result in part from the pioneer tradition. Under primitive conditions economic security was the first essential, and many American men have not yet fully realized that non-material things are more than unnecessary luxuries. Modern "realism," with its insistence on the practical, and the well-known American pace are also partly responsible. In any case, lack of companionship is one reason why marriage as a career is held in less esteem in America than elsewhere. One remedy would be a three-hour lunch interval in the middle of the day, in which men could

come home and take part in family life, as they do in France. This would not be of much use, however, if they preferred, as they might, to play tennis or go to the club during the extra time. In any case, it is not a solution for the women also to throw themselves into the economic struggle.

II

These things are in reality symptoms; the causes lie, I believe, much deeper. They are related to the conception of marriage which has developed in America. In spite of their intense gregariousness and respect for standardization, Americans are individualistic. They therefore consider marriage not as a social institution, but as a means of promoting personal happiness. Being still somewhat adolescent, under a hardboiled exterior they are romantic optimists, who value emotion *per se* and believe that the strongest and most agreeable one of all—love—should be the basis of marriage. In choosing their mates American young people are guided almost entirely by attraction. They usually take small account of such prosaic factors as likeness of tradition and background, or congeniality of tastes and character. Love is supreme, and it is almost a duty to follow its behests. Our literature has favored this idea. True love (object, matrimony) was long the theme of nine-tenths of our popular novels, and an even greater per cent of our movies. To thwart such love was almost immoral, and marriage was the inevitable "happy ending." American women have pushed this romantic combination to extremes; no love without marriage, no marriage without love, has become their ideal. Not only is it a duty to marry for love, but if love disappears the marriage should end. The logical consequence has been that we have made divorce both legally and socially easy, and so surrendered a large part of the irrevocable character of marriage. Women have thus won the right to marry their love not once, but frequently!

Another result of this individualistic spirit is that American women refuse to admit that there are important differences between the sexes. They wish equality and human rights, and demand them on the ground that they are essentially like men. We feel that there is something almost improper in stressing unlikenesses which have their origin in sex. Thus, when I was young, I heard a friend of my mother's say of French women, in tones of mingled disapproval and envy, "They *never* seem to forget that they are women!" What she said was true—French women are feminine first, and human afterward; and this is the secret of their charm and power. We, on the contrary, have won the privilege of being treated like men in many fields, and our rights are often better protected by the law than are theirs.

On the other hand, some American women still cherish (quite inconsistently) the idea that just because they are women they are very important. This too is perhaps a "hang-over" from the chivalrous pioneer age, when women were both rare and in real need of protection. It is apt to make them exacting of personal consideration and attentions. These are what European women expect, but it is the combination of them with a demand for the privileges of a man which makes Europeans say, somewhat unjustly, that American women are spoiled. It is not so much selfishness which makes them exacting as the feeling that they owe it to their sex to expect a great deal.

The quite extraordinary importance which was for long accorded to the young girl is an aspect of this point of view. It was perfectly incomprehensible to Europeans that women should slave and agonize and perhaps even mortgage the home for a daughter's coming-out party. The money, in their thrifty opinion, would have been more profitably invested in her dot. Fortunately the depression has more or less done away with debuts; but the great price put on a young girl by society, her "position" as reflected in the novels and plays of the "Gibson girl" pe-

riod, made submission to the routine of everyday married life very difficult for many of my generation. After the intense excitement and perpetual incense of her life as a belle the young wife sometimes felt rather like a dethroned queen, and found it hard to forget how great a favor she had done her husband in bestowing herself upon him.

These individualistic conceptions of marriage have grave disadvantages. One of them is the quality of the unions which result from following love as an exclusive guide. It was not for nothing that the ancients painted Eros as blind! He has a malicious way of mating King Cophetua with the beggar maid; and while we sympathize with that generous monarch in poetry, in real life we wonder how the match will turn out twenty years later. True love is a deep and enduring sentiment, but it is hard to distinguish it from mere physical passion, especially while we are young, and love-matches are often rather like bride-cake—rich and full of plums, but unsatisfactory as a permanent diet. But we are governed less by reason than by hope. Each of us secretly expects to make the exceptional, true, and enduring love match—and some of us do! For La Rochefoucauld's maxim, "There are good marriages, but there are no delicious ones," applies perfectly to the European common-sense union; but of the romantic American marriage it would be truer to say, that though many are bad, a few are exquisite. Our ideal is so high that it is rarely attained; but we are willing, and perhaps rightly, to pay for it by the many failures which crowd our divorce courts.

More important is the loss of security in marriage. Permanence is very favorable, not to say necessary, to women in their sex relations. Their passions are often slow in developing, but tenacious. Their emotional and affective life depends on stability for complete flowering, and temporary love relationships seldom bring happiness to women of the highest type, even if they are driven to accept them. Then too marriage as a career im-

plies home-making and the rearing of children, which require time and serenity for their proper achievement. American women have won the right to exact physical fidelity of their husbands under penalty of the law. Yet, after all, fidelity cannot be guaranteed by law or even by public opinion. In fact, it seems to me that what we have done by facilitating divorce is to raise infidelity to the level of an institution! This favors the type of woman for whom love is an adventure at the expense of her more serious-minded sister, who wishes to build her future on a shared life.

For women age more rapidly than men, and their love life is sooner over. At fifty, most of them (voluntarily or not) have turned a large part of their energy into other channels than romance, whereas many men of that age are still apt for adventure. To the woman who is past her first youth, her home, her interests, the life she has built up for herself are much. To lose her husband's love is a great grief, but if with that loss she is also to see the whole structure of her life crumble, as may be the case if her marriage is dissolved, a sorrow becomes a catastrophe. One of the striking things in America is the large number of "derelicts" among women of a certain age. So many marriages have been broken, so many lives cast adrift, too late to be rebuilt! We all know these lonely and stranded women; they throng the clubs, the committees, and the lecture halls of American cities—but such activities do not make a life!

This lack of permanence, this insistence on purely emotional elements, tend to make women look on matrimony not as a life's partnership for better or worse, but as an experiment along the lines of "trial and error." I have heard young girls who were about to be married coolly remark, "Oh, well, if it doesn't work we can easily get a divorce." No wonder that the idea of marriage as a career is disappearing! Moreover, in securing the right to follow their impulse, modern women seem to me to have foregone some-

thing of the loyalty which gives real value to human relationships and is the best basis of a common life.

In the next place, the great freedom of American women has not favored a fusion of interests in married couples. Women do not always pour their treasure into the common fund, as was recently pointed out with acerbity in HARPER'S. They may even use their independence as a weapon against the man. "I don't have to put up with anything—I can earn my own living," or, "I shan't stay with him if he does thus and so—I have my own money," are remarks which are often heard. The results have not been wholly good. Though culture in America is left to women, in many vital matters such as politics or business they have relatively little influence, and they do not always share their husbands' careers, even vicariously. Some of them scarcely know what the family income is, and so cannot feel that a wise use of it for the common advantage is part of their activity. During the recent depression many wives first learned of their husbands' difficulties when ruin was actually at the door. This is a sad commentary on our demands for equality and rights!

For I believe that the desire of married women to have a personal life distinct from that of the couple or family has tended to alienate men and to make them withdraw into a world of their own. Feminine restlessness has produced a somewhat critical attitude in American husbands, and perhaps one reason why they share so little with their wives is because they do not always find in them a "better half" of themselves, but often a separate and exacting individual.

The truth is that a man wants to be the center of his wife's universe. He wishes her emotional interest to be focused on him, and in so far as a career diverts it, he feels forlorn and cheated. If she busies herself with their home and children she is contributing to the common life, for which he too labors, and her hopes and ambitions will be the same as his. If a woman makes her husband's

life and career her own, there will be no divergent interests to consider. But if she is to have a successful career outside the home she must turn some part of her energies and ambitions into channels which he does not share, and in so far as she does so, she will no longer be his partner. I am inclined to think that the price of confidence, of the full sharing of a man's life, is a large measure of self-renunciation, and this is more difficult if the woman has a career.

For a profession, if it is taken seriously, makes great calls on time and strength, which may require some sacrifice of home interests, and even clash with a husband's wishes and needs. A sense of the importance of her work will tend to make a woman want, as does a man, to be free of the petty irritation of household cares, and if her mind is absorbed by her own "job" she may become less receptive. She will, in short, no longer be a wife first and always, and her husband may feel that she is separating herself from him and is no longer his own. This is dangerous to happiness, for, rightly or not, the sense of possession plays a large part both in love and in marriage. Moreover, to be successful in the world of competition one must acquire a sense both of one's own value and of the importance of time. This is apt to produce a certain hardness, which is perhaps only a power of self-defense, but which makes wifely self-forgetfulness more difficult. It is significant that gentleness and sweetness are not qualities which modern women are prone to admire. When the wife must, for some reason or other, earn a part of the family income, these are necessary evils, but they do not make for close union.

Obviously there must be a junior partner in every firm, but it may be asked why the woman's life should be subordinated to the man's, rather than the contrary. The answer lies in those psychological differences between the sexes which American women are apt to minimize or deny. Whether or not these differences depend wholly on training, as some

feminists declare, they do exist, and must be reckoned with. Women are, as a rule, more emotional, more dependent on human relationships, less able to master and absorb themselves in the abstract, than men. Therefore the average woman is often happier to live for someone else than to fight for her own hand, and to share a life, rather than to make one of her own. Those who cannot merge their lives, to some extent at least, in that of another would probably do well not to marry. They are lone wolves, who hunt best apart. Men have, as a rule, an instinctive perception of this, and they avoid the dominating, or even the clever woman, whose very powers might make her unable to share or to submit. In fact, the woman whom Jane Austen described as the object of masculine preference in her day—the beautiful and affectionate girl with a plentiful supply of ignorance—is still the secret ideal of many men. For few of them can subordinate themselves for long and keep their self-respect. The tradition of centuries has taught them that they should be the dominant partner, and if they consciously cease to occupy this position their pride suffers. Women have encouraged them in this, for they usually prefer the aggressive type of man. Unjust as it may be, a submissive male is always slightly ridiculous, and the henpecked husband is nobody's ideal. There is, on the contrary, to many women, although they rarely admit it, an almost voluptuous pleasure in yielding. In doing so they can keep their self-respect, for they know that they enhance the influence which is the natural source of their power. The mysterious Mona Lisa smile of some women reflects this knowledge. It means: "This is a man, a mere child in human relationships, who must be indulged and given his way."

III

I married a Parisian, and so have had opportunity to know how different from ours is the French conception of the relations between men and women. To

them marriage is primarily a social institution designed to create and protect the fundamental human unit—the family. It is the building up of a common life, and in this creative partnership there is a fusion of interests and a division of labor, the task of home-making falling to the woman, while the man's contribution is the means of carrying on the common life. Every French family is a sort of close corporation, united for mutual defense in a highly competitive world, and the conduct of each member of it may bring advantage or prejudice to all the others. From this point of view the union of two persons concerns not only themselves, but their parents, their brothers and sisters, their uncles and aunts; in fact, the whole family connection; and since most French people are condemned to dine at least once a week with their families and "in-laws" for the rest of their lives, the choice of a mate is very important to everyone. It will, as a rule, be made on a basis of companionship, and if romance is lacking, the young couple will be less disappointed than with us.

I often hear young Frenchmen, very modern in all else, say: "I want to marry, and my family are looking out for the right wife for me." This seems to us strangely coldblooded, but it results from the fact the French early realize what we often discover only with middle age, that one's way of life, one's habits, one's tastes, one's *milieu*, are, in the long run, very important; that our happiness depends as much on them as on the gratification of our emotions. "Pierre," I said to a young Parisian who had lived some years in America, "how can you, who have absorbed so many of our Anglo-Saxon ideas, marry this girl whom you hardly know?" He replied smilingly, "Isn't she pretty, gentle, well-bred, and very intelligent?" "Certainly, but do you love her?" I asked. "I am not *in love* with her," he answered, "but she has all the qualities which I like and admire, and I shall certainly love her when she is my wife. One does not marry for pleasure, you know," he added, philosophically,

"but for happiness." There was sense in his remarks; for while such marriages do not promise immediate bliss, they offer a fair prospect of enduring contentment, and the happy middle-aged couple, so grown together that they seem almost to look alike and literally to share every thought, is a frequent sight in France.

It follows from the idea of marriage as a social institution that Europeans regard it as permanent. To break up a home, disperse its members, and cut the innumerable ties which bind them to each other and to society seems to them an anti-social act, and divorce, except for peremptory reasons, is still frowned on. A French woman, therefore, can count that her home, her children, and her position are secure, and marriage will seem a desirable career.

Another result of the European view of marriage as a family affair is that there is a much closer union of interests between the partners than with us. When people marry they almost cease to be considered as separate entities; they become, in the words of scripture, "not two, but one." A Frenchman will often speak of his wife as his "half," and Europeans talk of "the Jones couple" or "the Brown couple," rather than of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. This is the antithesis of the American fashion of calling women by their maiden names after they have been married for years. It is a symbol of the fundamental unity of the European couple. Even the famous institution of the dot which is so distasteful to Americans, is also an expression of this. It is the European woman's contribution to the common life, and although the husband administers it, it is, as a rule, carefully secured upon the children. Six whole months are spent by French law students in examining the duties and responsibilities of a husband in regard to his wife's dowry! The possession of a share in the common fund makes a woman in a very real sense her husband's partner. Since all her worldly goods are engaged in his career, she will take a vital interest in it and readily consider it as her

own. She will work for it in various ways, using her connections, her gifts of tact and charm, or her practical abilities to further the common interest.

There is little carelessness in French social life, and it has sometimes amused me to see how tactfully the wives of certain French professional or business men create and, as they say, "nurture" their *milieu* with their husband's career in mind. Thus the pretty Madame de B., whose husband is a coming writer, always has several Academicians at her table. Constant contact, they say, will wear down even a stone, so why not the heart of an Academician? Should her husband some day present himself as a candidate for that illustrious assembly, it may be hoped that the memory of past dinners, with ample flow of wit and reason, truffled paté and Clos Vougeot, will create for him a favorable atmosphere. Madame A's husband is a budding politician. She is a clever woman, and has managed to be on good terms with the leaders of several different parliamentary groups. These men find it convenient to meet on neutral ground in her salon. Thus her husband becomes familiar with them all, and his services will not be forgotten when he has a favor to ask.

In an humbler sphere women's practical capacities also serve. Taine said that to be the cashier of her husband's establishment was the dearest dream of every "*petite bourgeoise*" in Paris, and it is one which she often realizes. Who has not seen her, sitting proudly in her little cage-like cell, dealing out change, and keeping a watchful eye on every transaction? She verifies the accounts, controls the personnel, picks up all loose threads, and imposes the rigid order which is necessary to thrift. She is obviously the moving spirit of the concern, be it a restaurant, a shop, or the atelier of an artisan. It is because of such services that Frenchmen in every walk of life rely so greatly on their wives, and give them so large a share both of responsibility and confidence. Thus to the French wife her husband's successes are truly her own.

IV

There are some very undesirable aspects from the woman's point of view in the French type of marriage. Thus French women are still looked on by the law, save in certain special circumstances, as irresponsible (like minors and insane people), and they are apt to be kept more or less in legal and financial tutelage by their menfolk. Moreover, the result of the European marriage is certainly to give women little redress against a husband's infidelities. When Frenchmen fall in love and find their feelings irresistible, their solution is a clandestine love affair. This is an evil; but the French do not consider it as serious as the breaking up of a home. Women, therefore, are expected to endure such wrongs in silence, and if they complain or ask for divorce, they will probably be both ridiculed and blamed. Certain American women married to French husbands have discovered this by painful experience. Though the French might condemn their husbands' conduct, the moment these wives began to protest somewhat loudly and to demand redress they lost the sympathy of society. They were not "playing the game." French women, as a rule, do not suffer as acutely as we do from such episodes. They have not expected romance, and their pride is less injured. Moreover, their husbands, they know, will probably turn back, sooner or later, to that inescapable thing, the family. In the meantime they have their dignity, their children, and the home which is their particular realm.

Nevertheless, I pitied my French women friends (no doubt to their secret amusement) until I discovered that they are equally inclined to pity us for having, as they feel, exchanged the substance, influence, for the shadow, equality. Of the former they have much. To begin with, they are habitually their husbands' confidential advisers, and Frenchmen rarely do anything important without their approval. A New York lawyer of my acquaintance who has a large French

clientele recently commented on this fact. Frenchmen, he said, seldom came to him to make a will or decide on a vital matter without bringing their wives along and consulting them.

For, in spite of tradition to the contrary, Frenchmen take women seriously, not perhaps as human beings, but as women, and in that capacity they eagerly seek and highly value both their company and their opinions. Why should French women complain greatly of inequality when their salons are still so often the unofficial political headquarters where events are molded, when their tactful hands still manipulate the threads of action and intrigue, when they are always first to know what is going on both above and below the surface? For instance, elections to the Academy (always great events in Parisian life) often mobilize the feminine population, and more than one candidate has been said to owe his choice chiefly to "woman's suffrage."

The amenities and graces of life, so dear to the civilized French, are in women's hands, and their homes, whether rich or modest, are the real centers of life, where the sacred family fires are kept burning. It is significant that the French word for home is "hearth." These family temples are a woman's sovereign domain, to whose administration and care she devotes endless time and loving solicitude. This accounts for the average French woman's happy absorption in her family and her "intérieur"—a self-sufficiency which we often lack, and whose absence drives us to clamor for a career. But a true French woman would not put it thus. She would tell you, with a delicate smile, that she would not care to descend to be the mere equal of a man! She would laugh if you told her that women were treated as inferiors in a country whose national hero is a woman, whose capital is under the protection of a feminine saint, and which dresses all the elegant women of the world.

None the less, France is a sad place for women who do not marry or who fall upon bad husbands, against whom they

have almost no recourse. I have a friend, the most reasonable of women, whose careful spouse cannot be induced to give her a penny of cash for spending-money out of her own large fortune, and since he unfortunately never commits any follies but administers their property most wisely, she is helpless. Another woman I know has spent years in trying to escape from the clutches of a really savage brute; for divorce, while legally easy if both consent, is almost impossible if the husband resists.

For single women too life in France is apt to be drab. Few can overcome the obstacles to a career, and even these will long feel the chill wind of criticism and disapproval. A friend of mine who studied nursing, and has risen to be the administrative head of a large hospital, was almost cast out by her conservative family for undertaking to earn a badly needed living for herself and her sisters. In spite of her distinguished position she is still treated rather as a reprobate by her own people. To the French the very term "an emancipated woman" is almost an insult. Those who do not attempt a career must spend their lives at the corner of someone else's hearthstone, always a dreary lot. It is true, however, that where the home and children require so much personal care and attention, a maiden aunt is both more welcome and more easily occupied than with us. Moreover, the French education for women trains them to self-forgetfulness and an unexacting attitude toward life. Once single women entered convents, and some do so to-day, while others devote themselves to "good-works," which in France are still largely "personally conducted." But the normal lot of the French woman is marriage; all else is a side-issue.

America, on the contrary, is relatively a paradise to the growing host of single women; for our standards and ideals are more nearly adapted to their needs than to those of their average married sisters. If they must work they are almost as free as men to make a career, to the admira-

tion and envy of their married friends. They will find an honored place in the varied and delightful activities which American women carry on among themselves during the long hours when men are as remote as if on another planet. This is excellent; for, after all, life is weighted against the single woman by her own nature, and to give her full opportunity, and perhaps some degree of favor, is only justice. But why envy her? A career is a lonely business, in which women usually find little outlet for their need to give devotion and service. Nor is it perpetually exciting, for there is monotony and drudgery in teaching or typewriting, just as there is in housework. Moreover, women never quite forget that their principal business has long been to please, and there is, for many, a more intimate triumph in winning admiration and love than in the conquests of a successful career. Most of all, the pleasure which comes from such success as one can win for oneself is nothing to the joy of sharing the success of a beloved husband.

Marriage, even a homekeeping one, gives a woman more generous opportunity for "self-expression" than she always realizes. She organizes the home and dispenses the common funds, looks after the creature comforts of the toiling male (a thing which brings peculiar pleasure to many women) and, above all, she sustains his morale. There are times when men absolutely require to be admired, when their courage and self-confidence depend wholly on a wife's faith. Moreover, much of the charm of life, its quality and distinction, is due to women. This is what makes them so precious, as Frenchmen well appreciate when they seek feminine advice. There is room in America for a wider cultivation of these aspects of existence. For instance, clever women might, by delicate cooking, high standards, and a wise use of that wonderful creation, the sauce, develop refined palates in their husbands, and help to make the "culinary art" which we sadly lack. They might learn the profession

of economy, the husbanding of resources, and the care and respect of material objects, as against the present abuse and waste. For, as a rule, in America we darn socks but not sheets; we repair radios but not saucepans; we buy lard and mayonnaise in bottles, and many of us only learned with the depression that shoes can be resoled, re-heeled, revamped. Women might encourage the gentle art of conversation, which languishes and seems doomed to disappear. Best of all, they might gather congenial and stimulating people about them to enrich the common life and so help to evolve a society based on something more valuable than the mere dread of being alone. All these things would add to the attraction of marriage as a career.

Women argue that, since men combine a career with marriage, they should be able to manage it also. The answer is, that men can have careers largely because their wives make a career of marriage. No one knows better than women who earn their living how much a breadwinner needs a wife, not only to keep house, pay the bills, and tend to the thousand troublesome details of life (which so often drive bachelors into marriage), but to welcome and comfort him after a hard day. In a modest home if both work, who will be the comforter when they meet at night on a chilly hearth, or beside the unwashed breakfast dishes? In more prosperous circumstances these practical problems may be solved, but the psychological ones remain, and nothing can quite replace the wife who makes marriage her first concern. A few women certainly manage to combine marriage with a career and make a real success of both; but to do so requires exceptional qualities of vitality, enthusiasm, and generosity.

Therefore let the average woman who longs to "do something" and has ambitions for a career beware! In making a "life of her own" she may lose a woman's privilege of being not the equal, but the "better half" of her man.



PHYSIC

A STORY

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

WILLIAM had been keeping his mother company in the kitchen. Mary, their staunch cook-general, was out and would not be knocking at the door until half-past ten. After that perhaps there would be another hour to wait, but then Emilia would be alone. Meanwhile, just like a man, William and she would be having supper together at the kitchen table, and William would have an egg with nine bread-and-butter fingers. This, once fortnightly, now weekly, Wednesday night feast had become a kind of ritual, a little secret institution. They called it their covey night. Not even Daddy ever shared it with them; and it was astonishing what mature grown-up company William became on these occasions. It was as if all in an afternoon he had swallowed one of Jack's bean seeds and had turned inside into a sort of sagacious second-husband. Naturally therefore, though at times she had to try a good deal, Emilia had to turn into a child again herself.

He was a little dark boy, William—small for his age. A fringe of gilt-edged fair hair thatched a narrow forehead over his small restless eyes. His sister Sallie (poor gaunt Aunt Sarah whom she had been called after was dead now) after a rather restless and peevish afternoon and a wailful bath was asleep now upstairs in her crib. You could tell that almost without having to creep out every now and again to listen at the foot of the stairs.

William had been even more active and hoppity than usual. They had been playing Beggar-my-neighbor, and somehow every knave in the pack had managed to sidle into his hand. He had become more and more excited; even though it was Emilia, when they changed the game, who had been twice Old Maid. When supper-time came he had at first all but danced from dresser to table, from table to dresser. They had chosen Mary's best blue-check kitchen tablecloth; he had said it looked cooler. "Don't you *think* so, Mummie?" And every now and again he had ejaculated crisp shrill remarks and directions to Emilia, who was looking after the cooking in the outer room, a room she had steadfastly refused to call the "scullery" merely because she disliked the word! Though one day in a sudden moment of inspiration she had defended this priggishness by exclaiming, "Well, spell it with a *k* and then see what you think of it!"

It was a way Emilia had: as tenaciously as she could she always put off until to-morrow even what it was merely difficult to put up with to-day. Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you, was her motto when driven into a corner. She hated problems, crises, and all horrors, though they would sometimes peep up at her out of her mind and from elsewhere when she wasn't looking, like rabbits at evening out of a warren. But when they actually came, and had to be

faced, well, that was quite another matter.

For some minutes now, busied over her pan at the gas stove, she hadn't noticed that William's usual sprightly conversation piped up from the kitchen had been steadily dwindling, had almost ceased. He had preferred his supper egg fried, though "lightly boiled" was the institution. And Emilia had laughed when after long debate he had declared that he had chosen it fried because then it was more indigestible. She was dishing it up from the sizzling pan—a setting sun on a field of snow—and with a most delicate edging of scorch.

When she reappeared in the kitchen William was standing by the table, gazing across it at the window. He couldn't be looking out of the window; for although there was a crevice a few inches wide between the flowered chintz curtains that had been drawn over it, where the blue linen blind had not been pulled down to the very bottom, it was already pitch dark outside. Yet even at this distance she saw that he couldn't be looking only at his own reflection.

He merely stood, his eyes fixed on this dark glassy patch of window, his head well above the table now. He had not even turned at the sound of her footstep. So far as Emilia's birdlike heart was concerned it was as if a jay had screeched in a spinney. But best not notice too much. Don't put things into people's heads. "There!" she exclaimed. "Why, you *have* cut the bread and butter thick, Mr. Stoic! I'm going to have that scrap of cold fish. Eat this while it's hot, my precious."

But William had continued to wait.

"I don't think, Mother," he said slowly, as if he were reciting something he had been learning by heart, "I don't *think* I'll have my egg after all. I don't think I feel hungry now."

All his eagerness and excitement seemed to have died away into this solemn, almost stagnant reverie. For a child to have the air and appearance of a sorrowful old dwarf was unutterably

far away from its deliciously pretending to be of one's own generation.

"Not have it," said Emilia. "Why, look, darling, it's cooked. Look! Lovely. You wouldn't know it wasn't a tiny half of a peach in cream. Let's pretend."

"I couldn't like even that. Mother," he said, glancing at it, a slight shudder ending in a decisive shake of the head as he hastily looked away again. "I don't think I want *any* supper."

Emilia's eyes widened. She stood perfectly still a second, the hot plate in her hand, staring at him. Then she put the plate hurriedly down on the table, knelt with incredible quickness beside him, and seized his hand.

"That's what it is," she said. "You don't feel very well, William. Your hands are hot. Not sick? Not sore throat? Tell Mummie."

"I'm *not* ill," wailed William a little obstinately. "Just because I don't want the egg! You said that horrid cold fish, and if I did feel sick, shouldn't I say so? That's only what you say." He paused as if the utmost caution and precision were imperative, then added, nodding his head a little mournfully and sympathetically in time to the words, "I have got a teeny tiny headache, but I didn't notice it until just now." His mouth opened in a prodigious yawn, leaving tears in his eyes. "Isn't it funny, Mummie, you can't really see anything out of the window when it's black like that, yet you needn't look at *yourself* in the glass. It's just as if . . ."

His eyes came round from examining the window and fixed themselves on her face.

"That's what it is," said Emilia, raising herself abruptly from the floor. "That's what it is." She kept squeezing the thin unresponsive fingers of his hand between her own. "You're feverish. . . And I knew it. *All* the time. Yes—*how* stupid of me." And instantly her voice had changed, all vain self-recriminations gone. "I'll tell you what we'll do, William. First, I'll fill a hot water bottle. Then I'll run up and get the thermometer.

And you shall be the doctor. That's much the best thing." And she did not even pause for his consent.

"I expect you know, Dr. Wilson," she had begun at once, "it's something that's disagreed with my little boy. I expect so. Oh, yes, I expect so."

William, pale and attentive, was faltering. "Well, yes, Mrs. Hadleigh, p'raps," he said at last, as if his mouth were cram-full of plums, "you *may* be right. That depends on what he has been *eating*."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand, doctor. Then would you perhaps wait here just for one moment, while I see if my little boy is ready for you. I think, you know, he might like to wash his hands first and brush his hair. And pray keep on your overcoat in case you should feel cold." She took a large dry turkey towel that was airing on a horse nearby, and draped it over William's shoulders. "I won't be a moment," she assured him. "Not a moment."

Yet she paused to glance again at his shawled-in pale face and fever-bright eyes, as if by mere looking she could bore clean through his body; and stooping once more, she pressed her cheek against his and then his hand to her lips.

"You said," half tearfully chanted the little boy, "that I was the doctor; and now you are kissing me, Mummy!"

"Well, I could often and often kiss lots of doctors," said his mother, and in a flash she was gone, leaving him alone. She raced up the dark staircase as if she were pursued by a demon, not even waiting to switch on the light. And when she came to her bedroom door it was as if everything in it were doing its utmost to reassure her. The shining of the street lamp was quietly dappling the walls with shadow. The whole room seemed oceans deep in silence; the duskily mounded bed, the glass over the chimney-piece, the glass on the dressing-table, they may until that moment have been conferring together, but now had, as usual, instantly fallen mute, their profound confabulations for the time being over. But she did not

pause even so much as to sip of this refreshing stillness. Her finger touched the electric switch, and in an instant the harmless velvety shadows—frail leaf-shadows, many of them—the peace, the serenity, had clean evaporated. It was as if the silence had been stricken with leprosy, so instantaneous was the unnatural glare. Even in spite of the rose-pink lampshades. For now Emilia was staring indeed.

How, she was asking herself, how by any possibility could that striped school tie of her husband's have escaped from its upper drawer on to the bedspread? How by an utter miracle had she failed to see it when she had carried Sallie into the room only an hour or two ago? Ties don't wriggle out of top drawers across carpets and climb up valances like serpents in the tropics. Husbands miles away cannot charm such things into antics like *these*!

Mary had been out all the afternoon. She herself had been out for most of it with the children, and she could have vowed, taken her oath, *knew*, that *that* couldn't have been there when she had come up to put her hat on. In the instant that followed, before even she could insist on raising her eyes from this queer scrap of "evidence," her mind suddenly discovered that it was dazed and in the utmost confusion. It was as if, like visitors to a gaudy Soho restaurant, a jostling crowd of thoughts and images, recollections, doubts, memories, clues, forebodings, apprehensions, and reiterated stubborn reassurances had thronged noisy and jostling into consciousness—and then were gone again. And at that, at once, as if by instinct and as unforeseeably as a butterfly alights on one out of a multitude of flowers, her stricken glance had encountered her husband's note.

At sight of it her heart had leaped in her body, and then cowered down like a thing smitten with palsy. Novels did things like these, but surely not just ordinary life! The note had been scribbled on a half-sheet of her own notepaper and just folded into a cocked hat—perhaps

the only old-fashioned device she had ever known that husband to be capable of. It seemed that she had learned by heart the message it contained before even she had unfolded the paper and read it. Indeed, it did not matter what it had to say. It hardly even mattered *how* it had said it. So considerably, yet so clumsily and so blastingly. "She"—that alone was enough. When shells explode why be concerned with fuse or packing? Edward was gone. That was all that mattered. She had been abandoned. She and the children.

So far, so inevitably. You can in vile moments of suspicion, incredulity, and terror foresee things like that. Just that he was gone—and for good. But to have come stealing back in the afternoon into a vacant house, merely for a few clothes or a little money, and she out, and Mary out; and the children out—and everything else out: well, that seemed a funny, an unnecessary thing to do.

"I wouldn't have so much minded . . ." she began to mutter to herself, and then realized that her body was minding far too much. A thin acid water had come into her mouth. Unlike William, she felt sick and dizzy. She had gone stiff and cold and goose-fleshed all over. It was as if some fiendish hand were clutching her back hair and dragging the scalp from her forehead taut as the parchment of a drum over her eyes. It was as if she had swallowed unwittingly a dose of some filthy physic. Her knees trembled. Her hands hung down from her arms as though they were useless. And the only thing she could see at this instant was the other woman's face. But it wasn't looking at her—on purpose. It was turned three-quarters away—a very becoming angle to the long, fair cheekbone, the drooping eyelashes, the feline line of the jaw. Clara. And then suddenly she saw them both together, at a railway station, it seemed, talking close. Or was it that they had just got out of a taxi?

Emilia might as well have been dreaming all this, since although these pictureings, this misery, this revulsion of

jealousy, and the horror of what was to come persisted in a hideous activity somewhere in her mind, she herself had refused for the time being to have anything to do with it. There was something infinitely more important that must be done at once, without a moment's delay. Husbands may go, love *turn*, the future slip into ruin as silently and irretrievably as a house of cards; but children must not be kept waiting, not sick children. She was already clumsily tugging at the tiny middle drawer of the old mirror, one of their first bargains, on the dressing table, and she caught at the same instant a glimpse of the face reflected in its glass; but so instantaneously that the eyelids of the image there appeared to be darkened and shut and, therefore, blind.

What a boon a little methodicalness may be. What a mercy that in this world *things* stay where they are put; do not hide, deceive, play false, forsake and abandon us. Where she always kept it, there lay the slim metal, sharp-edged case of the thermometer. It was as if it had been faithfully awaiting this very reunion ever since she had seen it last. In the old days, before she was married and had children, even if she had possessed a thermometer, she might have looked for it for hours before discovering it. She had despised thermometers. Now such a search would have resembled insanity.

She hesitated for scarcely the breadth of a sigh at the door, and then with decision switched off the light. Stuffing her husband's *coup de grâce* into her apron pocket, she flew into the next room, put a match to the fire laid in the hearth, pushed the hot water bottle between the sheets of the bed, and hastened downstairs. Her legs, her body, her hand flitting over the banisters were as light and sure again as if she had never experienced so much as an hour even of mere disappointment in her life. Besides, for some little time now, that body had been habitually told what it had to do. And so long as orders came promptly and concisely it could be trusted to continue to act in the same fashion, to be instantly

obedient. That was what being a mother taught you to become, and to try within limits even to teach a young child to become—an animated automaton.

Dr. Wilson stood where she had left him beside the table and in precisely the same attitude. He had not even troubled to sit down. He had apparently not even so much as moved his eyes.

"Now, Doctor," said Emilia.

At this those eyes first settled on her fingers, then quietly shifted to her face.

"You were a long time gone, Mrs. Hadleigh," he remonstrated. "A very long time." He took the thermometer and pushed it gingerly into his mouth, shutting his lips firmly over the glass stem. Then his blue and solemn eyes fixed again, and without the faintest stir, he continued to watch his mother, while she in turn watched him. When half a minute had gone by he lifted his eyebrows. She shook her head. In another half minute he himself took the thermometer out of his mouth and, holding it between finger and thumb, gravely scrutinized it under the light. "A hundred and forty-seven," he announced solemnly. "H'm." Then he smiled, a half-secret, half-deprecatory smile. "That's nothing to worry about, Mrs. Hadleigh. Nothing at all. It looks to me as if all you did was to worry. Put him to bed; I will send him round a bottle of very nice medicine—*very* nice medicine. And . . ." his voice fell a little fainter, "I'll look in in the morning."

His eyes had become fixed again, focussed, it seemed, on the faraway. "Mummie, I do wish when Mary pulls down the blinds she would do it to the very bottom. I *hate* seeing—seeing myself in the glass."

But Emilia had not really attended to this rather unreasonable complaint. She herself was now examining the thermometer. She was frowning, adjusting it, frowning again. Then she had said something—half-muttered, half-whispered—which Dr. Wilson had failed to catch.

"I'd give him," he began again wearily,

"some rice pudding and lemonade and—" but before the rest of his counsel could be uttered she had wrapped him tighter in his bath towel, had stooped down to him back to front so that he could clasp his hands round her neck pickaback; and next moment he was being whisked up the dark staircase to the blue-and-white nursery. There she slid him gently down beside the fender, took off his shoes, smoothed his hair, and tenderly kissed him.

"You have very bright eyes, Dr. Wilson. You mustn't let them get too bright—just for my sake."

"Not at all, Mrs. Hadleigh," he parroted, and then suddenly began to shiver.

"There," she said, "now just begin to take off your clothes, my own precious, while I see to the fire. Look, the silly paper has just flared up and gone out—though that, Dr. Wilson, should have been done *first*. But it won't be a minute. The sticks are as dry as Guy Fawkes Day. Soon cosy in bed now."

William with unusually stupid fingers was endeavoring to undo his buttons. He was already tired of being the doctor. "Why," he said, "do your teeth chatter, Mummie, when you are very hot? That seems funny. And why do faces come in the window, horrid faces? Is that blind right down to the very bottom? Because I would like it to be. Oh dear, my head does ache, Mummie."

It was extraordinary with what cleverness and dexterity Emilia's hands, unlike her son's, were now doing as they were bidden. The fire, coaxed by a little puffing in lieu of the bellows, in a wondrous sheet of yellow, like crocuses, was now sweeping up the chimney as if to devour the universe. A loose underblanket had been thrust into the bed, the hot bottle wrapped up in a fleecy old shawl, the coal scuttle had been filled, a second pair of small pajamas had been hung over the fender to air, a saucepan of milk had been stood on the stove with its gas turned low—like a circlet of little blue wavering beads; and William himself, half-naked for less than the fraction of a

second, had been tucked up in his bed, one of his own tiny embroidered handkerchiefs sprinkled with lavender water for company. There, he had instantly fallen asleep, though spasmodic jerks of foot or hand and flickering eyelids showed that his small troubles had not wholly been left behind him.

So swiftly and mechanically had her activities followed one upon the other that Emilia had only just realized that she was still unable to make up her mind whether to telephone at once to the doctor or to venture—to dare—to look in on Sallie.

Blind fool! *Blind* fool!—foreseeing plainly every open or half-hidden hint and threat of to-night's event, smelling it, tasting it, hearing it again and again knocking at the door of her mind, she had yet continually deferred that dreadful moment when she must meet it face to face, challenge and be done with it, and accept its consequences. The mere image in her mind of her husband's school tie left abandoned on the bed made the foreboding of looking at Sallie a last and all but insupportable straw. The futility, the cowardice! What needs most daring must be done instantly. There had not been the least need to debate such a question. You can't do *twenty-one* things at once!

Having stolen another prolonged scrutiny of William's pale dream-distorted face and dilating nostrils, she hastened into her own bedroom again, groped for the tiny switch pull that dangled by the bed-rail, stooped over the cot beside it and, screening its inmate's face as much as possible from the glare, looked down and in. The small blonde creature, lovelier and even more delicate to the eye than any flower, had kicked off all its bed-clothes, the bright lips were ajar, the cheeks flushed—an exquisite coral-red. And the body was breathing almost as fast and shallowly as a cat's. That children under three years old should talk in their sleep, yes: but with so minute a vocabulary! Still, all vocabularies are minute for what they are sometimes

needed to express—or to keep silent about.

No sickness, no sore throat; but headache, lassitude, pains all over the body, shivering attacks and fever—you just added up the yes's and subtracted the not's; and influenza, or worse, was the obvious answer. Should she or should she not wheel the cot into William's room? Sallie might wake and wake William. Whereas if she remained here and she herself lay down in the night even for so much as an hour—and began to think, she wouldn't be alone, not hopelessly alone. It was the fear of waking either patient that decided the question. She very gently drew blanket and counterpane over Sallie's nakedness, draped a silk handkerchief over the rose-colored shade, switched on the electric stove in the fireplace, and ran downstairs. There for a few moments, eyes restlessly glancing, she faced the stark dumbness and blindness of the mouthpiece of the telephone.

Dr. Wilson *was* in. Thank heaven for that. Incredible, that was his voice! There might have been a maternity case—hours and hours. He might have had a horde of dispensary patients. But no, he would be round in a few minutes. Thank heaven for that. She put back the receiver with a shuddering sigh of gratitude. All that was now needed—superhuman ordeal—was just to wait.

But this Emilia was to be spared. For midway up the staircase, whose treads now seemed at least twice their usual height, she suddenly paused. Fingers clutching the banister rail, she stood arrested, stock still, icy, constricted. The garden gate had faintly clicked. There could be only one explanation of that—at least on a Wednesday. Edward's few friends and cronies, every one of them, must have discovered long ago that Wednesdays were now his "evenings out." And she—she hadn't much fancied friends or company recently. It was he himself then. He had come back. What to do now? A ghastly revulsion took possession of her, a gnawing ache in the pit of her stomach, another kind of

nausea, another *kind*, even, of palpitation.

If only she could snatch a few minutes to regain her balance, to prepare herself, to be alone. Consciousness was like the scene of a fair—a dream-fair, all distortion, glare, noise, diablerie, and confusion. And before she was even aware of her decision—to make use of a deceit, a blind, a mere best-thing-for-the-time-being—she had found herself in her bedroom again, had somehow with cold and fumbling fingers folded the note into its pretty cocked-hat shape again, and replaced it where she had first set eyes on it, beside the charming little traveling clock, the gift of Aunt Sarah, in the middle of the mantelpiece.

What light remained in the room behind the blinded and curtained windows could not possibly have been detectable outside. That was certain. In an instant she was in William's room once more—listening, her heart beating against her ribs like the menacing thumping of a drum. She had not long to wait. The latch of the front door had faintly squeaked, the lower edge of the door itself had scraped very gently across the coarse mat within, had as softly and furtively shut.

"Is that you, Edward?" she heard herself very gently and insidiously calling over the banisters from the landing. "How lovely! You *are* home early. I didn't expect you for—for hours and hours!"

And now she had met and kissed him, full in the light of the hall-lamp. "Why, what's the matter, darling . . . ? You are ill!" She was peering as if out of an enormous fog at the narrow, beloved, pallid countenance, the pale lips, the hunted, haunted misery-stricken light-brown eyes in those pits of dark entreasy and despair.

"Is it *that's* brought you home?"

He continued to stare at her as if, spectacles lost, he were endeavoring to read a little book in very small print and in an unfamiliar language. His mouth opened, as if to yawn; he began to tremble a little, and said, "Oh, no; nothing

much. A headache. I'm tired. Where *were* you?"

"Me?" But her lips remained faintly, mournfully, sympathetically smiling, her dark eyes were as clear and guileless and empty of reflections as pools of water under the windless blue of the sky. "I was in William's room. It's hateful to say it now—Edward—now that you are so tired yourself—but—but I'm rather afraid, poor mite, he's in for another cold—a little chill—and I shouldn't be surprised if Sallie . . . But don't worry about that—because, because there's nothing of course at all yet to worry about. It's you I'm thinking of. You look so dreadfully fagged and—what a welcome. . . . There's nothing . . . ?"

Her vocabulary had at last begun to get a little obstinate and inadequate, "You don't mean, Edward, there's anything seriously wrong? I fancy, you know—" she deliberately laid her hand for an instant on his, "I fancy you may be the least little feverish yourself—you too. Well . . ." She turned away, flung up a hand as if to flage off a railway-train. "I'll get you something hot at once."

"And Edward"—she turned her head over her shoulder, to find him as motionless as she had left him, in almost as stolid and meaningless an attitude as "Dr. Wilson's" had been in the kitchen, brooding on the nightmare faces in the darkness of the glass. "There is just one thing, if you could manage it. Just in case, would you first wheel Sallie's cot into William's room. I've lighted the fire—and I *had* to ask Dr. Wilson to come. I'm so dreadfully stupid and anxious, when—even when there's no reason to be."

The two faces had starkly confronted each other again, but neither could decipher with any absolute certainty the hitherto unrevealed characters now inscribed on them. Each of them was investigating the map of a familiar country, but the cartographer must now have sketched it from an unprecedentedly eccentric angle. The next moment she had turned away, leaving him free, at

liberty, to dispose of himself—and of anything else he might be inclined to. In every family life there are surely potential keepsakes that would be far better destroyed; and perhaps a moment *some* time must come. But now . . .

When she returned with her tray and its contents—a steaming tumbler of milk, a few biscuits, and a decanter containing a little whisky—she found him standing beside William's bedroom fire. He watched her, as with the utmost care, she put down her burden on the little wicker table.

"Millie," he said. "I'm not sure . . . But, well—it was, I suppose, because of William's being ill that you haven't yet been into—into the other room, our bedroom. And—" he had gulped, as if there was some little danger of producing his very heart for her inspection—"seen this?" He was holding toward her the unfolded note, and with trembling fingers she found herself actually pretending to read its scribbled lines again.

Her face had whitened; she had begun to despair of herself, conscious beyond everything else—the tumult in her mind, the ravaging of her heart—that she could hardly endure the mingled miseries, remorse, humiliation in his eyes, in the very tones of his voice, yet listening at the same time to a message of ineffable reassurance: He has not then deceived me again! At last she had contrived to nod, her chin shaking so stupidly for a while that she could scarcely utter a word. "Yes. I have read it. I put it back . . . couldn't face it when I heard you. The children—I had to have time. I'm sorry, Edward."

"Sorry!" he echoed.

"I mean—it was an awful, well, revelation; but I was stupid; I ought to have seen . . . I did see. But we won't, I *can't* go into that now. You are tired, ill; but you are back . . . for the present."

Her eyes had managed at last to glance at him, and then to break away and to keep from weeping. And, as if even in his sleep his usual small tact and wisdom

had not deserted him, William had suddenly flung back his scorching sheet and in a gasping voice was muttering to an unseen listener in some broken unintelligible lingo that yet ended with a sound resembling the word *faces*. "There, darling," she answered him, smoothing back his fair fringe from his forehead, "I know. They are gone, all gone now; and the blind is down—to its very last inch."

She stayed watching him, couldn't look back just yet.

"You see, Millie . . . She—" her husband was trying to explain—"that is, *we* had arranged to meet. It's hopeless to attempt to say anything more just now . . . I waited. She didn't come!"

"I see. And so?"

"Millie, Millie. It wasn't, it wasn't *you*. Oh, I can't bear it any longer. If I had dreamed—the children!" He had flung himself into a pretty round basket chair and sat shuddering, his face hidden in his lean bloodless hands.

The few minute sounds in the room, the peevish creakings of the chair, William's rapid, snoring breathing, the fluttering of the fire, were interrupted by the noise of brakes and wheels rasping to a standstill in the street below. A brisk yet cautious knocking had followed, awakening its echo it seemed in the very hollow of her breast bone.

"Look," she said, "that's where *that* goes. There's no time now." The scrap of paper, more swiftly than a vanishing card in a conjuring trick, had been instantly devoured by the voracious flames, had thinned to an exquisitely delicate fluttering ash, and then, as if with a sudden impulse, wafted itself out of sight like a tiny toy balloon into the sooty vacancy of the chimney.

"Listen. Must you see the doctor, tonight? Unless it's not—you know—well, bad 'flu? Wouldn't it be better not? I'll tell him. I could find out. I could say you had gone to bed. Quick, I must go." Every nerve in her body was clamoring for motion, action, something to face, something to do.

He nodded. "And you'll come back?"

"Yes . . . I'll try. Oh, Edward, if only there were words to say it. It must have been awful—awful!" She hesitated, gazing at his bent head, the familiar hands. . . .

And now the doctor, having deftly packed up Sallie again, burning hot but seeming resigned to whatever fate might bring, and having carefully wiped the thermometer on the clean huckaback towel Emilia had handed him, was stuffing his stethoscope back into his little black bag. An almost passionate admiration filled her breast at his assured, unhurried movements, and with it a sort of mute, remote, all-reconciling amusement to see how closely, deep within, behind these gestures, and the careful choice of words, he resembled his small solemn understudy, William.

She was returning earnestly glance for glance, intently observant of every tiny change of expression in his dark, clear-cut, decisive face, of timbre in his voice. Practically every one of the hungered-for, familiar, foreseen, all-satisfying assurances—like a tiny flock of innocent sheep pattering through a gateway—had been uttered and sagaciously nodded to—"It may be just a feverish attack; it might, it *might* be 'flu.'" "Don't forget, Mrs. Hadleigh, they are down one moment and up the next!" "I'll send round a bottle of medicine to-night, almost at once, and some powders." "I'll look in again first thing in the morning." Then he had paused, little black bag in hand, his eyes fixed on the fire.

Some day, she told herself, she must retaliate in kind: "You must understand, Dr. Wilson, that at this juncture it would be utterly useless and stupid of you to breathe the word *pneumonia*, which takes weeks and weeks and weeks, may easily be fatal; and one has just to wait for the crisis." Or, "Don't be mistaken, Dr. Wilson, even if you were at death's door yourself I shouldn't hesitate to ring you up if their temperatures got over 103"—that kind of thing.

"You know, Mrs. Hadleigh," he was

beginning again, "it just beats me why you mothers, quite rational, sensible, almost cynically practical creatures some of you, simply wear yourselves out with worry and anxiety when there's scarcely a shred of justification for it. Quite uselessly. Getting thin and haggard, wasting away, losing all that precious youth and beauty. I say I often think these things—wish I could express them. You simply refuse to heed the lesson in life—that really great Englishman's, Mr. Asquith's—Wait and see: *condensing*, don't you see, and not squandering all energy, impulse, and reserves. 'Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.' Isn't *that* good sense. It's what's called an old wives' saying of course. Not a mother's mind you! But I could have saved dozens of precious lives and bodies and all but souls, if only . . . well, literally saved them, I mean, a deuce of a lot of wear and tear."

She was drinking in his words, this delicious lecture, these scoldings, devouring them, as if they were manna dipped in honey, the waters of life. They were a rest and peace beyond expression. A ready help in time of trouble. He shall lead his flock like a shepherd. Yea, though I walk . . . Why all this Bible? Dr. Wilson was not a parson; he was just a doctor. And then another Dr. Wilson had piped up in memory again, "You *said* that I was the doctor; and now you are kissing me, Mummie!" "I could often and often kiss lots of doctors!"

"I know, I know," she heard herself meekly assuring him, "I'm utterly stupid about these things. And of course if we were all sensible savages or gypsies there wouldn't be . . . Oh, but you can't think what a comfort it is to be—to be reassured."

He was eyeing her now more closely, totting up and subtracting yes's and not's, it seemed, on his own account, and on hers. It was with difficulty she met the straight clear scrutiny. "Well, there we are," he decided. "Just look what lovely babies you have. Everything a woman could wish for! Gypsies be dashed.

There are, I assure you, Mrs. Hadleigh, spinsters galore in this parish who . . . How's your husband?"

Her dark shining eyes had now at last quivered in their sockets, if only for the fraction of a second.

"It sounds very silly," the words were squeezing out like cooing turtle doves through too narrow an exit, "but *he's* not very well either. It's, it's almost funny, ridiculous. All at once. Isn't it? He came home rather late from, from the office, and he's gone to bed." It seemed a pity that one's cheeks should flatly refuse not to flame up when one's eyes were hard as brass. "The fact is, Dr. Wilson, he refused to see you. You know what men are. But could it be, do you think?"—a little nod toward William's bed has helped her out, "that too?"

"I think," Dr. Wilson had replied drily, a scarcely perceptible forking frown between his eyebrows, "it might very well be that too. But listen, Mrs. Hadleigh. Husbands of course are not really of much importance—not really. Necessities; but here to-day and gone to-morrow. *Children* are what the kernel is to the nut; the innermost part of it. And so must be taken great care of. *Therefore*—and this is not advice; this is *orders*: I forbid you to worry; forbid it. I shall throw up the case! If you must stay up—you have a maid, a good solid stolid one

too. Wake her up and chance it; she'll love you all the better. And you can share the night between you. Otherwise—unless of course you need me again, and you won't, though I should be *easily* handy—you are not only not to worry (more than you can help) but you are on no account to get up more than twice until the morning to look at your patients—at *our* patients, mind you. It's bad for them, worse for you. When they've had their dose they'll soon quieten down unless I'm wrong. And I sometimes am." He was holding out his hand, a look of unadulterated, generous, wholly masculine admiration on his vigilant, assured features.

"By gad!" he said. "All three! But then *you* know *I* know what you can manage when hard pressed. So that's all right."

He was plunging downstairs into the night, and Emilia was trying in vain to keep up with him. "And after the first dose and the powders, Dr. Wilson, I shouldn't, I suppose, wake either of them up to give them any *more* medicine—until the morning?"

"As a general rule, Mrs. Hadleigh," replied the doctor, carefully putting on his hat and glancing as he did so at the strip of looking-glass in the stand, "it's wiser never to wake anybody up, merely to give them physic—even doctor's physic."



BUT I, TOO, HATE ROOSEVELT

A REPLY TO "THEY HATE ROOSEVELT"

BY ROBERT HALE

SOMETIMES during our married life we have kept one or even two hired girls and so have fallen into what Mr. J. P. Morgan called the leisure class. At other times, and for long spells—not breathing spells—my wife has done all the housework and cooking. We have always lived by the sweat of our brows, and on the whole liked it. The only money that ever came to us adventitiously, the only unearned income, was the five hundred dollars I got under Cousin Lizzie's will in 1932. With this I bought a Chicago and Northwestern Railway bond. Shortly after, my creditors took it; and the bond defaulted. So that my experience as a legatee was nothing much.

For the past twenty years I have earned money in a modest way, paid my taxes, and spent less than I have earned. It is true that I am always sure where my next meal is coming from, but I never have been and am not now sure about next year's meals. At this happily elusive moment I happen to be stupendously insolvent, a condition from which I perceive no immediate hope of escape. I can assure any apologist of the New Deal that, so far as I am aware, I don't know anyone with a present income of fifty thousand dollars a year. Nevertheless, I hate Roosevelt. Definitively, articulately, vociferously, I hate Roosevelt. My hatred is no "crumb of emotion dropped from the tables of the rich." On the contrary, it is the spontaneous dictate of my own reason.

Why do I hate the President of the United States and why do I wish to go into print about it while it is still possible for an avowed President-hater to go at large? It was Mr. Marquis Childs who prompted me to that inquiry, and if Mr. Childs' article in the May HARPER's can stimulate the Roosevelt-haters to give testimonials as to the nature and quality of their aversion, he will have done a pious work, because our testimony is certain to be of value, either objectively as evidencing something about Mr. Roosevelt, or subjectively as evidencing something about what Mr. Childs evidently regards as a *psychopathia politica*. But Mr. Childs and the whole breed of contemporaries of the American Liberty League and other organized forms of dissent mistakenly believe the alleged malady to be confined to the very rich, "the two per cent." Or at least they believe that it exhibits its most virulent symptoms only among the very rich, and I am out to say in a nice way that it ain't so.

Let me attempt an analysis of the "phenomenon which social historians in future will very likely record with perplexity if not with astonishment." If any social historian of the future is perplexed or astonished at anybody's hating Franklin Roosevelt he will be perplexed and astonished because General Sherman was not popular in Georgia and because Mussolini has not gone over big in Addis Ababa. He certainly will never understand why Germany has never taken to

the Treaty of Versailles, or why Jews feel antipathy toward their Führer.

To begin with, let us glance back at other moments of President-hating in the United States. They were not radically different from the present. I recall quite vividly the Theodore Roosevelt haters and the Woodrow Wilson haters. In British history I have in mind the Lloyd George haters of 1910 and 1911 and the Ramsay MacDonald haters of 1932 and 1933. There never was anything very obscure about any of these aversions. The important fact to note about the Theodore Roosevelt haters is that in a general sort of way they were pretty nearly right. What they disliked was their aversion's demagoguery and truculent bombast. They sensed that he would never profoundly modify the course of American business, at least not for the better, and they were shrewd enough to perceive that his political devices, like the direct primary, the initiative, and the referendum, were a blow at representative democracy from which it might never recover. Social historians in the future are a good deal likelier to date the beginning of the decline and fall of the American Republic from the administration of T. R. than they are to boggle over why I hate his kinsman.

I myself never had so much patience with the Woodrow Wilson haters. I was not immune to the nobility of his idealism or to the spell of his great phrases. My mind still clings almost lovingly to his speech urging the declaration of war against Germany. I always believed—even now I believe—in the League of Nations, and the superciliousness of the Lodge school of Republicanism in 1919 and 1920 made me a little sick. But looking back on it in all fairness, I think the Woodrow Wilson haters had a firm hold of the essential truth that the defects of the Wilsonian mentality—his compromising when he should have stood immovable, and his standing immovable when he should have compromised—were getting the world into the soup.

I don't defend all the phraseology of our former President-haters, but is the social historian of the future going to regard with perplexity if not with astonishment a little intemperate language in the field of politics? If he is, I suggest that the Guggenheim Foundation take him out of the social historian business and pay his way to some football games.

Now then, let us see if there is not indeed some unifying principle that may offer a clear and indeed a rational explanation for us Roosevelt haters. And it may assist my approach to the subject to observe that I hate Mr. Childs' article for much the same cause that I hate Roosevelt—for its shallow falseness. The semi-fictional characters whom Mr. Childs sketched in his article as characteristic Roosevelt haters—my very own fellow Roosevelt haters—old Jerry Skeane's widow, James Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Thornberry—are all very rich; and there is implicit in Mr. Childs' article as in the Presidential utterances a sneer at these highly privileged. It seems to be assumed that their alleged fatuities are in some way the result of their social and economic advantages. Now I should like to find out straight from the White House, or from one of its duly authorized spokesmen, or failing that, from Mr. Childs himself, what our attitude ought to be toward Mrs. Jerry Skeane; and if I could get a straight authoritative answer to that simple question my ardor as a Roosevelt hater, while it might not vanish, would cool perceptibly, for the plain reason that an answer to that question might set at rest the apprehensions that now reasonably beset us.

But here in the foreground of our vision stands, mark you, old Jerry Skeane's widow who has not done a lick of work since she married, very rich, with servants galore, a country seat outside of Philadelphia, a private car in which to take her grandchildren to Florida, and a living standard that bespeaks an annual income (doubtless net after taxes) of fifty thousand dollars.

Is Mrs. Skeane as a social phenomenon enviable or deplorable? Should the objective of our social and economic efforts be forcibly to destroy the Mrs. Skeanes, or to create more of them, or simply to let them languish in public derision and contempt? Mrs. Skeane is not sure of the President's answer. I am not sure of the President's answer, the Russian leaders who have made some very intelligent and penetrating comments on our President do not know the answer. We know the Soviet answer. Mrs. Skeane is bourgeoisie. She must go. She will be lucky if she saves her skin. We know the American answer down anyway to 1932. It was that Mrs. Skeane was a thoroughly enviable lady and we all hoped we could do as well for our beloved relicts.

Mrs. Skeane suspects that President Roosevelt is against her and all her kind; and, faith, she has reason. His advocacy of higher inheritance taxes is obviously against her as a social phenomenon. His devaluation of the dollar obliges her to hedge her investments against inflation and, while she may do this successfully, she properly regards devaluation as a hostile move. Her investment counsel has advised her that if she owns the bonds of a public utility within striking range of TVA she must consider selling them, perhaps at a serious loss. If she has the securities of a holding company she is well aware that she may see them undergo something closely approaching confiscation. She knows that the pending bill on corporate taxation advocated by the President with virtually no support either in the business or the academic world menaces the prudent conduct of the affairs of the Skeane Company whose stock she has retained. She knows that the burdens of the Federal Social Security Act may put it out of business, thereby creating anything but security for the ten thousand men and women it employs. And she knows that if the Presidential policy of getting the country into debt is allowed to go on it will result either in repudiation (equivalent to inflation) or

in stupendous taxation which is certainly going to strike the rich first.

In short, she is convinced, as even Mr. Childs admits, that she is being butchered to make a Roman holiday in the name of recovery. Under the circumstances she cannot be tremendously exhilarated because her General Motors yields her more and her United States Steel has tripled in value. If she and her friends are to be butchered as a social and economic class, she remains comparatively indifferent to the fact that circumstances beyond her control, and equally beyond the President's, make her slightly more prosperous before the butchery. It is too much like the delicious meal that is vouchsafed to a tenant of the death house just before he is strapped into the electric chair. Incidentally, she doesn't think that she has Warden Roosevelt to thank for the delicious meal.

I repeat that Mrs. Skeane, who as a secretary was smart enough to marry her rich boss, is amply smart enough to know that, whatever the stock market does today, every implication of the New Deal is against her. And yet the President of the United States does not avow himself as her enemy or align himself *nominally* with a political party that has ever advocated her destruction as a social phenomenon. And so perfectly naturally, although to the perplexity of Mr. Childs, "a great many liberals and certainly all radicals, complain that President Roosevelt's chief mission has been to save the fortunes of the very rich." In other words, they complain that Mrs. Skeane, though under the closest surveillance, has not yet reached the electric chair. And so we find Benjamin Stolberg and Warren Jay Vinton among the Roosevelt haters, saying the wittiest as well as the truest thing that has yet been said of the New Deal, that there is nothing it "has so far done that could not have been done better by an earthquake." "In trying to move in every direction at once the New Deal betrays the fact that it has no policy." That is what Mr. Stolberg and Mr. Vinton say, and they do not say it to

their butlers or their well-furred luncheon guests looking out over the champagne glasses of an impeccable luncheon table to a well-tailored landscape. Perhaps the social historian of the future will join Mrs. Skeane and Mr. Stolberg and Mr. Vinton and me in observing the President of the United States with perplexity if not astonishment. As a social phenomenon he is more perplexing and astonishing than we, his haters.

II

It is a mistake to suppose that the rich are always dumb. Occasionally they aren't. Like myself, Mrs. Skeane listened to the President of the United States addressing his Congress on January 4, 1935 regarding the state of the Nation, and heard him say: "In spite of our efforts and in spite of our talk, we have not weeded out the overprivileged, and we have not effectively lifted up the underprivileged." Mrs. Skeane is amply clever enough to understand that she is overprivileged and is on the list for weeding out; but she would like to know how. Is it going to be a "purge" à la Nazi, or is she going to be liquidated like a Kulak? Or is it to be a gradual seeping away of the investments which ensure her present amenities of life?

Those are the queries that bother Mrs. Skeane. But my quandary is a little different. I want to know which list I am on. Am I, with my industry and my debts, destined for the lifting-up process, or am I, because I have earned more than the minimum necessary for my survival, on the weeding-out list? The President's lists may be as complicated as those of that humane Mikado of W. S. Gilbert. I can see a line of functionaries in the Treasury Department with blue pencils poised in air above a stack of income tax returns. Here will fall the WO to designate those to be weeded out, and there the LU for those who must be lifted up. Or perhaps anyone who is rich enough to have to file an income tax return will fall automatically on the WO list.

These are some of the uncertainties that afflict Mrs. Skeane and me; and let me emphasize that those uncertainties victimize not merely the rich, but all individuals who either live on savings or aspire to obtain security or any kind of economic privilege from any kind of savings. Now the people who can live magnificently on invested capital are insignificantly few and the people who live solely on invested capital are overwhelmingly outnumbered by those who rely for the most part upon their exertions. But people who save *some* money in the hope that they will derive *some* benefit from those savings are still in the majority in this country, and they have never heretofore been accounted its worst citizens. They have had tough going in the depression, but they had better realize—and the acuter ones do realize—that it is going to be tougher going from now out. And they are not fooled by a lot of chatter about social security.

That consciousness that as a social and economic class we, who have lived or tried to live in any part on money saved, are being liquidated is the tie that binds Roosevelt haters whether they have a million a year or twenty dollars a week and fifty dollars in the savings bank. Whether or not we are negligible at the polls or too stupid to see the point, as the New Deal strategists believe, I cannot say. But to the social historian of the future in his perplexity if not astonishment, I pass this along as the key to the phenomenon of an aversion which is no more obscure than our aversion to dying.

The fact that in the troubled waters of the stock market Joshua Thornberry can scalp a thousand dollars here and there affords us no comfort. He talks about it in the smoking room in much the same vein of pleasure that he talks about outwitting a traffic cop or winning in the Irish Hospital sweepstakes. To be sure, his large living room is filled with expensive scent, and servants passing champagne cocktails, to say nothing of the talk and the cigarette smoke. Joshua Thornberry is having fun spending

money while he has it to spend because he has no confidence in the future. His cocktail parties in the East Sixties of today are not so unlike the Paris leave which as a second looie in the infantry he was lucky enough to cop off just after Chateau Thierry. Did he spend that week studying the safest investment for his last three months' pay? Perplexing as it must be to the social historian of the future, he did not. He had himself a snootful, and went to the Folies Bergères and consoled himself with some extraordinarily light love. Are we to infer from this that Lieutenant Thornberry's life was a wholly comforting and joyful existence and that the horrors of the war left him insensitive?

III

No speculation can interest me less than that to which I am frequently invited—whether the President is sincere. I don't care. To be sure his education at Groton and Harvard, the verdant acres at Hyde Park, and the vacations on the *Nourmahal* make his inveighing against economic privilege sound a little hollow. They give rise to the suspicion that there is a touch of exhibitionism in his demagoguery. Kindly critics would explain the confusions of his policy and his inability to abide criticism, as they explain the conduct of the Kaiser by attempting to trace a connection between his unhappy malady and his conduct. I leave these Freudian delights to future psychologists. Nor am I so much put out by Mrs. Roosevelt's loquacious ubiquities, and the indiscipline of the offspring in love and traffic. Let us not attach too much importance to these phases of Roosevelt hating. But is it ignoble to desire only a restrained and elevated character in those who dwell in high places? Or should that sentiment be confined to those who esteem property rights above human rights? I might, in passing, ask for a show of hands on those who can define the distinction between a property right and a human right.

In a splendid crescendo Mr. Childs refers to "the incredible, the amazing fact" that most of us have no realization of the present plight of the world. Get that. He says that most of us have no realization of the present plight of the world. The fact that there are still twelve million unemployed is said to be without significance to us. We ignore what goes on outside our "little insulated and padded" world.

Well, of course that is the quickest and the cheapest way to explain us away and make us all appear utterly contemptible. We shall hear more of it. But from my point of view, the fact that in the seventh year of the depression, and in the fourth of the New Deal, there are still twelve million unemployed and the relief costs are still mounting is *the* outstanding significant fact. It proves to my satisfaction that we are still wandering in the wilderness despite the blithe voice still crying—"We are on our way." Where may that way lead? If we attempted, for example, to restore the conditions under which capitalism once functioned with an international gold standard, international trade, relative freedom of business to face its own responsibilities, and a recognition of the respectability of the profit motive and property rights, there might be fewer unemployed. Joshua Thornberry might quit his cabaña on the warm sands of Florida and invest money in a legitimate new enterprise instead of trying for a neat profit on a quick turn. Mr. Childs thinks I'm pretty dumb, but even I do not imagine that I thrive on my neighbor's sleeping on the park bench.

On the other hand, if capitalism is passé, if it is inconsistent with machine technology and a nation without frontiers, let us reach that solution by a fair appeal to our people and go about creating a new society with determination, even if now and then in the windless days hereafter some of us have a nostalgic longing for a good old-fashioned depression, when we lost our own money in our own bitter way. If our constitution is

really horse and buggy, let us forthwith convene a constitutional convention and get a new one. But where is the statecraft, to say nothing of the morality, in asking Congress to ignore the one we have? But because my President offers neither to me with a job nor to the twelve million without jobs any vision or leadership but only airy hopes of a more abundant life and vague threats, I cannot achieve any sense that our federal government is a "continuing instrument for the benefit of all." On the contrary, our President, justly bearing the responsibility for his failure to procure the re-employment of our people in private industry, is to me the chief enemy of our Republic. And I don't even think I'm particularly selfish about it. As far as I am concerned, if the national good demands the liquidation of all thrifty people, I am willing to be liquidated. But I still cling to the idea that it doesn't.

There is of course the instructive parallel between Roosevelt and the wise Turgot. In the great famine of 1770 Turgot distinguished himself by decentralizing

relief, relying on the local curés wherever possible for administration. His first act as Comptroller General of France was to submit a memorandum to his monarch laying down his guiding principles: "*No bankruptcy, no increase of taxation, no borrowing.*" His policy in face of the desperate financial position of his country was one of rigid economy in all departments. He prepared a budget, reduced the national deficit, and raised the national credit. All so like our President.

Of course Turgot made enemies, some of whom died, as some of us may, unquietly and out of bed. But dying on or near a barricade does not necessarily prove a man wrong. Some even of his critics survived to see Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity go down before a large N. If any of that history were to repeat itself in this country no doubt the social historian of the future would be perplexed if not astonished.

Meantime should we lose ourselves in affection for the President who so smilingly sows the wind?





POST-WAR: THE LITERARY TWENTIES

PART II. THE YOUNGER GENERATION

BY CARL VAN DOREN

WHEN we say we know that the world is changing we mean we have noticed that it has changed. We learn piecemeal through the senses and reflect only when perceptions force themselves on our minds. Then we shape some kind of image and compare it with the image already in our memory. If they are not alike we talk of change.

Even this friendly spring which came so soon after the harsh winter of Illinois (where I write) had several intermediate days in which flesh had been relieved and nerves relaxed before the thought of spring was a thought. So with what was to be the post-war spring, though it was marked off by the Armistice from the long winter of the War. It was a chaos of sensations before it took any form that we were conscious of. The first sensation was a wild joy that the killing had ended. But the second sensation was conflict. Now we could go back to the good days before the War: now we could run ahead to better days. Every man was divided between the two sentiments. So were men in general. The conservative majority in the United States made Harding President, and Coolidge. The minority had for its most articulate spokesmen the Younger Generation.

A few weeks ago I heard a young woman say that, though she had been twenty in 1920 and had then lived gaily in New York, she had never moved in the heart of the Younger Generation but only near to it. She was the third person I had

heard say the same thing in three years. They were right in thinking they had never quite belonged to the Younger Generation, wrong in thinking there had ever been one to belong to unmistakably. For the Younger Generation was nothing more than a generalization.

If it can now best be studied in the literature it produced, so could it then. Randolph Bourne was its philosopher, the earliest young thinker with a program, the soonest dead. He was an undergraduate in Columbia when I came back from Europe, his body misshapen, his mind straight and clear. I remember his reading his poem "Sabotage" before a literary society. Only a few of the undergraduates who heard it (this must have been 1912) thought the subject proper for a poem. Another of them read a blankverse monologue in which a troubadour lamented times lamentably past. When Bourne declared in an article that nobody ever got a new idea after twenty-five, his elders at Columbia pointed out that he was twenty-five. When later he published, in the *New Republic*, satirical portraits which might have been of President Butler and John Erskine, most of the professors, who all read them, thought them in bad taste. Bourne, it was told, had said he could write only when he hated. One of the professors mentioned Pope, another crooked poet. John Dewey had been Bourne's teacher, the *New Republic* was his chief outlet. After they had found pragmatic reasons why

the United States should go to war, Bourne, who had meant peace when he talked about it, was lost. The War killed him early, and he survives only as a pitiful small legend. But his *History of a Literary Radical* is the whole history of the thoughtful young men of his decade, and his scheme for a league of youth which was to rejuvenate the fallen age had in it all the Younger Generation's purposive if naïve faith.

If Bourne was its philosopher, John Reed was its hero, Edna St. Vincent Millay its lyric poet, Eugene O'Neill its dramatist, Sinclair Lewis its satirist, Van Wyck Brooks its critic. The Younger Generation respected Bourne but hardly knew him: he died too soon. Reed's league of youth was the Soviet government: this narrowed his influence with a generation which had few communists. But Edna Millay was a song and a flame, more daring and lighthearted about love than any woman had ever been in English verse. O'Neill was the Younger Generation's challenge to the American cult of the happy ending: strong meat for young nerves. Lewis laughed at sacred cows. Brooks argued that the older America had destroyed its artists, even the great Mark Twain, who had not dared to be himself.

All these had been heard by 1920. In that year the Younger Generation put on new colors. Scott Fitzgerald was younger still. He had gone off to war from college, like E. E. Cummings and John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway and Laurence Stallings and Edmund Wilson. But Fitzgerald was precocious, found his voice before any of his contemporaries, and was heard along with writers ten years older. The public did not distinguish the two ages. The name Younger Generation was fitted to whatever in the early twenties was rebellious, aspiring, experimental: to whatever was restless. Name-calling was not enough. The Younger Generation was personified in Fitzgerald's heroes and heroines. "Few things more significantly illustrate the moving tide of which the revolt from the village is a symptom than the presence of such unrest

as this among these bright barbarians. The traditions which once might have governed them no longer hold. They break the patterns one by one and follow their wild desires. And as they play among the ruins of the old, they reason randomly about the new, laughing."

So it appeared in 1921. But even then it was plain that Fitzgerald was a romancer. Where in actual life are the young men and women all beautiful and witty, and all poets? They were not in the early twenties. Fitzgerald had created—had invented—his light and lively characters. He set a fashion. Not that there were many boys and girls who could be like those in his stories; that would have called for too much talent. Though nature may want to follow art, it seldom can. When observers tried to imagine or describe the Younger Generation, and found themselves limited in experience of it and faced by its contradictions, they took Fitzgerald's version for the truth and did not look beyond it. The moralists did not need to know more or the sensationalists. They talked of the Younger Generation in one breath. Beautiful but Damned. All the Sad Young Men. Baby Byrons.

Stuart Sherman, visiting in New York and Cornwall, studied my household with puzzled eyes.

"You and Carl see a great deal of your children, don't you?" he said to Irita.

"Why, yes, of course."

"You like being with them."

"Absurdly. But why shouldn't we? What are you driving at?"

"Well, I had supposed . . . you with a job . . . not much interested in such matters . . . The Younger Generation."

He had been reading in Urbana, and had generalized, trying to put incompatibles together and wondering why they did not match.

II

There were two Younger Generations. one rebelling against old ideas, one against old manners.

Whoever tries to compare succeeding

generations starts with the hopeless disadvantage that he belongs to one of them and cannot really know the other. I have heard parents boast that they knew all their children did or thought, and have seen the children look guilty or embarrassed or sly. I have had children tell me what they said was all about their parents, and have never believed them. Before parents can be parents they must have lived a good part of their lives. They remember their experience less as itself than as its consequences. But the children's experience is still itself, with its consequences to come. The two experiences are not the same and there is no common language for them. I loved danger, says the father, and it hurt me. The son says, I love danger. On both sides there is special pleading. The parents give advice which either justifies what they have done or else urges the children to do the same thing better, that the parents through them may have another chance at living. Do as I did. Avoid what I should have avoided. But the children do not want to justify or repeat or vary what has been done. With the pride of strength goes the sense of originality, or the illusion of it. Times have changed, father, and I must do what I do as I do it. The wisdom of neither is communicable to the other. All wisdom is incommunicable. When we say a man is wise we are saying only that what he says agrees with our own experience. So parents and children, with no common experience and no common language, must be largely strangers. Not till they both are old, if the parents live so long, can they draw close together. Then it is too late to matter.

I am not sure that I know more about what goes on in the minds of my children, when I see them every day, than about what went on in the minds of my parents before I was born. I must guess in either case. But I have the impression that when my father and mother were young they accepted the authority of their elders not only because they were obliged to but because they did not chal-

lenge their elders' right to rule. I knew I grew up, though dissatisfied with individuals, taking such a right in general for granted. It gave life a logical pattern. Human beings had to live to maturity to find out how to live. Then they knew and could go on without further mishaps. If their children, still immature, went off in wrong directions, the parents called them back—if necessary, compelled them back. The line of life was a straight line drawn through the adults of the generations.

Suddenly, about 1920, this pattern no longer served. It had been fading for half a century and the War seemed to have rubbed it out. Down with authority. Up with instinct. Youth was as likely to be right as age. Youth, the Younger Generation held, was always right.

That youth was precious instinct, not raw trial and error—this was the basic doctrine of the early twenties. Randolph Bourne thought much about schools and about how youth, being educated, might not lose its natural creative force. The inquiring minds of the Younger Generation looked at the world from the side of revolutionary youth. Let generous instinct guide it rather than weary craft. What blunders had not fear and prudence made! Fear led to war between nations and classes. Prudence put and kept the management of affairs in hands that were already half-dead. Under the rule of fear and prudence life went on stiffening into rigidity. Life must be flexible and free or it would be unjust and dull. Life in America had been standardized till it was mere habit, the dry routine of middle age. Give youth and genius the reins. Or at least tolerate youth and genius, the saving ferment.

These were the simple tenets of the rebels against old ideas. The more dramatic rebels against old manners were what the public took to be the Younger Generation.

III

For their critic they had Mencken, who on most points was conservative. In a

superficial time he believed in learning. He believed in civil order if men had to go back to aristocracy to get it. He believed in monogamy and industry and economy in private life. The expatriates only tickled him: he stayed at home and worked like any good citizen. But the rebels did not examine his ideas closely. They liked the strong beat of his satirical prose, hitting away at foolish heads.

What he had in common with the young rebels was not his special ideas but his general love of liberty. "The stupidity against which he wages his hilarious war," I wrote in 1923, "is the stupidity which, unaware of its defects, has first sought to shackle the children of light. It is chiefly at sight of such attempts that his indignation rises and that he rushes forth armed with a bagpipe, a slapstick, a shillelagh, a pitchfork, a butcher's cleaver, a Browning rifle, a lusty arm, and an undaunted heart. What fun, then! Seeing that the feast of fools still has its uses, he elects himself boy-bishop, gathers a horde of revelers about him, and burlesques the universe."

Beware of metaphor, which abridges the truth while it dramatizes it. The image of Mencken and the rebels as the boy-bishop and his revelers is only a composite picture, true at large but true of nothing in particular. The rebellion against old manners was merely a widespread unrest, with no focus but in literature. It was like the unrest of any young generation except that it was now easier than it would once have been for the restless young to learn how numerous they were, and so conspire. They read *Main Street*, in which restlessness was heroic, and *This Side of Paradise*, in which it was romantic. At home the old-fashioned family had broken up. The young could get into automobiles and almost at once be miles away. They could go to the movies and at once be worlds away. Dress and speech had become informal in the emergency of the War. The chaperon had disappeared. Boys leaving to be killed, it might be, had claimed the right to see their girls alone,

and the sexes had drawn together in a common need and daring. After the War they were still not divided. The sexes would be comrades, they thought.

In the same year with *Main Street* and *This Side of Paradise* Edna Millay in *Aria da Capo* distilled in exquisite allegory the War and the mood which followed it. The early poems of Edna Millay are the essence of the Younger Generation. Ask the romantic Younger Generation what it demanded and it answered, to be free. Ask it free for what, and it did not answer, but drove faster, drank more, made love oftener. When it came to the sterner time after 1929 it had to give up its habits or else seem like an elderly beau, amusing to the youngsters. The youngsters now condescend to the early twenties as to an age of amateurs.

IV

The Younger Generation believed that with it love in America had for the first time discovered it had a body.

It must be a long time since any human being has discovered anything about love which, however new to him, was not old to someone else. Whatever rapture of the mind, ecstasy of the flesh, quirk of the nerves the lover may cherish as his own, he can probably find it in an ancient Chinese poet or, if he is willing to talk about it, in a candid neighbor. The young, first feeling love, half-think they have invented it and are sure their elders cannot understand. They see their elders as parents not as lovers, and find it incredible or repugnant to think of them in love, ardent and agitated. Between two generations there is no topic so charily, so clumsily discussed as this. Neither speaker dares to cite his own experience and is afraid what he says may be taken as that. They speak in terms so general that they mean nothing. As no one knows both generations, no one can unerringly compare them.

Certainly in this account of the Younger Generation's discovery, or belief in a discovery, I surmise as often as

I know. I had grown up in a rustic, had lived in an academic, community. That pre-war world of mine had been greatly unlike my post-war world of Greenwich Village, and no doubt went on being. Time was not what made the difference. I had not merely gone ahead in time but had stepped aside in space, from one parallel world to another. I must not mistake the differences between New York and Hope or Urbana for differences between the Younger Generation and that preceding it. And yet I am convinced that love in America about the time of the War began to seem—which means to be—something different from what it had been before.

In all American history there had been no hero, real or imaginary, who was known particularly as a lover. No Nelson, no Parnell, of course no Louis XIV or Catherine the Great, no Dante and Beatrice, no Tristan and Isolde, no Manon. The heroes and heroines of the nation had lived vigorously apart except when they were joined in reasonable wedlock, like George and Martha Washington. If there had been talk about the loves of conspicuous men, it had been scandal, as about Thomas Jefferson or Henry Ward Beecher or Warren Gamaliel Harding. Indeed most Americans would have been startled to hear that Daniel Boone had a wife. The American poets had not made their loves into legends, though there were sentimental stories about Poe and the child he married, about Emily Dickinson and the man she did not marry. Whitman seemed a rowdy old bachelor, the other poets gray professors. American fiction had created no memorable lover besides Hester Prynne, expiating the sin of love. Rip Van Winkle was the runaway husband of a shrew; Leather-Stocking was wedded to the forest and eluded women. The dark, sultry lovers of Herman Melville were almost unknown in 1914. Mark Twain had written about love as if his hands were tied behind him. The characters of William Dean Howells and Henry James were sufficiently occupied with

love, but their love was not passionate enough to be contagious. Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser and Upton Sinclair had written with a more realistic warmth; Norris had died young; Dreiser had been long suppressed, and Sinclair had turned to other subjects. As to the run of novels in 1914, which must have been some kind of mirror to the time, a reader could never guess that their heroes felt desire or that their heroines ever would.

About 1924 I was talking with a pleasant, worried man of sixty who did his best to keep up with new books and plays. "I don't understand these novels," he said, "when they deal with love. The people seem to have such strange feelings and sensations. I don't believe it used to be like that. A young fellow would fall in love with a girl and want to marry her. There might be difficulties, but he would wait and generally things would come out all right. That was all there was to it. But now the whole business is a fever. It doesn't seem natural to me."

He was a serious and intelligent man, though conventional, and I could not doubt that he was saying what he thought was true. Still it could not be true of his whole generation. Desire was as old as love, and older, and had not come to America in 1917. A nation did not declare a state of desire as of war. I reflected that in the older novels the word lover meant suitor, not, as it had come to mean in the language of my day, possessor. An age of innocence, when there were only two orders of men, husbands and lovers, and no need to distinguish between the lovers who simply wooed and those who had already won? Human life was always more headstrong than that. But if enough people had thought as this man of sixty did, desire might have been less active in his youth than in the twenties of this century. There is usually a kind of wild reason in desire, limiting it to what seems not too impossible. It was easy enough to imagine lovers who, assuming that desire could and must not have its object yet, would put off thinking of it and so not let it get its insatiable

hold. It was easy to remember them—me, as a youth, among them. Desire in such circumstances was not so much repressed, and dangerous, as postponed, and stimulating.

The War changed the face of postponement. It might be forever. Young soldiers do not think often about death, but they think about it oftener than young civilians. Mark and Paul both noticed in the army that it was common for the younger men to feel horror at the prospect of being killed before they had known women. Their instincts demanded to be used while there was time. Love before death. To the instincts of men the instincts of women naturally responded. There were hurried marriages. There was love-making that the moon would never have seen but for the War. If a boy was ready to give his life, what could a girl refuse to give? This was the feverish logic of the feverish time. And when the short war was over, the older, simpler form of love, with its dualisms of mind and body, love and lust, romance and desire, could not soon come back. Spirit and flesh had discovered each other and would not be divided.

I suppose the same thing happened in the Civil War, but that was not followed by a brilliant critical generation to rationalize the instinctive process. The twenties had a new philosophy of love—new to America—to support its impulses. Love need not be thought of as having two natures, one higher and one lower. It might be one, spirit informing flesh, flesh enriching spirit. If both were fused the mind might draw strength from the body and the body hold up its head in self-respect and joy. In any case love was instinct, love was nature. Nothing unnatural had come in. The Younger Generation had found all this in itself, and would not cover it over and keep it down. It did not think that love was like pigs, to be penned. Love was life at its best. Release it.

Here, I think, is an epitome of all moral changes. New customs are not imported for new times but are brought up with

the rise of instincts which the old times kept dormant. Men remake themselves from within themselves, whatever outer forces suggest and drive.

This renaissance of the flesh in love was what most disturbed the elders in the twenties. They objected to the increase of drinking after prohibition had made liquor harder to get in public than at home. They objected to the noise and irresponsibility and hit-or-miss manners of the young. But they especially objected to what they thought the shameless ways of young women, exposing and adorning their persons like the trollops of an earlier day, drinking and smoking with young men at all hours, and saying what they thought. A shocked elder who had sat beside one of them at dinner told about her in words that were a classic for a season: "Why, she would talk about anything, and she wouldn't talk about anything else." His words showed as much about him as about her. He assumed that his anything could be only one thing: the last-mentionable theme of sex. It had become so notorious that even women knew about it.

At one point the two generations actually went to law over the new philosophy of love: in the proceedings against Dreiser's *Genius* and Cabell's *Jurgen* and various European books, all of which are now as freely circulated as readers choose. Lewd, lascivious, and obscene the guardians of the old philosophy called them. There was no prosecution of books for blasphemy or heresy, any more than for cruelty or stupidity, and none for sedition. The one thing that roused the older generation was candor about love and desire. If a book had that it was a dirty book: a nuisance and a menace. There could be no agreement between the two philosophies. Krutch said it was simple: such books should be permitted because some people liked to read them. The law is not as simple as good sense. The cases had to be taken up one by one, and judge or jury had to decide. The Younger Generation defended them all, the better with the worse, and went on

writing freely about sex until the subject became tiresome. By that time the guardians of the old philosophy had temporarily lost hope. For the present at least American literature might be like any other good literature and deal with any matter it could find in life.

The release of love seemed to be rather a release of women than of men. Men had a tradition of desire. In the English-speaking countries for something like a hundred years reputable women had been supposed not to feel it. Whether they did or not, most of them had accepted the fashion which identified chastity with coldness. The earlier feminists, demanding equality with men, had almost never demanded equality of desire. The feminists of the Younger Generation did. The period of the War had done more than the feminist argument. The absence of young men and the chance that they would not come back seemed to wake in women an instinctive agitation. No men, no mates, and sterile lives. Women need not be conscious of their instinct to be stirred by it. If after the War there had been a quick return to an old stability, the agitation might have passed. But the turmoil lasted, speech and manners became bolder, and more and more women, feeling free to feel desire, felt it.

They had a poet. "What sets Miss Millay's love poems apart from almost all those written in English by women," it seemed to me in 1923, "is the full pulse which, in spite of their gay impudence, beats through them. She does not speak in the name of forlorn maidens or of wives bereft, but in the name of women who dare to take love at the flood, if it offers, and who later, if it has passed, remember with exultation that they had what no coward could have had. Conscience does not trouble them, nor any serious division in their natures. . . . Miss Millay has given body and vesture to a sense of equality in love: to the demand of women that they be allowed to enter the world of adventure and experiment in love which men have long inhabited.

But Miss Millay does not, like any feminist, argue for that equality. She takes it for granted, exhibits it in action, and turns it into beauty."

If the guardians of the old philosophy were alert they must have seen that here was implicit doctrine as dangerous as any they tried to suppress. There cannot have been too many women like the heroines of Edna Millay's poems. A woman has to be in part a poet to be like a poet's heroine. But early in the twenties it was plain that women, feeling and acknowledging desire as a natural part of love, had become lovers of what seemed a new kind. The change was so rapid that many men even of the Younger Generation stared. Young husbands and lovers wondered what had become of the traditional modesty they had heard about. Young women, cheerfully dressing before unshaded windows, laughed at men as the modest sex. When men and women swam together without clothes, as here and there they began to do, the women were less self-conscious than the men, and sooner naked. One girl, so timid before that she had made others hesitant, unexpectedly emerged one day from her shapeless feminist uniform on a remote beach with a dozen friends, so beautiful that they all applauded, though it was the convention, elaborately kept up, that no one should notice anyone in particular. As chaste as ever, she became another person, pleased with herself because she had given pleasure.

Modesty in women, it appeared, was part instinct and part convention. The convention went like an old fashion. Discovering their own flesh, they seemed to have discovered it in general. It had been conventional for women, lagging in desire, to blame husbands or lovers for their impatience, and to resent it. Now they began to take it as tribute: a carnal compliment I heard one girl call it. Tributes are easy to tolerate and pleasant to respond to. Companions in work and play, men and women were companions in love—believing that this was new in the world's history, and ex-

cited by the sense of adventure. Since it was actually newer to the women, I think they outran the men, trying to catch up with them. I am sure I observed as much courting begun by women as by men, and I think more. It may be this had been always true in sly ways, but now the ways were as frank and direct as the women knew how to make them. Power came up in women as if America had tapped a new natural resource.

There was a good deal of waste. Some women seemed to me to run into love affairs on principle, without much love. I recall from the time the dozen married women who come first to my memory (I then knew few who were not married) and offer these anonymous but accurate statistics. Only one of the twelve, I am sure, never had a lover outside of marriage: I am so sure that I should not dare to ask her. Two others whose first lovers became their husbands had no later lovers. Of the remaining nine every one had a lover or lovers before marriage or after it. Five of the nine, and probably seven, had known no men before their husbands. They were not different as to later lovers from the women who had married with more experience. Six of the twelve marriages ended in divorce. Five of the divorced women were married again, only one of them, I believe, to her first lover. The closest observers may misjudge love, but I think that most of these affairs were unimportant and soon over. Yet I doubt that any of these nine women remembers her adventures as sin. Perhaps as folly. Most likely as extravagance.

V

I left the *Nation* in 1922 to be literary editor of the *Century*, not only for more money and less work, but also for the chance this gave me to publish the new literature as well as to talk about it. The conservative monthlies had been slow in recognizing the new literature. Now for three years the *Century* was almost an anthology of it—at any rate, in

poetry and fiction. *A Lost Lady* and *The Venetian Glass Nephew* appeared as serials. There were stories or sketches by Sherwood Anderson, Floyd Dell, Dreiser, Edna Millay, Katherine Anne Porter, Ruth Suckow, Elinor Wylie, and poems not only by Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, and George Santayana, but also by Elinor Wylie, Maxwell Bodenheim, Stephen Vincent Benét, and Mark Van Doren. The *Nation* and the *Century* helped establish a new canon for American literature in the minds of readers both of the new style and the old.

All men are moralists. I was so much a partisan of the new literature that when, in November 1924, I was elected to membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters, I declined the election. The Institute did not seem to me to have any weight, and in ordinary times I should not have cared whether I were a member or not. But now I knew I should rather be outside with Mencken and Cabell and Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis than inside with its traditions. Edwin Arlington Robinson had been left in the Institute, a kind of waiting-list for the American Academy, when at the annual meeting just held a patriotic professor had been elected to the Academy. I knew I had no business in any academy which ranked professors above poets.

No, field work with the tribe of writers was more to my liking. The unexpected came up every day.

At a luncheon at the Brevoort for Sherwood Anderson the classic antagonists Sherman and Mencken were for the first and last time in the same room. Friends of both proposed to introduce them and watch the fun. Sherman agreed. I should have expected Mencken to say: "Nonsense, bring him up, and let me confound the fellow and all his works." But Mencken refused to meet Sherman, who he said had called him pro-German during the War and had put him in real danger. He would have nothing to do with a dirty fighter. . . . Glenn Frank, my colleague on the *Century*, told me that he had once been an assistant to

Billy Sunday. The summer before Frank went to college he had given himself up to saving souls in Illinois. Then he had gone to Northwestern, taken to reading Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley, and within six months had lost all interest in salvation. "How did the change come about?" I asked him. "As soon as I stopped talking about it I stopped believing it." . . . Elinor Wylie was in love with Shelley, not in the usual sense of the term in such cases, but so near to literally in love with him that he stood between her and living men. "Are you sure," she said to me, "that if I had lived in his time and had known him, Shelley would have loved me?" She was flushed and excited, and I had to "yes" with all my might—though she laughed a little. . . . Edgar Lee Masters came to dine with me and, without any satiric anger, told humorous and affectionate stories of Spoon River and its people. . . . Floyd Dell said that once when he was talking with Masters and Dreiser he had tried to argue that beauty was not necessary in literature, that the rough truth would do, and that both of them had cried out against his argument. If literature was not beautiful it was not literature. They aimed always at beauty. . . . Edwin Arlington Robinson read as many detective stories as he could lay his hands on during the winters when he was not writing poetry. Learning that he had never read *Trent's Last Case*, I gave him the book. He was touchingly delighted, but accepted it only on condition that he might give it to someone else. He collected no books or any other property. . . . When Heywood Broun heard that I had written about him for the *Century*, that seasoned and scarred controversialist, as I thought him, could not wait for the essay to be published but came to the office to read it in the proofs. . . . Zona Gale first planned, in making her stage version of *Miss Lulu Bett*, to have the heroine married twice as in the novel. But she, or her producer, realized that on the stage this was impossible.

The playbill might say whatever it would about the lapse of months or years, but the audience would not be able to forget that it had just seen this woman married and would either be shocked or tickled. The play could not do what the novel had done. . . . Sherman told me that when the Pulitzer prize committee was considering William Ellery Leonard's *Two Lives* they felt they ought to give it the prize but were afraid of its plain speaking. They were not willing to admit this even among themselves and so rationalized their more timid choice. *Two Lives*, they reasoned, was a long poem. A long poem must have a great subject to be good. This one did not—that is, its subject was what they thought unpleasant—and consequently was not a good long poem. A long poem that was not good was less deserving than short poems which had attempted less. Moreover, Amy Lowell had never received the Pulitzer prize for poetry. They gave the prize that year to her for a volume of posthumous miscellanies. . . . At a time when Paris was next to New York as the American literary capital, some friends and I took James Joyce to the Grand Prix at Longchamp. "I don't suppose," he said, looking down from the grandstand through strong binoculars at field and track and concourse, "that the good Lord ever gave a man such a desire to see and such blind eyes to see with." Then he asked us to point out some mannequins to him. We pointed out two or three pairs, bright and bold, and in a few minutes he could catch sight of as many of them as any of us, and as quickly. . . . After I had written about George Santayana in the *Century* and, thinking of a non-philosophical audience, had reduced the rich universe of his many books to something so close to axioms and formulas that it embarrassed me, he wrote that he wished I had been disposed to make my study simpler. . . . All these fads were anthropology among the authors. Notes toward a biography of an age.



CONSUMERS GO INTO BUSINESS

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

ONE of the ferments working in this remarkably yeasty period is the new and general interest in the idea of consumer co-operation. People are talking about it everywhere. But more than that, groups of consumers here and there all over the nation are quietly organizing a credit union or a co-operative cafeteria, filling station, grocery store, fertilizer plant, or insurance company.

Now the American consumer has always been a supine creature who bought what the advertisements told him he should buy. Or he went round to a chain store, and thus helped to build up those great retail organizations which did various things, most of them unpleasant, to the old business economy. In life, as in the cartoons, he was a pathetic little individual gazing in helpless dismay at the world about him. His grumbling meant nothing except a relief to his feelings—and he knew it. But he did not greatly mind. In fact he thought and cared very little about his consumerhood. In a producer's world, he naturally thought of himself as a producer. As a producer he could and did organize, until the country was full of his farmers' alliances, labor unions, business and industrial associations. But as a consumer he was just an individual buying what was offered him and charged what the traffic would bear.

Consumer co-operation has been a going concern in Europe for the past ninety years. It has even been struggling along for a considerable time in the United States. But until lately Americans have shown no great interest in the idea. If

they are finally beginning to be excited about it, the fact is of some importance; for Americans have a way of contracting mass enthusiasms which fan up to astounding proportions in no time—and one can never be sure in advance just what passing interest is going to fan. In any case the present interest in the co-operative movement is sufficiently new and sufficiently laden with possibilities to warrant a glance at its origins.

It has had, I think, several distinct and almost unrelated causes. Not often does a wind blow up from so many quarters at once.

In the first place, the public has been recently treated to a flood of information about the movement as it is affecting other countries. The lecture tour of Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa in particular has been a powerful influence in directing attention to the co-operative idea. Thousands of people have heard Dr. Kagawa lecture, and even when they could not altogether understand his broken English, they have been impressed by the missionary zeal with which he preaches his gospel of the co-operative as economic Christianity. Other thousands have been attracted by the news stories of the lectures, which always mention the fact that one-third of the Japanese people now belong to some kind of a co-operative, and by the endless publicity given to Kagawa's own saintly life. Much of the rising tide of interest in the co-operative movement shown by the church press in the past year is directly traceable to the presence of Kagawa in the country.

But probably he has been less a source of information about the movement abroad than an effective advertiser of it. The real information comes from much more indigenous sources. Magazine articles and a sprinkling of books are beginning to appear on the subject. And as part of their "educational program" the various American co-operative leagues have gone industriously into the business of pamphleteering. Much of this information is positively startling when the reader first comes upon it. It startles one to learn that while we have been creating chain stores the English have been setting up co-operatives until now the largest business institution in their country is the Co-operative Wholesale Society with more than one thousand member societies, with one hundred and fifty factories and business buildings, with its own tea plantations, freight boats, bank, and insurance company. The imagination of the average American with his fondness for organization is piqued by the thoroughness with which some branches of English co-operation have rounded themselves into a complete system of production and distribution. (Having once read it, the American is not likely to forget that his London cousin buys wheat from a producers' co-operative in Canada or Australia, ships it in a co-operative freight boat, mills it in a co-operative mill, bakes the bread in a co-operative bakery, sells it in a co-operative store, and finally buys it for less than half the price that an American living in the heart of the wheat belt must pay for his bread. The pamphleteering American co-ops are not slow to point the moral.)

Since Sweden is the only country in the world which has made a complete recovery, everything about her peculiar economy is just now coming in for close scrutiny, and no one seems to be able to write so much as a paragraph about contemporary Sweden without mentioning the fact that more than a third of the retail business of the country is done by consumer co-operatives. A new book just issued by the Yale University Press,

Sweden, the Middle Way, by Marquis W. Childs, contains a detailed account of the use the Swedish people have made of their co-ops in raising the standard of living and stabilizing the business life. A book like this is undoubtedly destined to influence American thinking about the co-operatives.

A second factor in this burst of interest in the co-ops has been the attention some outstanding citizens have been publicly paying them. When an important personage makes a pronouncement with regard to something or other, the effect is electric. Consequently, when Edward A. Filene began to sponsor a plan for a league of large co-operative department stores every American who read the news stories promptly sat up and took notice. Succeeding press releases were just as breathtaking. At present the Consumer Distribution Corporation, of which Mr. Filene is president and toward the financing of which he has contributed one million dollars, is working out plans. This corporation, if the idea succeeds, will be the merchandising and advisory center for the individual department stores which Mr. Filene hopes to see established. In insisting that the co-operatives shall try large retail units Mr. Filene argues out of his own merchandising experience: "The distributing system must be so large as to become an adequate outlet for modern, economical, large-scale production." The average American worships size, and when he reads of a program like this he is impressed.

From another quarter another headliner within the last year made a different statement but one quite as electrifying to his audience. The *Babson Reports* warned its subscribers that the consumers' movement "has certain elements that are fundamentally sound," and solemnly added, "If consumers ever get organized and go into real action, our present retailing, wholesaling, and producing systems might be blown to bits."

The Roosevelt Administration has also given the co-operative movement an impetus. In 1934 three new pamphlets

were added to the co-operation series of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. These booklets contain model by-laws and detailed instructions for organizing and managing consumers' co-operative associations, housing associations, and gasoline and oil associations. The Department of Agriculture has shown its approval of the co-operatives in various ways. The Resettlement Administration has made some use of them. The whole agricultural credit program has been revamped with the idea of making it a really co-operative program of the farmers themselves. In the Ninth Farm Credit District, for instance, there are over four hundred organizations which are in effect credit unions for farmers. Perhaps the most important step of the Administration in this direction was to set up the Bank for Co-operatives as a permanent financing agency for farmers' co-operative enterprises.

Still another cause for the new interest in the co-operative way of carrying on business is the remarkable growth of consumer-consciousness in the past few years. The American consumer has been a spiritless creature. Lately, however, there are signs that even a worm like him might turn. At least he has been agitated to the point of doing some of his growling in print. For many a consumer a feeling of personal grievance was born on the day he read Chase and Schlink's *Your Money's Worth*. That book had large circulation, and almost no one read it without being permanently angry over what is done to him as a consumer. A whole series of wrath-stirring books on the consumer and his problems have followed. As a result, a considerable fraction of the population grows hot under the collar every time it goes to buy anything. It is ready to buy on standards or even on specifications, but must buy blindly and at the same time pay for radio crooners and clowns, high-pressure salesmen, and all sorts of things it isn't interested in at the moment.

This new consumer-consciousness has been somewhat fostered by the Adminis-

tration, particularly in its early days, when the consumer was supposed to be represented, along with industry and labor and agriculture, in the beautiful balance of interests which was to be the New Deal. The Consumers' Counsel was set up as part of the AAA. Frederick C. Howe, that pioneer in the consumer movement, was made its head. A pleasantly illustrated periodical was issued bi-weekly to any consumer who would ask for it. A new Pure Food and Drugs Act with teeth was planned. While nothing much has actually come from all these brave plans, still the effect has been to stimulate the interest of consumers.

But after all, the greatest single cause for the new wave of interest in co-operatives is probably the temper of the times. It is a symptom of the general discontent. People are in a mood to view with interest instead of alarm anything that professes to offer a more stable system of distributing goods. The prices of necessary commodities have varied so sharply in the past twenty years that even the American consumer is beginning to realize that his income is not the only factor involved in his standard of living. For five years he has had it dinned into his ears by every manner of expert that our failure is in distribution, that we have solved the problem of producing goods and services. He is emotionally and psychically ready to think about distributing them.

II

All of these factors can explain the sudden curiosity Americans are exhibiting about the co-operatives. But they do not explain the enthusiasm which many people of widely varying interests and attitudes feel for the co-operative idea when they have begun to understand it and use it. That can be explained only by the idealistic and practical appeal of the co-operative principles themselves.

In undertaking any definition or analysis of those principles one must say at once that there are co-ops and co-ops. Some of them are no more than cut-rate shops

or clubs of bargain-hunting consumers. Some of them have been the fantastic schemes of visionaries without a grain of business sense. Some of them are almost simon-pure frauds, the concoctions of promoters cashing in on the human faith in co-operation. For all these so-called co-operatives the mortality rate has been excessively high. Naturally they have given the word a very black eye for the people who have had personal contact with them.

When one begins to study the co-operative movement, almost the first word he comes upon is "true." The phrase "true co-operative" or "true co-operation" is repeated until it is positively irritating, but it is nevertheless useful, because it suggests two facts: that not everything which calls itself a co-operative is one, and that there are definite identification marks by which the genuine can be distinguished from the false.

The "true" co-operative is organized and managed on what are known as the "Rochdale principles." The spurious depart in some or all respects from those principles. No one can think intelligently about the co-operative movement or pass judgment upon it until he understands those principles. They constitute the business technic by which the great co-operative enterprises of Europe have been built. They explain their steady successes even when competing with the most highly developed forms of modern competitive business. And strangely, they are in such striking contrast to the rules which make up the business technic of the corporation as to form almost a direct antithesis to them.

They are called Rochdale principles because they were evolved nearly a century ago by a group of poverty-ridden English weavers in Rochdale, a mill town near Manchester. They worked under what now seem incredible conditions, a fourteen-hour day for barely enough wages to keep life in their bodies. Some of these weavers were disciples of Robert Owen, some were Chartists. All of them apparently had the good old English no-

tion that the likeliest way to improve one's lot is through self-help, rather than political reform or philanthropic aid. Accordingly, a group of them decided to form a co-operative grocery store where they could be sure of getting unadulterated products and full measure. It took them a whole year to scrape together, penny by penny, a pound apiece. On that little capital twenty-eight half-starved weavers launched the co-operative movement in December, 1844, when they opened a tiny store in a basement room.

There had been other co-operative stores in England, but most of them had failed. This one succeeded because in some miraculous way that group of unschooled workingmen hit upon a series of business rules which were exactly right for consumers' purposes. Their organization had some features in common with the ordinary stock company. But the rules they adopted for conducting their enterprise were very unorthodox indeed. In the first place, they said, we shall buy only the best provisions obtainable. Since we are selling to ourselves we will not buy sugar with sand in it or flour that contains anything but flour. Second, we shall do a cash business—credit would be apt to get us into trouble. Third, the capital we put into this company shall receive either no interest at all or only a small fixed rate. Fourth, the larger our membership, the better our opportunity to help ourselves; therefore, we welcome anyone who wishes to become one of us. Fifth, since we are a group of friends and fellow-workers, each of us shall have an equal voice in the management of our store. Every member shall have one vote and no more. And finally, we shall sell at the market price, because we cannot be sure in advance what our expenses will be. If we make a profit after meeting expenses and setting aside reserves, we shall return it to ourselves in proportion to the amount of goods we have bought.

All of these rules were sound, but the last one was a positive stroke of genius, for it meant that members had a real incentive to be loyal to their store, be-

cause the more they bought the larger their patronage refund. A passing bargain in another store lost a good part of its temptation.

When one realizes that none of these weaver-made rules has ever been set aside although thousands of organizations all over the world follow them literally, finding them workable under every sort of local circumstance, one is slightly awed. "We must," said Charles Gide, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Paris, "recognize this as one of the most remarkable phenomena in economic history. Yet it passed quite unnoticed by economists of that time, even by Mill."

To these original rules a few others have been added as experience in various countries has taught their value. Thus nearly all "true" co-operatives now push the principle of unlimited membership to its logical conclusion by keeping account of the purchases of non-members and taking such customers into membership as soon as their patronage refunds have accumulated to enough to buy the membership share. It is now also the universal practice of co-operatives to set aside a certain percentage of their savings to be used for "educational purposes." Every large co-operative wholesale or league has its own periodical and its own pamphlet makers. This part of the program is an important element in the growth of the movement, because it not only attracts the attention of non-members, but "makes co-operators out of members." Another policy in general use is constantly to set aside rather heavy reserves to cover depreciation, meet such an emergency as a price war, or make necessary expansions. Still another is to deal generously with employees, so that their loyalty may be enlisted and their purchasing power increased.

Co-operatives have also learned to be always on the lookout for opportunities to unite with one another in great leagues and wholesale associations which give the individual concern a mass buying power it could not have as a single retail unit.

In most countries there is a notable tendency to push the co-operative method back and back through the distributive system until it finally touches the raw material, as the London bread consumer touches the Canadian producer co-operative. Ultimately the leaders hope to have in every nation great organizations like the English and Swedish and to unite them all into an international organization so powerful that trade may flow freely through it in accordance with consumption needs and that war would be an impossibility.

Such are the Rochdale principles. They seem to constitute a practical decalogue for organized consumers. Whenever a co-operative, large or small, adopts them, it apparently needs only one thing more to insure its success—a capable leadership. That is why the mortality rate among Rochdale co-ops has been very low, even during the depression years when other concerns were dying like flies.

III

Some interesting implications and contrasts are involved in those principles. The co-operative program is singularly free from political color. Hence it maintains a sturdy independence from the Marxist groups, which feel that any real improvement in the economic life must come through political action. It also denies the basic Marxist faith by placing the consumer instead of labor at the center of the economic life. Those who have worked up the ideology of co-operatism insist that the value of goods is created not, as Marx thought, by the labor expended on them but by the consumer demand for them. This, they say, gives the consumer the right to economic control. Such a tenet of course does away with the dogmas of the class war and proletarian rule, because the consumer belongs to all classes. The co-operative movement simply is not Communist or Socialist, though in most countries these parties have approved it as a way of improving the living standards of the common peo-

ple and training them to understand the business mechanism.

On the other hand the co-operative way of doing business forms an almost complete antithesis to the competitive system as it has evolved in the modern corporation. To be sure, it makes use of such familiar devices as pooled capital and the affiliation of many individual units to give market power. Its personnel arrangement is also familiar, in that the shareholders (usually called "members" in the co-operative vocabulary) elect a board of directors who shape the company's policies and are responsible for hiring the management. The constant use of "education" or business propaganda is also common to the two systems. And the co-ops are quite as quick as any corporation to pick up effective new marketing devices.

But there the resemblance stops, because the competitive system of private corporations is controlled by and for the producer, and its dominant aim is to give him the largest possible profit, while the co-operative system is controlled by and for the consumer. As a consumer, every individual is concerned with just three business factors: the quality of the goods he buys, their price, and the convenience of the retail service through which he buys them. Hence the dominant aim of the consumer-controlled system is the satisfaction of human needs. So far as the consumer is concerned, goods are made and sold to be used and not to yield a profit.

When the fundamental aims are antithetic, naturally the technics of business organization show sharp contrasts. For one thing the control of the co-operative is much more democratic. In the co-op every member has one vote and no more, no matter how many shares he owns. No proxy voting is permitted. A policy of business frankness with the membership is followed. The directors and management are under constant pressure to make the reports so simple that the membership can easily understand them. In all of these and every other attempt to enlist

the active participation and interest of the rank and file member in the affairs of the company, the leaders are impelled not merely by an idealistic fondness of democracy, but by an iron necessity inherent in co-operation itself: the co-op's success is dependent upon the loyalty of its membership. If they become disaffected or do not resist temptation to buy elsewhere the co-op soon goes under.

Contrast this with the control of the corporation, where each stockholder has as many votes as he has shares. That in connection with the proxy system means that a small group of "insiders," who perhaps own only a fraction of the total stock, control the organization, and that the ordinary stockholder can have no voice in the company business. The "insiders" can perpetuate their control, absorb most of the profits of the company by voting themselves handsome salaries and bonuses, and in addition make money on the stock market by trading in their own company shares. Naturally, in such an arrangement "business secrets" are the common policy.

The attitudes of the two systems toward capital are also directly opposed. The co-operative seeks to make capital simply a necessary business tool, instead of the master of the show. To this end shareholders are paid either nothing or a small, fixed rate (usually five or six per cent) on their investment. Since the success of the co-op is dependent upon the size as well as loyalty of the membership, the price of shares is very low, in the United States usually ten dollars, so that it may be within reach of everyone. There are an unlimited number of shares. Anyone may buy one, and it is settled policy always to sell them at par. Add to this a system of distributing surplus savings on the basis of patronage, so that the member who has bought the most goods pockets the largest dividends, and the demotion of capital from master to servant is practically complete. If anyone can buy a share at any time, if the market value does not change, and if added shares mean neither added voting power nor added

profit-taking, there is little incentive to buy more than one share. Speculation has been ruled out of the picture, and capital has assumed the role demanded of it by the consumer's interest. He uses it instead of its using him.

For an audience like that of HARPER's there is no need to dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s by describing the role of capital in the ordinary corporation, where capital takes all the profits, where these are divided on the basis of the amount invested, where the market value of the stock constantly fluctuates, and the ordinary stockholder is interested solely on the returns he gets from his invested capital.

IV

To return to the quickening American interest in the co-operative movement, the early groups in the United States were not organized on the Rochdale plan. They tried to do business on the cost-plus basis, or they offered credit, or they permitted members to vote according to the number of shares held. As a result of one or all of these mistakes, they were pretty apt to die young. Besides, the spirit of the times was against them. Prosperity ran too high, opportunity seemed too bright, for the average American to concern himself with co-operation. Not until about 1910, when there was a large immigration of Finns and Bohemians, was the movement born. By that time the Rochdale type of organization was well established in Europe. The newcomers were used to buying co-operatively, and they proceeded to set up little co-operative stores in the communities where they settled, the Bohemians in Ohio, the Finns in Massachusetts, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Northern Michigan. The record of one such society will do for them all. In 1910 a group of Finns in Waukegan, Illinois, organized a little store with a big name, the Co-operative Trading Company. This company now is Americanized, has a membership of over 2,000, does an annual business of \$600,000, and has branch stores in several surrounding towns.

In 1915 the Co-operative League of the United States was organized to unify and carry on the educational work for the scattered little associations that had been set up by the immigrants. For a long time it was more imposing in name than in fact. Trying to interest Americans in the co-operative method was like whistling to the wind during the booming years when steel workers wore silk shirts and office boys felt they would shortly sit in the boss's chair.

But times changed. After the War the farmer fell into a bad slough and could not get out. He made the air and the halls of Congress ring with his complaints, but still he stuck fast. In the course of his twistings and squirmings he got hold of the idea that he could help himself a bit by pooling his buying power and thus reducing the price of his necessities. He had had the idea before in connection with the Grange and other organizations, but this time he applied the Rochdale principles to his ventures, and that made a difference in their success. In the Middle West, where he was deepest in the bog and loudest in his complaints, the tractor had come to stay. The tractor ate a brand of oats the farmer couldn't raise. What more natural then than that his first co-operative venture was usually a gas and oil station. By 1934 there were 1,500 such stations. In all North Dakota and many a Minnesota and Wisconsin town the co-op now outsells any of its private competitors. In most cases as soon as they got the feeling of success, the farmer co-operators branched out into other fields, and began to handle such necessities as groceries, feed, binder twine, fertilizer, paint, axle grease, and fencing. In 1935 the Eastern States Farmers' Exchange sold \$14,000,000 worth of feed to its members.

Gradually a system of regional co-operative wholesales was set up to supply the retail stores. In 1933 the National Co-operatives, Inc. was organized to serve as a buying pool for seven of these regional wholesales, which in turn that year served 727 local co-ops with a half million mem-

bers, most of them farmers. Now a buying pool which gives a farmer the advantage of the massed purchasing power of a half million other farmers becomes an important factor in his business. And a buying pool which can go into the market with an order for a half million dollars' worth of tires to be made on its own specifications, in its own molds, and under its own label, becomes something to be treated with respect. It is in much the same position as that held by the chain store when it enters the market with a giant order.

When the depression came the general hard times had the effect of accelerating the co-operative in the United States as in the rest of the world. Small savings began to seem important, as the consumer sought to shore up his standard of living.

As an example of how rapidly a co-operative can grow when the circumstances are right and the manager is capable, consider the case of a wholesale agency in North Kansas City known as the Consumers' Co-operative Association. It was organized in 1928 by Howard A. Cowden to serve the needs of a few scattered gas and oil stations in the region. In July of 1929 it set up shop in a tiny frame building, with two office workers (one of them Mrs. Cowden), a two-car garage, a small warehouse, two storage tanks, and five compounding tanks. At that time it served 18 retail stations. Today it serves 331 of them. Five times since 1929 it has had to enlarge its quarters. In the fall of 1935 it bought and paid cash for the large, modern plant formerly occupied by the Pennsylvania Petroleum Company, which the depression had forced into bankruptcy. (This same company, incidentally, had refused in 1930 to sell to the co-op because its account was too small to bother with.) The Association now compounds its own lubricating oils, makes part of its own greases, operates a small paint factory, maintains a well-equipped chemical laboratory which is constantly checking on the quality of its products, and publishes

its own eight page bi-weekly newspaper. Recently it has added groceries to its wholesale line.

Not every organization has done so well, of course. But all the students who comment on the progress the co-ops have been making in the past few years are impressed. Last year there were approximately 7,000 consumer co-operatives in the United States with in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 members. Unfortunately there are no exact figures available to show the size and growth of the movement as a whole. The Farm Credit Administration estimated that the total co-operative retail sales in 1934 amounted to \$365,000,000. In a recent issue of *Business Week* an estimate based on the increased sales of the eleven regional wholesales placed the 1935 sales as 20 per cent higher than those of 1934. As compared with the total 1935 retail trade, \$32,600,000,000, that is still small potatoes. The co-operative movement must make great advances before it is an important factor in the economic life of the United States.

Prophecy about its future is, if anything, a little more dangerous than the general run of prophecy. It is now at the point where everyone is beginning to talk about it—and in America whenever an idea reaches that stage anything may happen to it. If the movement can find enough of the right sort of leaders, it may now expand rapidly but solidly. Or conceivably it may get out of control and zoom up with the crazy speed exhibited by the Townsend plan and the share-the-wealth clubs. If that should happen to it, it will of course suffer a severe reaction, because people will go into it without understanding its real nature, and with too high expectations for it.

On the other hand it may peter out when it faces organized opposition from established business, as it soon must. Already the great business associations are beginning to fight it. The Iowa Association of Lumber and Building Material Dealers, for instance, sent out letters to its members urging them to use

their influence to keep delegates to the Methodist General Conference from voting for a resolution endorsing the movement. Kagawa was prevented from speaking in Rochester. An article in *Nation's Business* called attention to "inroads which co-operatives have made into private competitive wholesaling." A chain store threatened to remove its custom from the rubber company which manufactures the co-op tire. The American Wholesale Grocers Association listened to an address that warned, "Consumer co-ops may rise to a commanding position in our entire distributive system." These are straws blowing in the wind. The storm will break when and if the co-ops become strong enough actually to threaten the present system of distribution.

But perhaps the greatest obstacle to their progress is the American temperament, or what we have always believed to be our temperament. We are a people full of fads and enthusiasm which flame up furiously and die suddenly. We have always been impatient of the slow, cautious, personal participation necessary to

make a co-operative effort successful. We have preferred to think up good schemes for adding to our income rather than to make numbers of small savings. And worse, we have so stressed the values of competition that capable individuals have been contemptuous of any other values. We have been that sort of a people.

On the other hand we have a great flair for organization. Three of us can hardly get together without electing a president and appointing a committee. Furthermore the corporation system of absentee ownership in our great industries has built up a class of managers and technical experts who have no stake of ownership in industry. As soon as they adjust themselves to the idea, they would probably work just as effectively for a co-operative as for a competitive organization. And flocks of youngsters are graduating from schools of business administration to find no jobs open in competitive business. It may not be so hard as it has been in the past to find good leadership and expert management for co-operative enterprise.





ORDER

A STORY

BY NANCY HALE

SHE went to her Aunt Della's to cocktails. She did not even mind going to that dark, smoky, gabbling little flat because she was so happy. She closed the door of her own apartment carefully, with a precise little click, and so little a thing as that noise ministered to her sense of security, of beauty, and well-being. She ran down the three flights of stairs to the street. When she came out into the light May twilight her heart lifted even higher in her chest and she walked along with long, exact steps, feeling the degree of her slowness, her firmness, of her own inner and outer perfection. The May air was as delicate as scent.

She bought a great bunch of dead-white tulips with pale-green short stems, from a cart that crept along the street loaded with red and white and yellow flowers. She took them with her, although she knew that they would not mean anything whatever to her aunt. But buying them and carrying them as she walked was a necessary part of the way she felt. She felt as if everything lovely in the world belonged to her and would come to her, one lovely thing at a time.

When the door opened she saw in a second that her Aunt Della's flat was just as it always was, blue with cigarette smoke, full of talking people holding cocktails; but it did not seem to touch her sense of the perfection of her life. In that same second the summation of her happiness came to her: her life had been for three years now, ever since she was

twenty-two, completely her own, and it was arranged in her own way to be lovely, reasoned, and precise; in the middle of it moved herself—invulnerable; she was invulnerable to the things that she did not want in her life. This came to her so whole that she did not stop another second to think about it. She smiled out of her deep safety and pleasure and went into the room.

Her aunt's face was full of loose wrinkles and her mouth was loose and flexible and red as she talked, holding Olivia's hand, taking the tulips with her free hand, asking questions and answering them herself and casting little disorganized glances round at her other guests; all the time pushing a little at Olivia to bring her into the center of the room and of the people.

Olivia felt her own pulse beating slowly and unshaken in the midst of this hurly-burly; none of it claimed her or disturbed that calm beat of her own fastidious blood. She was able to look at her aunt's twisting face and think about her, about her disordered life, the three husbands she had married from confused ignorance of what she did want, the unbalanced tempo of her days that were not even lived systematically in reverse, but had no settled time for waking, no appointed time for anything; nothing in Della's life was decided. She was fifty now, and she had never made any design for her life. The force of outside circumstances and of accident was responsi-

ble, together with vulnerable naked emotion, for everything that had ever happened to her.

She herself, if there had ever been any deep, hard little core of individuality that was Della herself, had never had any hand in the making of her life. Chance, attraction, hate, necessity, these had governed all her years.

"She's had to follow her life around and go where it led her," Olivia thought and shuddered. "She's never owned even a little part of it."

Now she was introducing people to Olivia. Olivia sat down on a small armchair and held a gin cocktail that smelled unpleasant. Her face smiled with its own delicate gaiety at the people who said things to her, and pretty soon she set the cocktail down on a table and gave it a little push.

While people talked she took a small glance at her wrist. Her watch seemed to have stopped half an hour before; it was surely more than five o'clock. Olivia's right eyebrow went up with annoyance. She lifted her wrist and shook it a little beside her ear.

"You shouldn't have put butter in the works," a deep voice said, very low, behind her.

Olivia was enchanted; she did not turn round.

"But it was the best butter," she murmured.

No further sound came from behind her, and she did not look round. She continued to say "yes" to the circle of young men who sat before her eyes.

Della hurried up, grasping the train of her teagown in one hand, starting an introduction in a raised voice while she was still some distance from Olivia.

Behind her walked a very tall young man, very thin, with smooth dark hair and brilliant blue eyes and an expression of calm and delight.

"How do you do," he said in the same deep voice that had spoken behind her. In front of all the other young men he said, "Shall we go over to those chairs by the screen, where we shall be able to talk?"

Olivia smiled with her own calm and delight.

Neither of them ever referred to the conversation about the watch.

Looking at the brown, tight-drawn shape of his face as they talked, Olivia wondered what things in his life made him look so sure and so delighted and, moreover, so calm; but she knew that basically his look must come from that same secret she knew herself, a control over life and a well-exercised power of discrimination. She felt an agreeable sense of being in league with her own kind, and she was sure that he must feel it too. She knew that he would never ask her why she looked so happy, and that she would never ask him, and that the wordless acceptance of each other's obvious power was another part of their both being strong and fortunate and fastidious.

His name was Bertram Grainger. He had long legs and below his trouser cuffs thin sharply cut ankles, and he had large thin hands, and all of him was lean and ordered. The dark hair on his wrists lay as smooth as if it had been drawn with pencil on the skin. Every movement he made had a neatness that came from strength; he leaned his elbows on his knees and looked with his face of delight at Olivia.

"What do you do?" he asked. "I mean, for instance, what did you do last night?"

"I gave a party."

"I know about you. I'm sure there weren't too many people, nor too much to eat, and that awful people didn't stay on and on after you wanted them to go."

"It was rather a nice party. We walked out on the little terrace and looked up, not down, at the city lights. You know what I mean."

"You mean you don't like pent-houses. Neither do I. I wish I had been at your party . . . and I'm sure you didn't have any uninvited guests horning in, that kind of thing."

"No. . . . But one man did bring someone. . . . Oh, good heavens!"

"What?"

"I'd forgotten something. How per-

fectly disgusting of me! Oh, I *hate* people who do things like this."

"It can't be very bad," he said. He smiled at her, looking pleased, delighted, and approving.

"I'll tell you. Vincent de Gramont brought an old man to the party, a nice old thing who said he'd known my mother. He was a dear old thing, clever and pleasant and old-school. He asked if he might come to tea to-day and I said he could, and he must be there now. It all went completely out of my head. Oh, the poor thing! How sickening of me."

"Well, I'm hardly sorry you did forget. I shouldn't have met you."

"I'll simply have to go right back and hope that he's waited, thinking I was late. I hate that. I hate to have anybody think I'm stupid and unpunctual. I hate worse having people think I forget things."

"I don't. I told you I know all about you. I can feel the kind of life you make for yourself."

"Well . . . good-by. I must hurry."

"I suppose you must. Good-by."

She shook his hand quickly and smiled up at him, feeling a wave of pleasure that he did not urge her to stay, that he recognized so instantly the nature of obligations. She drew on her gloves, glancing about for Della.

"May I telephone you?" He was behind her shoulder, speaking in a low, quiet voice, not trying to distract her attention.

"Yes, certainly, do." She smiled at him again, reached for Della's passing hand, and left.

He was there. The maid gave Olivia his card as she came in the front door. "Mr. Draper Phillips." He sat, a little hunched over, on Olivia's small white sofa before the long windows on to the terrace, smoking, and he got up and took her hand when she came in. His face was wry and clever, wrinkled like a strong old crab-apple's.

"I thought you had quite forgotten me.

Perhaps I bored you, asking myself to tea."

"No . . . no . . . not at all. Of course I hadn't forgotten. I was detained and I am so sorry to be late. You must forgive me."

"Forgive you? My dear young lady, I quite understand. You young people to-day are so hectic, your lives go round at such a rate. . . . Of course I understand. It was exceedingly kind of you to come at all."

Olivia dropped down beside him on the sofa and waved at the maid to bring tea.

"Mr. Phillips, please don't think of me like that. I promise you I am not at all hectic. I am really a very punctual person! This is a dreadful thing for me to have done."

"Oh, but you mustn't apologize! Why, it's charming! You have the charm of children—forgetful, selfish, but completely enchanting."

"Oh, don't say that! I hope I'm not a bit like a child."

"You're very young not to want to be a child, my dear." He smiled at her keenly, and she somehow disliked his look. He thought he understood her, he thought her silly and disordered and pretty. But she was so sorry for what she had done, and so ashamed, that she only wanted to assuage his hurt feelings by being as pleasant as she possibly could. Tea came, and she spread out her skirts and poured out his cup, smiling at him with more intentional charm than she usually felt it necessary to produce.

She thought he looked old and lonely, as though most of his friends had died and as though he hadn't much of a life. And he was such a clever man, entertaining and informed, full of a vitality his contemporaries had outgrown.

"You look a bit like your mother, my dear. That is a very great compliment. Such a fascinating person, beautiful and brilliant and with such lovely calm. I wonder if you to-day understand at all the attraction of calm in women."

"Oh, I do, I do. I detest confusion."

He smiled a little wryly and bowed, and she saw that he did not believe her.

She thought for a second of how much calmer she was than her mother. She knew that. Her mother had no grip on her inner life, with all her languid manner. Olivia shook her head a little. Somehow it seemed important to her that Draper Phillips should see what she really was. This misconception was intolerable.

She set down her cup, lighted a cigarette, and sat back against the cushions, determined to be entertaining, delightful, and calm. She realized that her air on entering must have been flurried; she had felt flurried. This afternoon had turned out an unhappy accident in the smooth course of her ordered life.

Certainly she was entertaining, for he stayed. He stayed really far too late, until she had little time to dress for dinner, and then got up to go.

"I hope you'll forgive my staying," he remarked. "I did want to see something of you, and you rather forced me to make it late rather than early, you know."

"I am sorry."

"But you mustn't excuse yourself. This has been far more pleasant—this pretty twilight and your view and yourself in this light, which is much the most seductive of the day. May I come again?"

"I hope you will. I promise to be not a moment late."

"But you don't understand! That's charming, your light-heartedness, your lateness. It's irresistible."

She got up and gave him her hand.

"Perhaps you'll come to tea to-morrow," she said quickly. "I really must redeem my reputation."

He looked at her.

"I should be enchanted," he said.

A telephone call from Bertram Grainger woke her the next morning. She rolled over in the wide low bed to take the telephone, smiling to herself. The sunshine streamed in and lay on the floor in wide stripes, the pale-green satin coverlet lay tumbled on the bed, the maid

was bringing in a tray with orange juice and steaming coffee, and Olivia felt her blood coursing in calm and health through her long slim body.

He asked her to dine with him that night, and she agreed to, and hung up still smiling, in pleasure at this new instant understanding, wherein there was no nonsense about pretending previous engagements out of vanity.

She arranged her day so that not one thing should detain her from being established on her little white sofa at five o'clock. And at five o'clock Draper Phillips was shown in, and she was on the sofa, in a thin black teagown, smiling and gay and composed.

He was very pleasant and he was exceedingly flattering and made no bones about declaring his admiration for her beauty, her way of thinking, her surroundings, herself. It was really not unpleasant to have an old man, and such a polished and brilliant man, paying one clever compliments.

Only he stayed. He was so diverting that the time went quickly, but she knew that he was staying too long. However, it was a sharp, sick little shock when Bertram Grainger came into the room, and she knew it must be half-past seven. It was messy, it was embarrassing, and to Olivia shameful to find herself still having tea with one man when another man, and particularly this man, came to take her out to dinner; to be not as yet dressed, to have managed the time in such a disorderly way.

"I am so sorry," she said and held out her hand. "It will take me a second and no more to dress."

Phillips got up and shook Grainger's hand.

"I know I must be exceedingly irritating to you, having occupied this lovely young lady's time to such a late hour," he said and laughed. "I'll go quickly. The time goes like magic here." He bowed to Olivia and went.

"Is that your dear old man?" Bertram asked. He seemed very tall, very straight, and thin.

"He's almost quite dreadful. He stays so long!"

"I would have thought no one could stay with you after you wished them gone," he said, smiling a little.

"I'll dress," she said and fled. Fled really because she was so disgusted with this uncharacteristic incident. She thought with a wave of what was almost temper of Phillips; he was the cause of this, and yet he was certainly an entertaining old thing, and besides Grainger was right, she should have been capable of disposing of him just when she pleased. Olivia didn't like herself.

But when she came back into the little drawing-room in cool gray chiffon, with dark garnets in a round necklace, with her smooth, shining hair and her quiet hands, her throat long and white and her face as calm and gay as a mask with a beautiful mouth, she felt her own self again. When she saw the way Grainger looked at her, his delighted admiration and his calm appreciation, she knew that she was her real self.

She had never had such a happy evening in her whole life. She was with someone who gave the same worship to order as she did herself, who loved beauty, restraint, precision as she did. She felt it every minute, and she saw that he felt it: when they rose together from a table, in what was almost athletic co-ordination, when they walked down a theater aisle together without stumbling or halting, but slowly, easily, with a joint rhythm; when they danced together, perfectly.

When he took her home he came in and had one small nightcap and left neatly without lingering. He looked at her for a moment as he held her hand and then bent and kissed it lightly.

"Of course all this is perfectly unbelievable," he said and smiled with that calm delight and went. She knew with joy what was going to happen, laid out before her as beautifully and precisely as the pattern of a minuet. Without wildness, without misunderstanding or confusion or cancerous emotion, they were go-

ing to see each other very often, and then he would ask her to marry him, and then they would be married, and then they would live a delightful life. Her heart did not miss a single beat, but it felt warm with the pleasure of the prospect, a prospect exquisite and formal.

They did see each other often. Within two weeks they had dined together five times, at restaurants and once in Olivia's small silver dining room; they had seen plays, they had danced, they had lunched on a Sunday in the country at an inn with an orchard full of apple blossoms, they had taken a long walk in the dusk along the street that edges the East River, they had crossed to New Jersey on a ferry to look at the New York lights through the May night. They were very happy and they were very gay, and they agreed about an astounding number of things; but they were not as happy as Olivia had thought that they would be. The pattern of their accord was not as stylized; and that was Draper Phillips' fault.

He would not leave her alone. He was there in her apartment waiting when they came back from their East River walk expecting to have tea. He telephoned on three evenings when they had returned from the theater and were having a drink and wanted to come round to talk. He wrote her letters that were brought in with breakfast, and that gave her a strange, uneasy feeling, although they were very polished, amusing letters; but there were too many of them, and she began to dread the arrival of her breakfast tray, to fear the sight of that stiff, old-fashioned penmanship on an envelope. He even sent brief, clever little telegrams, asking her to Sunday breakfast with him at the Plaza, to meet him in an hour for a hansom-cab drive in the Park—humorous little invitations. Draper Phillips forced the consciousness of his existence into every hour of Olivia's days.

She knew the feeling Bertram had about it. After one of those late-at-night telephone calls he said, "Look here, do you want to see this man? I don't see

why he has to be after you so much if you don't."

"Of course I don't," she said firmly. "I did think he was a rather pleasant old man, but I don't think so any more. He makes me uncomfortable. I wish he'd leave me alone."

"A woman can always make a man leave her alone if she chooses," he said, and his eyebrows went up a little. She knew what he thought of people who were unable to order their lives according to their own design. She thought the same thing herself—the strength and taste to order her life had always been her pride. But she did not see what to do about Phillips. She had already given what she had always supposed was an ultimate dismissal; on one of the afternoons when he had dropped in at teatime and surprised her, she had said to him after a moment's silence, "Mr. Phillips, I don't want to see you so often, I'm afraid. You're making it rather uncomfortable for me, you know."

"But you're charming!" he had cried, and his eyes gleamed with humor in his wryly wrinkled face. "Your generation is unique! You do what you please, you say what you please—you tell an old codger you don't want to see him so often; but what are you going to do if the old codger simply cannot deny himself the pleasure of seeing you?"

"You don't understand," she said coolly, although some new thing, some panic, some fury, suddenly beat and fluttered in her heart. "I really don't enjoy seeing you. It's been very pleasant to meet one of mother's old friends, but I am very busy, and I ask you not to embarrass me by calling me up, writing to me, so often."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he laughed. "That sort of thing isn't natural to you, I know. I know all about you young things. Embarrassed—my dear, you're talking out of a novel of my times. You must remember that I am an old man. You must let me have my pleasures, and seeing you is such a great pleasure. Don't be afraid, I shan't attack you, you know"

—and his eyes crinkled and nearly shut with his mirth.

Terrible, real fury took Olivia by the heart. She hardly knew what she was doing. She jumped to her feet, and the voice that came from her was loud and confused and frantic.

"Don't say such a thing! You misunderstand me so. Will you please go away. I don't want to see you, can't you understand?"

She ran to her room, pulling the door shut after her, and threw herself on her bed with her heart pounding. She heard him go out and the front door shut, through a blurred roaring in her ears, of rage and annoyance and impotence. After a while she got to her feet and looked in the mirror. Her face was hardly her own. It was flushed and wild and the eyes were strained. She bathed in cold water and forced herself to move slowly and to think of nothing, and gradually brought her face back to its own calm, pale, masklike shape. When Bertram called to take her to dinner, she was still and ordered and gay, and her hair curved in smooth shapes back from her cool forehead. But inside her a frightening new panic trembled; she would not let him come in later in the evening for fear of one of those terrible telephone calls; she could not bear to have him hear the telephone bell tinkle another time.

She knew that she was hurried and confused when she said, "No . . . no, I do feel rather tired, I think I'll go right to bed." He said, "Yes, of course," but she knew that he looked at her with astonishment and distaste. He saw that she was disturbed and afraid of something, not the calm, sure person that he had met at Della's that afternoon.

When she went into her bedroom, half crying with irritation and frustration, there was a long white box on her bedside table. It held dozens of white tulips, and a card that said, "My dear, you are even more charming when you are angry. Lose your temper again soon! Draper Phillips."

Olivia screamed and tore the card across; she clapped her hand over her mouth and her eyes grew wide with horror at herself. She threw herself across the bed, as she had earlier, and burst into helpless tears. She rocked her slim body from side to side and felt her eyes grow hot and swollen. She thought of Bertram, and he seemed something pure and tall and like beautiful marble, something that she wanted and admired, something that she had felt herself to be like until lately, while now . . . She visualized herself with real disgust, crying, screaming, uncontrolled, furious, swollen-faced, shaking with the incapacity to put her own life in order.

She stopped her crying sharply, rolled over on her back, and stared dully at the ceiling. How could she get rid of that terrible old man? How could she get rid of that terrible old man? How could she get rid? . . . She threw her arms straight up toward the ceiling. She knew that Bertram would never ask her to marry him while he thought her life confused with other things. He was the sort of man who would want the woman he loved to clear her life for him to come into, to show that she wanted him too. He was too delicate of sentiment to say anything about love unless he knew that his love was wanted and would be as purely returned. Besides, he hated messiness, he hated confusion and clutter and incompetent living—and that was why Olivia loved him. She loved him because he was the first man she had seen in her three years of independent living who wanted the very ordered, precise life that she wanted herself. There were a few people in the world who understood the exquisite beauty of order and control, and to be one of them was the most desirable thing in the world. But not to be able to order one's own life, to be overridden helplessly with things one did not want . . . Olivia was crying again now, and hating herself for her futile, silly, hopeless tears.

In her pain and confusion she made a resolve, and carried it out the next day

when she lunched at a small French restaurant with Bertram. They sat on a small semi-circular balcony with an iron-work rail and ate a cold soup made of potatoes and little leeks cut into bits. A formal garden lay below them between three neat brick walls, and behind that hung an improbable backdrop of sheer spires and towers, faint through the May haze. They sat and ate slowly, as decorously as beautiful figurines, and they laughed and talked and turned their heads in a lovely formal rhythm. Olivia could not help but feel how decorative they were together, wherever they sat. She longed to straighten out that one bit of herself that was confused, and belong entirely to the beautiful order they made together. She took one more spoonful of soup and began that attempt she had planned.

"Bertram, what is one to do about people who don't respond properly to being put in their places? I mean people to whom one's A, B, and C mean some other letters, so that one isn't understood. That Phillips man, that old man, I told him yesterday that I didn't want to see him any more, and as far as I can see he thought I was being coy. What can one do?"

He looked at her rather coldly with his bright blue eyes that were outlined in black by his eyelashes.

"I haven't the faintest idea what women do about such matters. I'm sure that someone like you can put anyone you choose in his place. That really is sort of your problem, isn't it? . . . Would you like to drive out into the country this afternoon?"

With all her strength she put gaiety and lightness into her look as he answered. She knew she was a fool, and saw quickly and too late the stupidity of her question. In that little league of perfectionists—the ones who could and did arrange their lives—there was no asking other people how to do it. You either could and did, or you couldn't and didn't. No one else could help you. She found some bravery from being with Bertram, a

sort of infection of new strength, and she knew that she must find some way to dispose of Draper Phillips.

But three weeks after she had met Bertram she had not found a way. She knew that she was in love as she had always wanted to be in love, beautifully and with taste and restraint and delight, and, except for one grinding inner disturbance, with calm. In the mornings when she woke she used to think how happy she would be if she had never heard of Draper Phillips, how precise and perfect the rest of her life was, with the things she wanted arriving in a measured tempo, one by one. She thought of Phillips with hate and loathing—hot, blurred emotions that were a disgrace to her philosophy. She detested the part of herself that could be so disturbed by his thick-skinnedness, that could become so inflamed with savage, disorderly rage at him.

She told her maid that he was never to be admitted at any time; she instructed her to readdress his letters to the club where he lived; she threw his telegrams into the waste-basket unopened. She continued to feel uneasy and as if she were being followed. She was never really calm any more.

It was nearly June, and it smelled already like June, when she dined one night with Bertram late, on a roof that overlooked the city. The long French windows behind the tables opened at intervals on a narrow terrace, and in the black warm night the lights hung and dangled in white festoons like diamond jewelry. They ate a little cold soup, an artichoke, strawberries in white wine, and danced.

It was an unbelievable thing, dancing together. It was music itself and rhythm and cool emotion and perfection. The orchestra played the best of the old dance tunes, and they danced again and again, talking very little. The orchestra played "Dancing in The Dark" and they danced, and the lights in the room turned low to mauve and purple shadows, and Bertram held Olivia close to him and danced.

After that they went back to the table and sat and looked quietly at each other as if something important had happened. He reached for his champagne glass slowly, passing his hand slowly across the top of hers as it lay on the table. She looked at her hand, slim and pale with white rings, and then she looked up at him and he was smiling at her with his clear, delighted blue eyes.

"Darling Olivia, you are perfectly lovely."

Her small gay face smiled back.

"I do want to talk to you. Can we go and sit on your terrace?"

Now she was once more really calm, as she had not been for so long, and happy. Now she knew the progression of events before her, she had the knowledge of where things moved which was as right as the terrible fear of unexpected and uncontrollable events was wrong. She knew how they would go back, how they would climb the circular stairs, how they would sit on the railed terrace; she knew the white wine and seltzer they would drink, she knew the question he would ask her and the answer she would give. An exquisite pleasure and relief ran through her blood like a *piqure*.

They drove through the dark summery streets to her small door with its yellow light. They ascended the circular staircase in leisure, talking. As she unlocked the door with her key she turned toward him and smiled with calm happiness, and again he touched her lifted hand with his. She looked at his gay blue eyes, loving him particularly because she knew he would not try to kiss her until he had asked her to marry him. They went into the apartment.

On the little white sofa, smoking, sat Draper Phillips.

"What are you doing here?" she cried and stopped short in the doorway.

Suddenly all the rage and the confusion, the hate and hot violence, flooded back into her blood, stronger than she had ever felt them. She felt that she was shaking all over.

"Waiting for you, my dear. I hoped

you wouldn't be long. Mr. . . . Grainger, I hope you'll forgive my sharing the lovely Olivia with you for part of the evening."

He had risen and was smiling at them with his clever, wry face, wrinkled and diabolical and invincible and old.

Olivia stared at him. Her heart pounded wildly and her hand clenched and she was burning hot.

"How dare you come here again! Will you get out of here? I don't want you here! Get out! Get out!"

Dimly, through a red film, she knew that her voice was a scream.

"My sweet," the old man said smoothly, "I cannot tell you how it flatters me to see that I inspire so much emotion in someone as lovely and young as yourself. You are perfectly lovely . . . isn't she, Mr. . . . Grainger?"

She heard Bertram, behind her, catch his breath with a sharp, hissing sound.

"Perfectly," he said. "Olivia, this evening has been delightful. Thank you so much. Good night."

"Good night," she echoed vaguely. She heard the front door shut.

"He's not much of a man to leave you now instead of getting to work and throwing me out," said the old man with a chuckle. "If I'd been he, I'd have kicked me all the way down stairs."

"He's not like that," she found herself saying stupidly.

"No, he's a precious sort of a young fellow. Sit down, won't you? You look tired."

She sat down.

"There. You do look lovelier when you're tired and when you're angry than when you've that hard little mask."

"How did you get in here?"

"Bribed your maid of course. Tactics of the 90's. Rather efficient."

"I . . . I hate you. I hate you. Oh, my God, I hate you!"

"I don't mind, you know."

"I don't care what you mind. I don't care!"

"You are a passionate young person. I told you so: thoroughly selfish, thor-

oughly enchanting. Will you marry me?"

"What?"

"I'm exceedingly well off, you know, and I don't think you'd find me dull, although I am certainly too old for you. I don't seem to leave you unmoved, although your emotion is mostly hate. Well . . . Naturally my desire is purely selfish. I want you because you are lovely to see, to touch." He put out a hand and touched her arm.

"You loathsome old thing!" she cried out loudly and put her hand over her mouth. She did not know herself at all any more. She dug her nails into her palms and gasped deep into her lungs for breath. "Will . . . you . . . please . . . go away now? You've succeeded in ruining everything."

"Have I really? What fragile, what—vulnerable creatures you young people are, to be sure. Well, good night, my dear."

She turned her head into the sofa cushion and heard him close the outer door behind him. She waited for some sensation of relief, and none came. All her thoughts were wild and confused. She had lost something she wanted very much, but she could hardly assemble what it was, what it meant. She wanted . . . calm; and that seemed the farthest, most unattainable thing on earth. Control was lost, and she felt she would never have it back any more. Bertram was lost; self-respect was lost; beauty and order were lost. How could she get them back? I . . . don't . . . know, she thought. She had fallen into a rhythm of disturbance, confusion, and she felt she could never, never step out of that rhythm again. She could not put her thoughts in any order at all.

Bertram seemed far away and cold and strange, and thinking of him was like half-remembering something long ago. Half-dispassionately, half as if she did not care, she thought of the look on his face as he had left, and realized that, having worn that look, he would never come back. That was no moment's annoyance; that

was the judgment of a way of life upon another, disorderly way of life. Bertram's look was full of distaste, unkind; she thought suddenly, queerly, that Bertram was unkind. He had no patience, no tolerance with the lack of order; and his ordered philosophy was something frigid, sterile—so unkind, so profoundly unkind. . . . She supposed that she was an unkind person too. She perceived, dimly and without caring, that there was no exquisiteness, no extreme order, combined with kindness or with gentleness of heart.

Her thoughts were tiny and remote. What was recent and real was terrible rage, terrible emotion. She felt limp and faint. The memory of Draper Phillips was ominous and leering; she felt

frightened and helpless when she thought of him. He wanted to marry her! . . . She wondered how she could prevent him. She had not the faintest idea of how she was to order her life, of what she wanted to do, of how to go about doing anything. She felt dizzy and like a straw whirling about in a fast river of outside circumstances that were stronger than she. She thought of Draper Phillips. She thought of Bertram, who loved order more than he loved her. . . .

She got slowly to her feet and started to stumble toward the bedroom, feeling only a faint thankfulness that she was at least alone now. . . . As she looked at the bed she knew suddenly that flowers would come from Draper Phillips in the morning.

TURN TO ETERNITY

BY EILEEN HALL

TURN to eternity: consider time—
*The æons scratched so meagerly on slate—
 Man, last dynastic monster of the slime,
 In strata of the rock may read his fate.
 Life is recorded in a ring of stone,
 Though huge nirvanas of the sky and plain
 Obliterate, absorb the prowling bone,
 The fang, the venom, the ingenious brain.
 Grim transients, we're grotesquely improvised
 To feel in common doom the separate shock,
 Till the reluctant species is revised
 And adds another cycle to the rock—
 Dominions, dreams too vast for time to own,
 Abbreviated to a skull, a stone.*



BREAKING WORLD'S RECORDS

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

WITHIN a few days after this issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE reaches its subscribers, the picked athletes of the world will be assembling in Germany for the eleventh Olympic Games. Everybody who follows sporting events expects, almost as a matter of course, that several new world's records will be made on track and field: that several men will succeed at Berlin in running faster, or jumping higher, or what not, than any of their millions of predecessors in athletic competition have ever done before.

It is a curious thing, this widespread confidence that athletic records are made only to be broken whenever star athletes gather. Yet whether it will be justified at Berlin or not, it is well founded; for so far in athletic history record-breaking has been frequent and apparently inexorable. Consider, by way of illustration, the improvement which has taken place during the past half-century in a single event:

One day in the summer of 1878—fifty-eight years ago—a man named W. C. Wilmer, of the Short Hills Athletic Club, ran one hundred yards in exactly ten seconds. Organized track and field contests had already been going on for some ten years in the United States and for nearly thirty years in England; thousands of men must already have been timed with the stopwatch at the hundred yards—a favorite distance; yet Wilmer was the first man to be officially timed at ten seconds in competition, and not for eight years more did any English athlete manage to equal his performance.

To-day, by contrast, the world's record for the hundred-yard dash—made by Frank Wykoff in 1930 and equaled by Jesse Owens in 1935—is not ten seconds but 9 4/10 seconds.

The difference of 6/10 of a second between the best performance of the eighteen-seventies and the best performances of the nineteen-thirties, though it may not seem very great to those who are not familiar with track sports and may not realize what a fraction of a second means in sprinting, is in reality prodigious. For it means that, at the rate at which Wykoff and Owens were traveling, they would have finished the hundred yards some *twenty feet* ahead of the champion runner of 1878; and that, in a short race, is a very wide interval.

The gain which has taken place in this single event during the past half-century is no more than representative of the gain in athletic performances generally; and it raises questions which concern not merely those who follow sports but all of us who are interested in the riddle of human progress. For it would seem to suggest a marked advance in the physical prowess of the human race. In most other tests of human strength and skill and agility there is no exact measure of improvement from decade to decade; one may argue, for instance, that Bobby Jones at his prime was a better golfer than Harry Vardon at his prime, or Tilden a better tennis player than Brookes, but one cannot prove it. In certain other sports—swimming, for example—either the number of competitors has been small or the

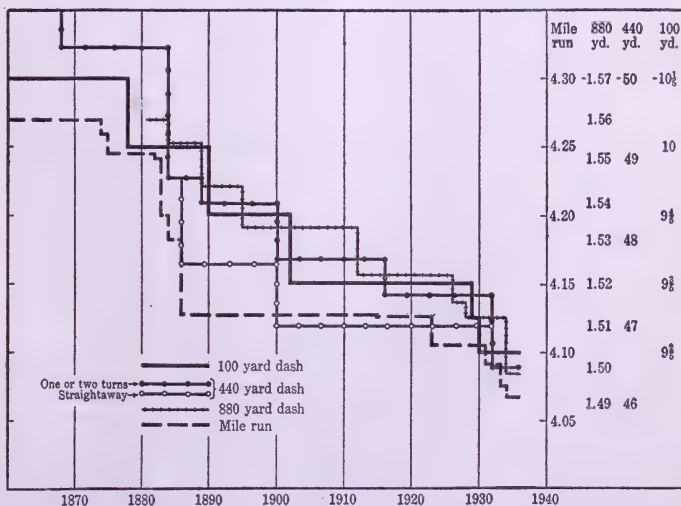
circumstances or methods of competition have been so revolutionized that record-breaking does not prove much. In track and field sports, however, there have been hosts of competitors, particularly in the running events, for every boy in Christendom runs races: there is no more natural and fundamental sort of physical activity. Competition has been more or less standardized, and the evidence of the stopwatch and the measuring tape is precise and has a persuasive air of finality. And what it shows us is very impressive.

I have before me a list of the best performances on record in 24 standard track and field events (including races at both metric and yard-measure distances) in which there is constant competition. In only 2 of all these events does a mark set before 1930 still stand. In 2 others, a mark set before 1930 has subsequently been equaled but not bettered. In no less than 20 events the best performance on the books has been made during the nineteen-thirties.

Let us look at the same process from

another point of view. In a volume of the Badminton Library, published in England in 1889, one may find a list of the best British amateur records up to that time. Some of the performances listed in that book would still be regarded as creditable. W. G. George's time of 9 minutes 17½ seconds in the two-mile run, for example, though beaten now and again these days, would be considered reasonably good time for any living runner. Other 1889 records, however, seem anything but impressive to us to-day. Indeed, the 1889 mark for the pole vault, 11 feet 7 inches, is often excelled by schoolboys; the present world's mark in this event is 14 feet 5½ inches—nearly *three feet* higher!

The rate of improvement has of course not been constant. It has been spasmodic. Take, for instance, the history of one always popular event, the mile run. In early nineteenth-century days in England, before there were organized amateur track sports, occasional match races (accompanied by heavy betting) took



RECORD-BREAKING IN FOUR TRACK EVENTS, 1860-1935

place between professional runners. Sometimes the runners were timed, though not with the precision to which we are now accustomed. It is recorded that in 1809 the winner of one of those races finished the mile in 4 minutes 56 seconds; that in 1825 another man did 4:30, and in 1849 another did 4:27. After organized amateur contests began, about the middle of the century, there was for an interval no apparent improvement over the 1849 record. But in 1874 Walter Slade ran a mile in 4:26, and the next year he was timed in 4:24½. This mark stood until the early eighteenthies, when a group of English runners—of whom the greatest was W. G. George, a tall, thin man with an enormous stride—began a notable onslaught on the record-books. Quickly the time was reduced—to 4:24⅔, then to 4:20, then to 4:18⅔, and at last, by the redoubtable George (running as a professional against an able opponent), to the altogether unprecedented time of 4:12¾.

That was in 1886. For twenty-nine years George's record stood untouched, though meanwhile thousands if not hundreds of thousands of men had their chances to beat it; and when in 1915 Norman Tabor of the Boston Athletic Association lowered it, he did so only by the smallest possible fraction of a second. (According to some authorities, George's time was 4:12⅔, in which case Tabor merely equaled it.) Not until the advent of Paavo Nurmi, the Finnish athlete who ran stop-watch in hand, was there any substantial gain. In 1923 Nurmi cut the time from 4:12 ⅓ to 4:10 4/10. For eight more years Nurmi's mark was unbeaten. Then came the nineteen-thirties and an epidemic of record-breaking: running times came down like the prices of securities. In 1931 a Frenchman named Ladoumègue did 4:09 2/10. Two years later J. E. Lovelock, an Oxford student from New Zealand, did 4:07 6/10 in a race at Princeton (in which Bonthron, who finished second, likewise excelled Ladoumègue's time). And in 1934 Glenn Cunningham of Kansas did

4:06 7/10, also at Princeton. There the story stops for the moment—though Cunningham's mark may be beaten by himself or by somebody else before this article gets into print.

To see in perspective the whole long process of spasmodic speeding-up, one must bear in mind that if Cunningham in his best race had been accompanied by the ghosts of the best runners of the eighteen-forties, -fifties, and -sixties he would have left the best of them 400 feet in the rear.

Here we would seem to be witnessing an advance in human proficiency quite different from that which enables, let us say, Sir Malcolm Campbell to make a new world's record in his automobile over the salt levels of Utah. When Sir Malcolm does this he does not prove that man is becoming a more effective creature except in so far as he possesses the ability to use and build upon the stored intelligence and achievement of his fellow-men. The men who have made Sir Malcolm's car have taken advantage of innumerable discoveries and inventions made over a long period of time; behind him, as it were, is the whole accumulated momentum of the engineering process. But when Glenn Cunningham runs a mile he must go his own way. Except for the fact that he is running upon a somewhat faster track, he is equipped exactly as were the athletes of 1850. How does it come about that he is able to travel so much faster? How does it happen that in other events the standard of performance is so relentlessly rising? Is there, one finds oneself asking, no fixed limit to the physical capacity of the human animal? Is it possible that he is evolving rapidly into a stronger, swifter, more skillful creature?

There is a challenge in those questions, for in recent years we have been told again and again that the human race is no longer progressing, but entering upon a period of deterioration. We have been told that Macaulay's prophetic picture of a New Zealander standing upon a broken arch of London Bridge and sketching the ruins of St. Paul's was not

nearly grim enough; that at some still more distant day a cockroach may witness the death of the last feeble specimen of a human race whose day of mastery is done. If in any department of human activity—even of chiefly physical activity—we find men doing better all the time, measurably better, surely the phenomenon is worth examining. Is the improvement real or only apparent? If real, how has it come about and what does it mean?

No exact and final answer to these questions can be given. But I believe it is possible to point out several factors which have contributed to the improvement, and thus perhaps to arrive at an approximate answer.

II

The first factor is improved equipment.

Obviously if this factor were large enough to account for all the lowering of records, our investigation would come to an abrupt end. Glenn Cunningham's racing would prove only what Sir Malcolm Campbell's does. And it must be admitted at once that improved equipment is a much larger factor than most people realize, especially in certain of the field events. The pole-vaulter of to-day, who heaves himself over a bar fourteen feet above the ground, is not jabbing a heavy, unwieldy hickory pole into a little hole in the cinders made only by the poles of his competitors; he is using a much lighter and more flexible bamboo pole, and he is jabbing it into a box (of standard construction) which offers him sure and accustomed leverage for his thrust into the air. No wonder he can go higher! The shot-putter of to-day is not heaving a solid iron shot of such size that the push must come almost completely from the heel of the hand; he is heaving a brass shell filled with lead, so much smaller that he can wrap his fingers partly about it and get into his push a snap of the wrist. The hammer-thrower of to-day is no longer swinging about him an iron weight with a straight wooden bar attached to it; the weight is now attached by wire to a handle on which he can get

a far surer grip. In other field events such as the high jump and broad jump there has been no such change in equipment, but in every track event there is the general improvement in the construction of running tracks to be taken into account.

Unfortunately it is impossible to measure precisely the extent of this improvement. Everybody knows that some tracks to-day are faster than others. The difference is naturally most striking between indoor tracks; a good miler may run his hardest on a hard-surfaced, badly banked armory track one night during the winter season, and travel six or eight or even ten seconds faster a few evenings later on the more springy and much more scientifically banked "Millrose" board track at Madison Square Garden. Between outdoor tracks there is ordinarily not so much to choose; banking is not such a factor on a quarter-mile circuit as on the shorter indoor ones, and cinder surfaces have been in general use for over half a century. The Princeton track is now generally regarded as the fastest in the United States (it was here that the three quickest times for the mile have been made); until it was built, the Harvard Stadium track was considered the best (it was at Harvard that Tabor made his record for the mile in 1915). Competent judges assure me that the fastest track ever built was that made for the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932; Lawson Robertson, the Pennsylvania coach, believes that it was at least four seconds faster to the mile than that at Princeton. Clearly, however, the speed of any running surface is dependent upon the existence of just the sort of weather conditions for which it is best adapted; one of the finest fair-weather tracks ever built, the old Manhattan claypath of 1895, was a muck of slime in wet weather. The same thing was probably true in some degree of the old Lillie Bridge path on which George made his great mile record in England in 1886: it had a top dressing of red brickdust, good for fair-weather purposes but not so good in a

storm. Probably it was several seconds slower, even on a dry day, than the Princeton track of to-day; perhaps, in fact, George's 4:12¾ mile at Lillie Bridge should be regarded as a more remarkable performance than Cunningham's 4:06 7/10 mile at Princeton. Opinions differ; nobody can be sure. Nevertheless we can be fairly positive that the improvement in track construction, considerable though it is, does not account for the *whole* record-slaughtering process in the running events since the eighteen-seventies. We must look for other factors.

A second factor is improvement in technic—the discovery of new methods which, once mastered, can be taught to novices and generally adopted, thus raising the general standard. It is difficult to ascribe to improvements in equipment much of the change in the high-jump record from 6 feet 3¼ inches in the eighteen-eighties to 6 feet 9½ inches to-day, but much of it can surely be ascribed to the revolution which has taken place in style. The jumpers of the 'eighties went over the bar "scissors-style," virtually sitting up; the jumpers of to-day roll over it with twisting bodies almost horizontal. Likewise in the hurdle races: before Alvin Kraenzlein, at the turn of the century, demonstrated that it was possible to stride over a three-foot-six-inch hurdle with hardly a ripple in one's forward progress, hurdlers sailed beautifully over the obstacles. Since Kraenzlein, the best of them have taken each obstacle with what might be described as a long squirming step—not so pretty to watch but quicker.

An almost perfect example of what a change in technic will do is the invention of the crouch start for sprinting races. When, late in the eighteen-eighties, Charles H. Sherrill (who later became Ambassador to Argentina, and still later, Ambassador to Turkey) first used the crouch start in a race at the Rockaway Hunt Club, an official thought he did not know how to start and delayed the race to give him instructions, and a newspaper reporter, presumably watching from a

distance, wrote, "Though Sherrill seemed to stumble at the beginning of the race, he nevertheless recovered himself and won." The new method was not for a time generally adopted; in fact, as late as 1890 John Owen, the first amateur to run the hundred yard dash in less than ten seconds, got off from a standing start. But in due course it became almost universal. Three or four feet of the twenty feet of difference between the fastest sprinters of to-day and those of the 'eighties may be due to this invention. In longer races, however, the crouch start is less of an advantage; indeed, some excellent distance runners to-day prefer not to use it. Let us continue our inquiry.

III

Are the athletes of to-day bigger, physically, than their predecessors, and may this increase in size be a factor in athletic improvement?

That the stature of Americans is increasing is a matter of common observation. Think of the families of your acquaintance: you will realize that most of the sons are considerably taller than their fathers and heavier than their fathers were at the same age. Most American-born children of immigrants appear to be considerably bigger than their parents. But the extent of this increase in stature is difficult to measure, for not only is there a shortage of precise measurements of older and younger people taken at the same age, but whatever measurements have been taken are usually affected by the changing racial composition of the groups measured, and thus are not easy to interpret. But one study has been made which practically eliminates these difficulties. The physical measurements of Harvard students have been recorded for some seventy years, and in *New Types of Old Americans at Harvard* Gordon Townsend Bowles has examined those of Harvard fathers and sons of native American stock.

His figures are striking. The mean height has increased a shade over two

inches in fifty years. The men of this group who were born between 1856 and 1865 (collegians of the 'seventies and early 'eighties) had a mean height of 5 feet 8.12 inches. The men who were born between 1906 and 1915 (collegians of the nineteen-twenties and early nineteen-thirties) had a mean height of 5 feet 10.14 inches. There was also a gain in weight during those fifty years, from 138.40 pounds for the earlier group to 149.05 pounds for the later one. The sons exceeded their fathers in every dimension except in breadth of hips; here there was a very slight decrease. In general the sons were somewhat slenderer, longer-legged.

For the whole American population the increase in stature has apparently been not so marked, but there has been one; and the same phenomenon has been noticed in various foreign countries. Studies (mostly of army recruits) made in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Japan, all show a tendency toward increased height. None of these studies, apparently, has eliminated the effect of changing racial composition of the group as has the Harvard study; but the fact that the increase is general is significant.

How much effect would such a general increase in stature have upon athletic performance? It would seem of course that bigger men ought on the average to be able to do better in sports; the advantage of increased height in the high jump, for example, would appear obvious. But one must be careful not to rush to a possibly unwarranted conclusion. For one thing, there is astonishing variation in size between star athletes, and the smaller of two men often wins. For another thing, the athletes who break records are naturally a picked group physically, to whom the figures for large groups of people would not necessarily apply. Dr. Hooton of Harvard has suggested that the most important cause of the gain in height and weight among Americans may be that better medical care and improved hygienic conditions have preserved the lives of those who have outgrown their

strength in childhood and who in an earlier day might have been killed off by disease. Would this group include many crack athletes? Altogether it would seem probable that the general increase in stature has had some effect upon athletic performance—but how much, one cannot say.

What seems in all probability a much more important factor is the enormous increase in the *number* of well-trained athletes. In the 'seventies and 'eighties, organized track sports were almost wholly confined to the English-speaking countries. In the first Olympic Games at Athens in 1896 Americans or Englishmen won every event. Now, however, there are not only dozens of American and English athletes for every one who was competing fifty years ago; there are also numerous track athletes in most of the civilized countries of the world. Some of the best distance runners during the past twenty years have been Finns; the world's record in the mile has been held at times by Nurmi, a Finn, and Ladoumegue, a Frenchman; the 1,500-meter run, or "metric mile," at the 1932 Olympics was won by Beccali, an Italian; the 3,000-meter record is held by a Dane; the record for the discus throw, by a Swede; the record for the running broad jump was held by a Japanese until Owens, an American Negro, made his great leap of 26 feet 8¼ inches in the spring of 1935. It is obvious that to enlarge so enormously the number of candidates for honors on track and field is to enlarge the chances of uncovering great natural talent.

Furthermore, these athletes, so much more numerous than they used to be, are also much better trained. Fifty years ago only a handful of Americans in the Eastern colleges and in a few athletic clubs had a chance to learn from good coaches how to perform. Since then the colleges and schools and clubs in which good coaching is available have multiplied enormously. So thoroughly have sports been organized and so greatly has the prestige of track athletics increased that one is less likely than formerly to find a

runner of remarkable natural ability pitching on the college baseball team—and on the day of the annual track meet throwing off his baseball uniform, putting on a track suit, and winning the hundred-yard dash with almost no special practice. The chances to-day are that the boy's natural talent will be discovered when he is in high school, that he will be trained and coached as a sprinter, and that by the time he leaves college he will have had many years of special preparation for his event. There are fewer mute, inglorious Wykoffs and Cunninghams to-day than there used to be.

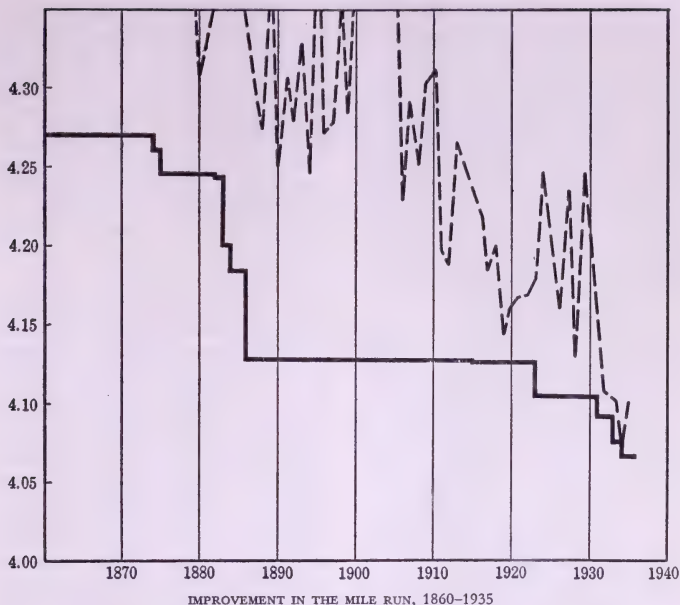
Nor is this all. One of the most interesting athletic phenomena of our time is the emergence of American Negroes as the best sprinters and jumpers in the world. Last winter I went to a big indoor track meet at Madison Square Garden at which three of the four men in the finals of the invitation sixty-yard dash were colored. These three men, Metcalfe, Peacock, and Ben Johnson, along with Jesse Owens, make such an extraordinary quartet of sprinters that on the basis of their previous performances one of them should certainly come in ahead in the dashes at Berlin (to the confusion, presumably, of Hitler's Nordics). In the 1932 Olympics both the sprints were won by Eddie Tolan, an American Negro. Owens, as we have seen, not only shares the world's record for the shorter dash with Wykoff, a white, but has made the best broad jump ever measured. Cornelius Johnson is among the ablest high jumpers anywhere. The ability of Negroes in the sprints is nothing new; I was surprised the other day, when looking through the early English sprinting annals, to find the first man in England to run the hundred yards in ten seconds described in a contemporary account as a "colored gentleman." But clearly their recent rise to supremacy is chiefly a sociological phenomenon. It is the result of the enlargement of opportunity for colored boys to go to schools and colleges where they can receive adequate training and show their mettle.

Just why Negroes possess these particular native abilities is not altogether clear. Apparently they average somewhat longer-legged and longer-footed for their height than whites. Dr. Aleš Hrdlička, the physical anthropologist, measured a large enough number of full-blooded American Negroes to serve as a fair sample; he found that the length of their lower limbs averaged 48.25 per cent of their height, as against 46.5 per cent for whites. (The common explanation of the Negro's speed is that his heel projects more than the white man's and makes his foot better adapted for running and jumping, but this explanation, according to Dr. Hrdlička, is of doubtful value.) Possibly Negroes are especially well fitted emotionally for the sort of brief, terrific effort which sprints and jumps require. Be that as it may, the rise of the Negro athlete is an almost perfect example of the way in which an enlargement of the number of athletes may bring out special racial talents which raise the standard of performance.

IV

We come now to the factor which to my mind offers the most fascinating field for speculation, though it is the most difficult of all to measure. This might be called the emotional factor: the result upon the performer of competition, of excitement, of confidence that what he wants to do can be done.

Every tennis player, every golfer, is aware of the tonic effect of competition—that sharpening of one's concentration, that tension of the nerves (and doubtless that activity of the ductless glands) which a close contest will bring—particularly a close contest with an opponent who ordinarily plays better than oneself. Likewise every runner knows that he is likely to make better speed in a race than in a lone time-trial; competitors "draw him out." Only the other day a former Cornell runner was telling me that the best half-mile he ever ran was not in a race which he won, but in one in which he ran



The solid line shows how the world's record has come down. The broken line shows the annual performances in the A.A.U. championships. (In recent years a 1,500-meter run has been substituted by the A.A.U.; in this graph 18 seconds has been added to each time made over the shorter metric distance.)

second to the great Ted Meredith, one of the fastest half-milers in history. Meredith "drew him out." So well is this phenomenon recognized that when a runner is to make a time-trial for a record, he is usually supplied with pace-makers who run beside him in relays, thus simulating the thrill of contest.

Some records have been set by men who ran almost uncontested, to be sure. When Gene Venzke, in 1932, brought the indoor mile record down to 4:10, he left his competitors behind shortly after he passed the half-mile mark, and went on as if alone for the record—ten yards, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty yards ahead of his nearest rival—running with such flawless grace and such inspired fury that as he approached the finish fifteen thousand people rose to their feet and cheered him

wildly along, till the arena of Madison Square Garden was one great roar of sound. Nurmi trained himself to judge his pace by consulting the stop-watch in his hand; when he lowered the two-mile indoor record—bringing it down below nine minutes—he went out so far in the lead that he was running virtually alone. But records are much more often broken when two or three men are struggling for supremacy and the ardor of the race brings out in them hidden reserves of speed and strength.

In somewhat the same way, every brilliant star or group of stars tends to draw out other men, to speed up the whole tempo of competition. Thus it was when "Lon" Myers, the American middle-distance runner, visited England early in the eighteen-eighties, and showed his

British rivals that it was possible to run the quarter-mile as one sustained sprint from start to finish; when George set a new and more furious pace for British milers; when Nurmi came to America and drew out Joie Ray, the Chicago taxi-driver, to do the fastest running of his career. Thus it has been during the past few years, when Bonthron, Lovelock, Cunningham, Venzke, and Mangan have been rivals. And whenever this happens, the excitement of the race is increased by the excitement of the crowd—which in turn spurs the runners. Hence it is that record-breaking is spasmodic. Look at the graph on which I have indicated the trend of record-breaking in the mile and you will notice the effect of these periodic outbursts of brilliant competition.

And you will notice another thing. On the same graph I have indicated the trend of the times made in the annual Amateur Athletic Union championship mile race. The improvement in the speed of this annual race—though of course very irregular—has been even more striking than the improvement in the speed of the record-breakers. That fact is only a single illustration of the truth that the general standard of performance has risen spectacularly. George may perhaps have been the greatest miler of the past half-century, but there would be far more men capable of giving him a hard race to-day than there were in 1886. The reason, I think, is not simply that there are more competitors now, but that they see records broken right and left, they think that record-breaking may be within their own powers, the idea of record-breaking means to them glory, and thus they are drawn out almost as if a Nurmi or a George were pacing beside them. *Possunt quia posse videntur*: they succeed because they think they can.

We live in a record-mad country and generation. The madness has its humorous aspects, as when applied to Marathon-dancing or tree-sitting. But even at its worst it is merely a perversion of one of the most inspiring attributes of the human race: their zeal for achievement.

In one sense it will not matter a tinker's dam whether an Englishman or a New Zealander or a Kansan succeeds at Berlin in covering 1,500 meters of the earth's surface in less time than ever before, but in another sense it will matter profoundly; for it will be one more demonstration that it is in the nature of the human being to strive desperately for excellence, and to do more and more excellently by reason of that very striving.

V

What then are we to conclude about the record-breaking process? That the real improvement in athletic performance is not nearly so great as it appears to be; that if we eliminate from consideration the results of better equipment and better technic, there is not much difference between the genius (as it were) of one generation and the genius of another, but that there is a marked lift in the general level of performance; that the increased stature of the men of the civilized world may have something to do with this, but that the spread of athletic opportunity is a more certain cause; and finally, that a pervasive factor in the whole process is the drive of the human will.

Will the process continue? I see no reason why it should not, so long as this particular form of sporting activity continues to hold men's interest and challenge their ambitions—unless prolonged economic collapse, or a decimating war, should reduce the stature of civilized men or limit their opportunities for play. The zest for better equipment and technic, the zest for taking part in sports, the zest for success, whether against one's rivals on the track or against the figures in the record-book—all these we may expect to continue. If, however, a major economic collapse or a major war should intervene . . .

Strange, is it not, how in all our discussions nowadays—even of such a topic as running and jumping—we find ourselves, sooner or later, confronting those twin specters of the modern world!



INSIDE DE VALERA

BY JOHN GUNTHER

LIKE many modern chieftains, Eamon de Valera was not born a citizen of the country he rules. Hitler, as everyone knows, was an Austrian; Pilsudski was Lithuanian in origin, not Polish; Josef Stalin still speaks with his native Georgian accent; Mustapha Kemal Pasha was born in Salonika, Greece, and Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, in Riva, Italy. This is a demonstration, among other things, of the way frontiers have danced about since the War. Salonika was still part of Turkey when Kemal Pasha was an infant; Riva was part of Austria when Schuschnigg went to school. Eamon de Valera's birthplace is separated from his capital by three thousand miles of ocean. He was born, in 1882, in New York; his father was a Spanish immigrant from Cuba, his mother an Irishwoman lately come to America. De Valera's American birth—and citizenship—saved his life. Whereas Austrianism has been something of an encumbrance to Hitler, the fact that the Irish leader was American made him President of Ireland. For he was saved from execution after the Easter rebellion in 1916 purely because the British military tribunal had no wish to alienate American opinion by shooting an American citizen. Every other commander in the rebellion was shot. De Valera was the lone survivor. Had he been born elsewhere than in America, the history of the Irish Free State would have been very different. Perhaps—it is quite possible—there would have been no Free State at all.

Eamon de Valera is one of those rare statesmen, like Disraeli and Theodore Roosevelt, who are blessed by a universally known nickname. To everyone in Ireland De Valera is simply "Dev." This at once is indication of his quality. The Irish are not particularly prone to giving nicknames; Mr. Cosgrave never had one. A nationally used nickname indicates intimacy and affection; it is a tribute worth thousands in votes; it is the ultimate in honors conferred upon a statesman by the lay public. Mere demagoguery cannot win a nickname, nor can mere success, no matter how great; Hitler has never been nicknamed, and neither was Woodrow Wilson. But Theodore Roosevelt became "Teddy" or "T. R.," and Mr. Lloyd George became "L. G." No one has ever dared to nickname Mussolini or Kemal Pasha. But everywhere in Ireland Eamon de Valera is just "Dev."

Not many people, however, call De Valera "Dev" to his face. His wife does, and those who are intimate enough to address him by his Christian name if it were commonly used. Some of his mother's relatives in County Limerick, where he was reared, still call him Eddie. His friends and colleagues usually say Chief, or if addressing him in Irish, Uachtarán (President). He himself addresses most of his staff by their first names, in their Irish form. But "Dev" is what people call him when he is not in the room. Ten years or so ago, when he was in opposition, known as "the President of the Republic" to his followers, the Cosgrave government introduced a

bill in the Dáil Eireann (National Assembly), making it a serious offense to use the title "President" to describe anybody but Mr. Cosgrave, who was president of the Executive Council. At a public meeting in Dublin one of the De Valeristas, Countess Markievicz, rose and said that she had never called the President of the Republic anything but Dev, but that henceforth she would call Dev nothing but the President of the Republic. Whereupon the bill was dropped.

Like most men with a single-track mind, De Valera gets a lot of work done. He puts in a grueling day. Usually he arrives at his office in Government Buildings between half-past nine and ten. He receives, as a rule, the heads of all departments under his direct administration; he scrupulously pays attention to the smallest details. He returns home for luncheon and is in the office again shortly afterward. He works till six, goes home to tea, and frequently returns to the office again at night. Often, passing Government Buildings, one may see lights in the President's quarters till after midnight. He has bread and butter for supper. He has never, except for reasons of illness, taken a vacation. Recently he has had trouble with his eyes, and a Swiss physician in Zurich operated on him—successfully—for cataract.

Otherwise his health is good. He has the spare but rugged frame that fanatics need. He was a first-class rugger player in his youth, and is still an excellent horseman, very fond of riding. He likes to hike and climb. Almost every Sunday he may be seen walking across a pass in the hills about ten miles from Dublin. His car, empty except for the chauffeur and detectives, drives slowly along; Dev walks behind it very rapidly, hatless, his hair on end. His clothes, even on this occasion, are usually black. Members of his family have a hard time keeping up with him. Behind are other detectives—some of a group of eight chosen men who are never far from his person.

He never touches a drop of any kind of alcohol in Ireland or England. He be-

lieves drink—hard drink—to be the curse of his country. But, an odd point, he drinks wine or beer when he is on the Continent. He likes nothing better than to sit in a café in Zurich or Geneva sipping a glass of beer and watching people. He does not smoke; but until 1916 he was a heavy smoker. The story is told that he filled his pipe and was about to light it when; after the Easter Rebellion, he was on his way to penal servitude. He stopped suddenly and said, "I will not let them deprive me of this pleasure in jail!" He threw away the pipe, and has never smoked since.

His hobbies, aside from exercise, are chess, listening to the radio, and, above all, mathematics. He was an omnivorous reader until his eye complaint grew serious. He read especially Shakespeare and the Gaelic writers. He speaks Irish himself of course fluently and correctly, but with a strong guttural accent. The intellectual pleasure that matters most to him is mathematics. One day, going to Rome, he asked his secretary what he thought of the quarternary theorem. "Nothing," the secretary replied, who knew only elementary mathematics. It was a hot day, and the rest of the staff dozed, but Dev spent twelve solid hours teaching the secretary the quarternary theorem. The twelve-hour course covered what would normally take two years in college. The secretary said that it was the most brilliant intellectual performance he had ever known. When in jail in 1918, incidentally, De Valera spent all his time mastering the Einstein theory.

His wife was a school teacher, Sinéad Ní Fhlannagáin (Jennie O'Flanagan), whom he met at the Gaelic League when he was learning Irish. The legend is that De Valera was unable to enter the civil service because he failed in his examinations in Gaelic. The story may be apocryphal but, anyway, Dev married his teacher. That was in 1910. They had seven children. One boy, Brian, was killed riding in Phoenix Park, Dublin, last February. The eldest boy, Vivian, has his Master of Science from the National University of

Ireland and is now a demonstrator in University College, Dublin; he has also been gazetted lieutenant in the National Volunteers. The eldest girl is reading for her M.Sc. The younger children are still in secondary school or college.

Mrs. De Valera was a beautiful blonde girl. Her golden hair is now turning gray. Like her husband, she is reserved in character. The family has almost no social life except the minimum necessary for official functions. When Dev became President his wife said that she wished the government would give him an official wife to tend to the official entertaining. The De Valeras live in a simple house on Cross Avenue, Blackrock. They have only one servant, a maid. Before 1932 they had no servants at all and lived in a much smaller house; Mrs. De Valera did all the work. They entertained guests in the dining room. Like all the Irish, Mrs. De Valera has a long memory. The younger children are clever and very popular in Blackrock. They have been invited to parties by families who in the early days were desperate political opponents of De Valera. Mrs. De Valera refuses the invitations on the ground that the children are "too busy."

President De Valera is extremely accessible as a statesman and he receives a great number of people. (He is very particular about newspaper interviews however; everything must be written and okayed by him.) He has many friends. One is a rich farmer doctor, by the name of Farnan. Dev often visits him late at night and they take long walks together. Another is his secretary, Kathleen O'Connell. She has been with the Chief for almost twenty years, and knows his work and the method of his mind inside out. De Valera is very attractive to women but pays no attention to them. They follow him about at functions; he is smiling but reserved and, without ever being rude or stiff, manages to create a sense of distance between himself and them.

He has no interest in money. He reduced his salary from twenty-five hundred pounds to fifteen hundred pounds on tak-

ing office. He has no private means, no expensive hobbies, and no taste for luxury. He is very fond of music. His views on art are unknown; he does not appear to be much interested in graphic art. He is of course extremely religious, but his Catholicism is neither ostentatious nor bigoted. Several of his friends are Protestant. Whenever possible De Valera is a daily communicant at Mass. As one of his staff expressed it to me, "His whole life is a prayer."

His sense of humor is hardly robust, but it exists. It is on the ironic side. He rarely makes jokes, but he appreciates comic situations, and when he laughs he laughs very heartily. Once he was arrested, at Ennis in 1923, in the middle of a speech. A year later he was released. He went forthwith to Ennis, and began to speak again with the words, "As I was saying when I was interrupted . . ."

His personal traits are clearly marked: rigid self-control; fanatic faith in his duty to Ireland; extreme seriousness of mind; complete unworldliness; a certain didacticism; stubbornness; humanity. People say that he has lost his temper publicly only once in his life; this occurred during a debate on the Irish Press bonds. Similarly his friends can recall only rare and isolated cases when he gave way to emotion. Once in 1921, when the Treaty had been ratified by seven votes, Dev got up and said, "During these last four years we have worked together like brothers"; then his voice broke and he sat down and cloaked his face with his hands. He was intensely fond of his son Brian; but immediately after his tragic death he appeared at a party meeting quite calm. When he enters a public place—for instance the stands at a football match—he does not smile or nod to the crowd. He walks straight ahead, very reserved, and seems to pretend that the crowd is not there.

II

Eamon de Valera discovered Ireland at the age of two. His father (in New York) died and he was dispatched to Ire-

land in the care of his mother's brother. He lived in his grandmother's home near Bruree, in County Limerick. His mother, who stayed in America, married again; no one seems to know accurately how much contact there was between mother and son during his early years. He went to the local school, living meanwhile on a farm, and won a scholarship—owing to his skill at mathematics—in a religious school near Cork. For a time he thought of entering a Jesuit college. Instead he went to Blackrock College, near Dublin, where his own children were subsequently educated. He got his degree at the Royal University, learned Irish, became a teacher, and opened his career as a nationalist and a revolutionary.

In several European countries to-day many young men follow roughly the same pattern. In Jugoslavia, in Bulgaria, in Turkey, in Syria, and Egypt and Palestine, I have met young De Valeras of various breeds. They may also—who knows?—become fathers of countries. Not many have the great intellectual equipment the young De Valera possessed, and very few can be his equals in force of character; but the general type is the same: poverty in youth; the struggle for an education combined inextricably with nationalism; deep religious faith in many cases; dedication for the totality of life to a passionate desire for freedom. Many of the nationalisms represented by these young men seem feeble and petty. The hatreds they engender seem deplorable. But they are living factors in the Europe of to-day.

De Valera, from the beginning, was an extremist of extremists. It was inevitable that he should join Pearce, MacDonough, MacDermott, and the others in the proclamation of the Irish Republic on Easter, 1916. It was a mad adventure. It could not possibly succeed. It was sheer suicide. So the level-headed ones said at the time. They were wrong. The rebellion was put down by force of arms, true, after a week's fighting; all the leaders except De Valera, true, were sentenced to death and shot. But the Easter

rebellion was not a failure. It was a success. So at least De Valera would look at it. For out of its fire and bloodshed came—after terribly tragic years—the Irish Free State, with himself on top of it.

De Valera was one of the "commandants" who were charged with the actual military operations. He had previously proved himself an excellent organizer in the Irish Republican Army. The gaunt mathematician had a handful of men in occupation of a place outside Dublin called Boland's Mills. This was a key spot, because the British had to pass it to reach Dublin from the sea. From Boland's Mills a murderous fire raked the British troops. De Valera's men were the best trained, the best led in the Irish army. The British themselves conceded this. One of De Valera's tricks was to station a few men, with a couple of machine guns, in an outhouse from which the Irish flag was flying. This deceived the British into thinking that it housed his main force. De Valera did not want to surrender when the revolt—inside Dublin—was crushed, but he obeyed his superior officers. He came out of Boland's Mills to surrender saying, "Shoot me if you like; let my men alone."

He was sentenced to death by military tribunal but the sentence was commuted to life-imprisonment when it became known that the leader was an American. The British at the time were very anxious that America should come into the War on the side of the Allies; the Irish-American vote and sentiment were important. He spent only a year in Dartmoor jail because in 1917 there was a general amnesty. Promptly—since most of the other republican leaders had been shot—he was elected president of Sinn Féin. He was also Sinn Féin M. P. for Clare. He never got a chance to sit at Westminster (of course he was an abstentionist and he would not have gone to London even if permitted) because early in 1918 he was again arrested, and this time sent to jail in Lincoln.

About his escape from Lincoln there are many legends. The true story ap-

pears to be this. He drew a grotesque picture on a postcard; it showed a drunken man fitting an enormous key into a lock. The card passed the censor, but its Irish recipient, dull-witted, put it away in a drawer, thinking that Dev was off his head. The picture, in reality, was an accurate drawing of the key to the prison yard. Later the friend got another similarly grotesque postcard, this time depicting a smaller key. The friend now put two and two together. A key was made and smuggled in to De Valera. It did not fit. Then Dev managed to make a wax cast of a key from a bit of candle he appropriated from the altar while at mass. This was smuggled out; later a key blank and a file, concealed in a cake, were smuggled in. And one fine evening Dev walked out of jail.

There was a tremendous man hunt for him. De Valera got to Manchester and hid in the house of a priest. As he walked in, the priest had been reading in the Bible the words, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Dev got to Liverpool, and made his way—with some difficulty—to Ireland. One story is that he disguised himself as an ordinary seaman, and was scrubbing the decks under the very feet of the detectives who searched every boat for him; another is that he was hidden by a friend in the potato stores, was literally buried in potatoes till the search was over. Then he went to America, disguised as a stoker. His arrival in New York was a nine days' wonder. The police were still scouring England and Ireland for him. He spoke all over the United States, raised money for the Irish cause, and established himself as the undisputed spokesman of free Ireland.

He returned to Ireland to the tune of more narrow escapes and adventures. He landed first in Liverpool, aboard the *Celtic*. Dev bribed the first mate of a tramp steamer to smuggle him into Ireland; the fee was one hundred pounds. Whereupon the first mate went ashore and got roaringly drunk. Dev was hidden in his cabin. The mate did not return when the ship was due to sail. The

captain, furious, came to his cabin to investigate. Thinking quickly, Dev pretended to be very drunk himself. After a tense few moments, the captain dismissed him as a harmless if exhilarated friend of his vagrant mate. And the ship sailed. Once in Ireland again—this was in 1919—history began.

It was history of a most disorderly, cruel, factional, and bloody kind. The story has been told too often, and at too great length, to bear detailed repetition here. De Valera was elected president of the Dáil Eirann, comprising the Sinn Féin deputies from Southern Ireland. The De Valeristas constituted themselves a national assembly, refused to take the oath to the King, and proclaimed their independence. Civil war began; the Black and Tans and Irish nationalists slaughtered one another. The war ended in a truce in July, 1921, and negotiations went on for five months until the Irish Treaty was signed. This gave Ireland dominion status, but separated the Free State from Ulster. The De Valeristas split. De Valera, though the delegates who went to London were his plenipotentiaries, disowned them and refused to accept the treaty. He wanted more. He went into opposition, which meant that civil war started once again.

It ended with mutual exhaustion, and in the spring of 1923 a Cease Fire order stopped the bloodshed. De Valera and his group of followers, now a minority, insisted that the Treaty had been imposed on the Free State by Lloyd George's threat of war, and refused to sit in the Dáil so long as members took the oath to the King "in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British commonwealth of Nations." In June, 1927 the Cosgrave government passed a bill requiring that candidates for the Dáil must, if elected, promise to take their seats. This brought De Valera and his 43 men into the Dáil. A new election increased his strength to 57. Finally, in 1932, he won a majority, by coalition with

the Labor party, and displaced Cosgrave as President. He went to the country in 1933 and got a clear majority—but a slight one—and has been in power ever since.

III

When I saw De Valera last summer it was with the understanding that I would not quote him directly on Irish affairs. It was not an interview, merely a brief chat. His office is a simple small room, with "President" printed in black on the frosted window. It resembles the kind of room which a modest executive official of a very modest business might use. No particular decoration, no covey of secretaries, no swank. Just a big desk next to a small window and a tall, gaunt man behind it.

De Valera looks less severe than his pictures. The long nose and the deep lines to the mouth are his most characteristic features. He seemed younger, I thought, than his fifty-four years. He was alert, interested, and extremely courteous. He speaks with a perceptible brogue; words like "that" or "this" come out with the "th's" thickened.

I explained that I had recently been appointed London correspondent of my newspaper, and that this was my first visit to Ireland. I said that I was very happy, after many years on the Continent, to be exploring these new realms, and that life in the British Isles was most exciting. My use of the term "British Isles" was an unconscious little slip. Mr. De Valera did not allow it to go uncorrected. Quite soberly he smiled and said that if I had meant to include Ireland in the British Isles, he trusted that I did so only as a "geographical expression." I explained that my chief duty to my newspaper was to gain knowledge, background, education. "Very well," Mr. De Valera said, "let your instruction begin at once." And he set out to explain the difference between Ireland and the "British" Isles. Some moments later, having again necessity to describe my field of operations, I sought a phrase and said, after a slight

pause, "a group of islands in the northern part of Europe." Mr. De Valera sat back and laughed heartily. I hope he will not mind my telling this little story.

We talked a good deal about Austria and Central Europe, whence I had recently come. The President was exceptionally well-informed on European conditions and affairs. For a time it seemed that he was interviewing me, not vice versa. He asked a great many questions, all of them acute. I tried to answer. What would be the result of a plebiscite in Austria? Was there any possibility of Austrian union with Hungary? What was the attitude of Starhemberg to this and that? What was the character of Dr. Schuschnigg? And so on.

The President thought that the most disconcerting thing about Europe was the way people—good and intelligent people—had been forced by the pressure of events to think of war as an inevitability. Five years ago that was not true, he was inclined to think. War was something that people feared and which they hoped would not come. But nowadays it seemed that people considered war as the normal thing to expect. He shook his head gravely and said that if he had been born a German or a Frenchman he would have devoted his whole life to trying to make permanent peace between France and Germany.

Then Mr. De Valera turned to Ireland, and my "instruction" began. He was patient, explicit, and formidably, somberly reasonable. But in that gaunt face I saw the eyes of a fanatic. When I left him, deeply impressed by his terrific Irishness, I recalled the little story about his first talk with Lloyd George. "How did you get along with De Valera?" the Welshman was asked. "We have talked for two days," Lloyd George sighed, "and he has got up to Brian Boru."

IV

Beyond the obvious things—tenacity, intelligence, and so on—it would seem that a main source of De Valera's power

is his community with people. His position—especially since the abolition of the Senate—is virtually that of a dictator, but he is an unchallengeably firm democrat. He believes in the people; his people believe in him. He said recently that he did not think he would ever again have to take arms in his hands and fight for Ireland, but that he would gladly fight—and die—for democracy. His faith in the fundamental goodness and rightness of people is profound. In 1933, however, he was quick to smash the Blueshirt (Fascist) movement, because he is well aware that even the best of people may be misled, and that a first duty of democracy is to protect itself. Almost immediately on reaching power, it will be recalled, he submitted himself to an election which he did not, technically, have to hold. The instant his majority is lost he will resign. In 1934 an organized campaign against local rates and taxes began. Some of his friends appealed for more vigorous action against saboteurs who were felling trees across roads and cutting telegraph wires. "No," De Valera said, "leave them to the people. The people themselves will check them."

The faith of the average Freestater in De Valera is little short of idolatrous. Way back in 1921, when it seemed that civil war was imminent again, De Valera organized his volunteers. During a test mobilization near Dublin a road mine was found to be defective. De Valera examined it, discovered what was wrong, and put it right. "He's a greater soldier than Napoleon," one of his men exclaimed. Now, however fine a military amateur De Valera may be, the comparison is of course ridiculous. "But it is a great thing," the Irishman who told me this story commented, "that a leader should have followers who really think of comparing him to Napoleon."

He is utterly without personal ambition. His only ambition is the unity and self-determination of the Irish people. "It is not a question of what I want," he told an interviewer once, "but what the people of Ireland want."

Since reaching power De Valera has, as was inevitable, tweaked the British lion's tail. The Dáil has abolished the oath of allegiance to the King, greatly reduced the power and privileges of the Governor General, denied the right of appeal from the Irish Supreme Court to the Privy Council, and withheld the land annuities. These were payments of roughly five million pounds per year by Ireland to Britain on account of loans during the last century by which Irish tenant farmers purchased land. The British retaliated by a prohibitive tariff on Irish goods, chiefly the agricultural produce—cattle and milk and butter—which was the bulk of Ireland's export business. An economic war began and still continues. As a result De Valera has had to change profoundly the texture of Irish economic life. He has cut down imports, built sugar factories, sown the land with wheat, and killed off his surplus cattle by trying to encourage leather and meat-meal industries; in a word, he has been forced by Britain to an experiment in self-sufficiency, in autarchy. How successful it will be none can tell. The effort has been great and the cost tremendous. Meantime, there are signs—very slight but something—that the President's obsessive hatred of Britain may be modified. For instance, he announced early this year that the Irish Free State would never permit its territory to be used by any foreign power as a base for attacking England.

De Valera's whole life has been dominated by one idea and ideal: a united and independent Ireland. This he has not achieved. What he has achieved is the creation of a Free State which is *in* the British Commonwealth, but not *of* it. The Free State is a compromise between republican aspirations and the blunt realities of British power. For a long period De Valera condemned it. Now he accepts it. His feeling is perhaps that a generation is very short in the life of mankind, and that the Free State is a beginning that will develop to its proper end. He wants and needs only two things, one of his friends told me—peace and time.



THE LESSON OF SCOTLAND YARD

BY ROBERT H. HUTCHINSON

WE ARE accustomed to think of England as a place in which law and order reign supreme and every policeman is a gentleman. That conception may be comparatively correct, but let us not make the mistake of assuming that it was always so. Look back upon the England of only a few years ago and you will discover a condition of society strangely similar to our own of the past decade. There were gangsters, racketeers, and crooked police. How, then, did the English get rid of them? The underlying principle of their method of cleaning up may be of some interest to American readers.

Chief Constable Wensley of Scotland Yard, the man who was chiefly responsible for rounding up the gangsters of London, is alive to-day and his reminiscences are enlightening. "Any reader of the daily papers these days," he says, "might come to the conclusion that Chicago is the only place in which organized bands of desperate criminals ever existed. The public have a short memory. It is not so very long ago that we in the East End and some other districts of London were engaged in stamping out groups of criminals, many of whom carried arms, and who waged a sort of warfare among themselves and against the public. . . . They lived mostly by terrorism and blackmail. Sometimes small tradesmen were offered 'protection' against other gangs—at a price. If they did not take kindly to this blackmail all sorts of unpleasant things were liable to happen to them."

Rackets, in other words. In 1885,

about the time when Mr. Wensley began his extraordinary career, the country was being terrorized by "dynamiters," "garrotters," and other ancestors of the racketeer. Half a century earlier, in 1831, there was a complaint that America was ahead of England in the apprehension and punishment of criminals and that the Americans did not inflict capital punishment for forgery and housebreaking, a penalty which failed completely to lessen these crimes. We were more successful at law enforcement than the English, it seems! Their police too were hopelessly inefficient and in many cases corrupt. They were disliked, and people went in fear of them.

All this was changed. The police records tell the story. At the accession of Queen Victoria there were 43,000 convicts in England; at her death there were only 6,000, though the population had more than doubled. At about the time of her accession there were 174 commitments for crime per 100,000 of the population; at her death, 40. To-day a bank messenger can walk through the streets of London with a bag of money and not be disturbed. No policeman is armed. There are no armored cars. And the police, instead of being hated and feared, are now liked, as any American visitor will readily observe.

Could we accomplish any such transformation as this in our own country?

One of our difficulties, people say, lies in the fact that our criminals are tougher and cleverer than the rogues of England; the English were never confronted with

the problems that beset us. But this is not true. One has only to glance at the annals of crime in England to realize that the gangsters and thugs of the last century were no pansies. There were brains in their organizations too. Brains, however, are merely a matter of comparison, something to be measured against the brains of the *contemporary* police. Our authorities to-day are just as clever and certainly better equipped than the English of sixty years ago, so the gangsters are not ahead of us in that respect. Also, to plead that a large number of our criminals are foreigners—or of foreign blood—is neither here nor there; for it should be no more difficult to catch a foreigner than a native.

How then did the English accomplish this change?

In two ways. First, of course, by improving the technical efficiency of the police. Second (and vastly more important), by commissioning as policemen men chosen and trained to make a good impression, not only on criminals but on the public as well. This second point at first thought may seem relatively unimportant, but the authorities at Scotland Yard pinned their faith to the fundamental truth that it is impossible to make any police system efficient which does not enjoy public support, confidence, and even popularity. *The policeman must be liked.* He represents the principle of law and order and, therefore, he must be made popular.

This is a point of view which the French, for example, have never been able to grasp. "There is no human institution," says a recent French book, "which inspires so much distrust and enmity as the police." Well, who's to blame—the police or the public? In Paris in 1929, the centenary of the Municipal Police, the Cross of the Legion of Honor was publicly awarded to a gallant gendarme for having made over one thousand arrests—as though that were to his credit. Compare this with Peel's words: "The absence of crime will be considered the best proof of the efficiency of

the police." We are quite safe in saying, I feel sure, that no English Bobby with such a record would care to have it known. Certainly no medal would be awarded him.

If the police are to reach their highest efficiency, the public must stand behind them; and to achieve that relationship the policeman must be made popular. Here is the foundation of Britain's success, and it is a principle which we have so far missed. There is no branch of the public service with which the ordinary citizen comes into contact so frequently and so directly as with the police, and there is no branch of our own service which so persistently irritates and insults him. We have sent men to Scotland Yard to study the English methods of combating crime and we have had their men over here to teach us, and all they have done was to swap points on technicalities and come to the conclusion that the two methods were not so very different after all. The result has been that from Scotland Yard, from that splendid and efficient system of policing the English communities, we have learned practically nothing.

It may be worth while then to take a closer look at Scotland Yard and try to measure what it has contributed, not to detective fiction but to civilization. For I would suggest that a vital and very far-reaching influence toward public betterment has come out of that ugly pile of stones on the bank of the Thames.

II

One usually thinks of Scotland Yard as the chief detective bureau of England, but the detection of crime is only part of the business conducted in it. In reality it is the head office of the Metropolitan Police and the depository for criminal records for all England, as well as the principal detective bureau. The last-named branch is called the Criminal Investigation Department, commonly known as the C.I.D. (To the underworld, Cop in Disguise.) It is by no means autocratic.

It can take up a case only when asked to by the local Chief Constable. The man then assigned to the case must make his reports directly to the Chief Constable, though he is paid by the Yard. Nor has the Yard any control over police other than those of London, though it sets the tone for the police of the whole country, and is, therefore, very influential. Each part of the country has its own organization and its own chief—just as we have—but in England the chief is responsible directly to the Home Secretary, not to Scotland Yard. It is an informal sort of unity, the kind of organization which the Frenchman or the German would never tolerate. But Scotland Yard has no very deep concern for exact systems and theories.

The first police in England were organized in about 1680. They were engaged in night duty only, and they must have been an unmitigated nuisance. They went about the streets at night periodically bawling out the condition of the weather, the hour, and the fact that all was well. This was in order that people might sleep peacefully. They were far more unpopular than the burglars, who at least had the decency to keep quiet. Their end came in 1829 when Sir Robert Peel created the first thousand real police with day as well as night duty.

It is interesting to note that Peel's project at once met with opposition and that his men were not at first called "Bobbies" but "Lobsters." Every step taken during the following decades to enlarge or improve upon the system was opposed by the public, which declared its personal liberties to be in danger at the hands of these objectionable men. They were even trying to interfere with traffic in the streets! But they persisted, and in 1868 (how can we accuse the English of being slow?) the first traffic signal was set up in London. It showed beautiful red and green lights but—much to the joy of the crowd which had gathered to see it work—it exploded. That was a grand victory for the public.

Nor was the path any smoother for the

C.I.D. The detective department grew out of the "Bow Street Runners" (the police headquarters being then in Bow Street) who were a group of men not much more to be relied upon than the crooks themselves; deriving their pay from anyone who employed them, they were just as likely to favor the robber as the robbed. They certainly enjoyed no popularity, nor did their more regular successors, the detectives of the C.I.D. who came into being in 1878, just nine years before Sherlock Holmes broke into print. The unpopularity of the Scotland Yard detectives gave Conan Doyle exactly the contrast he wanted to show his hero off in a dazzling light. In reality he did them an injustice, for they were first-rate men in spite of the fact that they were called Nosey Parkers because they went about, as people said, poking their noses into everyone's business; until the modern detective story made heroes of them. (That much good, at least, has the detective-story writer done for our civilization: he has popularized the detective.)

This lack of confidence on the part of the public made things very difficult for the ordinary constable, not only obliging him to use violence to assert his authority (as our policemen so often do now), but also tempting him to fall into the way of bribery and corruption. Why not? No one had any respect for him anyhow!

The idea which has brought about the vast change since then can be traced as far back as 1749 when Henry Fielding—author of *Tom Jones*—wrote a book called *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers*. He was then a magistrate, and with his blind brother, Sir John Fielding, laid down the following rules: That the police shall be civil and attentive to all ranks; that insolence on their part shall not be forgiven; that they shall have perfect command of their tempers; that they shall show a quiet determination and interfere only where necessary; that they shall use their truncheons only to protect themselves or when they are in charge of really violent and dangerous prisoners, an officer having

no right to "punish" a prisoner. (Nowadays if an English policeman should strike a man without extreme provocation he would lose his job at once.) These instructions had been more honored in the breach than in the observance; but instructions almost identical with them were rigorously enforced in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and now no officer dares to ignore them. Notice how they all aim at making the policeman popular.

Next came the question of firearms. In their efforts to win the public to their side the Commissioners realized that the carrying of firearms by the police would only breed antagonism. "The fact that the new police" (to quote Inspector Moylan of Scotland Yard) "had only small truncheons against the bludgeons or poles or shillelaghs of the mob, gained for them in their early years a respect and a reputation for fair play that could not have been won by a besworded or be-pistoled police." An armed man will be shot at more quickly than one unarmed. And if the policeman discards his gun the criminal will tend to do the same. The result has been that very few criminals in England go armed. Shooting is very rare indeed.

It will be said that we ourselves cannot do this because our criminals all carry "rods." That may be true, and there is no good in sentimentally turning the other cheek to the gangster. When Wensley was cleaning up the gangsters and racketeers of London back in the Eighties he did not neglect to arm his men before they set out to make a round-up. And there were some pretty good shootings too. The last big encounter is still referred to as the Battle of Sydney Street, a lively skirmish led by Wensley himself assisted by Winston Churchill. But to arm the police in view of such an encounter is quite a different thing from handing a gun and cartridges to every cop that walks the beat. And surely there seems little justification for arming the traffic officer or the speedchaser. In the words of a man who has had over

forty years' experience in these matters: "From a police point of view I think it is a mistake to carry a lethal weapon. It needs a very nice judgment to hit upon the exact moment when one would be justified in using a gun." How many of our policemen have a "nice judgment"? Last Thanksgiving a cop in New York shot and killed a man for stealing a turkey, an exploit which could hardly have increased the popularity of the force.

Next came the matter of spies—stool-pigeons, as we call them—and again the question of public confidence was brought to the fore. In 1880 a man named Titley was employed by the police to join a notorious gang and get information from them. He was discovered by the gang to be a spy and he escaped with his life; but public sentiment, instead of going with the police, went to the gang. People said they would rather have criminals in their midst than spies. The Home Secretary became alarmed and declared there was a danger that the public might lose confidence in the police. He said: "As a rule the police ought not to set traps for people. This is consonant with the temper of the English people, even though they know they have to pay the price in the defectiveness of their detective system."

The problem still crops up from time to time, as it did about a year ago when the Minister of Transport, being eager to diminish automobile accidents, set "thirty-mile-an-hour" limits in all built-up areas. He then sent out policemen disguised as ordinary citizens, driving ordinary, even dilapidated cars, each car equipped with a gong which sounded loudly whenever anyone was caught speeding. The whole business at once met with ridicule and contempt. The spies were called "Gongsters." Cartoonists disported themselves with pictures of old women, street cleaners, blind beggars, all with policemen's coat tails, cuffs and collars protruding through the disguise. Policemen were pictured hiding in cellar doors and in ash cans, with one furtive eye peering out at you. Automobilists

plastered their cars with notices declaring that they were not spies. I saw one with this legend hung on the back of the car: "I'm no gongster. Come up and pass me sometime." The new plan didn't last long. The first symptoms of British revolt take the form of ridicule and contempt, and the Minister of Transport knew it. There are no disguised gongsters now; just a few speed cops cruising round in fast cars.

III

People sometimes wonder what would happen if our gangsters should run up against the efficiency of Scotland Yard. Who would win?

Let us see. Not long ago eight gangsters from Chicago went to London. Competition at home was too keen, and they figured that London should offer a fair reward for their particular gifts. The English were a slow and simple-minded folk and their police didn't even carry guns. It would be easy. So they planned to lay the foundations of their success by first engaging in a few ordinary but quite non-detectable robberies until sufficient capital had been accumulated with which to operate along regular lines. They had but one fear: lest the boys at home should hear of their success and flock over and start unfair competition. They began quietly therefore. They operated in a fairly well-to-do section of the city, got away with a good deal of swag, and in some cases beat their victims up—an extremely inadvisable thing to do in England. The local police were completely baffled, as the thrillers say. (Scotland Yard, remember, is never called in until the local police are baffled.) Here was a series of robberies executed in a totally new manner: no clues, no traces, nothing they were familiar with.

So they called in the Yard, which went to work exactly in the same way as the New York detectives would have done it. A little information here, a little more there; close observation on out-of-the-way "merchants" who were known to deal in

stolen goods; check-up on recently arrived aliens; plain-clothes observers hanging round districts likely to be worked; patience, lots of patience, and perhaps a bit of that kind of luck which comes as a reward to the patient. Then a break—a face or a voice recognized; the gang located; watched, followed, actually followed to the place of their next operations and arrested before the job was done.

Result: those eight Chicago financiers and art collectors found themselves the guests of the British Government. There was no palaver about income tax either; they were punished for exactly what they had done, and they got it quickly. Some got five years and some got more, but all of them got fourteen strokes of the cat because they had used violence on their victims. If you don't know what the cat is you can find out by committing a small crime and being rough about it. Hit a man on the jaw as you lift his watch and you'll taste the cat. After the first four strokes the skin breaks open so that the next ten are not so pleasant. Then of course there's the application of an antiseptic afterward, just for the good of your health as well as to discourage you from writing home to tell the boys how easy things are among these simple-minded people.

There was nothing clairvoyant or superhuman about the way in which those gangsters were caught. It was simply the work of methodical, patient, and incorruptible men, collaborating with policemen who themselves were incorruptible and dared not be otherwise. Those gangsters quickly found out that the London Bobby was not going to walk down the street and face the other way for a consideration. To attribute the failure of that gang to the superior *methods* of the London police would be to miss the point; their methods are no better than our own. It is a matter of character plus reputation, and here again we come to the heart of the whole system. The English policeman is held in such high esteem by the public that he does

not dare, even if he wished, to risk his reputation by accepting a bribe. It would be the end of him, politically and socially.

Have you ever thought when looking at a cop that he is the *only* living symbol of Law, Justice, and Government which you see from day to day? He, and he alone, is your government so far as you come into daily contact with it. It must follow, then, that the conception which you form of your government will closely tally with the behavior of that uniformed representative of it. Every business firm knows that its reputation rests upon the character of its salesmen. It is the same with the police.

Let the policeman be dishonest, insolent, and Cossack-mannered and the citizen will see his government in the same light and entertain the same contempt for it, glad to trick it where he can. Also, will not every boy in the street copy the manner of the cop whose behavior he observes? On the other hand, let those representatives of the law show a decent amount of tact, a little dignity and courtesy, and their conduct will have a continual and increasingly wholesome effect on the public's conception of law and government, of the dignity of government. That, I venture to say, is a point which the English have grasped and which we, so far, have failed to appreciate. It is a subtle point, but one well worth considering.

IV

With regard to the conduct of the police toward persons *suspected* of a crime or of having knowledge of it we might do well to take another hint from Scotland Yard. I refer to the Third Degree, the "rubber hose," and other medieval inquisitorial forms of torture which, more than anything else, have made our police feared and hated. In England there is none of this and yet the authorities manage somehow to arrive at the truth. Mr. Wensley in his memoirs says: "I am amused when I hear the taunt 'Third Degree' levelled against Scotland Yard. I

know of nothing more likely to defeat its own ends than any form of bullying. . . . For myself, time meant nothing to me in these matters. Hour after hour I would spend if there was the faintest chance of gaining more light on a case. Nor did I—I say it with all sincerity—ever try deliberately to trap a man." It isn't entirely a matter of ethics to treat such people decently; it's plain common sense. It works better.

I know this to be true, for it was my duty not long ago to assist in the arrest of a man and help get him to jail. In this case I played the part of detective myself, but it was quite a tame affair. This man was under suspicion of having committed petty offenses, but the police had nothing actually on him until I saw him at work. I called them up and spoke with the local constable.

"Keep 'arf an eye on him and I'll be along in a little while," said the constable.

I stood in a spot where I could not be seen and watched the man, and presently the constable arrived and arrested him. I was asked to make the formal charge and I made it.

I thought that was all I had to do, but the constable said, "There's a woman here who has been complaining, and I'd like to get her to identify this man. Wait here with him, will you, till I get back." And with that he went off, leaving me face to face with the prisoner. I wondered whether this "criminal" would fight me or try to run away. But instead he began talking about the weather! Thus we chatted until my warden of the peace returned with a woman who gave one brief, frightened look at my docile runagate, said, "Yes, that's him!" and departed.

Again I thought my job was done, but the constable said I must get my car and take them both to the police station because he only had his bike. So I did.

In the police station we sat round an ordinary table, and our man was questioned by the officer in charge. He was talked to quietly, even politely; no discourtesy, no insults, certainly no rough-

ness. You would have thought the man was a patient entering a hospital.

"You handled that man pretty decently," I remarked to the constable afterward. "Do you treat them all that way?"

"Well," he said, "we treat them decent so long as they behave decent."

"And what if they get rough?"

"If they get rough we always get just a little bit rougher," said he. "We give what we get."

And they do. The extreme of course is the cat, which is not a pretty thing; but as a deterrent to violence they say there's nothing like it in the whole pharmacopœia of criminal correctives. The shadow of that cat makes a man keep his fists to himself.

I should add that this is in no way comparable to the practice of our own police in the use of the Third Degree or the "rubber hose." Those are inquisitorial measures—torture, to give them their right name—not recognized by the law and frequently inflicted upon persons whose only guilt is that they are suspected of knowing something. The cat, on the contrary, is sanctioned by law, is purely impersonal, and is used only upon men *who have been tried* and found guilty of having inflicted injuries upon peaceful citizens and, more especially, upon women. Thus the criminal develops no personal animosity against the police.

V

Many of the faults in our own police service seem to be passing away. What were these faults due to?

For one thing—as compared to England—our country was too big, too decentralized. Criminals got about more quickly than they could be followed. This gave to crime an enormous start and the police have had a hard time to catch up. Also there is our inheritance of a frontier psychology. We were a pioneering people, and such a people, as the sociologists tell us, "live on the frontier"; each man for himself and no respect for the sheriff unless he can pull a gun

quicker than you can. Our police, even in the Eastern cities, have inherited that attitude of the sheriff, and there is still a look in their eye which plainly says, "You doubt my authority? All right, I'll show you!" We must not blame them for being touchy, for we in turn have inherited our ancestors' indifference to the law. We have never stood behind our police. Also the feuds of the last century, lynchings, bootlegging, and racketeering, were permitted to go on without public condemnation, making the task of the police infinitely more difficult. Not Barabbas is our enemy but the crook in high office, and as long as he remains in power we cannot trust our police and they cannot trust us. What plainer illustration could be found to support the main thesis of this article, namely that the police force is relatively impotent to put down crime until it has won the confidence of the public?

The situation is changing. We are meeting the centralization of crime with a centralization of police authority, and on the whole the G-men have succeeded in winning public respect. But we have hardly begun to learn the lesson of Scotland Yard. How often have you not overheard the following sort of colloquy between cop and citizen?

"Hey you! Whatinell d'you think yer trying to do—block the whole goddam traffic in this street?"

"No, I was—"

"Haven't you got sense enough to know you can't park here?"

"I thought—"

"Shut up! And don't think. Lessee your license."

This, we must acknowledge, is really very effective technic. It is calculated to produce palpitations in the heart of a cabbage, and I confess it has more than once disturbed my own cardiac centers. But it has certainly never deepened my affection for the police. Granted we should like to see a different attitude on the part of our guardians of the law, can this conduct be changed? Why not? Changes in the deportment of men have

been made before this, as for example in the salesmen of our chain stores who are trained in regular schools. Not only are they carefully picked for courtesy and good character, but the inevitable "Thank you" has been made part of their regular training. And it pays. More notable is our success in the case of the telephone operators. Those girls are thoroughly trained in tact, restraint, and the use of a pleasant way of speaking which can give no possible offense to the caller. That pays too. In the excellence of this service, by the way, we have been miles ahead of the English whose telephone girls (till recently at least) were clumsy and blunt in their responses, being taught little more than the operation of their instruments. Salesmen, executives, all kinds of men in America who come into contact with the public are receiving the same sort of training. Is there any reason why we should not impose it upon the police—once we realize it pays? We have training centers for them, just as the English have; in equipment and organization we are not lack-

ing; but in our conception of the policeman's place in the community we are at fault. We let him *rule* us, and that is not his proper business. Certainly it is not democracy.

Possibly our police would not like to be instructed in a milder technic in handling people. There is a mistaken idea in this country that a man is not a man unless he is tough, and a cop might fear some loss to his dignity were he deprived of his divine right of insolence. He may do well, however, to remember this: that in London when a thug looks at a Bobby he knows that the whole nation stands behind that officer of the law and likes him; while in New York he realizes too often that many a good citizen, still chafing under insult, would be mighty glad to see that cop—or any cop—get one in the neck. This is an unwholesome condition. For the enforcement of law and order cannot rest upon distrust and brutality; it must grow out of a spirit of friendship between the citizen and that representative of his government which he most frequently sees—the policeman.



The Lion's Mouth



COUNTING HOUSE

BY HENDRIK AND BARBARA BODE

HISTORY will, I am sure, reserve a brilliant spot for Jonathan Fogg, my brother-in-law, and for his great experiment. During this, the greatest of all financial crises of all times, while the rest of us have spent our energies in talk, Jonathan Fogg studied the catastrophe as in miniature. For he is himself the miniature; he is the financial order. He is the Capitalist Man.

It all began simply enough, as all epoch-making things do. My brother-in-law after a survey of the market bought a house which the agent said could be paid for on terms "like rent." It occurred to Jonathan Fogg, while trying to incorporate the payments for the house in his budget, that it would be most businesslike to take the "like rent" slogan literally. Accordingly he entered two columns in his account book: one to represent Jonathan Fogg in the capacity of landlord and one to represent Jonathan Fogg in the capacity of tenant. On or before the tenth of each month he could be seen paying \$62.50 from one to the other. So much might have occurred to anyone. He was merely following the best business practice as exemplified by our leading banks, department stores, and holding companies.

We owe it to my brother-in-law's genius, however, that he perceived that the same business methods must logically be carried much farther. By carrying the

dissociation of personalities far enough, sound economic principles could be made to obtain throughout the home. In addition to the two original columns representing Jonathan Fogg, landlord, and Jonathan Fogg, tenant, the account book soon included columns for Jonathan the gardener, Jonathan who took care of the furnace, Jonathan the handyman, and many others. A second ledger he ruled off to show his wife Agatha's statuses in connection with her home. Unfortunately the Fogg's were childless or the experiment would have offered even more.

My sister Agatha, I am sorry to say, was slow in comprehending any part of her husband's system. She resented finding herself a composite of columns representing her as Agatha the cook, hired at sixty cents an hour, Mrs. Fogg, laundress, at forty-five, Aggie the maid at fifty cents, and "Miss" Fogg, social secretary and press agent, paid special rates for piece work. She was confused. Still worse, to Jonathan's mind, was her difficulty in keeping her functions separate so that he could have an accurate record. At first Agatha found him a taxing dinner companion, always doing little sums and asking her to try to think whether she had spent the whole of thirty-five minutes on the spinach or had she been functioning part of the time over the back fence in her capacity as advertising manager? Finally Jonathan decided that the only sound method for them to follow would be to proceed on a strictly cash basis, charging overhead at a flat fifty per cent. He bought a cash register which thereafter shone efficiently in the dining room doorway, and he explained to Agatha that when she went to market she was to take money out and leave a slip. The dinner checks then would be figured at just twice

the cost of the food. Each evening they were to file past the cash register and ring up, say, fifty-five cents apiece. After that they could sit back and eat comfortably, secure in the knowledge that the dining room showed a profit. They could not of course sit back for very long because the evening cover charge came on at eight o'clock.

I think Agatha was still a little upset about this when Jonathan put a nickel-in-the-slot attachment on their new radio. At first she resented it keenly. Again it took my brother-in-law hours of argument, drawn from the best financial weeklies, to show her that any investment had to be made to pay. In time of course Agatha caught the idea. From then on she dropped her nickels so relentlessly that the earnings fairly flowed over. Jonathan was gratified. But his gratification did not prevent him from meeting this situation in a sound way. He was familiar with the principle that undue profits in any field are reduced by competition. He took the obvious step. He brought home another radio.

Jonathan explained to me that the second radio was identical with the first, and that this would simplify, without in any way limiting, some very nice issues. He touched on consumer demand, competition, expansion. I did my best to follow his reasoning but, frankly, I was not with him. I could only watch the experiment with close attention.

Somewhat to his surprise, my brother-in-law found that with two radios the profits seemed relatively meager. He gave the matter time and thought, at so much per hour, but still the receipts continued about the same and about equally divided between the two radios. Finally my brother-in-law decided on the appropriate remedy. Recognizing the principle that advertising overcomes sales resistance and expands the market, he erected a billboard over each radio.

Now every time Agatha came into her living room she had to look into the piercing eye of a doctor, over set number one, pictured with his test tube and radio.

SCIENCE SAYS

"YOUR EARS NEED EXERCISE!"

Noted Vienna specialist says thirty-minute periods with SQUAWKMORE Radio stimulate important muscles in lobes of ear, temples, and incisors.

Turning her back to this sign was no solution for Agatha, since the competitive advertising over set number two glowed from the opposite wall in rich colors:

"I find the bustle and push of modern metropolitan life very nerve-jangling. At home in my luxurious suite I like to relax beside my radio," says Mrs. Renfrew Honk.

Strangely enough, the revenue from the radios still did not rise. But Jonathan was growing more familiar with the system. He had graduated from ordinary business methods to the stratosphere of high finance. He combined the two and formed a monopoly.

After this step it was easy to raise the price from five cents to fifteen. My sister, as you might expect, made another of her pathetic protests. She could not see why she should pay for over-expansion. On a note of proud humility my brother-in-law replied that he might have made mistakes. But they were honest errors of judgment. Agatha got that all right. But she still couldn't understand why she should pay for them.

It was about this time that my brother-in-law decided he had better let Agatha go. The prices he had established for maid service, cooking, etc., now looked pretty high. What with the present labor market, he reasoned, he ought to be able to do much better. The day the New York Supreme Court voided the thirteen dollars minimum wage law for women he showed Agatha the newspaper story. Sorry as he was, he said, after all these years, he could no longer justify her expense. And it was not only that. In times like these he did not really believe in employing married women.

My sister, I regret to say, was as difficult as she had been all along. She refused to co-operate. It was her idea that marriage was a legal tie binding for life. For a while it looked as though Jonathan's sys-

tem had broken down, and I faced him with his failure to achieve the economy which would have put his domestic operations on a sound basis. Jonathan, however, said that everything had worked out for the best. The very day after that, his rich aunt had arrived for a visit. Until Aunt Abigail's arrival Jonathan had forgotten that the largest item in many corporation balance sheets was good will. Under the stress of the visit he was easily able to justify Agatha's retention. As for Aunt Abigail herself, she appeared on the books as a frozen asset.

I was there the evening Aunt Abigail arrived. It was a particularly unfortunate evening, starting with a short circuit that put the whole house into darkness. My brother-in-law fished out a new fuse and started to repair the damage. A moment later, however, we could hear him groping his way back. It seemed that if he fixed it that night he would have to charge himself double for overtime. It was only sensible, therefore, to wait until morning.

Of course it was dark, but I could see he had no choice. Agatha felt round for a couple of candle stubs, and we sat chatting. It was cold in the room, but Jonathan explained that in the chilly days of spring and fall you didn't need so much heat, and that, therefore, the market for steam was weak. He had, consequently, to restrict his production greatly or he could never have sold the output of the furnace at a reasonable price.

Aunt Abigail shivered. At intervals we could hear the kitchen faucet drip. For a long time we all sat listening to it. "Land sakes!" she said finally. "Can't someone stop that noise?"

I thought my brother-in-law's discussion of the subject comprehensive, popular, scholarly, and convincing. He told her that he, in the capacity of tenant, had agreed with Mr. Fogg the landlord to pay for all minor repairs. As for a new washer, he did not see how any such investment could be made to pay. He said he felt that in these troublous times businessmen should be doubly careful to keep

all their affairs on a sound footing. Perhaps when times got better. . . . It was then that Aunt Abigail went upstairs and began to pack in the dark.

On the way to the station I tried to show her that any shrewd businessman would have done just as Jonathan had. But she didn't even hear me. She kept shaking her head and asking me over and over if I had noticed how her nephew had changed. Sad, very sad. No one on her side of the family had ever been queer. Sad, very sad.

I felt that Jonathan's troubles in these enterprises were traceable to the unintelligent resistance of his wife and aunt. His system was much more successful when he applied it to his car, where he had a free hand. With respect to the car he adopted the triple status of owner, chauffeur, and passenger. He calculated that the very least he should pay to the owner part of his personality should be fifty cents an hour, while the chauffeur should get at least a dollar an hour. When they first bought the car Jonathan and my sister had been fond of cranking up casually for an evening's spin or a trip to the movies. When he applied businesslike accounting practice to the situation, however, Jonathan found that each of these trips cost around \$6 for car hire and chauffeur alone. Such an expenditure seemed ruinously extravagant, especially for a fifty-cent movie, so except on dress occasions they walked.

As soon as Mr. Fogg the owner saw how little use his car was getting he found it necessary to raise the charge per ride in order to reimburse himself for his original investment. Within a few months my brother-in-law found that he could not afford to ride at all. This seemed sad to me, but the bad fortune he had had in some of his other ventures made him only too glad to save money so easily. It was not every man who could save \$8 or \$10 in just an average evening. He said that he had saved several times what the car was worth just since he stopped using it.

Since Jonathan the handyman and Jonathan the chauffeur both lost their

jobs, my brother-in-law felt that he should logically tax himself to pay for their relief. When I last saw him his life had become somewhat constrained, but he told me that he had serene confidence that if he stood by his principles he would see a return of prosperity. It would come riding on a tide of natural business forces.

My route to Jonathan Fogg's house took me through the slums of our town, past the quiet lumber mill and the closed brickyard. Just before reaching his house I passed our local relief headquarters, surrounded always by groups of the unemployed. Without the example of Jonathan Fogg's experiment I might never have been able to understand why the idle men and equipment were not put to rebuilding the dirty hovels I had seen, and why in other parts of the country other idle men were not set to making the coats and mattresses, the shoes and the bread which they all needed. As I thought of his automobile, however, I realized that business principles were at stake. Jonathan Fogg had perceived that his car should not be used at all unless it could be operated at a profit. In the light of sound business principles he had finally decided to keep the car in the garage. And in the light of sound business principles the idle could not be put to work. We saved more by letting them rust.



MUSICAL PLAGIARISM

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

A GREAT many people seem to have the curious notion that it is legally permissible to "borrow" as much as four measures of a musical composition and do as you please with the material. Actually the law states quite definitely

that the unpermitted use of any "essential" part of an original piece of copyright music constitutes an infringement. This "essential" material may be an entire chorus, or it may be eight measures (generally considered a "theme" or "section"), or it may be just a few notes. "Dardanella" won a suit against "Kalua" on the basis of what was really no more than a rhythmic pattern on three notes of the scale; but this pattern formed a continuous bass in both songs, and was therefore considered "essential."

There is also a parenthetical suggestion on the part of the law that an infringement of copyright must be proved deliberate, or at least that such "access" or "contact" shall be proved as to create a strong likelihood of deliberate or unconscious plagiarism. This is the hidden rock on which many a legal case is wrecked, for it is far too easy to show similarities of melody that may be entirely accidental, and to find additional parallels, often startlingly close, in the music of the past.

It is no exaggeration to say that every popular tune that nowadays reaches the proportions of a hit inevitably becomes involved in at least the threat of a lawsuit on the part of one or more songwriters convinced of their priority of invention. There are several ways in which publishers can defend themselves against such nuisances. The simplest is to prove by expert analysis that the supposed similarity really does not exist except in the imagination of the plaintiff, or that it is of such superficial character as to be meaningless. A second and very common method of defense is to dig up a number of similar passages from the classics, generally an easy matter in view of the conventional outlines of most popular tunes, and to persuade the would-be composer that both he and his intended victim might easily have been influenced by any one of these passages. The third and last resort is to point out the physical impossibility of "access" on the part of the defendant, particularly where the plaintiff's composition is in

manuscript form. (It is surprising how many of these lawsuits are started by people who never even found a publisher for their inspirations.)

Most of these threats against publishers and composers are nothing more than optimistic hopes for an easy settlement, and it is generally made quite clear in the course of negotiations that the injured parties will gladly accept a small fraction of the damages claimed, in order to avoid the unpleasantness of court procedure.

There was a time when publishers would throw away a few hundred dollars as a "nuisance charge," to eliminate the possibility of a far greater expense in defending an actual suit, but nowadays they realize the importance of legally killing off these absurd claims, and impartial judges are becoming more and more inclined to make the false accusers suffer for their insolence, as in recent "heart balm" and literary cases.

In a Pittsburgh court not long ago a local schoolteacher actually sued Station KDKA, the National Broadcasting Company, and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, on the ground that her song, "You Nasty Man," had been stolen and broadcast by Joe Penner. She admitted that she got the idea for the song from hearing one of Mr. Penner's pet idiocies on the air. She had sent the manuscript to Mr. Penner, asking him to use it, but it came back with a form letter of rejection, as those things usually do. A few weeks later her friends assured her that they had heard Joe Penner sing her song over Station KDKA, and half a dozen of them turned up in court to testify to this. That the song actually sung by Mr. Penner was a familiar piece by Ray Henderson, featured in a musical film, seemed to make no difference to these young hopefuls. They all swore that what they heard was "Olga's song."

When the plaintiff herself was placed at the piano in the courtroom and invited to play both tunes in the same key, she was unable to point out a single in-

stance of melodic similarity. Even the words were entirely different, except for the stock phrase common to both titles. Her testimony ended lamely with the insistence that they were "both in the same key" (into which she herself had obviously transposed them).

Here was a case which proved clearly that a mere identity of title (which is not actionable) could create so strong a prejudice that several otherwise normal human beings convinced themselves of something that simply was not true. The judge dismissed the case and charged the plaintiff costs, but this was small consolation to the entirely innocent defendants.

There is one man in New York who makes a habit of suing or threatening to sue practically every publisher who comes out with a hit. In some way he has persuaded himself that he is the leading creative genius in the field of popular music, and he cannot understand how any successful song could be published without the help of some of his own material, even though his published compositions are few and unimpressive. He regularly makes the round of the publishers' offices and the broadcasting companies, uttering dire threats, and several times he has succeeded in persuading unscrupulous or naïve lawyers to work for him in the courtroom. Testifying in his most recent attack upon the music-publishing business, this man calmly announced that he was the composer of fourteen outstanding hits of the past few years. His lawyer's frantic objections did not stop him from naming all fourteen, thereby of course convincing the judge of his mental irresponsibility. In spite of repeated decisions against him, this man is still at large.

There is a very simple game that can be played successfully (or could in the past) by such pests. It is an easy matter to submit a manuscript to a publisher and, after it is rejected, wait until that publisher has a hit on the market, then come back with *another* manuscript, deliberately imitating the hit, and threaten

suit if a settlement is not made. The publisher has his choice between paying off the nuisance and spending a far larger amount in legal defense. It is his word against his accuser's, and there is no telling what a soft-hearted judge may do for an apparent under-dog. That makes it easy to understand why music publishers are not keen about looking at unsolicited manuscripts from strangers.

When "The Wreck of the Old '97" made some real money through the accident of being recorded on the opposite side of "The Prisoner's Song," the Victor Talking Machine Company made a sincere effort to find the writer of the words and pay the proper royalties. (The tune was borrowed from Henry C. Work's "The Ship That Never Returned," now in the "public domain.") Out of more than fifty obviously fraudulent claimants, only one had the effrontery or the legal encouragement to sue.

The case was tried in Camden, N. J., and the first verdict was actually for the plaintiff, in spite of the following evidence: 1. Handwriting experts proved that the manuscript was of 1927 (the date of the record) and not of 1903 (the date of the wreck, and supposedly of the text); 2. The words were written under the four quartet parts, instead of under the continuous melody, showing the writer's ignorance of music; 3. An error by Vernon Dalhart in the record (singing "average" instead of "air-brakes") appeared in the manuscript of the plaintiff, but in no other version of the song, of which Richard Gordon, folk-music expert of the Library of Congress, produced an astonishing number of examples. While this case was later successfully appealed, it served as a disquieting hint of what judicial authority can accomplish in a sentimental moment.

Even more disquieting was a recent decision by a New York judge against a song called "Starlight." The plaintiff had only an unpublished manuscript, without the slightest proof of access or contact on the part of the defendant, and while eight measures of both choruses

were strikingly similar, five of these measures were almost identical with the middle part of the familiar "Violets," dated 1900. In spite of this obviously common ancestry, the judge ruled that the parallels were sufficient to create the "inference" of access, and rendered his decision in favor of the plaintiff. Such a precedent, if allowed to stand, would put the music-publishing business at the mercy of every blackmailer capable of writing notes on paper or getting someone else to do it for him.

In any such case, the burden of proof should always be on the plaintiff, for it is quite possible that two people should think of almost identical tunes, particularly when they are more than likely to have been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by something they heard before. This has occurred repeatedly in the classic literature of music.

Why do amateurs always assume that professional song-writers are on the lookout for a chance to steal an unpublished tune? It is far easier for them to invent their own, and they have no way of telling what will be a hit, any more than the publisher himself. Both composers and publishers are exceedingly careful about even accidental plagiarisms, and frequently change notes (perhaps at the expense of popularity) if they discover that a manuscript contains something that might be considered too familiar.

Yet optimistic settlement-seekers have actually appeared in court with the statement that two quite dissimilar tunes were alike "because the differences were deliberately meant to conceal the theft." Since most popular tunes are made up of seven or, at the outside, twelve different tones (the chromatic scale), limited to little more than an octave in range, any variation, by even the interval of a half-tone, must be considered significant.

If ever there was a clear case against a defendant, it was that of Head *vs.* Remick, claiming infringement on the part of the song "There's Yes, Yes in Your Eyes." The earlier song, "Without You

the World Don't Seem the Same," not only showed a practically identical melody, but it was proved in court that Santly, composer of the second song, had worked for Head as a "plugger" of the first song. Nine years had elapsed between the two, but there was no mistaking either the similarity or the access.

Even in this clear case, the plaintiff received only the minimum damages of two hundred and fifty dollars, less than the fee of his expert witness. Nathan Burkan, one of the wisest of copyright lawyers, persuaded the judge that the publishers of the second song deserved credit for turning it into a hit, whereas the original melody had obviously no intrinsic value. It was a moral and technical victory for Burkan even though he lost his case.

So long as musical-plagiarism suits are tried before judges who know little or nothing about music, it will be difficult to arrive at fair decisions. Admitting the possibility of an occasional deliberate or unconscious theft from copyright material, the proof of access should be very strong, and the similarity very marked, both in its technical foundation and in its effect upon the average listener. If experts have to analyze technicalities, then absolute proof of access should be demanded. Even one common ancestor is enough to upset any merely circumstantial evidence of plagiarism.

It is possible to analyze a melodic progression in the absolute scale, simply numbering the tones from one to seven. But even a melodic identity over a considerable stretch may result in entirely

different effects, owing to differences in rhythmic treatment and harmonization. The beginning of the third movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is melodically identical with that of Mozart's Finale in his G-minor Symphony. Yet the effect of the two movements is quite dissimilar, owing to differences of rhythm and tempo.

There is a nine-tone sequence in Chopin's first Piano Concerto, appearing again at the start of Victor Herbert's "Gypsy Love Song," and again in the chorus of "Play, Fiddle, Play." But all these are distinctive melodies, and there is no reason to suspect deliberate plagiarism.

It would be a wise move on the part of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers to appoint an unprejudiced referee to pass on all accusations of musical plagiarism. (They already have a committee performing a similar service, but mostly in regard to titles and words.) Of course the amateurs who are outside the Society would probably go right on suing or threatening to sue, but even they might eventually discover the error of their ways, and abide by the decision of a fair-minded intermediary. Meanwhile thousands of dollars and many hours of valuable time would be saved, and our courts would be spared the absurd spectacle of musically ignorant lawyers wrangling before an equally ignorant judge as to whose brain should be credited with inventing such lyric masterpieces as "You Nasty Man," "Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Moe," or "The Music Goes Round and Around."



The Easy Chair



HOW TO LIVE AMONG THE VERMONTERS

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

A CERTAIN editor—let us call him William Allen White—was thinking of writing the life of Calvin Coolidge, with whose lyric about Vermont you may be acquainted. In due time he had to venture into the country of his subject and, since he would have invaded the Ubangi with greater confidence, he enlisted the help of a resident guide whom we may call Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Mrs. Fisher reports that the Kansan, bewildered from the beginning by the tropical luxuriance of the vegetation, grew steadily more puzzled as the safari progressed. His question, "Am I the only fat man in the State?" was expressive of his bewilderment, but a later question which burst from him at the birthplace of Mr. Coolidge sums up the whole thing. Mr. White had traveled farther than a voyage to Ubangi-land would take him; he was among aliens so fantastic, so bizarre, that he despaired of understanding their folkways. And in the loft of the Coolidge barn, staring at the plowshares of five generations ago, the flat-irons and axe-heads and broken grindstones and miscellaneous salvage of many years, he asked helplessly, "Don't these people ever throw anything away?"

They do not, and that is something to remember when you take up your summer residence in the loveliest of New England States. . . . For twenty years a French professor has disdained the carelessness of the Americans and of late years has found it an index to our economic

hardships. He buys a pound of nails at the village store, conversing in French with the proprietor, who has surprisingly made a trip to Europe. The storekeeper squints at the scales, puts three more six-penny nails in the pan, ponders, judges, and picks one up again and puts it back in the bin. The professor withdraws, frustrated and enchanted, understanding how that European trip was financed and murmuring, "*C'est un paysan français.*" . . . And there was the novelist from the deep South who recently fled the State after some months' residence. In explanation he can say only that he was raised in a place where there wasn't no-how no difference between ten cents and eleven cents. In Vermont there is one cent's difference, and you had better not forget it.

When you are taking a walk, if a whim strikes you to cross a pretty meadow, have the decency to follow a worn path or else walk only beside the walls and fences. If you don't you may bring an angry farmer roaring down upon you, and you will certainly bring into disrepute us colonists who are only on sufferance in the State of our adoption. Grass makes hay, please understand, and when you walk on it you ruin it, and you are destroying the wealth of a man whose annual cash turnover is probably no larger than your income tax. Do not, however, suppose that he welcomes any fortuitous increase to that turnover. If your car runs off the road and a couple of farm-

hands spend half the afternoon helping you get it back on again, be advised not to offer them remuneration. Your courtesy may be a little rusty, since you come from infidel parts; but theirs is not. You will also spare yourself embarrassment if you will not try to tip garage men, attendants at gas stations, and similar workmen. You may tip your waiter at the inn, but he is probably a college boy from Pennsylvania.

Maybe you had better not go to Vermont. Most people find Maine and New Hampshire more attractive, and perhaps you would too, which is all right with the Vermonters. Certainly they have done little to encourage your coming. The commonwealth has a lower hot-dog-stand density than any other American State; if hunger comes upon you you may have to drive thirty miles and then buy your hot-dog at a restaurant in town. "Tourists Accommodated" is an infrequent sign too, and golf courses are far apart, and only four or five of the scores of lakes and ponds have been equipped with Coney Island slums. You can see the difference clearly if you will drive up one side of the Connecticut River and down the other side. The New Hampshire side has been shrewdly developed with all known devices to attract the tourist trade. The Vermont side is barren of them: it is not only a different landscape, it is a different organization of society. Or consider the now three-times-defeated proposal to build an automobile highway through the Green Mountain Forest and along the main ridge of the Green Mountains.

No more preposterous notion has ever been agitated. It was so outrageous, and so thoroughly in accord with the modern drive to make the wilderness hideous, that from the first the odds were heavily in favor of its succeeding. One by one our mountain fastnesses have been despoiled by the automobile radio and the paper napkin, till it is assumed that the motorist has a vested right in every solitude. This proposal seemed the more irresistible in that it could serve no useful purpose

whatever, would accomplish no good for anyone, and would destroy natural beauty on a really heroic scale. It had a further impetus in being sponsored by an engineer whose eyes swam with vision, one of those dedicated men who are born to spend themselves in the service of a cause and seem to flourish with a greater ecstasy as their causes are the more idiotic. Finally, it had the tug so powerful these days that few people find the courage to resist it—that it would put men to work, that the Federal Government would bear the greater part of the expense, and that part of the burden of Relief would thus be lifted from the State. All the omens indicated that the insanity would succeed and irreparable damage would be done to one of the most beautiful areas in America. . . . But the Vermonters turned it down—for the most characteristic of reasons: the difference between ten cents and eleven cents. The skyline drive would raise taxes. But do not be misled—in such a decision, reached on such grounds, exists the very essence of the historic Puritan. Charles W. Eliot instructed the Fellows of Harvard College to be forever on the alert for the quarter per cent more that would mean a new professorship. That quarter per cent, that difference between ten cents and eleven cents has funded all the benevolence and aspiration of the Yankees, whose idealism has ever been uneasy when the moral economy of this world seemed in the least unthriftly. Vermont's decision to avoid an increase in the tax rate embodied a recognition of natural beauty and put it on a sound budgetary basis. Such ethical trust funds have always made the Yankees an irritant to the rest of America, and there are more Yankees left in Vermont than anywhere else. They make the State a natural preserve for a way of life too much abandoned elsewhere.

The Vermonters did not want us fouling their mountains with exhaust gases and sardine cans. They do not want us on any terms except their own, and one of the most interesting phenomena in

contemporary life has resulted from those terms. The summer trade has come to have a primary importance for the State, but it is summer trade with a difference. Evolution, working within the conditions set by the Vermont temperament, has favored the summer resident, not the summer visitor. The State has attracted people who want to own a few acres, possess them in quiet, and live on them as citizens and proprietors—people whose businesses permit long vacations or can be carried on for long periods at a distance from their normal base. College teachers, for instance, come from all over the country and cover the whole State, concentrating especially in such towns as Greensboro. The summer population of writers and painters must exceed even that of Connecticut. Members of such professions can make the longest stays; but many people send their families for the summer and drive hundreds of miles for long week-ends. There is a considerable group who commute from as far away as Chicago. In this way Vermont has specialized as the summer home of professional people, members of the middle bourgeoisie, homeowners or renters with the habits of homeowners, and has let the resort business go by default.

A good many of these people think of themselves as citizens of Vermont and all of them are intensely local in their pride of place. The taxes they pay are vital to the towns and their summer expenditures help to make the economic life of Vermont stable. But all of them must serve an apprenticeship before they can get their papers. They need time to learn how to get along with the people to whose country they have immigrated. Time and much remembering and forgetting—in order to recover an American way of life so nearly vanished in other sections that the effort to return to it must be almost archeological.

A rich folklore could be drawn on for illustration. Let one story suffice; it is one which Robert Frost attributes to Walter Hard, though I cannot find it in any of Mr. Hard's books at hand. You

are to picture the usual group at evening on the porch of the general store, and talk has grown nostalgic about the old-time education, when you studied under the invitation of the whip and book-learning was larruped into you to stay. It is agreed that that was the soundest technic of instruction and that in those days what a man learned counted for something. But there is one protestant. His dissent is packed with a feeling for the irremediable injustice of this world, the evil and frustration that are integral in human life. With the hopelessness of mortality to avert the injuries inflicted on its innocence, he says, "The only time I was ever licked, 'twas for tellin' the truth." Silence while his neighbors receive this fact, examine it, and check it against the teachings of experience. Then, quietly, judicially, with an air of rendering exact justice in the light of eternal truths, one says, "Well, Sam, it cured ye."

It is an anecdote of Calvinism, the ancestral religion of the Vermonters whose teachings about the nature of reality have been verified by the conditions of life on the hillside farms now so attractive to outlanders. Its philosophy, that life is an endless struggle against evil and necessarily a losing one, exactly agrees with the experience of a people who settled on a thin, boulder-sown soil in a ferocious climate, where mere survival was success, where visible and insuperable limits were set to achievement, where almost all the aims and social myths of the westward-bound America were obviously impossible. Its virtues had to be self-reliance, independence, fending for oneself, thrift, courage, solvency, pride of workmanship, craft. It produced a society accommodated to those individual virtues. It begot a willing renunciation of most of the values which the expanding society outside Vermont accepted, and of the accessory values which came to be essential for modern life. And necessarily, while this Vermont culture achieved its integration as an island in a culture fundamentally at variance with it, it bred distrust of those who followed that other way of

life. That distrust is the barrier which the outlander must surmount when he undertakes to apprentice himself to the Vermont culture. He must go back a long way to a historic crossroads, and then he must go a long way up the other fork.

He has come to live among suspicious men who are very doubtful about him and who are not only unimpressed by but actively disdainful of most of the mechanism with which his daily life has been complicated—men who feel that it is a threat to their own establishment and, till convinced otherwise, will treat with it only in terms of an armed truce. What many a colonist has interpreted as surveillance and crabbedness is only a wary skepticism which puts the burden of proof on the colonist. He was not invited here; the natives will be slow to grant him citizenship. They will not fleece him as a foreigner (this being neither Cape Cod nor the coast of Maine), but if he shows a gullibility that in a native would endanger his survival, social restraints that would operate against its exploitation will be withheld. They will work for him, but he must learn what freedom of contract is: he is doing no one a service but himself, he is hiring a free man's labor toward an agreed end, and he is not buying the right to dictate its technic; he is probably not buying even the privilege of criticism and, above all, he is not buying deference of opinion or behavior. He pays taxes to the town, as an obligation of his residence; but it will be a long time before he may raise his voice about the town government, whose anatomy and physiology were established long before he invaded it. He faces one constant and crucial requirement: he must learn the habitual ways of doing things and the relationships, gradations, and privileges of occupation, precedence, and judgment that time has established in his town. They will not alter to meet his wishes, he must accommodate himself to

them. And there are two ways in which he can damn himself: if he wastes money conspicuously or if he condescends to his neighbors, a label will be affixed to him that will not wear off, and though he sojourn among the Vermonters all his life he will never live among them. For where the conditions of life are hard, the word fool retains its ancient savor.

I describe a commonwealth which offers few of the trappings of vacationland, which makes no compromise with the ways of outsiders, which has no intention of altering its provincial culture and provincial point of view. Why then has it attracted such a large and enthusiastic colony of outsiders? Well, after the period of probation one may achieve citizenship in the commonwealth. It is something to live quietly in the midst of natural beauty, surrounded by as graceful an architecture as the nation has produced, sharing a native way of life that is perfectly adjusted to its conditions. It is something to experience dignity and self-respect, a society that has achieved its own integration and defended it from a tendency of history altogether at odds with it. It is something to learn what security is, to find out at first hand how thrift and self-reliance and stubbornness may armor a people against panic and despair. It is something to meet free men and live among them.

Maybe, after all, you had better motor through Vermont this month. If mere landscape begins to bore you, you will always be within a few hours' drive of New York or New Hampshire and the reassuring din of summer resorts. But give the dirt roads and the village commons a chance. Maybe you won't be bored. Quiet may lead you on to an experience that a good many people have had in these parts. You may find your memory stirring with some too long ignored fragrance and expectation. If so, you will have begun a visit to America. It is just a few minutes' drive by any road.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE BONUS THAT WAS EARNED

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

IN THE year 1919 it was my honor and privilege as a member of the newly organized American Legion to oppose the bonus. It was a privilege that I continued to exercise for seventeen years. I have never believed that its payment would bankrupt the country, or even that it would seriously embarrass the country. I have never doubted that the men who stayed at home in 1917 and 1918 enjoyed an immense pecuniary advantage over those who went to war. But I opposed it because I did not believe it was any part, expressed or implied, of the contract between the country and the soldiers; and I hate the idea of being a poor loser, even when I have been neatly skinned in a deal.

Therefore the principal event in the newspapers of June 15, 1936, seemed to me pretty grim. The bulging pouches of the letter-carriers on that day were proof that I, and those who think as I do, had taken a tremendous beating, had been licked to a gaudy finish. However, as far as I am concerned, it meant *fini la guerre*. I belong to no Suicide Squad. Some of the boys, having nobody else left to fight,

have resolved to cut their own throats. They propose to spend the rest of their lives paying taxes to settle this bonus bill without trying to break even by collecting their own bonds. But as for me, I never was that noble and I am not going to start being so at this late day. I did my best, up to the end, to protect the country from this raid; but if the fool country will not protect itself I don't propose to be offered up as a burnt offering to its lethargy—not so long as there is a way to escape. I shall have to pay the taxes in any case, so in due course I shall put in my application and collar my part of the swag. At that, I shall hardly break even; but I shall not be as badly gouged as those veterans who nobly refuse to touch a penny.

At the same time, I am in no particular hurry about it, because I regard this as my second bonus. I have already collected one. As luck would have it, I come within less than thirty dollars of drawing the maximum payment which is, I believe, \$1,590. I was sworn into the service of the United States twenty-four days after war was declared, and I was not

discharged from that service until nearly a year after firing had ceased. I put in a lot of time in the A. E. F., so I come near the top. Nevertheless, I have already drawn a bonus that makes \$1,590 look like chicken-feed.

This bonus is neither silver nor gold, neither coin nor currency, nor yet government bonds; it consists of certain liberties that veterans enjoy to the exclusion of other men. These liberties were not granted by Congress and are not embodied in any statute. They were won on the field of battle, and they cannot be abrogated by any power under heaven. In the eyes of some veterans they may be worthless; but those who value them at all set their worth far above money.

One of these inalienable rights is a veteran's freedom to say what he thinks about veterans. True, there is no statute against any man's doing the same thing; but decent men refrain. There is a law, not written in the code of the United States or of any State, not embodied in any Constitution or treaty, but which overrides them all and cannot be touched even by a decision of the Supreme Court. This is the law that forbids a self-respecting man to speak disparagingly of those who risked their lives to protect him and his. Naturally, like other laws, this one is occasionally broken, but in general the American people obey the rule that a decent civilian is not free to denounce those who fought for him.

But a veteran is free, and at this moment it is not only his right, but his duty, to avail himself of that freedom. It would be futile to rail against the bonus. In the first place, that fight is over; and in the second place, while I think the weight of the argument was against the bonus, it cannot be denied that there were arguments on the other side, and plenty of honest men were persuaded to support the thing. What may be, and should be, and must be denounced is the effort, certain to come, to carry this business farther and farther. A general pension law lies ahead. Officials of the American Legion strenuously deny it. I do not question

their sincerity, but I do challenge their ability as prophets. The present group of officials may never propose such a thing, but some other group will; or if the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and other large veterans' organizations reject it, a new organization will be formed to forward it. It will be formed by veterans too; or at any rate, veterans will be thrust forward by the politicians who are managing it to serve as a screen for their work.

Then who is to denounce the business? Shall it be some fellow who stayed quietly at home during the War, or someone who was playing in rompers when the dazzle-painted convoys were creeping across the Atlantic and the hillsides of Picardy were, one after another, being covered with white crosses like summer snow? I hope not. It may be illogical, but I confess that I should resent it were the gage of battle picked up by one of these. They haven't the right to do it. That right belongs only to men who were there when the trouble was on, because they know veterans and know whom not to denounce.

The civilian's difficulty is that he cannot distinguish between the born heroes, the born bums, and the heroes who later turned into bums. But every veteran knows all three classes. Naturally he is going to resent it fiercely when some blunderer denounces veterans indiscriminately, because that means denouncing the heroes. What veteran doesn't have in mind some men whose memories he would fight a buzz-saw to defend? I, for example, remember a half-pint-size schoolteacher from New York named—would you believe it?—Smith, who did a deed so great that I, although I was his sergeant, know I am not fit to smear dubbing on his field-shoes. I went to college with a man who was saintly as a student; he became a chaplain who didn't go back to get the mail whenever the shooting started; and he was kneeling by a wounded man between the first two waves of the attack when the barrage came down on him. A padre, properly speaking, is

not a soldier at all; but it is my faith that when that man came through the gates of Heaven, not only did the trumpets sound, as for Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, but Milord Michael, Captain of the host, stood at attention and saluted. I remember my company commander, grave, just, and true; I remember my little cock-sparrow of a lieutenant, blithe and gay, grinning impudently into the mouth of hell; I remember the smart corporal out of my platoon, a North Carolina mountaineer who never knew what it was all about, whom they found sitting with his back against a wall and a hole as big as my fist through his chest, sitting looking toward the east, toward Germany, with a slight smile on his face. Oh, I remember countless ones before whom I must stand uncovered and abashed—

happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down;

if any cur snarls at your memories in my presence, may the Lord do so unto me and more also if I do not spit in the dog's face.

But I also know that the army had plenty of malingerers, crooks, and yellow-bellies. I know there are plenty of veterans who combine the manners of a military policeman, the morals of a quartermaster sergeant, and the courage of a staff officer; or, I should say, the qualities that the army traditionally ascribes to these; because, while I never encountered a polite M. P., I have seen an honest quartermaster sergeant and a brave staff officer.

More than that, as things are going now, this scum of the army is making strenuous and appallingly successful efforts to convince the country that it typifies the veterans. Civilians who are too decent ever to say so in public are beginning, in their hearts, to define a veteran as a lousy bum who expects the government to support him all the rest of his life because, under pressure, he did his duty for eighteen months. Well, now, there are veterans who fit that description exactly, as every man who served in the army knows. If they are the only ones who are ever heard from, how is the coun-

try to be reminded that there are others?

Only the veterans can remind them. Only veterans are free to do so. The first bonus we won by our service was the right to separate ourselves from the human cooties who infested the army and now infest civil life to the discomfort and nausea of civilians and veterans alike. Men who grab on the strength of their war service, bonus-grabbers, pension-grabbers, political office-grabbers, may have worn the uniform, but they are no friends of the veteran. They are no friends of anybody. They are *pediculi* on the body politic, whose presence creates a crying need for a national delousing.

II

But the privilege of speaking the unadorned truth about the Gimme Brigade is by no means the only, or the most charming, special privilege that comes to the veteran as a bonus on his war service. He is equally free to speak his mind about the patrioteers, and in the past ten years this freedom has become increasingly important. The country is swarming with people who assume to know all about patriotism, much more than the rest of us know, and who are spending time and energy teaching us, if not by moral suasion, then with a policeman's club.

Well, I am no hero, God knows. But I was around and about when the shooting was going on. I have seen the enemy's caterpillar rockets climb up into the night and spread their greenish death-light over the ground where I stood; I have heard the shells come over and have picked up fragments still warm to the touch; I have seen machine-gun bursts kicking up the dirt, and heard the crack that a steel-jacketed bullet makes when it passes close overhead. I was scared green, but I stayed where I was told to stay and didn't run as I wanted to; so, although I did no more than stand around while better men won the War, still I know that I have taken a chance for the country.

Therefore, when any self-constituted

authority on the subject undertakes today to tell me what love of country is it is my privilege and pleasure to say to him, "Why, you psychologically maladjusted love-child, go to!"

Before the War that would have been impossible for me. I am a timid soul, constitutionally afraid of dentists and bank-tellers and persons with loud voices and red mustaches. If the question had come up before the War, I might have said to myself, "After all, how do I know that I am a patriot? Maybe this person is right. Maybe I had better vote as he says or do as he says." Probably I should have been cowed into some idiocy that I knew was idiotic merely because I wasn't certain of my own patriotism.

Never again though will I be bluffed on that score. Take, for example, the scoundrelly laws adopted by many States, including the one in which I live, Maryland, compelling schoolchildren to salute the flag at stated times. Nobody can fool me about what that law is. It is Hitlerism, *alias* Prussianism, the very thing we went out to fight nineteen years ago. Anybody who backs such a law is doing the country a disservice, is helping the Kaiser win, after all. William Hohenzollern, the man, was of no account; the deadly thing, the thing that sent the army overseas, was not the man, but the spirit of militarism, the tyranny of the saber and the hob-nailed boot, the system that permitted an arrogant shave-tail to cut down a crippled cobbler in the streets of Zabern. If this system wins in America we wasted our time in 1918 and our men threw their lives away to no purpose.

In Maryland, termed—must I say sardonically termed?—the Free State, in June, 1936, eighteen years after firing ceased, four children were expelled from school because they refused to salute the flag. They refused, not out of disrespect for the flag, but because they were brought up in a peculiar religious sect that holds salutes to any earthly emblem as disrespectful to God. I am not in sympathy with any such religious tenet. It seems to me a cock-eyed notion, evolved

out of fanaticism. But to me the American flag is worth saluting mainly because it is a national emblem that symbolizes no form of tyranny over the mind of man. If others refuse to salute it, that proves only that they are either unmannerly boors or else harbor some slightly crazy notions, neither explanation being of any importance whatsoever; but if their impoliteness goes unpunished, that proves something about the flag, something tremendously important, to wit, that it is no Gessler's cap stuck on a pole to which the slaves must bow, but "a standard to which the wise and honest can repair," as George Washington intended it to be, and which is far above the need of forced salutes from the foolish and the churlish.

I am certain that there are many thousands of Americans who feel as I do about the flag; but when legislatures are besieged by mobs of concrete-headed veterans and crazy old women of both sexes with demands for laws compelling people to salute the flag, many people feel a certain hesitancy about leading the fight against them. For a man to come right out and say he is against requiring civilians to salute the flag puts him in a position where his patriotism is subject to question; and a man's patriotism, after a woman's chastity, is perhaps the hardest thing on earth to prove.

That is, it is hard for most men; but the difficulty doesn't apply to veterans. A man who has stood to the flag when he had a swell chance of getting knocked into the middle of Valhalla by doing so has already proved his patriotism. If there is an immutable law of psychology, it is the rule that a man cherishes an abiding respect for the thing for which he has deliberately and intentionally risked his life. Conspicuous heroism is not necessary. Any man who has been under fire without acting disgracefully cherishes an emotional fervor regarding the emblem which he served.

Once upon a time they might have said to me, "How do you know that in opposing legal compulsion of outward respect for the flag you are not expressing some

deep-lying contempt for it?" and I should have been left without an answer.

But that time is gone forever. I know, now, that I respect the flag—I know it by many a mile I have reeled along under a crushing load of equipment with fever racking my bones; I know it by three fingers and two toes partly frozen in the icy fogs of France; and by many a night I have slept in the mud and by many a day I have choked in the dust; by the thrill I felt at sunset, when the pale-green sky above me began to be studded with strange flowers of cotton-wool petals and hearts of flame while a cavalier of the air dodged and twisted his way through them; by the cold sweat that stood out on me when a German aviator, cutting off his engine, drifted silently down on a moonlight night and suddenly began to drill our billets with his machine gun. I know it by pain and hunger, by fatigue and cold, by horror and fear and illness and rage and sorrow that went into the tribute I paid it eighteen years ago.

So now, in its presence, I am a free man—free to demand, without suspicion of lack of respect for it, that all other men shall also be free in its presence. God forbid that I should ever become such a boor as to fail to take off my hat when it passes by; but God forbid that I should ever hold it so lightly as to think it honored, instead of insulted, by forced salutes from those who do not love it. Let police crack the heads that do not bow to the power of Hitler when the Swastika goes by; or that do not bow to the might of Stalin when the Hammer and Sickle pass; or to the strength of Mussolini when the arms of Savoy are carried through the streets. But let the police stand motionless when the Stars and Stripes go by; for its virtue among all the flags is that it stands for shackles broken and fallen from the human spirit.

III

Nor is this freedom from bondage to silly ritual the last payment I have already received on my bonus. There is another, so elusive and intangible that it may

hardly be defined at all, and yet by far the largest and most valuable payment made. It is the serenity that arises from knowledge that the worst has already happened.

No doubt there are among the veterans stout-hearted men, born adventurers, to whom this means nothing. I suspect some soldiers of actually enjoying the War; and of course all of us received a sort of electrical charge from the sheer intensity of life while it lasted on the front. But the men who were soldiers by natural inclination were relatively few in the A. E. F. The great bulk of us were utterly commonplace men, quite content to spend our days in factory or field, humped over an office desk, or standing behind a counter; family men, good citizens, common members, if you please to look at it that way, of the common herd.

The tragedy of such men's existence is fear—fear of the boss, of the parson or priest, of the policeman on the corner; above all, nameless and indefinable fear of the future. After the War was over, after we had returned to field and factory, to office and counter, these fears resumed their sway over us—but with a difference. We can now say when things are at their worst, "Well, after all, this is not as bad as it was in the Argonne, or along the Meuse, or on the Woëvre plain"; and, so saying, we take courage.

I like to believe that one thing the War has left us is an immense reservoir of fortitude, an immense capacity for facing disaster undismayed among some millions of commonplace men. I like to believe that the soldiers who have merged again into the general population have given it a moral stiffening that it lacked before. Many a drab little man, hunched over an office desk, his hair getting pretty gray and pretty thin on top, is not really the total nonentity that he seems to be. The mild eyes, peering at a ledger, may have looked on other sights in years gone by—may have squinted through rusty barbed wire into a rising dawn mist whose disappearance would release the furies of hell; may have seen men and houses

whirled into the air by the unimaginable force of a great shell's explosion; may have observed the wire draped with unspeakable tatters that once were men and gazed into the red hell of an advanced dressing station during a big attack. This man may have seen the beaten enemy clambering out of his trenches and stumbling forward, arms uplifted; he may have seen Paris, reeling, roaring mad with delight on Armistice night; and at the end he must have seen the shores of a dearly loved land rise over the western horizon, undamaged because he and his comrades had stood between it and the horror.

Well, if he has such memories, forever after he knows in his heart that he is a man. To outward appearance—and, indeed, for all practical political and economic purposes—he may be a robot, a cog in the machine, a pawn in the game; but although no other human being may suspect it, he knows. He has stood the ultimate test; and having come through unbroken, he can face minor tests, not without apprehension, to be sure, but with an inner serenity he never possessed prior to 1917. This is the supreme bonus paid to surviving soldiers of the great War.

My belief is that its benefits are not confined to veterans either. This country has just come through seven years of fearful strain, and as we look back on it now it is apparent that the general population stood it remarkably well. The suicide rate shot up, to be sure, and the insane asylums got a lot of new customers out of the depression; but there never was any sign of a general cracking-up. It is no detraction from the credit justly due to leaders to say that this is attributable, in the main, to the steadiness of the plain people. Surely it is not unreasonable to assume that this steadiness was materially strengthened by the presence in the population of some millions of men who could say to themselves, and to their wives and neighbors, "Oh, I've seen worse than this,

and yet came through alive; hold your nerve and stand fast!" Perhaps it is true that during the past seven years also the veterans have been standing between America and the horrors that have swept some other nations.

I am bound to admit that the visible evidence is all the other way. The visible veterans, that is, the only veterans the country can see and hear, seem rather to be instigating than quelling popular hysteria. Every silly red-hunt has a group of noisy veterans baying at the head of the pack. Every new law steeped in the spirit of Prussianism is loudly supported by veterans of the same type. Every ten-cent Mussolini in the country is counting on certain veterans to support his particular brand of fascism, and usually getting their support. In short, the opinion that the veterans constitute a first-class nuisance, if not a positive danger to traditional Americanism is supported by the acts and utterances of those veterans most conspicuous in public affairs.

But I venture to point out that there were four million men in the American army, of whom only a few hundred thousand belong to all the veterans' organizations; and of these only a few thousands attempt to take any part in public life. What have the millions been doing all these years? Why, going quietly about their business, bothering nobody, supporting no crazy programs, and shouting for no fraudulent Messiahs. When the money bonus came along they took it, which was not very noble of them, but then they never pretended to specialize in nobility. But most of them, I am persuaded, have been and still are facing life, in whatever walk they may be, a little more boldly, a little more serenely than they could have faced it without their war service; lending perhaps to terrified and despairing people around them a little of the strength they collected from the War. And this bonus, my lords and gentlemen, they earned.



THE KINGFISH OF MASSACHUSETTS

BY JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

THE greatest embarrassment to the President of the United States is the Governor of Massachusetts, who could not be ambassador to Rome because his own church would not have him, and chose to be dictator of his State rather than minister to Poland. James Michael Curley spent a superfluous one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars to swell the Roosevelt 1932 tide and was washed into office by it. Disappointed by rebuffs from the White House, he has set out to show the Administration that he is boss in Massachusetts by erecting upon razed public services a personal political machine that transforms the State into a magnificent ward. To achieve this transformation almost every appointive post in the State service has been filled with one of his supporters and thousands of jobs never known before have been created.

Peaceful Massachusetts has never before had a governor remotely like this Irish Mussolini. He goes about within his State and outside of it carrying his own personal revolver, preceded by a reconnaissance patrol, flanked on both sides by armed military and police officers, and followed by a rear guard. His life has been threatened. He has received infernal machines through the mails. His office is the center of as much intrigue as Saint Petersburg in the days of the Tzar. Spies, according to his own report, lurk behind the huge marble pillars outside his office, where, despite the presence of a heavy guard, the very desk at which Calvin Coolidge

coined the slogan "law and order" has been rifled of valuable papers. Silver and family plate were stolen following his daughter's wedding, where two tons of lobsters were consumed at a spectacular feast (2300 guests at \$13 a plate, a \$10,000 trousseau, and wedding gifts guarded by policemen in morning attire.) A dictograph, evidence of another plot, was found concealed in his home. So many things happen to Curley so consistently that Boston newspapers keep him covered in two shifts, an unwelcome assignment to many newspapermen because the Governor frequently charges that he has been misquoted and if a retraction is not forthcoming threatens a libel suit.

This new political machine will have its trial run in the fall with the Governor as candidate for United States Senator and his chosen slate in place behind him. Opposing Curley will be Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., thirty-four-year-old grandson of one of the State's famous Senators. Certain aspects of the experiment are of unusual interest. His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston and dean of the American Hierarchy, a legendary figure throughout the country and a powerful influence in Boston, is known to be unfavorable to Curley. Liberal Irish-American Catholics have disowned him. An entirely new political alignment for Massachusetts is imminent. Meanwhile the most conservative State in the heart of Yankee New England finds itself in the grip of a dictatorship as fast and se-

cure as that of Huey Long in his heyday. Eighteen thousand State employees dare not speak out against the Governor. He tried to sweep from the bench the older experienced jurists and replace them with his own men, but he discovered to his dismay that intelligent jurists cannot be browbeaten. He will deal with them later. Camp followers are in charge of police departments, the State's educational system, civil service, public works, and all available judicial and administrative positions. The right to pardon criminals has been invested in Curley's controlled Council and is exercised freely. With quick coups and an iron hand, he has usurped the power of all public officials and centered it in himself.

James Michael Curley was born in 1874 in a tenement at 28 Northampton Street in the Roxbury section of Boston. He attended public grammar school, but when he was ten years old his education was cut short by the death of his father. He got a job as an order boy in a grocery store and finished his education at night school. At twenty he was a clerk in a bakery supply house and joined the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It was this Order which presently catapulted him into politics. (As Governor of the State of Massachusetts last April, he repaid the debt in part by inviting the United Democratic Women at their annual banquet to fill the post of State Librarian. The women selected their president, Mrs. Margaret O'Riordan, prominent in the Ancient Order of Hibernians Auxiliary, and Curley appointed her. When she was interviewed by reporters, Mrs. O'Riordan had no books in her living room, and stated that her favorite reading was *Sky Stories* and *True Romances*. However the appointment was an Indian gift. She got it, but could not have it. Curley's Council turned her down.)

Curley was elected to the Boston Common Council from Roxbury when he was twenty-one and has held public office continuously ever since, except during intervals later in his career when a city

charter prevented him from succeeding himself. These intervals he spent quietly as President of the Hibernia Savings Bank. He became successively State representative, alderman, city councilman, and congressman, and served three four-year terms as Mayor of Boston.

Sixty-one years old, six feet tall, weighing two hundred and forty pounds, James Michael Curley is to-day still an impressive figure, although a long, vigorous life of expensive splendor has somewhat loosed his once tight square jowls and ringed his otherwise arresting eyes with puffy paunches. He has a straight Roman nose and full, thick lips. His eyes are almost black, with heavily arched brows. His black hair is now graying. He carries himself superbly, has the presence and air of a statesman, even to the slightly pronounced midriff. He likes boiled dinners and is no teetotaler. Occasional golf and vigorous campaigns are his only exercise, and he spares himself at neither when the fever is upon him.

An accomplished actor with stage presence, he would be a delight to any moving-picture director. He can greet an imaginary caller for the cameramen with such animated realism that they are taken in by their own ruse and look involuntarily for the visitor. Years ago he came to appreciate the value and power of his golden voice. He has cultivated it as carefully as would a Metropolitan prima donna. Jesuits, singing instructors, and vocal experts have given it their continued attention. It booms and reverberates from the diaphragm, rises and swells in crescendo, and sinks to a whisper as he strums upon the nerves and emotions of any audience. He has something of the ability of Billy Sunday in arousing revival enthusiasm. His best campaigns are made when all forces are arrayed against him. He always dramatizes himself as the underdog, and again and again the drama returns him to office. He loves a hostile audience. It sharpens his wit and gives his per-

suasive oratorical powers greater play.

It is Curley's personality and oratory which are chiefly responsible for his success. He has extraordinary skill in re-creating scenes with voice and gesture on the public platform. He puts on a good show. A supersalesman of himself, he can arouse hard-headed bankers, cynics, and his most vehement critics to grudging praise and admiration of his oratory. He reads avidly, has one of the best private libraries in the State, quotes long passages of Shakespeare and the Bible extemporaneously and appropriately. His worst enemies will admit that he has exceptional administrative ability, though it is seldom directed along the proper channels. He might have been the Al Smith of Massachusetts instead of its Huey Long but for the stigma that attaches to him because of the successive investigations of graft and corruption which have attended all his administrations. He answers that nothing incriminating has ever been found against him, and this is correct; but the fact remains that all investigations have been effectively blocked. An investigation into the affairs of Curley's closest friend, his personal City Treasurer, Edmund L. Dolan, went to pieces when Curley, as Governor, appointed his own men to the investigating body, the Finance Commission. After action was brought in the courts in the same investigation, Curley proposed a new set of judges for the bench, and when the judiciary blocked him and the case reached the courts, the vital evidence was obscured.

The fact that he once spent a term in jail has long since been forgiven him, though in each political campaign it is brought to light as something new and startling until the people of Massachusetts are weary of hearing of it. In 1903, when James Michael Curley was an alderman, he and an unrelated Tom Curley, a representative, were found guilty of violating Federal civil service laws by taking examinations for letter carriers under the names of two bona fide applicants. They were tried and

found guilty and each served sixty days in the Suffolk County Jail. James conducted his campaign for re-election from his jail cell. The public was sympathetic. Curley had gone the limit to get a job for a friend with a wife and four children. He took his medicine uncomplainingly. Public sympathy re-elected him, and since then Curley has consistently employed the public sympathy formula.

In each campaign he has been "the victim of discrimination." In recent years he has chosen to represent himself as suffering opposition on account of his race and religion. His use of this appeal reached its peak in 1925 when, prohibited by law from succeeding himself as mayor, he announced himself a candidate for Governor and toured the State. The Ku Klux Klan, exposed by the *New York World*, had never gained an appreciable foothold in Massachusetts, but Curley singled it out as an issue. Whenever he spoke in central and western Massachusetts a fiery cross appeared on a hillside within sight of his gathering, and with pointing finger Curley became dramatically emotional. Fiery crosses appeared with such time-table regularity that the charge was made that one of Curley's lieutenants was deliberately touching them off. This was never proved, although the coincidence extended to the identical phraseology in each address and the repetition in news reports, on each occasion, of the words, "There it burns, the cross of hatred and not the cross of love, upon which Our Lord Jesus Christ was crucified, the cross of human avarice and hate and not the cross of Christian charity."

Before Curley had completed that term as Mayor, Frederick W. Enwright, publisher of the now extinct *Boston Telegram*, revived the story of Curley's jail term and printed it with elaborations and cartoons. Curley met Enwright on State Street, landed a right on Enwright's jaw, and scored a technical knockout. Curley had owed his most recent election to Enwright; for the publisher had been

selected as a third impartial arbitrator to decide whether Joseph C. Pelletier or James M. Curley would be the Democratic candidate for Mayor, and had chosen Curley. In the ensuing feud Enwright erred badly by needlessly misrepresenting Curley's blameless private life—always above criticism. Enwright went to jail for criminal libel. The public supported the verdict and his Boston paper died.

II

The power of Curley, like the power of any dictator, is due in part to the geography of his domain. One half of the population of the State of Massachusetts lives within fifteen miles of the State House in Boston. The population of Boston as listed in the Federal census of 1930 is that of Corporate Boston, a large business section with 781,188 persons within its bounds. Clustered about the city, however, are thirty-nine Boston bedrooms, independent cities and towns that hang on doggedly to their individual identities and local governments and resist all efforts of Boston to absorb them. Only the narrow Charles River divides Boston and Cambridge, and the long finger of Brookline (a town governed by a board of selectmen), extending from the Newtons to the Charles River, makes such an island in a large part of Boston that Boston fire apparatus must use Brookline streets to answer calls. Where fire, sewer, water, park, police, and other facilities overlap, a Metropolitan District Commission is authority. In this area live 1,924,642 persons, slightly less than the total population of the city of Philadelphia and more than the total population of the city of Detroit.

Within thirty miles of the State House on Beacon Hill live 2,834,939 persons—considerably more than half the population of Massachusetts.

The fifteen-mile area is eighty per cent Catholic, preponderantly Irish, and overwhelmingly Democratic. The remainder of the State outside the Boston

fifteen-mile zone (except for Worcester and Springfield) is Yankee Republican. At every election the massive majority of the Boston district annihilates the rural vote; indeed, Corporate Boston's vote alone is often sufficient to elect a panel of State officers. Representation in the General Court (the legislature), however, is apportioned by territorial districts; and the rural area, spreading over more than two-thirds of the State, returns a Republican majority biennially to the House of Representatives and Senate.

Curley's strength is within the Metropolitan Boston zone, where an impressive plurality of the voters express such consistent preference for any Irish name on the ticket that they once even nominated an unknown, obscure bus-starter for Lieutenant Governor because his name was Dooley. (Some were actually under the impression that he was the rugged Irish statesman nationally publicized by Finley Peter Dunne.)

The Boston vote can be manipulated. The late ward boss Martin Lomasney pointed the way. By putting five or six Irish names into a mayoral contest, the Irish vote can be split five or six ways so that a minority Republican may ride into office. This method was successfully employed at the expiration of one of Curley's terms, and Malcolm E. Nichols, a Republican, succeeded Curley by pre-arrangement.

Circumstances began setting the stage for James Michael Curley in 1928 when Irish Catholic Boston became delirious over the candidacy of Al Smith for President. Minority Republican Malcolm E. Nichols was Mayor of Boston, and James M. Curley was biding his time between administrations as President of the Hibernia Savings Bank, with side interests in an oil venture and the Metallurgical Research Corporation. Following each administration Curley's tide of popularity recedes, and it was at low ebb when Al Smith's candidacy first took form. With Curley in private life, United States Senator David I. Walsh

was the undisputed leader of the Democratic party. Walsh's followers set about to freeze Curley completely out of State politics. The Walsh-Curley feud was of long standing. They hated each other.

Catholic Boston and the State at large had taken Alfred E. Smith to their hearts. His candidacy became the most moving political cause in the history of Massachusetts. Senator Walsh and Joseph B. Ely, the first Yankee Western-state Democrat to make an impression on the Boston electorate, were his champions; hence Ely and Walsh were always in the foreground, reaping the political benefit of Smith's popularity. James M. Curley, an outcast, unwanted, uninvited, sat on the sidelines. He himself now faced the prospect of a split vote, with other Irish candidates in the field against him in the approaching mayoral election. The Democratic party was determined to be permanently rid of him.

It was exasperating to Curley to have no official hand in this campaign, for in it was everything with which he was familiar. Smith was Irish, a Catholic, a Democrat, a forthright speaker with an appealing personality. He was a wet, and Boston was dripping. The religious issue was now so prominent that it needed no such stage properties as fiery crosses. Such a wealth of ready-made material invited Curley's oratory. He could not let this golden opportunity slip. So he crashed the Smith gates, announced himself a candidate for Mayor, paid glowing tribute to Alfred E. Smith, and opened what he called the "Bull Pen," a loft in the heart of the city, where he invited all who cared to talk or hear about Smith to gather daily at noon. Almost everybody wanted to talk or hear about Smith, and the place was jammed until election day.

Senator Walsh and the anti-Curley group watched this spectacle tight-lipped, but were adamant in their refusal to allow Curley any part in the State campaign. But his bull pen focused

statewide attention upon his own candidacy for Mayor and marshaled the Irish-Catholic Boston vote so solidly behind him that when Smith came to Boston, Curley could not be denied a place of prominence at his reception. Curley, Walsh, and Al Smith rode in an automobile from the railroad station through Boston's packed streets in a shower of confetti and ticker tape. Curley waved his hat vigorously and bowed smilingly to the crowds along the route of the parade. It was his personal victory. When the election came he rode easily into office on the heavy vote cast for Alfred E. Smith.

Secure again in City Hall, Curley turned his back upon Smith and the Smith cause. Smith had been defeated, and Curley wastes no sympathy on losers. The vote of the country had made it obvious to Curley that a Catholic could not be elected President. He dismissed the possibility and devoted his attention to a city administration, which developed a new crop of investigations into his activities. Chief among these was one which centered upon the city treasurer's office, an inquiry made by the Boston Finance Commission.

Ever since the Irish wrested political control of the city from the Yankees, shortly after the turn of the century, the State has taken a determined interest in the affairs of Boston. The Finance Commission was brought into being by the rural Republican wing as a check upon personally ambitious mayors, to prevent them from enriching themselves at the city's expense, and to keep alert eyes upon the city treasury. From the day he first took office Curley and the Finance Commission fought constantly. As Mayor, Curley branded it a nuisance. As Governor, he packed it with loyal Democrats, and the investigations it had undertaken into Curley's record as Mayor were blocked.

Edmund L. Dolan is one of Curley's most intimate friends and his next-door neighbor. Curley's ninety-three-foot yacht, the *Maicaway*, is owned by Dolan,

a short, squat, cherubic bond-salesman, who organized his own company after fourteen years with Boston banks and bond houses. When Curley appointed Dolan treasurer, the Legal Securities Corporation was organized in offices formerly tenanted by Dolan; and J. Walter Quinn, his trusted employee, became its president. Dolan had been mentioned in a Curley investigation as early as 1922, when he was head of the Mohawk Packing Company, charged with selling poor food to city institutions. J. Walter Quinn was then his employee. When Benjamin Franklin bequeathed to the inhabitants of the Town of Boston one thousand pounds sterling in 1790 he could not foresee that part of it (with accumulated interest of one hundred and forty-one years) would be invested in bonds to build water systems for Paterson, N. J., and Dallas, Texas. Christopher Gibson, who died in 1674, might likewise have been amazed two hundred and fifty-seven years later at what happened to his modest bequest for the maintenance of schools in Dorchester. Boston is noted for its ancestry—and ancestry can be translated into cash. At the trial it was seriously contended that Ben Franklin had been wrong in his computation and the money did not amount to as much as he expected it would. At any rate, J. Walter Quinn testified that he started the Legal Securities Company with \$5,000 from a box under his bed, and in one year paid off, he thought, \$50,000 in dividends. Dolan testified that he had nothing to do with the organization of the Legal Securities Corporation.

While the Finance Commission was also inquiring into land purchases for the North End Prado, Curley's beauty spot in the slums, and the land-takings adjacent to the new East Boston traffic tunnel, Dolan could not be reached. He was in Florida. He returned after Curley became Governor and had staffed the Finance Commission with his own men.

Every Curley administration, however, has counter-attractions to divert the

voter from investigations. Midway in Curley's term as Mayor, Republican Governor Frank G. Allen's term expired. Joseph Buell Ely of Westfield became the candidate of the David I. Walsh-Al Smith machine. Curley decided to block Walsh, and the campaign became a dogfight which reached its climax when Curley, a physical heavyweight, lunged at Chairman Frank Donahue of the Democratic State Committee, a physical bantam weight, in a radio station studio and chased him down the stairs. The Massachusetts Democrats, persuaded that Curley's support of Smith had been hypocritical, voted against him and nominated and elected Ely, and Senator Walsh became more solidly entrenched than ever. Then a curious thing happened.

After Massachusetts Democratic candidates have verbally torn each other apart in a primary contest, a harmony meeting is inevitably held at which the contenders shake hands and make up. This one was held in Worcester before five thousand party workers and spectators. Curley and Ely appeared on the same platform.

"The party has spoken," was the tenor of Curley's affable acknowledgment. "It has selected Joseph B. Ely, and as a token of my willingness to support Joe Ely for election, I am presenting him with a check for one thousand dollars to help defray the expenses of his campaign."

Ely smilingly accepted the check amid much enthusiasm—but when he looked at it later he discovered that it was made out to the Boston Democratic Committee, Curley's own organization.

In the spring of 1931, while the Finance Commission was inquiring into the activities of Mayor Curley and City Treasurer Dolan, Curley went abroad, visited the famous watering places, and in the early summer arrived in Rome where he was received by the Pope and later by Mussolini. He got along well with Mussolini, according to his own account, and was much impressed by

him. He acquired material for glowing eye-witness speeches for the Italian voter. And whether or not he was influenced by Mussolini, he returned as a budding dictator.

III

Curley came back from Italy by way of New York, and on the Boston-bound train learned that Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt was also a passenger. Roosevelt was on his way to Magnolia, Mass., to visit Colonel E. M. House, close personal friend and wartime adviser of Woodrow Wilson. Curley, who had met Roosevelt before the 1928 campaign, sent his name to the Governor's compartment and was invited to come in. The Mayor and the Governor talked for two hours and a half. The substance of the conversation has never been revealed by either.

A small group of men prominent in Massachusetts political affairs had been invited to Colonel House's summer home to meet Governor Roosevelt, but Curley's name was not on the list. The next morning, at City Hall, Curley received a belated invitation to Magnolia, and went there immediately. Governor Ely, an ardent Smith supporter, was not invited. Present were Senators Walsh and Marcus Coolidge of Massachusetts, Bob Washburn of the *Boston Transcript*, who was president of the (Theodore) Roosevelt Club, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. After dinner the group had coffee and cigars on the porch and conferred for more than an hour, while newspapermen, at the request of Colonel House, remained at a distance on the grounds.

When the conference ended they posed agreeably for the sound cameramen. Asked for comment, Colonel House smilingly waved his hat and shook his head. He would not speak. Senators Walsh and Coolidge expressed banal pleasantries. Governor Roosevelt praised the weather and New England, but had nothing to say of matters political. James Michael Curley looked directly into the lens and said firmly:

"Franklin Delano Roosevelt is the hope of the nation. His splendid administration of the affairs of the Empire State makes him outstanding as the man for the Democrats to nominate for the Presidency."

The consternation of Colonel House and the surprise of Walsh, Coolidge, and Roosevelt were apparent on every screen in the country.

A few months later a huge coat-lapel button appeared in Boston with two half-tone portraits; on the left was Roosevelt, on the right, Curley. Above them was the inscription, "The country needs another Roosevelt." Beneath were the labels "Roosevelt-Curley." The button occasioned some surprise, for Curley had not yet announced himself as a candidate for any office. The implication appeared to be Roosevelt for President, Curley for Vice-President. Curley went to Albany to show the button to Governor Roosevelt. When he returned, distribution of the buttons ceased as suddenly as it had begun. There was no explanation.

But Curley became, so far as the public was concerned, the official spokesman for Franklin Roosevelt in New England. Some of his pronouncements on behalf of the Presidential candidate were made on the spur of the moment without benefit of discussion with Roosevelt. Many such statements were retracted later. Curley became a prophet in the wilderness crying the name of Roosevelt, promoting his candidacy in every address, public and private. So entirely alone was he in the center of a sea of Smith sentiment that his friends wondered if he were suddenly bereft of his senses. Roosevelt's son James, then living in Cambridge, became Curley's constant companion and appeared with him on public platforms. (The friendship appears to have cooled considerably since then.)

The Roosevelt campaign, under Curley's generalship, made no headway in the State. Smith was more popular than ever. It was foreordained that the

Massachusetts delegation to the Democratic convention of 1932 would be pledged to Smith. When the Smith candidates in due course swept the State, it looked as if Curley's vigorous and hoarse campaign for Roosevelt had been wasted. His power, the average voter was told—and believed, was now ended.

But when the Massachusetts delegation was seated in the convention hall at Chicago, Curley bobbed up as "Alcalde Jaime Miguel Curleo, delegate from Puerto-Rico, pledged to Franklin D. Roosevelt." He announced the vote of Puerto Rico and seconded Garner's nomination.

How important and influential Curley was at that convention has never been satisfactorily decided. It is established that when the Roosevelt deadlock developed, Curley called William Randolph Hearst on the telephone and personally guaranteed that if Hearst would communicate with McAdoo and Garner directing the release of the California and Texas delegations to Roosevelt, Garner would be the vice-presidential nominee. It is established that Curley and Hearst are very friendly. Hearst's Boston paper always supports Curley. It is established that Curley made his way into Suite 1502 in the Congress Hotel where Louis McHenry Howe and James A. Farley were in conference and reported his conversation with Hearst. It was said, but not established, that after Curley's departure Howe pulled at his hair and inquired fervently: "Can't something be done about this man Curley?" It is a matter of record that Hearst called McAdoo and Garner on the telephone and that the delegations were released to Roosevelt that night.

Whatever happened behind the scenes of the Convention, Curley returned to Boston a conquering hero. Public memory is fickle. Smith had lost, but Roosevelt was the man of the hour, and James Michael Curley was his vicar in Boston. He was greeted at the railroad station with a brass band and escorted through the streets at the head of a parade to

Boston Common, where he acted the part of a Spanish grandee for the amusement of the crowd and said in effect: "I told you so." The standard of Puerto Rico, carried back from the convention floor, was given a position of honor in City Hall between the American flag and the flag of the city. The bull pen reopened before the primaries and played every day to a capacity audience, with loud speakers blaring to an overflow audience on the streets. Curley toured the country to preach the gospel of Roosevelt; he contributed no less than eight hundred speeches to the campaign.

Curley's mayoral term expired before Roosevelt took office. In Massachusetts it was considered inevitable that Curley would be rewarded with a cabinet portfolio. He was faintly suggested as a possible Secretary of State, then as Secretary of the Navy. When the cabinet was complete the deflation of the importance of Curley in the New Deal began. He was mentioned as a possible Assistant Secretary of the Navy, then as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of public buildings and contracts—a suggestion which editorial writers regarded with dismay when they thought of Curley's much investigated city contracts and the broad field offered by far flung Federal buildings. Curley smilingly dismissed these suggestions with an air which indicated that bigger things were in store for him.

His close friends let it be known, though he himself did not, that his heart was really set on being ambassador to Rome. The Boston clergy were immediately agog. No public criticism of Curley could be made. William Cardinal O'Connell alone speaks for the Church in Boston, and he had nothing to say. However, it had been traditional to send to Rome well-born, cultured Protestant gentlemen, none of whom had ever embarrassed the Vatican by soliciting audiences for unimportant American political ward heelers; and the ambassador had always been acceptable to the Vatican as well as to the nation. If Curley were acceptable it was thought that the Cardi-

nal would probably have said so. Instead, he spoke of the necessity for men of "good" character in public office. Curley, again in private life as President of the Hibernia Savings Bank, went to Washington and talked with the President. Later he was interviewed by Washington correspondents. There was a hard light in his eye, but his lips smiled and he spoke in praise of the President and the New Deal.

Curley returned to Boston and later was offered the post of Minister to Poland. Boston found it difficult to take this proffer seriously. An editorial wit observed that Curley would probably pave the Polish corridor. Curley announced regretfully that he could not accept the post because he could not afford it. The salary of seventeen thousand and five hundred dollars was too small. He spoke of his admiration for the Polish people, particularly those Polish people of Massachusetts who voted for him, but declared that his duty now was to his State and his people. He would be a candidate for Governor. At Roosevelt's midterm Governor Ely, bitterly disappointed at a people who would turn down his hero, Al Smith, and disgusted with the attacks and criticisms which come to every prominent figure in public life, turned back into the privacy of his law practice. The bull pen came back in untenanted Young's Hotel. Curley's fleets of busses and automobiles with entertainers and speakers roared at breakneck speed over the Massachusetts countryside (there were a few minor casualties, but no deaths). Every city and town in the State was visited by the cavalcade, with loud-speakers shattering the silence of day and night, whipping the populace up to "support the New Deal, save Roosevelt and Democracy," and promising "work and wages" for the unemployed. Only Curley, according to the statements he made, could get from a generous Federal Government the millions it deserved. Curley was swept into office on a flood tide of Democratic votes. With him came an entire panel of Democratic offi-

cers for the first time in history, with one exception, Secretary of State Frederic W. Cook, a Republican who miraculously squeaked by because he was opposed by the only Italian on the slate. All the rest were Irish. The racial overturn in the government of a city within a quarter of a century had now extended to the State.

IV

So emerged the new Curley, the ruler of his people; surrounded by ward heelers and a personal following attracted to him over a half century; a reputed millionaire; a strange blend of contradictions, who could stop beside his glistening limousine to toss a half dollar at the feet of a supplicating bum, tell him in his own language what to do with it, and ten minutes later could appear smiling, debonair, distinguished in evening dress at a glittering gathering to speak of cultural matters with an almost Oxford accent.

From the beginning it was apparent that Curley's reign would be one of splendor. The Inaugural Ball was held in the Armory for twenty-four thousand people—no mere handful of invited guests, but all of his friends who could be packed between floor and rafters. Curley had always been attracted by purple and gold and braid; now all the honors and trappings of office must surround him, even to the salute fired from howitzers when he attended a ball game. And from the moment that Curley walked into the executive office he reached out to center all authority in himself.

He forced the resignation of an Ely-appointed Commissioner of Boston Police and named Eugene M. McSweeney, one of his campaign lieutenants, to succeed him. He turned his attention to the Metropolitan District Commission, the extra-territorial Boston authority, and sought to remove its commissioner, Eugene M. Hultman, on charges of "moral turpitude." At public hearings before the Governor and Council the

moral turpitude reduced itself to specific charges that Hultman, as police commissioner, had sampled a bottle of confiscated champagne and had spread manure taken from the city stables upon the lawn of his summer home. Public ridicule and the Governor's Council balked Curley; Hultman remained; and the two specifications became eleven hundred pages of evidence turned over to the District Attorney with public instructions to prosecute and private knowledge that the District Attorney would pigeonhole it.

Curley could do nothing about public ridicule, but the people's barrier—the elected Governor's Council—was promptly changed so that there would be no further difficulty in taking over public offices. There were five Republicans and four Democrats on the Council. Curley appointed one Republican councilor a Judge and made another one the Chairman of the Finance Commission of bankrupt Fall River. He appointed two Democrats to replace them, giving himself a six-to-three majority, and the Council became a rubber stamp. His first order to the Council settled the Hultman score by depriving the commissioner of all authority. The millions annually spent by him would thenceforth be spent by Curley.

Curley then summoned all department heads to a conference in Gardner Auditorium and made it perfectly clear to them that all spending would be done only with his approval and that all persons employed in the future must have his personal sanction. Contractors who had done business with Curley as Mayor now became the contractors for the State, and Boston witnessed an epidemic of reorganization among road-builders and kindred business concerns. New companies sprang suddenly into being. In later months it was alleged at a public hearing that thousands of tons of road-surface material were purchased from three girls who had desk room in the office of a State Street lawyer.

The voters of Massachusetts had approved of horse and dog racing in a

referendum, and tracks were opened. The largest was Suffolk Downs on the East Boston mud flats. Title to this approved site had been acquired by persons represented by W. J. MacDonald, real-estate operator and close friend of Curley. At the two horse and three dog tracks, although other brands are stocked and may be had if demanded, Portsmouth Ale at twenty-five cents a bottle has by far the heaviest sale. President and treasurer of the Portsmouth Ale Company is J. Walter Quinn, former president of the Legal Securities Corporation. Serving on the board of directors are former City Treasurer Edmund L. Dolan and Charles E. Mannion, Governor Curley's ex-chauffeur. The Alcoholic Beverages Control Commission (the State-wide licensing authority) is staffed with Curley men. Portsmouth Ale sells heavily in Massachusetts, and the situation is suggestive of the Capone system with State enforcement.

State patronage had suddenly become big business. The Governor's office with its anterooms and marble corridors, hitherto a quiet, dignified chapel of deep blue carpets, soft easy chairs, glistening brass, and purple rope, was jammed daily with a milling throng of unemployed, sprinkled with contractors and notorious characters; a noisy, profane rabble, presenting difficulties for a dozen or more secretaries who were constantly sorting them out and disposing of them.

Unemployed men stormed the Governor upon his every appearance. He had promised work and wages loudly and plentifully during his campaign, and they now sought fulfillment. They crowded about his fine house on Jamaica way early in the morning, trampled down his shrubbery and the lawns and flowers of neighbors. The Governor had cards printed, referring holders to the State employment office; he distributed them after breakfast as he left his home and those who held the cards were given preference. The plan failed because several alert city mayors heard of it and gladly paid ten cents carfare for each of their

own unemployed, sending them to the Governor's House at breakfast time. The daily jam became such a problem that streets were roped off and police details were called out to break up the crowds.

How to make good on the work and wages platform became one of the Governor's major problems. Every State department was stocked with as many of the job hunters as could be jammed into the available floor space, regardless of personal qualifications for that particular department. More than eighteen hundred of them were sidetracked into the Department of Mental Diseases without the approval of the Commissioner of the Department. To bring this about the Governor forced a forty-eight-hour law through the legislature and caused the ruin of an eminent department that once attracted students and specialists from all over the world. Hospitals were heavily staffed with attendants, doctors, greatly needed, were not added, and those who remained were ordered to eat the same fare as patients. Morale was broken. Visiting delegations from other States and foreign countries come no longer.

These unemployed people on the payroll became known as "Wooden Indians." If a department head complained that he had nothing for them to do, Curley told him curtly, "Find something!" Thirty-six of them were unloaded upon the Tax Commissioner, who set apart a room for them, put them to work checking the arithmetic on the tax returns of 1910, and thus disposed of them so that they would not interfere with the regular work of his office.

But still the nightmare of the corridors continued. Subordinates along the line were reported to be selling jobs to the unemployed. Prices were quoted. In supreme charge of the unfortunate workless was a convicted perjurer. Qualifications for State office were no longer important. An ex-contractor was made Commissioner of Public Welfare. The civil-service law which insisted upon defi-

nite qualifications for State jobs and required applicants to pass examinations became a nuisance; but Curley appointed Thomas H. Green, a Charlestown ward boss, as Civil Service Commissioner, and Green found it easy to make provisional appointments so that applicants might gain experience while earning money, and to arrange to hold non-competitive examinations. The Civil Service nuisance thus ended, more and more departments were overstaffed with wooden Indians.

Appointments, transfers, and changes were so swift that it became impossible to keep abreast of them. Curley appointed as Commissioner of Agriculture a grocery salesman who joined the Grange, had himself adopted by the Mashpee Indians, and as Commissioner promptly put in a bill for a \$490 radio so that he could listen to the daily farm and garden hour and market report. When Curley ran out of jobs he invented them. He appointed his campaign songstress, Countess Elektra Rosanska, to teach folk songs to the inmates of the Women's Reformatory at \$2,000 a year. When the term of Payson Smith, a nationally known educator, expired, Curley appointed in his place as Commissioner of Education another personal mouthpiece, James G. Reardon. An obscure schoolmaster in a small Western village, Reardon had at one time been superintendent of schools of East Bridgewater, where he first attracted public attention by marrying an eighteen-year-old high school senior. He left East Bridgewater, went west and changed his name from Reardon to Reardan. (When newspapers called attention to this change, he went back to the Irish Reardon.) He had been vigorous in his support of a "Teacher's Oath" bill introduced by a former street-car conductor, Thomas Dorgan. "They'll take the oath or I'll take their jobs," Curley had said. Two respected and competent Irish Catholic school superintendents, realizing what it would mean to work under Curley, refused the job before Reardon was drafted.

Something like a thousand non-civil-service jobs were made available to Curley by this appointment. Answering the persistent criticism of himself, Reardon has taken a page from the Governor's book and now blames racial prejudice for the feeling against him.

V

The military pageant which constantly accompanied the Governor wherever he moved was diverting until it became tragic. The personal friends, relatives, and bodyguards who surround him are all accoutered in military dress with copious gold braid, bars, and insignia, and all have been properly commissioned by the Governor (as Commander in Chief of the State's forces) in a defunct military organization known as the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, which the War Department in 1917 replaced by the National Guard. Curley's son-in-law, a youthful billboard king, to whom the Governor once tried to give a billboard monopoly, holds a commission as a colonel in this troopless army. Commissions are awarded after the style of Kentucky colonelcies. Military strategists were engaged to teach these warriors how to salute, how to wear a visored cap, and how to strike the correct pose for cameramen. Booted and spurred, they climbed into automobiles to attend all official functions, and when none were available hired taxicabs. An investigating report showed that some would not walk three hundred yards from the State House to the Parker House, but rode up to its doors in state.

Trying to find out why, an inquisitive House Ways and Means Committee examined the Governor's expense account and was amazed to discover that in one year (1935) the Governor spent \$85,206 for taxis, flowers, dinners, luncheons, cigars, refreshments, and trips for himself, his secretaries, and his guests. Here are a few items: \$2,786.58 for flowers; \$5,461.05 for taxis; \$7,658.68 to hotels; \$8,776.68 for railroad travel; and \$7,022.89 for a three days' convention of the

Atlantic Deeper Waterways Convention. Statisticians figured that the Governor is a twelve-times greater entertainer than former governors.

The Governor's car sped over State roads to official and unofficial functions at sixty miles an hour and more, preceded by two uniformed outriders on motorcycles. Returning from Sunday mass on May 12, 1935, Motorcycle Officer David McCallum of the Governor's guard was killed trying to avert an accident, and Curley announced reluctantly that he would give up the motorcycle escort; but on July 4, 1935, as he sped along the Boston-Worcester turnpike, he had an escort as before. At Newton Highlands, Mounted Officer Joseph Noone swerved to avoid striking an oncoming car, sideswiped the Governor's car, landed upon his head on the concrete pavement, and fractured his skull. The car crashed into a tree. The Governor was picked up by a passing motorist who brought him to his home on Jamaica way. There were no afternoon papers on July 4th and the story was told on the radio. Interviewed by newspapermen that night, the Governor declared that he had not been in the automobile at the time of the accident; the motorist who had admitted freely during the afternoon that he had driven the Governor home, denied it at night; but Mayor Sinclair Weeks of Newton found six witnesses who had seen the Governor step out of the wrecked car. There was no court action.

In midwinter the Governor moved his entire staff to Florida. The exodus of uniformed guards, military aides, clerks, stenographers, and secretaries might have attracted some unfavorable attention; but the inevitable newspaper diversion, which occurs whenever Curley does something which might result in public criticism, appeared this time in the form of an exclusive announcement in Hearst's Boston paper that the Governor's son, Francis, was the victim of a kidnap plot. The mothers of the State became nervous and fearful. Police investigations followed, but there were no arrests. In Florida,

the uniformed and armed retinue followed the Governor about upon the golf links.

Some one hundred thousand people were out of work in Massachusetts when the Governor left. Upon his return a strike at the Paul Whitin Mills at Uxbridge was the first official business called to his attention. The Governor reached promptly for the telephone and called the chairman of his board of conciliation and arbitration.

"Any chance of settling that strike in Uxbridge?" he asked.

"No," came the answer. "The owner of the mill has gone to Florida."

The Governor hung up, looked at the assembled reporters, and with an outraged shake of his head said, "Imagine that! Going to Florida and leaving three hundred men out of work behind him."

Spectacular news about Curley always dwarfs exposures of him. While he was in Florida further criticism was sidetracked when Richard Grant, his official State House secretary, announced that a dictograph had been discovered hidden in the Governor's library. It turned out to be a toy microphone attached to the Governor's radio by the Governor's son. One morning the Republican Boston *Herald* filled a full page with a tabulation of the transportation expenses of Curley's office, itemizing trips of subordinates to night clubs, theaters, dances, banquets, funerals, and weddings. That very afternoon the Governor received a time bomb in the afternoon mail. He recognized it as soon as a secretary brought it in, heard the ticking and, surrounded by secretaries and guards, rushed dramatically into a lavatory to submerge it in water. Twenty-six postal employees had handled the package and none had noticed its ticking. When the State chemist examined it he could find no explosive. This episode inspired a group of Harvard boys to send Curley another infernal machine, a box of peppermints wrapped up in the Boston *Herald* with an alarm clock attached. The Harvard students were found by State police within

twenty-four hours; but at this writing the author of the original plot is still at large so far as is known. (A few weeks ago the Black Legion appeared in the headlines and the Governor proposed to send crack State detectives to Michigan to investigate the possibility that the first bomb originated with the Black Legion in Boston. He had already announced that he would be a candidate for the United States Senate.)

Disclosures by a House Committee on Rules concerning irregularities in contracts and awards of the Public Works Department, where a Curley contractor had been established as Commissioner, were similarly swept quickly off the front pages by Curley's sudden public announcement that he would have all judges on the bench over seventy years old examined by physicians and psychiatrists in his presence and in the presence of the Council to determine their fitness to remain on the bench. One of the secrets of Curley's success is his ability to change the subject. In the storm from bench and bar that followed, a Springfield septuagenarian retired rather than submit, and another, in Waltham, proposed a fist fight with the Governor to settle the issue.

Within a year and a half of Curley's inauguration as Governor, the Boston police department had become so septic that transfers of patrolmen and officers were effected by owners of bars and clip-joints and number pool operators. Two deaths in the Silver Dollar Bar were charged off as homicides. A police lieutenant whose indignation and devotion to duty temporarily overcame his discretion, entered the place and demanded that it be cleaned up. He was told that if he did not get out immediately he would be transferred to Hyde Park. He did not get out immediately. He was transferred to Hyde Park.

A paroled convict, Di Marco, was shot dead in the Cosmos Club, a gambling house in Boston's night-club section. Pinned to his vest was found the gold badge of a United States Deputy Marshal;

it had been issued to Michael J. Ward, Curley's right-hand man in the House of Representatives. Ward issued a statement asserting that he had never known Di Marco; that his badge had been stolen from his desk several months earlier. When police went to Di Marco's rooms, they found a large photograph of Michael J. Ward on the wall with the inscription, "To my pal." It was signed "Mike Ward."

Months later there was a minor epidemic of thefts at the State House whereby the victims benefited. When the clamor for jobs became deafening the Governor discovered that a thief had broken into his office at the State House, rifled his desk drawer, and stolen the valuable list of job seekers. Commissioner of Education Reardon suffered a similar experience. State Police investigated, but the thief was not caught.

A shakeup in the Boston Police Department with loud public announcements that the city would be cleansed of vice, corruption, and crime attracted considerable public attention but accomplished no public good.

Through it all the State Police stands out as a beacon—for the strange reason that it is under the remote protectorate of William Cardinal O'Connell. Paul Kirk, husband of the Cardinal's niece, was appointed Commissioner of Public Safety by Governor Ely. Curley is aware of the enmity of the Cardinal, but is unwilling to make an issue of Paul Kirk, an honest, young, and vigorous lawyer. Kirk remains aloof from Curley, and so long as he cannot appoint to the State Police force and detective service the men he wants, appoints none.

VI

Curley's private life is beyond reproach. He is a fond and devoted father. There are no women in his life, and he adheres strictly and rigidly to the severe Catholic code of personal morality. He loves to sit in his library in his stocking feet, a pipe in his mouth, with his family and

friends about him. To them he is a charming, witty, interesting, and lovable personality.

The contrast between his private and public life is only one of the many curious contrasts in his career. He publicly denounces the wealthy, the blue bloods of Beacon Hill, for living in luxury at the expense of the poor; yet he lives on a magnificent scale himself. He is surrounded by ward heelers; yet he is a genius at administration and rises to tremendous heights in an emergency.

When, last spring, four of the State's major bridges were swept down the Connecticut by floods, miles of highways were washed out, and homeless, hungry refugees were pouring into State armories and school buildings, Curley sent a special message to the legislature demanding \$8,000,000 and left for Springfield.

For four days and four nights he toured the flood area, traveling by automobile, on foot, and by airplane, refusing to stop for food or sleep. He wore out chauffeurs, attendants, and State officials as he visited every school building, armory, and shack where more than three refugees were huddled together and talked to them.

Those who saw Curley in the flood saw him at the height of his power. There was something magnificent about him as he entered emergency camps, praising doctors and Red Cross nurses, giving a chuck and a pat under the chin to the nearest youngster and a tender word of sympathy and encouragement to the men and women. He was magnificent as he turned to address those forlorn thousands who sat crowded together on cold, bare army cots, their homes and jobs gone, their young crying, their aged sick. He promised them new homes, new jobs, food and shelter, medical care and State protection; pledged that he would personally see that not one suffered; urged them to be strong in adversity. As his magic oratory swelled through the halls faces lighted with the first glimmer of hope in many cruel hours. When he finished, men and women who thought that they

would never again speak above a whisper leaped to their feet and cheered him to the rafters.

He organized the State and did it well; declared a condition of emergency and martial law; called out the National Guard and kept law and order; supplied beds and blankets, organized a flood-fund drive and formulated plans for clearing farms of silt and cleansing homes of muck, for reopening factories, and for securing emergency bank loans for reconstruction work. Every doubt as to his courage was dispersed when he ordered his chauffeur to drive him in his twelve-cylinder Lincoln across a condemned bridge, which was swept away twenty minutes later.

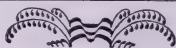
For a week the State rang with his praises until it became apparent that even as he labored valiantly among the suffering, he directed from the field the moves at the State House for a flood fund which he could personally administer in such a way as to entrench his machine for years and irrevocably complete his dictatorship. An attempt to jam it through the legislature at the height of flood hysteria failed.

The emergency past, inconsistencies and contradictions became apparent again. Although he did not reveal that he carried in his pocket a telegram from Secretary Ickes stating that no public money was available, Curley went to Washington and made a headline demand for millions. Like all Curley's demands upon the Administration, this fell on deaf ears, and the episode followed the usual routine. Early in his administration Curley had gone to Washington with

grandiose schemes for remaking the topography of the State, creating an American Switzerland of the Berkshires and an Italian Riviera of Cape Cod. He returned uttering bland public assurances that Washington had approved of his projects. When dispatches to this effect reached Washington from Boston, they brought immediate, indignant denials that such assurances had been given him. When Federal money was made available for Massachusetts flood projects, Curley refused it because he would not be permitted to spend it. Massachusetts bore the entire burden of its flood reconstruction, so that the Governor could continue to build up his machine by naming the persons who would be put to work. Since the election of Roosevelt, Curley had received but one important gift from the Administration. His friend, Peter Tague, replaced a career man at the head of the Boston postal service, as "acting" Postmaster. He could not be made Postmaster because Senator Walsh would block the appointment in the Senate.

Curley's campaign for the Senate is now under way. He is expected to fan the flame of religious feeling again by attacks upon the Black Legion—which at the time that this is written is not known to exist in Massachusetts. He is expected to sing glowing praises of Roosevelt and the New Deal. Once in the Senate, he is expected to turn about and become Roosevelt's bitterest foe. There is a long score to settle.

In the meantime the State remains in the grip of the dictator. It can't happen here, thought Massachusetts. It has happened here.



ELINOR WYLIE

A PORTRAIT FROM MEMORY

BY CARL VAN DOREN

LET me tell the story of Elinor Wylie, that pure yet troubled genius, as truly as I can. It is several stories. She was a legend before she was a fact, and the legend came to New York ahead of her. Sometimes she seemed to be living up to it, with little mystifications about herself. At other times she would feel transient compunctions and tell her closer friends things they would not have thought of asking for. It was hard, knowing her, to disentangle fact from legend, and either from the roles, romantic or realistic, which she alternately played. I am not too sure that I have disentangled the four stories, though she often confided in me and though I have since her death tried, so far as research at this distance can go, to make one clear story out of them.

Because the legend said she came from Philadelphia, she let most people believe she had been born there, or in suburban Rosemont. When the Hall-Mills murder case made Somerville, New Jersey, conspicuous, she told me as an amusing secret that that was where she had actually been born. She let it be thought too that she had been born in 1887. But one evening at a party she drew me into a corner and asked me what day in September was my birthday. I told her the 10th. She knew the year was 1885.

"Then I'm really three days older than you. I was born on the 7th. Nobody knows but Bill. You won't tell, will you? Do you think I'm an awful liar?"

I did not consider it a lie for any woman

to misrepresent her age, but I said only that I did not think this was a lie, and of course I would not tell. I had a policy for her confidences. Whatever she told me as a secret I kept to myself till I had heard the same thing from three other persons to whom she had told it.

A single confidence did not bind her. She told me that she had been married at eighteen, when she should have said twenty to agree with what I already knew about her age. And because I had written a life of Peacock, Shelley's friend, and because she not only loved Shelley but identified herself with him, she identified me with Peacock, and at times dramatically assumed that I was seven years older than she, as Peacock was older than Shelley. She knew better, but it was a pleasant fiction. When I gave her my *Nightmare Abbey*, in which Peacock had laughed at Shelley, she took it almost as a gift from the satirist to his subject.

Shelley so obsessed her in her final years that she liked to think he had been her earliest and only hero; but in 1924 she told me that her first hero was Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice*. She admired him for his pride, for his refusal to be hoodwinked by his love for Elizabeth into overlooking the disadvantages of marrying into her family, and for the delicacy with which his love in the end showed how strong it was. Gerald Poynard in *Jennifer Lorn* is partly Darcy. Though Elinor Wylie respected the passions, she respected minds and manners too.

She had grown up among minds and manners. The eldest of the five children of Henry Martyn Hoyt and Anne McMichael of Philadelphia, she was a great-granddaughter of Morton McMichael, who had been mayor of the city, and a granddaughter of another Henry Martyn Hoyt who had been governor of Pennsylvania, and a daughter of the Solicitor-General of the United States. Taken at two from Somerville to her Philadelphia suburb, she lived there till she was twelve, and then in Washington till she was twenty-five. She went to Miss Baldwin's School in Bryn Mawr and to Mrs. Flint's School in Washington, and she studied drawing in a class at the Corcoran Museum of Art. Before her marriage she spent the summers with her family at Northeast Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine. When she was eighteen (but she told me sixteen) she and her sister Constance went with their grandfather, Morton McMichael, for the season in Paris and London. He introduced them to his friends Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and to Bram Stoker, who dedicated *The Jewel of Seven Stars* to the two girls. Elinor Wylie never mentioned Ellen Terry or Irving or Stoker to me, but she said that her grandfather, that year and other years, had been a good part of her education. The rest of it, she said, came mostly from her father. She had as a girl been both taught and petted by older men.

She missed this after her marriage to Philip Hichborn, son of Admiral Philip Hichborn, in Washington in 1905. William Rose Benét, then at Yale with her younger brother Henry, says he saw her in Washington while she was a bride, and thought her happy. Later she believed she had not been. "I didn't know what love and marriage meant," she told me. "The other girls talked about such things, but I would never listen. My marriage was a prison. I felt stifled. There was no room for my mind at all. I had to get away. While my father was alive I had him to turn to. But after he died I was desperate, and I ran away with Horace. He was twenty years older than

I, and father as well as husband to me." (Wylie was only fifteen years older.)

She told me this, sitting beside me while I drove her and Benét from Cornwall to Waterbury. "I left my baby when I ran away," she went on. "That was the one thing I have ever done that I think was bad. Other things, no. I would do all of them over again. But that was utterly bad. I was a bad woman. And now I would rather have a child that I could think of as really my own than anything else I shall ever have. I tried to have children after I married Horace, but not one of them lived. I have had a miscarriage since I married Bill. The doctors say that anything like that again would be the same as putting a gun to my head." I think all this seemed the truth to her, but I know now that before her last miscarriage she was sometimes hysterical with fear and resentment.

The Hoyts, the McMichaels, the Hichborns, and the Wylies were so well known in Philadelphia and Washington that the elopement of Elinor Hoyt Hichborn and Horace Wylie in December 1910 raised an enormous scandal. Newspapers did their worst. As Horace Wylie's wife would not divorce him, the lovers had to leave the country, to live quietly as Mr. and Mrs. Waring in England near the New Forest. The papers invented stories of a wild residence in Corsica, which neither of them ever saw, though they went now and then to France. After two years Philip Hichborn killed himself. "Of course," Elinor Wylie said, "if Philip had killed himself over me he could not have waited two years to do it." But the scandal had another episode of melodrama to increase it. Scandal followed her all her life, ready to lift its head from old files of news at every step she took: when she and Horace Wylie came back to Boston in July, 1915, and after his divorce were married the next year, and when they lived two summers in Mount Desert and a winter in Augusta, Georgia, and when in 1919 they returned to Washington where he obtained a minor post in a Government bureau.

No newspaper, so far as I know, ever noticed a literary coincidence of the year 1912, when Philip Hichborn's stories were collected and published as *Hoof Beats* in Boston, and Elinor Wylie's (really Hichborn's) *Incidental Numbers* was privately printed in London. Some one more inquisitive than I will have to ask those who know what the coincidence means, which of the books was issued first and which of them led to the other, if either did, and what motives were involved in this sad rivalry the year Philip Hichborn died.

The poems of *Incidental Numbers* had little of Elinor Wylie's magic. She was not precocious, and in a sense she was still at school, with Horace Wylie and rural England for her teachers. The fashionable world is full of women who write bad poems with good intentions, and Elinor Wylie at twenty-seven had only begun to outgrow her world, though she had run away from it. Eight years later she had outgrown it. Even if Washington had forgiven her, I think she could not have gone back to it, as she sometimes thought she could have. In any case, she was not forgiven, and she had few friends outside her family. Then in 1919-20 she renewed her acquaintance with Benét, and met Sinclair Lewis, who was in Washington writing *Main Street*.

Through them she learned of a world which would not hold her past against her, and in 1921 she left Washington for New York. It meant a separation, and two years later a divorce, from Horace Wylie. A love which was almost a classic had passed like any other. The story of it was not a few pages long, as here, but a dozen years. (Pinch a story too tight, and the life goes out of it.) Much as Elinor Wylie told me about herself, she never told me about the end of this chapter, only about her respect and affection for Horace Wylie, whose name she kept for herself as poet. Servants and strangers might call her Mrs. Benét, but I never heard the words Elinor Benét, and now I see them for the first time and realize that they were her name.

She made her way at once into the literary society of Manhattan. What in Washington had seemed shocking, in New York seemed dramatic. Almost nobody knew exactly what her story was, but everybody knew she had a story and thought of her as some kind of heroine. Her poems began to be noticed and applauded. The first one I saw was "The Eagle and the Mole" in the *New Republic*, and I read it over and over, excited as I had been at Edna Millay's "Renascence" in the *Lyric Year* in 1912. I think now, as Benét thought then, that Elinor Wylie should have had the *Nation's* poetry prize for 1921; but her crisp notes were lost in the clamor. Benét told me about her poems, self-consciously, and I guessed she was more to him than a new poet. I knew nothing else about her, except the vaguest legend, till I first met her late in 1922.

II

Mary Colum and Jean Wright planned a meeting at the MacDowell Club where many poets were to read their work to a large audience, and I was to be chairman and introduce the poets. Elinor Wylie was one of them. She looked like the white queen of a white country. White-faced in white satin, she had no color but in her lustrous eyes and her bronze hair. She seemed restless and remote. Introducing her, I said her poems were like bronze bells. This delighted her. She read with a shy fire, but her voice was actually higher in pitch than her verses. Clear and fresh, it was not sweet, and in heightened moments it might be shrill. Shelley's voice was sometimes shrill.

I did not happen to see her again for another year, at a dinner just after she and Benét came back to town from a short honeymoon. That evening she was neither queen nor poet, but a laughing woman. On the way home in a taxi she and Mary Colum made fun, with such lively and inventive malice, of a dull Englishman who had been at the dinner that I felt insensitive for having noticed only that he was another dull Englishman.

The summer following Elinor Wylie and Benét came from the Canbys' House at Yelping Hill to Wickwire. That day the Puritan marrow of her bones was in her mind. It was raw and windy after a hot week, but she refused to wear a coat and walked about with bare arms, deliberately cold. At heart she was New England, she declared, like the first Hoyts in Massachusetts. At the lake she insisted on swimming all the way to the float, though it was too far for her, and she reached it breathless. In swimming clothes she had an angularity which did not appear when she wore her usual dress and looked stately. She was immensely pleased when I told her that my daughter Anne had asked me if that was the lady who had written "My Love Came Up From Barnegat."

The *Century* published as much of her work as she would let me have, including *The Venetian Glass Nephew*, which was to furnish her some money she needed for the house she had bought in New Canaan, Connecticut.

"Can *The Venetian Glass Nephew* help me at all as yet?" she wrote from New Canaan, October 3, 1924. "I find I have unexpectedly to pay the *interest*, as well as the *paying off*, on the mortgage. There is a difference, though it takes an expert to understand.

"What a pity that these sordid things exist in a world where we are going into the 18th century next week-end! Both Bill & I are longing to see the lovely house [Wickwire] again—and it was so nice seeing you & Irita last Monday.

"P. S. Of course I hope you can manage this advance, but if you can't, don't picture me as suicidal in consequence. It is my reprehensible nature to welcome excitement & change, & the idea of being melodramatically foreclosed & forced to find another—& of course a better—place to live is in itself attractive to my mind. But one must do one's duty, hence this letter."

Without telling the treasurer of the *Century* all the facts in the case, I managed the advance for the whole novel

when only a third of it was written. At Wickwire that week-end she gave me the first part, and I left the others to read it in the library. She was in more suspense than I realized, for her sharp ears overheard me laughing aloud as I read, and she called out in such glee that I had to go back to tell her how brilliant I thought it was.

She wrote the rest of the book in New Canaan, working after the three Benét children had left for school and before they came home. Elinor Wylie was not one of those spawning writers who pour out loose first drafts and then trim and tighten them. She began a sentence on her typewriter only when it was finished in her mind and needed no corrections. In the entire manuscript there was hardly a change, even of a syllable, to the page. And she made only one copy, which she sent to me, and which I sent to the *Century's* printers in New Hampshire. She liked the risk. There was the further risk that the serial began in the magazine before the book was done. It had to be done, and of course it was. I never trusted another writer so far as that.

III

She had often talked about a novel dealing with the Salem witches, one of whom was an ancestor of hers. "But it isn't about the witches," she said, "so much as about the witch-hunters. They were the evil ones. They found what they were looking for because they created it out of themselves. You know who the real Man in Black was. Why, it was Cotton Mather." She had suffered from witch-hunters herself, I imagined she was thinking. But that must be put off for something still closer to her. She could hardly bear to put it into words, and she pledged me to total secrecy. There had never been such an idea for a novel. Suppose Shelley had not been drowned in the Gulf of Spezia, but had been picked up by an American boat, and had decided to go incognito to America, not back to his wife, whom Elinor Wylie hated. To

write the book would be almost to have Shelley for a visitor and to show him America, which Elinor Wylie loved.

I sent her books, for *The Orphan Angel*, about the America of the early nineteenth century. There were no pains to which she would not go to be accurate. After all, she was setting the stage and preparing her house for Shelley.

"Thank you," she wrote from Peterboro on August 12th, "ten thousand times for the noble collection of Americana, which has saved my life & Shelley's. . . ."

"I was really much impeded for lack of proper material, & these books are a happy release. I am working myself deaf dumb blind & lumbagoishly lame, but am otherwise well & contented."

"My darling lovely novel can't be finished, after all," she wrote in September, "because Mrs. MacDowell is closing the colony on the 22nd, & the children are returning the 26th. I know, I know, how infinitely sweeter & more valuable real people are than the products of one's fancy, but in this case I am prejudiced. My hero is not entirely the product of my own fancy. Some god became imaginative indeed at his creation, & went aside from the beaten track of button-molding in making him. Which is true, if metaphorically mixed.

"You will perceive perhaps that I am depressed. I believe that it is a mistake to work throughout one's vacation. I don't *see the necessity*. West Cornwall was a bright oasis, as I told Irita.

"Every day I am reminded of you by the invaluable books. I could have done nothing without them. When—do you happen to know, since you know so much—did they first have steamboats on the Ohio? In 1822 do you think? . . ."

"Your review," she wrote without a date but with a New Canaan postmark of the 5th of October, "appeared just after my weeping eyes were looking their last on Peterboro, & though it served to stanch my tears it was impossible to write to you in mid-air, as it were. Three days with Grace Conkling, another three with the

dear old Commodore in New York, & a week in New Canaan without servants have not advanced my correspondence, & it is with a stiff & enervated hand that I now seize a very bad pen & indite you these few lines. . . .

"I am heartily disgusted with the—really you must forgive me, it is the only possible term—gutless Virginio now that I have him between dull commonplace blue cloth covers, & if I did not believe that Shiloh & David were more alive & kicking I should be sad indeed. Thus it is to write a book under bad conditions & when one is tired—the lack of vitality is all too apparent in the tale. But what is one to do—sell matches? I have three little stepchildren, kind lady, & a mortgage on my house, & extreme astigmatism, & I feel as if I had a shawl over my head & chilblains. I suppose in addressing you I should rather say 'kind sir' but I was thinking of some sort of district visitor.

"You see I am writing out of a purple thundercloud of gloom, which your review has lit with lovely flashes. The trouble is—a book half done & a steep impassable prospect of finishing it this winter. All my plans were changed for us at the eleventh hour by the rich & powerful people who mold our lives.

"I'm sorry that I'm beginning to imitate Shelley in this melancholy fashion. Poor darling Shelley, I have not his other virtues to make my dejection forgivable! Nevertheless, please forgive me. And accept my thanks for the lovely gift of the review."

She wrote again the 6th:

"I've just heard that you are in town after all. I'm so sorry that I didn't know it Saturday, for I sent you a fairly long letter to Cornwall, & we all know what the Connecticut mails are. Perhaps it may reach you in time for Christmas.

"It thanked you for your brilliant and benevolent review of my immortal works, & it contained certain stanzas written in dejection by an unfinished novel.

"I hear—from another of your devoted admirers—that you are looking tired. There is nothing so restful—or so distress-

ingly dull—as a regular bread & butter job. Your present way of life, while far more remunerative than mine for example, probably resembles it in discovering that it is harder, while pleasanter & more exciting, to do your own work than the other man's. Yet that—my own work—is precisely what I am fervently pining for at present. To do no work at all—except the other woman's, the dear classic dish-washing, dinner-cooking woman—is incomparably the hardest.

"Did we not make a mistake in our youth—which was so very nearly contemporaneous—in becoming what Miss Sinclair & the Peterboro servants call *creators*? What a noble shoemaker—to choose a trade at random, or because shoemakers are always liberals—would not you have made, & I how excellent at contriving artificial flowers or the peep-show scenes inside Easter eggs! You will say that these also savor of creation, but our present trouble—if indeed your impeccable admirableness will accept the word—springs from our stubborn attempt to utilize our wretched minds, to make unpleasant grayish convolutions work for us instead of trained & agile fingertips & the beautiful rhythmic strength of habit. 'How lovely is benign stupidity!' as no one really ever wrote.

"Two years ago the *New Republic* would have had a poem from me on this subject; now you must put up with a dull letter. It is hard on you, dear Carl, & I hope it is hard on the *New Republic*."

The Benét children went to California to live with their aunt Kathleen Norris, and Elinor Wylie finished *The Orphan Angel*, sitting up all night to write the last words in a flat in Bank Street and the next day sailing for Europe. Her novel, selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club, brought her more money than she could have expected to earn by her precise and delicate art. She spent what she was afraid was a guilty share of it for Shelley letters. This was paper his hand had touched. This was ink that had come from his sacred pen. She loved Shelley. He would have loved her if he had

known her. They loved each other. She fiercely defended him once when I said I sometimes found his self-pity tiresome. She wrote her sonnets "A Red Carpet for Shelley." She wrote essays about him and a short story, "A Birthday Cake for Lionel"—Lionel who is in effect Shiloh ten years older. Returning to England in 1925, ten years after she had left it, she thought of herself as almost Shelley, perhaps a friend of Shelley, returning to England ten or so years after Shelley's death in Italy. From this came *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard*, her fourth novel. It had its origin, she told me, in two words spoken by a stupid man from Oxford, who, hearing she was writing sonnets to Shelley, muttered "Poor Shelley." She heard him. Her revenge was to pillory him as Mr. Hodge, who in the novel hears that Mr. Hazard is writing a sonnet to Milton, and says "Poor Milton."

IV

During her last three years Elinor Wylie lived—with summers in England—in a flat in Ninth Street, her drawing-room dominated by its memorable silver mirror and her study at the back as austere as her style. Nobody worked harder than she. Four novels and four books of verse in seven years are proof enough. But her evenings were free, and she had countless friends. There were of course many Elinor Wylies. I can claim to know only one of them.

My Elinor Wylie had as sure and strong an intelligence as I have ever known. It was impossible to bring up an idea that she had not had or did not instantly understand. It was impossible to bring out a fact that did not fit into something she already knew. No formal scholar, she had a scholar's instinct for exactness. She could not be comfortable imagining steamboats on the Ohio in 1822 unless she knew they had been there, or imagining a volume of Plato into Mr. Hazard's pocket in 1833 unless she could find out that such pocket volumes then existed. She asked me the minutest questions. Had I ever

come across any account of a frontier blue-stocking who might be a model for one of the women who courted Shiloh on his travels? I had, in *A New Home—Who'll Follow?* She was sorry that the book was about Michigan and a time later than 1822, but she used it, transforming what she used.

This young lady (Caroline Matilda Stansbury Kirkland had written of Eloise Fidler) was not as handsome as she fain would have been, if I may judge by the cataracts of ash-coloured ringlets which shaded her cheeks, and the exceeding straitness of the stays which restrained her somewhat exuberant proportions. . . . Her dress was in the height of fashion, and all her accoutrements *point de-vice*. A gold pencil-case of the most delicate proportions was suspended by a kindred chain around a neck which might be called whity-brown; and a note-book of corresponding lady-likeness was peeping from the pocket of her highly-useful apron of blue silk—ever ready to secure a passing thought or an elegant quotation. Her album—she was just the person to have an album—was resplendent in gold and satin, and the verses which meandered over its emblazoned pages were of the most unexceptionable quality, overlaid with flowers and gems—love and despair. . . .

Miss Fidler wrote her own poetry, so that she had ample employment for her time while with us in the woods. It was unfortunate that she could not walk out much on account of her shoes. She was obliged to make out with diluted inspiration. The nearest approach she usually made to the study of Nature, was to sit on the wood-pile, under a girdled tree, and there, with her gold pencil in hand, and her "eyne, gray as glas," rolled upwards, poefy by the hour.

And, standing marvel of Montacute, no guest at morning or night ever found the fair Eloise ungloved. Think of it! In the very wilds to be always like a cat in nutshells, alone useless where all were so busy. . . . And then her shoes! "Saint Crispin Crispianus" never had so self-sacrificing a votary. No shoemaker this side of New York could make a sole papery enough; no tannery out of France could produce materials for this piece of exquisite feminine foppery.

Now Elinor Wylie's version in *The Orphan Angel*:

Miss Rosalie Lillie was seated upon the woodpile in an attitude of negligent grace; her fine eyes were fixed above the distant tamarack-trees in contemplation of some winged chimæra of the mind. A gold pencil-

case was suspended by a delicate chain around the lady's creamy throat; a notebook peeped out from the pocket of her blue satin apron, and a gilded album lay within reach. Under a furled cloak her attire was frail and silken; she wore thin-soled bronze slippers, and her hands were encased in gloves of primrose kid-skin.

Miss Lillie was a singularly lovely girl; her features were regular and her figure tall and classically formed. She had a rich abundance of chestnut hair and her velvet eyes were the color of purple-brown pansies. She looked very expensive and unsuitable against a background of enormous forest trees and ragged rail fences; the smoky November sun picked out the Italian cameo upon her bosom and increased the splendid damask of her cheek.

The document wanders, the work of art marches. One stroke, and the lady is mounted upon her woodpile. Another, and she is contemplating some winged chimæra of the mind, not merely rolling her eyes. Stroke by stroke, the portrait is laughingly perfected. Kind epithets increase the lady's beauty. Her useless shoes become thin-soled bronze slippers. Her nondescript gloves appear as primrose kidskin. Her merely gray eyes turn to the color of purple-brown pansies. She is no longer the object of homespun ridicule. If she looks very expensive and unsuitable against her background of trees and fences, that may not be, the overtones imply, entirely her fault, but partly the fault of nature for being so vast and of the works of man for being so small and mean.

What Elinor Wylie did with Eloise Fidler in making her over into Miss Rosalie Lillie she did with all the subjects of her art, and, for that matter, with her life. She both wrote and spoke with a lovely, amused formality which baffled the downright. But life had two or three times got out of hand with her and had been tragic. She could never forget that. It kept alive the perpetual contradictions of her nature. She was a woman who had beauty and genius. Beauty compelled her and genius compelled her, both of them without always giving her simple motives for her compulsions. Doubly driven, she was doubly sensitive. Two careers side by side in one woman.

No wonder she often seemed ruthless, often hysterical, habitually bewildering. Within a few moments she could be suspicious and ingenuous, insolent and tender, capricious and steadfast, desperate and hilarious, stirringly profound and exquisitely superficial.

And there was her vanity, which might have been unendurable if she had not so freely admitted it and laughed about it. Before her sister Nancy Hoyt came from Washington Elinor Wylie made me promise—and everybody else, I suppose—that I would faithfully tell her if I thought Nancy more beautiful than she. Once when Jacqueline Embry of Kentucky was visiting in New York I took her to call. Elinor Wylie could hardly wait to ask her guest to show her bronze hair and let it be compared with Elinor Wylie's own. At a large dinner a strange and tactless Russian woman said, "Mrs. Benét, I have heard you were not really beautiful, but I think you are." Elinor Wylie, disregarding the present compliment, wept that anybody could ever have said that she was not beautiful. One evening at a large party at Dreiser's studio she felt herself neglected. She could not bear being less than first in any company. Nothing on earth would do but that a few of her close friends should join her in another room and hear her read some poems—say some poems, as she always put it. Her friends humored her in such tantrums of vanity and went to all lengths in flattering her. She liked flattery as a lizard likes the sun. "How can she take it," Jacqueline Embry asked me, "in such spoonfuls? Even if it is the very best butter?" Perhaps the friends who humored and flattered her the most were sometimes bored by her vain tantrums. I know I was, though I admired and adored her.

V

In June, 1928, when I arrived in London, Elinor Wylie was already there, living in her tiny house in Chelsea. She had asked me to meet her the first evening at Osbert Sitwell's, where she was to be.

Barely off the boat, I misjudged the occasion, which was for Sunday evening, and did not dress. The whole evening was spoiled for her by my improper tweeds—or so it seemed. "But you did bring evening clothes, didn't you? I am giving you a party this week, and I've already asked everybody to meet you, and I can't bear to have you come in this brown coat." I told her I should not think of wearing it, but she would not be reassured, as she did not listen. "Please don't wear the brown coat to my party." She made me think of an anxious young girl who had planned something that was to be very grown-up and correct and was afraid that one of her guests might treat it as if it were for children.

Her house in Chelsea when I got there was in a headless confusion over water streaming from a broken pipe. She had writers not plumbers for dinner. After I had telephoned the water company for an emergency repairman, she forgave me my mistake of Sunday evening. "Nobody but an American," she announced with fantastic extravagance, "would have known what to do. And no American but Carl would have known how to do it in London." I felt like a disconcerted elder brother in the face of his sister's bragging.

When the others left she asked me to stay behind to hear her say some new poems she had written. They were sonnets, she told me. So, sitting in her Chelsea drawing-room, I heard a dozen or so of the nineteen sonnets which she later called "One Person," and which belong to the supreme love poetry in English or in any language. I heard them, and I read them, too much moved to notice that one of them lacked a line. In her passion she had lost count. It was as strange in her, most accurate poet, as if she had forgotten to tend her hair or hands.

At first reticent and watchful while I heard and read, she was quickly warmed by my excitement over the poems, threw off her secrecy, and—then and at a later dinner in Soho—told me the story behind them. I must know the whole story, she

said. There was a man—she told me his name—whom at last she loved absolutely. To me she did not make him sound glorious, though she tried. All the glory was in her. She had never been in love before, she was sure. She had only been loved.

I have believed me obdurate and blind
To those sharp ecstasies the pulses give:
The clever body five times sensitive
I never have discovered to be kind.

This is one of her sonnets. In her speech, the same thing in troubled yet exultant prose. Now at last the pulses had wakened in her blood and her senses leapt. Little enough had actually come of it. Jealous circumstances had kept the lovers apart, and they had been alone only in a forest. Three trysts: "And afterward," she said, "you won't believe it, but we realized that we had met under an oak, an ash, and a thorn." Little could ever come of it. She would not disrupt her life again. This must remain a radiant experience of the mind. But it did not belong solely to her mind. It was flesh too, and it tore at her. She cried out against the cruel separation. "I don't want much. I don't expect it. I could be satisfied if I could know that sometime, maybe when we are very old, we could spend the same night under one roof. It would not have to be together. Only under the same roof, peacefully. Is that too much to expect? Don't you think I could dare to hope for that?" I soothed her as well as I could, but she was overwhelmed by the most shaking emotion I ever saw in her. Even Shelley could not help her:

A woman by an archangel befriended.
Now must I end the knightly servitude
Which made him my preserver, and renounce
That heavenly aid forever and at once. . . .

Love is what it means to the lover, not to the bystander, and I could not question the reality of the tempest which racked her. All that she had written in the sonnets she said, in rushing sentences. "And am I not your child who has come home? And am I not your hound for faithful-

ness?" At last, she said, she had learned to feel humble and obedient.

O dear my lord, believe me that I know
How far your virtues have outnumbered
mine.

She herself was nothing beside him, who had borne everything. "The little beauty that I was allowed,"—what was that to his "degree of noble and of fair"? How could she deserve, how comfort him?

How is it possible that this hand of clay,
Though white as porcelain, can contrive a
touch
So delicate it shall not hurt too much?
What voice can my invention find to say
So soft, precise, and scrupulous a word
You shall not take it for another sword?

"To educate me fitly for your bride" an eternity might be enough. In the meantime let him be patient with her. Let him make what use of her he could, though he only set her like a timber in his house to "bear a little more than I can bear." Her words rushed and tumbled, and her eyes were wild. She was as pale as a priestess at the mercy of her oracle, flaming through her.

I never saw her alive again, and I remember her best for these perfect sonnets and her broken commentary. What she and the sonnets together said was that this final love had come to her like first love, and had dissolved her to her youngest elements, but that she was no less a poet than before, and she could instinctively find ripe, skilful words for emotions which ordinarily go no farther than sighs and tears, timid raptures and pitiful despairs. For once in the world, youth knew and age could. The heart of sixteen spoke with the tongue of forty.

I went to Paris and Cannes for a summer among the expatriates. I heard mysteriously about her that she had had a fall and had hurt herself, but could get no definite news about her. Back in New York, I still heard only uncertain rumors. She had had a stroke, the rumors said, and one side of her face was paralyzed. Her friends could not believe she would ever

survive disfigurement. When in December she came home I did not go at once to see her, but telephoned her and asked when I might. This would allow her to choose the time or to put it off indefinitely. She said she was not well and very busy but that she must see me early in the coming week. She died that Sunday night, as swiftly as the curtain falls after a tragedy.

Tragedy and triumph. Now she would have to drag out no long old age, beauty fading, strength fraying. Her end was as neat as her art. Perhaps she had been beaten in that early career from which she had turned, at thirty-five, to poetry, but she had outlived her defeats. No poet of her time would be longer remembered, and no woman. In her last scene the poet and the woman in her had shared a triumph beyond which neither could hope to go. Lift the trumpets upon this peroration. Let the black curtain fall.

Her dead face was lovely and serene and proud. Those who were to miss her most took their tone from her, as they had when she was alive, and bore themselves

gracefully as well as seriously at her funeral. Death became her, and they could not wish for her a life which she might not herself desire. The lives of the immortals are not measured by their fevered years.

A young man was speaking softly. He was Philip Hichborn, he said, her son. He had been brought up to think she was evil, a mother who had wantonly left her child. Two years ago, in England, he had gone to see her. (She had told me about that. He had come to see her, and had been silent, and had hated her, she thought.) Now he was saying that when he had seen her he had believed her beautiful and magical, and had not known what to say or how to say it. He was sure she had thought he did not love her. But he did, at sight. He had since then read her books and had found out all he could about her, and he had determined that this Christmas he would visit her again. At last they would be mother and son. "And now it is like this." There is no death quite complete. However it ties its ultimate knot, some loose strand dangles in the wind of life.





BEHIND THE DROUGHT

BY STUART CHASE

IN THE spring of 1936 an unprecedented series of floods shocked the nation. As spring merged into summer, a drought more ominous in some areas than the devastating drought of 1934 held the front pages of the newspapers. A plague of waters and a gasping dearth. That the weather was in part responsible is not to be denied. That man in his blind misuse of the resources of the North American continent was also responsible is equally not to be denied. He has pushed the flood crests up by stripping grass and forest from watershed slopes; he has pushed low-water levels down by destroying natural reservoirs. High water and low are two sides of the same shield. Flood and drought are locked together.

On the table before us lies a topographical map of the United States sculptured in bold relief. Dividing it roughly into two sections, we see on the right the coastal plain, the old slopes of the Appalachians, the Mississippi basin and, across the river, a slowly rising plain. On the left the surface rises suddenly from the Pacific over high coastal ranges, dips into the Central Valley of California, climbs the high Sierras, drops again to the Great Basin, rises a third time to the Continental Divide, the Great Rockies themselves, and begins to slide down over the Great Plains, 10,000, 8,000, 6,000, 4,000 feet. Somewhere on the line of western Kansas is midcontinent, the one hundredth meridian, and a profoundly important zone both for nature and for man.

In the eastern area surplus waters are a major problem; in the western, deficient waters are a major problem. Of all the rain and snow which falls on the nation, two thirds comes down on the right, one third on the left. East of the hundredth meridian the ruling principle has been to throw water out; west of the line, to coax it in. In the East we find large drainage projects to rid swamps and marshes of water; in the West, large irrigation projects to flood arid lands and make them bloom. Yet the two regions are laced together with the long threads of rivers—the Missouri, Snake, Arkansas, Red River of the South, and many more. We face here a continental problem, to be solved only on a continental basis. The Supreme Court can stop an act of Congress; can it stop the Mississippi in full flood, the black fury of a dust storm?

The rain falls on crop lands, grasslands, forest, on those scarified and advancing areas where nothing grows, and then begins its journey to the sea. Part of the water goes back to the atmosphere through evaporation and the transpiration of plants; part goes into storage on the ground or deep underneath, and the rest immediately begins to run off. This run-off gathers into rills, the rills into brooks, the brooks into streams, the streams into feeder rivers, the feeder rivers into main rivers. The whole system is technically called a drainage basin.

In this article we shall trace the rainfall from the point on the height of land which divides one basin from another,

that is from the top of the watershed, down the upland valleys and the lowland valleys to the ocean. We shall notice the problems and conditions, one after another, which the water creates as it comes down. In a primeval environment there are conditions but no problems. When man comes in the problems gather. But before tracing the rainfall down let us tell the story of one actual basin, the Central Valley of California. Here is a definite problem which if man does not settle nature will.

II

The Central Valley extends half the length and a quarter the width of the State of California. It is as long as the line from Cape Hatteras to New York City. The valley floor comprises 19,000 square miles, the whole basin, 40,000 square miles. The elevation of the floor is low, seldom exceeding 500 feet. Down from the north comes the Sacramento River, up from the south the San Joaquin River. They meet in a tangle of swamp lands and flow west to San Francisco Bay.

The valley with its two main rivers is a mountain-walled trough in which has accumulated the wash of centuries. Upon the rich soil has settled a large agricultural population, growing oranges, apricots, peaches, celery, rice, cantaloupes, prunes, pears, onions, asparagus, almonds, figs, olives, grapes, and spinach. These products are farmed intensively by efficient modern methods. They are packed, branded, and shipped all over the United States. The Central Valley accounts for more than fifty per cent of the total national commercial production of many of these food specialties. It is one of the most productive and important agricultural districts not only in America but in the world.

Without irrigation the area would be blistering and arid, save for strips along the rivers. What water it gets comes mostly from the snows and rains of the mountains beyond. Politics, economics, law, life itself, revolve round this scarce

and vital agent. Millions of Americans outside the valley are fed with its fruits, vegetables, and grains. Great transportation and trading investments are involved in shipping and delivering the valley's output. Without water the valley as a place for human habitation ceases to be, the foodstuffs disappear, the investments are worth nothing.

When settlers first came they obtained water by diverting the rivers through irrigation ditches. Crops were abundant and profitable. As the valley grew and prospered, more water was diverted until the sources began to run low. Pumping of underground water was then resorted to, from the great artesian basins laid down by mountain snows. The pumps multiplied with the outgoing carloads of food. For years now the water table has been falling; the inflow from percolation is less than the outflow from pumping. Before long the pumps will have beaten the snow altogether, and the artesian basins will be exhausted.

Now let us follow the two rivers to their conflux in the delta. This is the richest soil of all, 400,000 acres of black muck. One cannot farm a swamp, and the region has been reclaimed by large and costly projects. But the reclamation work has caused the land to settle until much of it is below sea level. Salt water from the Pacific creeps into the irrigation channels. It can be held back only by the pressure of fresh water from the rivers above. The rivers, what irrigation has left of them, cannot supply the pressure. Without the swamps, moreover, which used to catch and hold the melting snows, the spring floods now race through clean-cut channels to the sea. In the latter part of the growing season the race is reversed; the Pacific comes in and poisons the land.

Thus the valley is faced with two major questions: how is the underground water table of the artesian basin to be kept from falling? How is salt to be kept out of the delta? Here is a large population dependent on land and water for its livelihood, calling the snow-walled valley

home. Here is a huge agricultural investment; a long-established economy, settled and functioning; a thousand complex ties with the world beyond the mountains. But unless these two questions are answered the desert comes in and man goes out. No individual farmer can solve this problem. No conceivable calculations of pecuniary profit and loss can solve it; for this is not a business corporation but a place where people live. We are confronted with a matter of resource planning in which nature holds the trump cards. We are confronted also with a matter of life and death.

To hold the valley means to keep the water from rushing to the Pacific. But to keep the water means to stop erosion on the slopes of the Sierras, to check overgrazing, to bring the grass and the forest back. It means replenishing the lowered artesian basins. It means collective effort, strict stipulations for land use, the end of speculative developments, and very careful rules as to the use and re-use of water. It means the building of reservoirs, and cheap power to pump water where it is needed.

From the engineering point of view, the problem is capable of solution. Competent reports have already been filed and some work already started. The Sacramento River has an excess of water at certain seasons which can be held by dams and fed to the San Joaquin Valley by pumping. In this way pressure can be maintained to control the salinity of the delta. But the program, to succeed, calls for more collective action and responsibility than the people of the valley have ever undertaken.

The Central Valley illustrates certain problems, but there are many more. Any river valley is concerned with some of the uses itemized in the following list. A big drainage basin, like the Mississippi or the Columbia, is concerned with all of them.

1. Water for drinking and domestic purposes.
2. Water for livestock.

3. A ground water level high enough to nourish crop roots.
4. Irrigation of arid lands.
5. Supplementary irrigation of humid lands in dry seasons.
6. Water for industries, factories, steam boilers, ice making.
7. Fisheries.
8. Water for game birds and wild life.
9. Hydroelectric power.
10. Navigation.
11. Recreation, swimming, camping, scenery.
12. River sites for cities and towns.
13. Rivers as political boundaries between States and nations.

The above are all uses of water. Here are the chief abuses:

1. Floods, artificially accelerated.
2. Low water artificially encouraged, the obverse of flood.
3. Pollution, human and industrial.
4. Erosion on the valley slopes and on river banks.
5. Silting and gravel wash.
6. Salt water invasion at river mouth.
7. Destruction of fish, shell fish, bird and game life.
8. Destruction of natural reservoirs, ground and artesian.

A primeval river basin knows no abuses. A healthy river under human control should show uses at a maximum and abuses at a minimum. Perfection is too much to ask. Beginning our journey downstream, perhaps the first consideration is the matter of natural reservoirs, which keep brooks and rivers flowing. Remember that we are working within the hydrologic cycle, where everything is interlocked and separation of functions difficult.

III

On the hundredth meridian trouble has been brewing for a long time. Since the lands in this zone were settled, the underground water table in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa has dropped eight to seventeen feet. Wells must go deeper, plant roots reach farther, while springs, ponds, and lakes recede until many go dry. The shrinkage accumulates from year to year, like compound interest. Devil's Lake, once the largest

body of water in North Dakota, has been dropping since 1900. By 1934 the lake had shrunk to a fraction of its former size. A study by the Mississippi Valley Committee in the dry season of 1934 showed springs generally weakened in the Dakotas, and in most counties dry. Ponds were completely dry. Lakes were down two to eleven feet. Streams were mostly dry and rivers very low. In western Iowa springs were weak and all ponds dry. Kansas and Missouri reported their rivers the lowest in history.

Going deeper underground, the pressure of the great Dakota artesian basin—which underlies parts of Minnesota and Nebraska as well—"due to careless drilling and finishing of wells, to unlimited waste of water, and to failure to control old wells, wild wells and leaks, has been rapidly depleted. Wells have ceased to flow over large areas. Unless the waste is checked, most of this area will cease to yield flowing water." In the hundredth meridian zone, says the Mississippi Valley Committee, the change from grass to crop has reduced infiltration and increased transpiration. In parts of South Dakota underground waters have dropped forty feet in twenty years.

As I write I can hear the grind of the electric pump which lifts water from my artesian well. Where would my household be if the well went dry?

Artesian waters often cover interstate areas. They contain many years of accumulated inflow. When they are depleted it takes years to bring them back. Broadly speaking, depletion results more from poor use of land than from wells and pumping. Yet these basins are the ideal storage reservoirs. They cost nothing, for nature built them. They have no evaporation losses. They make it less necessary to flood valleys and move people for artificial reservoirs. Their regulation is perfect and automatic. When man disturbs their equilibrium he begins to destroy the functioning of the whole watershed area.

Let us turn to the lands east of the hundredth meridian. In these more

humid areas the problem is surplus rather than shortage, though a hasty plan will encourage shortage in due time. Much low land here was drained by speculators to promote the selling of farms to people who knew little about farming; much of it as an answer to a real demand for more crop land when markets for agricultural products were brisk.

Here is the Great Swamp region of Wisconsin, as reported by the Planning Commission of the State. Early settlers cleared a little of it for damp hay lands. By 1890 the hay lands were being plowed in dry years. The first crops were fabulous. Agriculture started with a rush. But the marsh fertility did not last, and a series of wet years reduced the farmers to desperation. In 1894 action was taken to drain the Great Swamp in a thoroughgoing fashion, and create an impressive new agricultural area. Nearly 800,000 acres were drained at a cost of \$5,482,000. It was money thrown away. Two-thirds of the area turned out to be submarginal soil, useless for crops. Vast tracts degenerated into dry peat bog, subject to long, terrible, smoldering fires. The speculators had their happy days, but the farmers, the State, the wild life and the Wisconsin River had only losses.

Now the federal government is spending money to restore the Great Swamp to swamp. This may be boondoggling, but nature appreciates it. The ground water level is being raised, the peat fires have been extinguished, the birds are nesting again, the forest is coming back, while sportsmen and recreation seekers have a new area to roam over.

The National Resources Board reports much speculative drainage of land in Florida as premature and ill-advised. The ice age created a great glacial lake in Minnesota, known to geologists as Lake Agassiz. In due time it became a peat bog supporting a fine stand of timber. The forest was cut down. The stimulus of the war resulted in extensive drainage operations. Settlers swarmed

in with plow and harrow but, as in Wisconsin, the soil was poor, the peat was ravaged by fires, and the settlers were left stranded.

Some of these swamp areas make excellent farm land of course, but nobody, in the eagerness to take advantage of high prices, ever stops to consider what sections are good and what are bad. They charge in and ruin the rich land with the poor. The conception of proper land use has escaped them altogether. It is true that the best use of land in certain areas is to drain marshes to keep mosquitoes under control. This, however, is for the health of man, not of nature.

There is such a thing as being too neat and tidy. Swamps are often dismal and rank. People itch to clean them up. Leave them alone, fellow-citizens, leave them alone—unless a whole board of experts should condemn them. Like grass, they help hold the world together.

IV

With storage considered, we now start down the river. Soon we find a little town in the upper courses which is using the stream for its water supply. Good. The water is clear and wholesome unless the lands above are subject to erosion. The people of the town drink the water and use it for domestic purposes; the local tannery uses it, the creamery washes its cans with it, and a sewer outlet close to the town dump delivers it conscientiously back to the river. But with many interesting additions—interesting, that is, to the bacteriologist or the chemist. The oxygen in the stream goes bravely to work on the additions, but depending on their volume and the amount of oxygen available, the outcome may or may not be happy.

We go on to the next town and the next. Presently we are in a position to formulate what might be called the Law of Dumping Down. Town A takes clean water, drinks it, converts it into sewage, and delivers it via the river to town B, which—sometimes—purifies it,

drinks it, converts it into sewage, and delivers it to town C, which drinks it, converts it into sewage, and delivers it to town D . . . and so on down to town N.

A dozen towns in a row on the northern courses of the Mississippi express this law. According to the Mississippi Valley Committee, the Red River of the North—what a fine, bold name!—is a source of drinking water and waste disposal for Fargo, Wahpeton, Grand Forks, and lesser cities. Yet rainfall and run-off are such that in low water the river is an open sewer, and in cold winters freezes to the bottom. In April, 1897, the flow at Grand Forks reached 43,000 cubic feet per second. In October, 1932, it fell to thirteen cubic feet per second. "It approaches the former volume less frequently than the latter." Observe the immense range between high and low water. At low water the river would hardly flush a two-hole privy, yet it was supposed to carry a dozen towns. One drop of culture B Typhosis in a barrel of distilled water affects neither smell nor taste, but the man who drinks it may die.

Watch the law at work on the Connecticut River, beginning close to the Canadian line. Each town and city enumerated is labelled by the New England Planning Commission a "source of pollution": Colebrook, North Stratford, Groveton, Lancaster, Woodsville, Piermont, Lebanon, Charlestown, Hadley, Chicopee, Springfield, Enfield, Windsor Locks, Hartford, Glastonbury, Middletown, Haddam, Chester, Essex, and Saybrook—where the accumulated disposal is dumped into Long Island Sound, to the despair of the shellfish. Four States are involved—New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. The basin covers 11,000 square miles and gives shelter to 1,230,000 people living in 555 townships. Twenty cities have more than 10,000 persons each. The townships operate 157 water systems of which only 22 are purified. They operate 118 sewage systems of which 104 dump refuse into the rivers without any treatment

whatever. Twenty-one of the latter are in urgent need of treatment, according to the Commission. The Merrimac River is in equal plight. I used to swim in this beautiful stream as a boy. Even then it was dangerous; now it is as much as one's life is worth to bathe below Manchester. There are 92 water systems in the Merrimac Valley of which only 10 are purified; 52 sewage systems with 11 treated, and urgent need for treatment in the case of 13 cities.

Observe, however, the sad case of Peoria, Illinois. It was compelled by law to put in a sewage system, but a private industrial concern upstream is corrupting the river in a volume ten times greater than all the waste of Peoria.

The Law of Dumping Down does not apply only to rivers. A hundred towns and many great cities pump sewage into the Great Lakes and pump drinking water out. Chicago drinking water is polluted by sewage from Indiana cities, Toledo by Detroit, Niagara Falls by Buffalo.

The Ohio basin is both a water and a sewage supply. During low stages "decreased and polluted supplies may cause outbursts of intestinal disturbances." Such disturbances may also come in high water. The New York *Times* carried a flood story in the spring of 1936, which reported 2,000 cases of gastro-enteritis in the town of Coshocton, Ohio. The water supply had been flooded by the rising of the Tuscarawas River, and a fifth of the town's population was seriously ill. This is one of those curious cases where a flood creates a shortage of water by poisoning the drinking supply. "Dr. W. B. Johnson of the City Health Department of Coshocton declared analysis of the city water showed presence of colon bacillus. Where there is colon bacillus, he said, there can also be typhoid."

Pollution grows worse as population moves from country to city. There are now approximately 7,100 public water systems in the country serving 80 million people with one billion cubic feet a day.

Twenty million of these people drink untreated water; 30 million drink water treated with chlorine; the balance, water treated with chlorine plus filtration. Los Angeles holds the long-distance record with water piped from Boulder Dam, 280 miles away; San Francisco's supply comes from the Hetch Hetchy Reservoir, 170 miles distant; New York taps the Catskill watershed, 150 miles to the north; Boston brings water 75 miles from Lake Wachusett. The average consumption for the country is 127 gallons per capita per day. Chicago is high with 270 gallons; Lowell, Massachusetts, among the lowest, with 50 gallons.

Sixty-eight million persons—half the population—discharge sewage through public systems. The disposal of twenty-eight million persons receives some sort of treatment; that from forty million persons "is discharged without any treatment into inland streams, lakes or tidal waters." The PWA has allocated money for 133 treatment projects and for 420 straight sewer projects—which reflects the fact that American cities want sewer pipes, but are not much interested in where the contents go. Let them worry about that downstream.

Pollution arises from domestic sewage, industrial wastes, mine drainage, and erosion. It has vicious effects on human health, aquatic life, waterfowl, recreation, real estate values, and the hotel and resort business. The last two items should impress Americans if the former do not. The twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis alone report a \$2,000,000 damage to property values. Indiana, Iowa, Virginia estimate losses running into the millions. Minnesota and Wisconsin jointly find a recreation loss of \$1,500,000 owing to pollution.

The most serious industrial wastes issue from textile mills, pulp mills, coal and gas works, leather, sugar refining, chemicals, food canning, creameries, packing houses, oil fields, petroleum refining, and rubber reclamation—a stench truly magnificent in combination! Some

of this can be stopped at a net profit by making by-products from the waste—activated carbon from paper mills, for instance, ferric sulphate from dye works. For the bulk of it, however, there is no solution except to spend the necessary funds to install treatment plants. The National Resources Board estimates that for the country as a whole, 380 million dollars are necessary to bring pollution under reasonable control.

Mine drainage, among other things, costs the Eastern railroads millions of dollars a year, by corroding and scaling locomotive boilers which take water from streams corrupted by coal mines. The WPA engages in more boondoggling by sealing abandoned coal mines in an attempt to prevent this loss. Up to 1935, 286 mines had been sealed, 13,000 drifts closed, 768,000 feet of crevice filled. Acidity in the Monongahela area has in consequence been reduced. For more than seven years the Allegheny River has been consistently acid owing to mine drainage. This river is Pittsburgh's water supply.

At low water in the Willamette River in Oregon no dissolved oxygen at all is found. Salmon promptly die. Fishermen at the Golden Gate find their nets filled with raw sewage dumped by the city of Oakland into San Francisco Bay. The beaches of New Jersey and Long Island have frequently been made uninhabitable for bathers by New York City garbage.

Here again I speak with considerable personal feeling, for I once had a cottage at Long Beach. In the lower East River off Manhattan dissolved oxygen in summer is at zero—all cleansing power gone. Slips between the piers are collecting points for sewage sludge.

The Penobscot, Mohawk, Hudson, Delaware, Lehigh, and Schuylkill rivers are grossly polluted, and the Susquehanna is very bad. Many oyster beds in Chesapeake Bay have been condemned. The Fox, Milwaukee, Chicago, Calumet, and Maumee rivers are lined with industrial plants and so contaminated that

their usefulness for any other purpose is destroyed.

In August, 1926, the upper Mississippi was so overloaded with impurities that dissolved oxygen was down to ten per cent for forty-five miles below Minneapolis. Conditions on the Missouri River are very serious. Denver is active in befouling the South Platte River.

Great Salt Lake is struggling to neutralize the loads of sewage which are heaped upon its waters. Waterfowl are seriously diseased from raw sewage dumped into the lagoons of the San Joaquin Valley. At low water on the Ohio, pools behind the navigation dams filled with polluting sediment become "obnoxious and dangerous" and swarm with bacteria.

Yet to control pollution in the Ohio, six States and the Federal government must co-operate. No local unit, no State can do it alone. Because of the Law of Dumping Down the whole basin is involved. State laws are totally inadequate; interstate compacts have not worked well in the past.

In the Ruhr district in Germany, the most heavily industrialized region in the world, all cities, towns, industries, and mines in the basin have for years joined equitably in the cost of adequate waste disposal works. All who contribute to the pollution are assessed, together with all who benefit by the control. The region bounded by the watershed is the administrative area. Thus man and nature work together. In the United States the various localities summon the courts to give them the right to dump their refuse on their neighbors' heads. There is no regional control and no adequate state control. Twelve states tender the problem of pollution to the part-time services of one sanitary engineer. Three states have no supervision whatsoever.

Pollution hurts and befouls the continent, but even more, it endangers the survival of man. It can be stopped if we are willing to plan for it on a basis of watershed areas, and to pay for it.

V

Well down the main river, past the dams, the irrigation channels and the barges, we come to the levees and the most dramatic, if not the most serious, of all the basin's problems. A given quantity of water comes down the river each year. Under primeval conditions, natural reservoirs spread this run-off through the months. The flood peak, we will say, was 70, and the low water level 30. Now man destroys or weakens the reservoirs. Approximately the same amount of water comes down. But the flood peak rises to 90 and the low water drops to 10. A peak of 70 is a brisk spring freshet, a peak of 90 a disastrous flood. A low of 30 marks an uncomfortable dry spell; a low of 10, a serious drought.

H. H. Bennett of the Soil Conservation Service reports the floods of 1936 the worst on record in many areas. Why? Because natural reservoirs have been progressively weakened. There is less porosity in the soil, fewer roots, steeper tilled slopes. Worse still is silting, which makes rivers increasingly unmanageable, "subject to more and more violent interruptions and alterations of stream flow." Real flood control, says Mr. Bennett, must begin in the soil itself.

In 1936 the Merrimac, Connecticut, Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, Potomac, Allegheny, and Ohio all went wild. The Potomac was up 26 feet at Washington, and long barriers of sandbags protected government buildings. Chain Bridge, carrying water pipes to a large population in Virginia, was closed to traffic and threatened to go out. Pittsburgh was under ten to twenty feet of water, and without lights, transport, power, 700,000 people were helpless. The food supply was ruined, the steel industry at a standstill. In Steubenville, Ohio, the water supply was contaminated by flood waters, and medical authorities rushed anti-typhoid serum from Columbus. At Bellaire the hospital sent out a

distress call for water as the city's supply failed.

But in the Winooski Valley in Vermont all was well. A bad flood in 1927 had drowned fifty-five people in this region. In 1936 just as much water came down, but not a life was lost, not a highway or railway washed out, not a farmhouse damaged. Three flood-control dams built by the federal government held the water and saved the valley. They were finished with the aid of CCC workers just in time.

Artificial flood control, other than work in the headwaters, takes three major forms:

1. Storage reservoirs, as in the Winooski Valley.
2. Channel improvements to increase capacity of flow.
3. Levees and dikes to wall the water in.

The last has been the chief device for two hundred years, and every year it grows more preposterous. The alluvial valley of the Mississippi was subject to floods even under primeval conditions. But it was covered with heavy timber. The water spread into natural side basins and wandered to the Gulf by various routes so that no great damage was done. In 1717, the first levee was constructed at New Orleans. For the next hundred years levees spread slowly up the valley to the Arkansas River. It was the duty of abutting landholders to build them. The Swamp Land Acts of 1850 encouraged States to construct levees, and earthen mounds became continuous from New Orleans to the upper limits of the alluvial valley. Old Man River was walled in. . . . Was he?

In 1879 Congress came into the picture and appointed the Mississippi River Commission to establish a grade line for levees from Cairo to the Gulf. But the line was not high enough. The river broke through. In 1898 the grade was raised five feet. The flood of 1912 overwhelmed it. In 1914 it was raised again with a three-foot margin of safety beyond. The total cost was now prodigious. The flood of 1927 tumbled over the margin of

safety and swamped the whole valley, the worst rampage on record. Another five to ten feet were called for, plus floodways running parallel to the river, guarded by "fuse-plug" levees. The cost was 300 million dollars—about 35 million per foot. In all there are now 1,825 miles of levees averaging 21 feet in height. The higher they go the more they cost, while the *river bottom itself rises constantly owing to silt from eroded fields*. Soon the river will be flowing on a mound between higher mounds, well above the surrounding country. Give her another ten feet, boys, at 50 million dollars a foot! There is no end to this mad race except complete victory for the river. Some day it may sweep the valley clean—levees, towns, cities, fields, farms, railroads, highways, industries—in the wildest, most disastrous flood in history.

Big floods are unpredictable, depending on a conjunction of circumstances—especially heavy snowfall, violent rains in March, frozen earth to speed the run-off. People forget them, as peasants around Vesuvius forget eruptions. But they always come. God help the people of the Mississippi Valley when the next one comes! The critical point in the whole system is Cairo. Here the Ohio comes in. Just east of it the Tennessee joins the Ohio, and just east of that, the Cumberland comes in. What the TVA is doing at Norris may some day help to save New Orleans.

Man is a greedy animal. If he had built his levees a little back from the banks, leaving the natural flood basin in forest and bird colonies, he would have had a better chance of controlling the river. But no. Crop lands have crowded in on the natural flood plain, behind levees built close to the banks. A large part of the increasing flood damage in recent years is due to the occupation of river-banks and valleys by cities, towns, industrial plants, bridges, railroads, highways, as well as by farms. We are hemming our rivers in below, and heretofore have taken no steps to control them above.

The great Mississippi flood of 1927 inundated 18,000 square miles, killed 246 people, drove 750,000 from their homes, and did 300 million dollars of damage. Silt is rising on the floor of the Rio Grande precisely as in the Mississippi. But without levees the rising river waterlogs the surrounding country. On the Missouri River, 2,275,000 acres of land, 26 cities, and 730,000 people are subject to floods. Losses on the Red River in Arkansas mount to 10 million in a season. Controls on the Arkansas River are grossly inadequate and losses reach 15 million dollars.

The engineering policy of flood control for two hundred years has been to get the water off the land by drain, channel, levee, culvert. In big streams, dredge the channel and hustle it faster. The policy is vicious, stupid, and wrong. The only intelligent program is to *hold* the water in the soil, in artesian basin, pond, lake, and farm reservoir. When this is not enough or cannot readily be done hold it with big dams and artificial reservoirs.

Beavers were butchered by early settlers to make ugly hats. In Oregon surviving members of the clan are being transplanted to the headwaters of streams, there to build dams and help hold the floods. Levees seek to control high water at the wrong end. Beavers have the right idea.

VI

Taking out the peaks and valleys of stream flow does not eliminate drought in so far as drought is caused by inadequate rainfall. It does however mitigate its effects. Just as lowering a flood crest by twenty per cent usually prevents serious damage, so raising the low-water stage helps greatly in a drought. Adequate water supply is maintained, pollution is checked, cattle can drink, irrigation ditches carry life-giving fluid, generator wheels turn, barges deliver their freight.

In the great drought of 1934 irrigation

areas were obliged to concentrate on watering livestock with nothing to spare for crops. By August all storage facilities in Utah with one exception were exhausted. In parts of the Great Plains, the Great Basin round Salt Lake City, and the Imperial Valley of California, not only were crops and pastures destroyed, but there was an acute shortage of domestic water. Had Boulder Dam been operating in 1934 it could have saved the Imperial Valley. Seven million head of cattle and five million sheep, gaunt with thirst, were purchased by the FERA. Relief grants totalled 78 millions. The total direct damage to agriculture was estimated by the National Resources Board at 5 billion dollars.

"All this leads to the conclusion that water conservation for drought insurance is feasible for much of the arid regions, but that to be effective it must be predicated upon basic hydrologic facts and carried out according to a planned program of water and land use." Drought control is the other side of flood control, and both are implicit in the planned development of a watershed area.

Floods encourage silt, and silt by raising stream bottoms encourages floods. Of all the power dams which have been studied from North Carolina to Mississippi, there is not one that is not already silted to the level or above the level of the penstocks. Free-boards have been installed in an attempt to increase the head. These dams as a class are doomed to uselessness, according to H. H. Bennett, not in fifty or seventy-five years, but in the immediate future. Reservoir studies of 56 dams made by the Soil Conservation Service in 1934 showed 13 major dams averaging 30 feet in height, completely filled by silt during an average life of twenty-nine years. The Austin Dam in Texas was choked in five years and com-

pletely filled in fifteen. The Harding Reservoir in California was gagged in *one month* by heavy rains following a forest fire in the watershed. It is folly to build reservoirs without erosion control above.

VII

Our journey down the valley ends at the river mouth, but problems still pursue us. Three problems, to be specific: pollution poisons harbor waters; low-river stages allow too much salinity in harbors, destroying shellfish; salt water backs up the river and ruins valuable crop lands, as in the delta of the Central Valley.

From the raindrop on the height of land, down a thousand miles to the salt water of the ocean, one problem locks with another in a great wheel, and there is no solution, either for the continent or for man, except in co-ordinated control that comprehends all problems. None can be settled by itself alone. Of this the outstanding illustration is perhaps the mad building of levees—or is it the construction of mighty dams with no provision to prevent them from choking to death?

The Mississippi Valley Committee and some other government agencies see the whole picture. The committee says:

"A drainage basin, big or little, is a region through which water moves. No act of man can permanently halt this flow of power, nor even diminish it to an appreciable degree. The water must come down—we could not stop it if we would. We can, however, figuratively as well as literally, canalize it so that it will do what we want it to do and not do what we do not want it to do."

Can we adjust our property institutions and our individual wills to such engineering? The future of our land and of our nation will largely depend upon whether we can or not.



IN RIGHT

A STORY

BY IRA WOLFERT

THE National Guard was sitting in the Armory four blocks down the avenue, and the Mayor was sitting in his office a half mile away saying "no," saying the strikers were behaving okay and orderly and the police could handle them all right and he was not going to call out the soldier boys when it wasn't necessary. He said that in the newspapers; and then the Company said in the newspapers that the Mayor had sold out to the reds and the town was in the hands of Moscow, because winning the strike without the National Guard was going to cost them plenty.

The strikers could read. They knew all about what was going on and they were not making any trouble that would get the soldier boys down on them. Except that during lunch hour, when the machines stopped, they piled up outside the fence a block deep—men and women, holding up their children, holding up their empty dinner pails with the covers off, and hollering, "Come out, scabs!" over and over again in one deep, endless roar. It made you weak. The first time it happened a quarter of the scabs picked up and walked out, saying they'd rather be on relief than in the hospital. And the Company said they were going to get the National Guard out to protect their loyal workers if they had to take that Stalin down in the City Hall by the slack of his pants and bounce him on a bayonet.

All the specials had their orders, and

when it was twelve o'clock again and they were beginning outside, I ran on back to McGrady's office. I ran through the mill room where the super was standing on a platform yelling, "There's going to be shots. Don't worry! There's going to be shots over the heads of the strikers. It's just to scare the strikers away. Don't worry! This company takes care of its loyal workers." I passed through the areaway leading to the stock room where the specials were collecting. The Company hadn't wanted to load the place with city hard guys, because that would get them in wrong, so they had hired some college boys and some fellows like me, workers out of work and ready to do anything for eating purposes. But to show us the ropes they had some guys who made a business of being specials, rat-faced souses and little-eyed, white-lipped junkers that you couldn't trust outside an electric chair. McGrady gave them vomit-gas guns and gave the rest of us lengths of lead pipe and he says, "Get going. Push them the hell away from that gate. Get going."

We piled on back through the mill room, a little knot of us, running hard at the double past the white-faced scabs, and ran down the front steps of the building to the yard. "Christ," I thought, "this is killing, and I'm not going to do it." But in the back of my mind was the speech the boss had made, and how he said they were going to replace their staff with acceptable men from the group who helped

win the strike for them, and the thought rolled over and over inside of me while we ran toward the ear-filling, pouring roar. "Come out, scabs! Come out, scabs!" I wanted a job. I was crazy hungry for a job.

"We're coming," yelled McGrady from fifty feet away. Then I heard the shots, four of them, from a window on the second floor. I had never heard shots before in sunlight, only in shooting galleries at night with carrousel music to make them sound sort of gay, and I felt myself winding up tight inside, and my heart going like a rock against the pavement, in hard, erratic, clattering bounces.

For a single instant the roaring noise stopped. Then it began again, a group here, a group there, till everybody was swinging into it and the thunderous sound was filling the air. Somebody swung the gate in and the crowd of strikers swayed back a little—quietly, passively, without resistance.

Then we were upon them, pushing. "Keep moving! Come on! Keep moving!" You saw a woman's fat sweating face and above her face a child's hot red sweating face and both their mouths were open. You knew the sound pushing out of their convulsing throats was "Come out, scabs! Come out, scabs!" but you couldn't hear the words. All you could hear was a great bellowing noise that flattened out your ears. You pushed at thin weak bodies and saw red eyes looking at you frightened. You pushed at skinny yielding arms and said, "Come on! Keep moving! Keep moving!"

The crowd was breaking up. The women and the kids and some of their men were drifting back out of the way, and some of the men were gathering in little groups, standing quietly, watching. The roar was quieting down and then you heard a scuffle alongside, slapping, thudding noises, a woman screaming at the top of her voice, "You, George! Come out of that!" her scream as frantic as shots in the sunlight. You were afraid to turn your head, to lose sight of the red eyes in front of you and the yellow-faced

unresisting men. You held the lead pipe in one hand and pushed with the other. Sometimes the pipe felt heavy and sometimes you didn't know you had it, and all the time there was this tightening inside, this strangling tightening in your chest and belly, and your eyes hurt, but you couldn't stop moving them because you had to see everything. A brick went through glass off somewhere back of you and a brick scudded along the open space at your feet, but you couldn't look away from in front of you because you were afraid, and you were afraid not to look because maybe now, maybe this moment, someone was aiming to give it to you from the side or from the back.

Somebody came up against me and I pushed back hard with my elbow, not looking, and felt like the top of my head was being blown off with sudden, crazy, wild fear. And right at that instant this little man standing in front of me, this thin, big-nosed, yellow-faced man with thick lips and wet red eyes looking into mine, started screaming, "Killers! Killers!" I couldn't take any more. I couldn't stand it any more, because all the time mixed up with my fear I had been thinking: poor dopes just like me, men like next door and women like my mother and kids like you see playing in front of my house. What am I doing pushing them around? And on top of that this fellow looking at me, screaming, "Killers! Killers!" I busted him across the mouth with the lead pipe. His whole thin, screaming face seemed to fall into his mouth, and I said, "Move on! Break it up! Keep moving!"

There was pushing and shoving, trampling of feet. "Move on!" I said, and I felt inside like I was fighting to keep myself from breaking out and screaming and killing. I must have been holding the lead pipe high, ready to hit if he came for me, because when a brick came along and knocked it out of my hand, I felt the pain shoot down my arm and go stinging up through the side of my face and into my head. I stooped and fumbled around for the pipe, keeping an eye on him, because

I thought maybe he didn't know yet he had had enough.

He came for me then, thin and spread out and loose, like paper in a rush of wind. He drove his skinny knee into my face and hit the back of my neck with his thin fist, and I had to back up. I backed up low against a car, and my head banged against the door handle.

I felt a screaming inside my head, like my brain was screaming, and I rolled sideways and got around him. He stood looking at me with his feet spread wide.

"I'm going to kill you, you red bastard!" I said.

He didn't say anything. He couldn't talk through the blood. He couldn't open his mouth. His jaw was broken. He started to come in. I took one high in the face between the temples and the cheekbone. I felt his fist splash up against my face, soft as a splash of water. I knew I had him then. He couldn't hit worth a damn. I felt good. I felt this was going to be easy and I rushed in exultantly. I let him have it in the groin with my shoe with all I had. I gave him my knee in the face. He popped like a grape and doubled up and went over backward. Then I was all over him. I hit him. I hit him till I felt the bones of his face splintering under my hands. He made no resistance after that first kick. He didn't move now except as I pulled him. He was dead.

Somebody yanked me up. "Come on," he said. "It's all over."

I heard McGrady yelling, "Get those cameras! Smash those cameras!" because they had been pointing at me. I looked at the body, the legs twisted in that odd quiet way that tells you a man is dead.

"Come on," he said. "Let those tin soldiers do something."

"He had it coming to him, the Jew red," I said. "I give him what he asked for."

I saw men standing in a little knot on a street corner. They were yelling at us. A hundred yards back of them the street was filled with a great spreading throng

of people. A bedlam was going up from them that rolled swollen through the air.

The tin soldiers on horseback came up from the other direction. They rode by looking serious and frightened, mostly boys under their tin hats, with their long stiffly held sticks.

"Come on," McGrady told me. "They'll break it up. Leave it to the soldier boys. They got what it takes."

"All right," I said. I didn't look at the body any more. I looked at the soldiers and the people backing away and running from under their horses' hoofs.

We went back to the factory. They had basins of cold water waiting for us alongside a nice clean little towel and a nice clean little cake of soap. I washed my face and hands and got the blood off, but I couldn't get the fever out. The fever burned right through the cold water even as I splashed it over my face. I was hot all over. I was shaking.

"Here you, what's your name," said McGrady, "I want to talk to you."

"Sure," I said. "Yes, sure, okay. A minute."

He turned to go back into his office, believing I would follow him, but I couldn't think. I couldn't get hold of myself. I went out through the mill where the scabs were standing piled on tiptoe looking out the windows while the super yelled for them to get back to work, and I walked up the wide stone stairs to the office.

Upstairs there was a group of men and girls standing in a corner talking. They looked at me and stopped talking, and I felt suddenly frightened at what they might say about me. "They don't know yet," I thought, and walked on past them, putting out my chest and frowning and swinging my arms, swaggering because they looked at me with fear and respect and interest, as if I were something romantic in the pictures. But inside I felt like a little baby crying. I felt all flying apart.

"Here, you can't go in there," one of the men said, but they stepped a little away from me frightened, and I walked right on through the open door onto a

carpet and saw a man standing looking out the window. He turned around slowly, importantly. I had my hand on his telephone on the big desk and he said, "What are you doing in here?"

"I'm using your 'phone," I said, and was surprised to hear the words come out in a threatening growl. I dialed long distance and gave her my home number and lost sight of the man, standing with his arms raised to his chest and his fists clenched and his smooth round, pink face scowling and frightened. "I just want to hear her talking," I thought.

"Hello," I said when I heard my wife's voice. "How are you?"

"I'm fine," she said. "What's happening?"

"How are things?" I asked, feeling her cool, clean, soft voice flow into the broken heat inside me.

"Are you all right?" She sounded a little worried.

"Oh sure, fine. Don't wait dinner for me," I said.

She laughed a little bit, uneasily. It was a reminder of old times when I had had a job and I'd call her up and tell her the boss was keeping me overtime and paying for our Saturday-night movies. She always waited to have dinner with me—sometimes till ten or eleven o'clock.

I laughed too. I felt better. I felt more in one piece now and I hung up.

"Now you get the hell right out of here," the man was saying.

I looked at him, saw him for the first time, and felt frightened and reckless. "Are you going to make me?" I said, just like that. It was Wilson, the big shot, the boss of all the works, of this mill and ten others like it.

He had a gray mustache standing on edge on his smooth pink face. He was a little man with eyes that were blue and sunny looking. He looked as if he had never had much to worry about, and it was hard to see that he was worrying now. But he was. He was afraid. The "specials" had him scared. But in front of me he tried to look unconcerned.

"You oughtn't to come here," he said. "Use the 'phone downstairs."

Suddenly, without thinking I was going to do it, I said exactly what I thought. I said, "I wanted to be out of it. I wanted to be some place quiet when I talked to my wife."

The girls and the men were standing in the open doorway listening to us. I started to walk toward them and Wilson, the big shot, the great big boss, came up to me and touched my elbow. "Pretty rough out there," he said.

I thought, "Well, he doesn't know either. He doesn't know yet it was me who did it."

And I broke all up inside again. I took two quick steps away from him toward the door, my legs wobbling under my knees. Then I just couldn't stand any more. I fell down on my hands and knees—uh!—and my eyes seemed to roll along with the carpet that was rolling out from under my shaking body.

The great big boss of all the works had flung his arms around me to hold me up. I smelled his washed, rich smell and heard his arms slap against my body and I heard him grunt with the strain. I was too heavy for him. "Those killers!" he screamed. "Why don't the police throw all those killers in jail?"

I trembled inside for an instant, quivering, cringing away from inside myself, because I thought at first he meant me. But that was silly. He didn't know yet. He wouldn't be acting like this to me if he knew. So he must be talking about the strikers. I tried to yes him. I couldn't think of words. I couldn't remember any language at all. I heard them saying, "Oh, oh!" and "He's just a boy!" and after that I guess I just passed out.

When I saw something again it was a girl who was leaning over me and putting a cold towel that smelled from soap and the laundry on my forehead. "You poor boy," she said, "you just lie right still."

"Hello, toots," I said, "you look like somebody's sister."

She was startled a moment, a little

offended maybe. Then she said frostily, "I guess you're feeling okay, fresh guy. There's a doctor coming for nothing."

I thought of telling her I needed a pretty nurse a damn sight more than a doctor, but suddenly in one swift-rolling wave I was sick of her, of talking, of playing the game of hero-returned-from-the-front. I lay there on the couch and let the thick-dripping horror drag through me.

She wasn't there any more, and I closed my eyes slowly and saw clearly in one single flash, blinding and startling like when the movies stop for a trick shot, the gray lead pipe as it lay across the man's thick lips and saw his whole face crumble.

I hadn't meant to do it. Sure, judge, how often have you heard that one before? How many years will that take off my sentence? When I hired out as a special all I wanted was a job. I hadn't had a job in so long. I had relief poisoning. I was fed up with doing nothing, fed up with having no place to go, with belonging nowhere. Didn't even want to go home any more and see my wife. I had told myself, "All right, I'll take sides in this war—the right side. I'll guard the plant's property. I'll be with the bosses, train with the top dog this time."

"Christ!" I had often thought, when looking for a job, "if I could only get one of these bosses to see me, just to look into my eyes," because they never looked at me when they said, "Nothing." They never even saw me, and I thought maybe if I took this job as a special I'd be able to do something to get one of the bosses to look at me, run to open the door to his car or tip my hat and say "good night" or "good morning" or "fine day," get him to see me and to say to himself, "well, that's a fine upstanding young man, what can he do, maybe we can fit him into the organization."

"Honey," I told my wife, "once I get on the inside of that plant I'll do something to make them know I'm there. Once I'm on the inside they'll never get me out. I'll have a footing then. They won't be afraid to look at me then, be-

cause they won't know I'm looking for something, asking them for something."

All right, I thought. These strikers had had jobs. Let them do nothing for a while. Let them taste relief meals for a while. Hell, if it was good enough for me, it was good enough for them who had had jobs and didn't know any better than to quit them in order to try and cut the boss's throat. If they wanted more money, I thought, let them work for it. Let them get ahead in the world. After all, the boss was doing his best for them. He was trying to keep the plant going in these hard times and all the strikers thought of was listening to the reds, who got theirs from headquarters anyway and were paid to cut the boss's throat.

I had never been in a strike before or seen one. My jobs had always been with little fellows, auto mechanics. Maybe I was the only fellow in the shop with the boss. Maybe there was two of us, and if you wanted anything out of the boss you walked up and asked him for it. Then if he said "no," you'd try to find another job where you could get what you wanted.

But it was all clean and open and aboveboard, something between two men who didn't go in for back-stabbing. "I want this." "You can't have it." "I'll get it elsewhere." "This is a free country. You're welcome to try." And I thought a strike would be something like that, only the men stick together and say, "If you don't give us what we want, you try and get along without us." Then the boss tried and if he could, okay, he won, and if he couldn't, okay, the men won. Of course I had read about the fights that happened sometimes, men killed, dynamiting. But I thought that was those terrible reds, those Moscow killers who wouldn't know what a clean American argument between a boss and his hired help was like.

Then the first day, the company couldn't get their scabs inside, because the pickets were packed so tight around the gate. And I heard Wilson say to McGrady, "Make a stink out there. We've got to get the National Guard." And a

little while later McGrady said to us, "Go on out and rough them up. Push them the hell away from that gate. Use your pipes. You're deputies of the law. You're not picking daisies."

But the Company had only a few guards and mostly the wrong kind too, because the boss didn't want to get in wrong unless he had to. And the strikers were holding off, so everything went smooth, nobody got hurt, and the scabs ducked in all right. But the strikers must have made the rounds of the scab houses that night, those that were damn fool enough to go home, because a lot of them didn't check in the next morning and those that did were so scared their fingers trembled as they worked.

I had a feeling there was going to be trouble when the scabs started to walk out the next noon. McGrady didn't seem exactly tickled to death because there hadn't been any trouble the day before. I knew the Company was going to lose out unless it had the soldier boys to keep the streets quiet and give the scabs the courage to stick on their jobs, and when the pickets piled deep against the fence and started chanting for the second time, "Come out, scabs! Come out, scabs!" I thought, "Here comes hell." McGrady hadn't said anything to me, but I could make a guess as to what he had said to those hard city guys among the specials.

I made up my mind I wasn't going to be a killer for anybody. I made up my mind I wasn't going to use the lead pipe, only push around and look tough. But I felt guilty. I felt I was in a dirty business and I was scared I was going to get my head broken, and I felt I ought to have my head broken, pushing around these poor people who were just like me and like the people I palled around with. These things were going around inside me all mixed up and then this fellow put the finger right on me and yelled, "Killers! Killers!" Damn it, he was just trying to keep his job. Well, damn it, I was just trying to get a job, just trying to fit myself back into the world.

Maybe it's funny, I thought, as the doctor came up, maybe it's funny as an old lady breaking a leg, but I hit that guy because he called me a "killer," and I knew he was wrong. But I couldn't get a jury to go for that story. They'd give me twenty years.

"Sound as a drum!" said the doctor, tapping me.

"Sure," I said. "I was just a little tired."

Wilson was standing there with his hands clasped behind his back and he said to one of the girls, "Get him a glass of water."

And I thought, "God Almighty, but don't I get all the breaks! If I didn't have to go to jail now, I'd get a job sure from him. I'm in soft, in right—all except a little bit of murdering." I drank the water in small swallows with my lips tight, to look refined.

"I better go downstairs," I said.

"You've done a day's work," said Wilson. "You rest now."

"And how I'll rest!" I thought bitterly. I shook my head, not trusting myself to speak, and went downstairs. I wanted to get it over with. I felt the awful suspense that hung over my head, that would hang over my head until the judge had said "ten years" or "twenty years" or whatever he was going to say. I knew how slowly policemen worked once they got hold of you. I wanted it over with. This being in jail, waiting, was not going to be any Civil Service job for me. I wanted to know this minute what was going to happen to me. I had committed a murder in less than a minute. It would be weeks, months before I knew what would be the result of it and what they would do with the rest of my life. I knew that but I couldn't get used to the idea. I felt I would bust apart with irritation at the suspense already, even before I had given myself up, even while I was walking toward McGrady's office to make my report and wait for the cops. For a minute now I got panicky and thought of running away, ducking out and home,

picking up my wife and lamming for the open road.

McGrady was talking to a soldier with eyeglasses. He nodded to me and went on talking quietly and I stood there thinking, "If only I could get a break. If only just nobody saw it. If only, some way, I could cook up a self-defense story." But there I had been, surrounded by maybe a thousand people, me with a lead pipe—"lethal weapon"—the other fellow with his bare hands. We all had been deputized. Officers of the law engaged in the performance of our duties. But there this fellow had been, standing with his bare hands down by his side.

When the soldier went away, McGrady said, "Where the hell have you been?" I told him I had passed out, and he said, "What's a fag like you doing on a man's job? I'll be goddamned," he said, "ten million unemployed and we pick a bum like you for a job."

I didn't say anything. I stood looking at him.

"I'll tell you this much," he said. "You keep better control of yourself after this. You keep your head on your shoulders or we'll get someone who can."

"After this!" I said. "After what? You don't . . . The cops'll be here soon. Don't you want a report out of me or something?"

"It was self-defense, wasn't it?" He looked at me carefully. "I got four affidavits signed saying it was self-defense, and one of them is from Mr. Wilson himself who was standing in the yard himself and saw you take the lead pipe away from the striker. That was the way it happened, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "He swung . . ."

"All right, save it. All right, sign this. This is your statement."

I held the pen in my hand and looked at him standing over me. "You won't regret this," I said brokenly. "You won't be sorry you done this for me." My eyes were wet and I couldn't see well.

"Listen, you," he said quietly, "if it was up to me you'd be at the end of a rope

right now. If it was up to me I'd have your heart out right now this minute. I don't hold with killing." He didn't raise his voice and he didn't make a move toward me.

I couldn't look at him any more. "I guess you're right," I said. I signed my name. "But you think of this," I told him, looking squarely at him. "If it weren't for Wilson wanting a stink raised to get out the National Guard . . ."

"All right, all right," said McGrady. "Go back to work. You hold yourself ready to go down to the magistrate when they call you. You'll probably have to watch him throw out the case. Read over your statement to-night. I'll give you a copy so you'll know the answers if the judge asks any questions."

"I know how you feel," I said. I wanted to be in right with him. I wanted there to be nobody out to stab me in the back, no little boss, nothing. "But you don't know how I feel, Chief," I said.

He came around his desk where he was putting away the affidavits and he put his hand on my shoulder. "I know, boy," he said. "It was just a rotten run of luck. But remember this: This company takes care of its men. Now, back to your post! Quick! Double-quick, march!"

He clapped his hands together and I thought, give the old mutt a smell of a uniform and he lifts his leg sharp.

I went back to the door I had been guarding since the beginning. There was a college boy sharing the post with me and when I came back feeling young, strong, exultant, he looked at me with respect. "You're the one who clunked that guy out there, aren't you?" he said.

"Well he asked for it," I told him. "His tongue was hanging out for it. He came for me, swinging this long . . ."

Then I stopped. I felt ashamed of myself. "My God," I thought, "what's happening to me? What's this doing to me—making me a killer, a boaster, a boot-licker. What kind of a stinker have I become?"

"So then?" said the college boy eagerly.

"Forget it," I said, and looked out the window at the soldiers standing outside the gate with their bayonets at the ready, and at the hungry, tired, desperate-looking pickets marching up and down lugubriously, with a forced and wilting determination. I had been saying all my life, "This is a dog-eat-dog world." That minute, for the first time, I understood to the last bitter letter what it meant.

When Mr. Wilson came down under his Panama hat to go home he stopped to chat with me. He asked me how I was feeling and said he was glad to hear it and said he'd pick me up in his car and we'd

go down to magistrate's court together. Yes, sir, thanks, sir, you're being mighty decent, sir, I said.

I knew I was in soft now. I knew he would make a steady job for me now in one of his mills out of town, because he thought I was loyal and he thought I knew enough to make a little trouble if he didn't appreciate my loyalty. Yes, I knew I was in plenty right. I knew my troubles were over, that I had climbed out of the gutter, and that it would be fine going home again at night. And I was thinking I wouldn't be happy again ever as long as I lived.

THE HOUND

BY ROBERT FRANCIS

LIFE the hound
Equivocal
Comes at a bound
Either to rend me
Or to befriend me.
I cannot tell
The hound's intent
Till he has sprung
At my bare hand
With teeth or tongue.
Meanwhile I stand
And wait the event.



ENTER THE COTTON PICKER

THE STORY OF THE RUST BROTHERS' INVENTION

BY ROBERT KENNETH STRAUS

IF YOU are in Memphis and take a trolley out Florida Street until you reach the outskirts of the city proper, you will come to a small made-over garage, across the exterior of which is draped a cloth sign lettered "Home of the Rust Cotton Picker." Perhaps the model of the picker which was on exhibition at the Cotton Carnival is sitting in front of the shop, joined firmly to the posterior portion of a large rubber-tired tractor. If it isn't there you can go inside and ask one of the Rust brothers to show you one of the ten pickers which they are rushing to final assembly, so that they can demonstrate when the picking season gets under way in September that the mechanical picker is perfected, as they believe it is.

The visitor to the Rust shop will sense the web of drama which pervades the place—of a drama which is still in process of composition, to be sure, and perhaps may never be produced. Two acts have been completed and the third has been jotted down in outline form. The first act tells the story of how the machine was conceived; the second tells of the difficulties which were overcome in building, testing, and perfecting a first model. Finally, in the third act the first ten machines are to be put to work in the cotton fields and the vast economic and social changes which they may bring about will be sketched.

If the machines will really work, as the third act provides, it is easy to see that this drama will be long remembered. For

they might conceivably change the whole way of life of millions of people in the cotton belt, bringing about an economic revolution comparable to that which was brought about long ago by Eli Whitney's cotton gin.

When you enter the Rust shop the first thing that will strike your eye is a colored photograph of Thomas Edison which is nailed to the wall, directly opposite the entrance door. Thelma Rust, John's wife, will greet you, as she is receptionist, bookkeeper, and general assistant to her husband all in one. She met John a few years ago, when he was living at the Llano Co-operative Community in Louisiana, and has been married to him and the cotton-picking machine business ever since. She will open the door of John's cubicle-sized office, and as you go into that you will be confronted by a photograph of President Roosevelt.

The two pictures symbolize John Rust's two major faiths. He believes in the substitution of machine power for human labor wherever and whenever it can be accomplished. That is the inventor in him. But he believes that, while the substitution of machinery for human labor confers great benefits upon society, it creates problems of social adjustment which it is the responsibility of government to solve, since they are none of the inventor's concern. That is the side of him which is interested in politics.

When John Rust rises from his desk

chair to greet you you will see that he is a heavy-set man, in his early forties. His hair is just beginning to turn gray at the temples. His manner is quiet but very direct, and, though you have heard in Memphis that he has a lot of "crazy, socialistic" ideas, you will be impressed with his essentially scientific temperament and with the simplicity and sincerity with which he tells his story of how he and his brother Mack got started working on the cotton picker.

John and Mack were brought up on a farm in Stephens County, Texas, thirteen miles from Breckenridge. Their father had taken this farm as a homestead, after having moved from Virginia to Texas in the seventies. As boys, both John and Mack earned their first pennies picking cotton. It was the vivid impression of this back-breaking labor, done in a stooped-over position under the glare of the southern sun, that caused them first to wonder whether this was not a task which a machine could perform as well.

Their parents died when John was sixteen and Mack was eight, and it was necessary to sell the family homestead. Mack went to live with a sister and John started on an itinerant career, in search of work and dollars. For three years he wandered through Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico, doing odd jobs. One night he happened to join a crowd which was listening to a Socialist speaker. John was interested and after the speech was over went up to the platform and asked for some pamphlets. He was given *Men and Mules* by W. F. Ries and *Introduction to Socialism* by N. A. Richardson.

These made a deep impression on John, as is attested by the fact that he remembers their names to-day. Thus, he says, he became interested in social problems before he had actually started work on his cotton picker, or even begun to think about it except in the most casual way.

In 1911, at the age of nineteen, John Rust returned to his sister's farm in

Texas. He stayed for about a year, working on a cotton-chopping machine. At the end of the period he set off again, this time to become a member of a co-operative coal-mining community in Oklahoma, called Milton Colony. Living in this community gave John Rust further occasion to develop his interest in and knowledge of social problems. There were about two hundred people in the community. They had leased government coal land and paid eight cents to the Federal government for each ton they took out of the mine.

The Colony was not a success. There were not enough men to do the mining and the men who were available were not sufficiently skilled in the technic. The Colony broke up and John Rust again took to the road in order to find work. This time he found it in the wheat fields of Kansas. The declaration of war came when he was there. After ten months in the army he was demobilized in Kansas City and immediately got a job in the construction boom which was then getting under way. During intervals in construction work he developed a very original business on the side. He would jump on a trolley in the morning and note all door-bells which the trolley passed that had signs on them, indicating that they were out of order. The next day he would call at each house that had had a sign and offer to repair the bell. He found that he could earn from three dollars to six dollars per day this way, charging one dollar for each bell repaired, and make a small profit on the sale of the dry cells, which he would purchase at the "five-and-ten." When the business crash came in 1920, and construction activity came to a standstill, John fell back on his bell-repair business and did very well.

In 1922 John heard of a young wheat grower in Hutchinson, Kansas, who was working on the design of a new and improved type of wheat combine. John had some ideas about farm machinery, which he had developed in the wheat fields. He discussed them with the

young grower and ended by taking a job with the little company which had been established to develop the combine. The five years which he spent working for this company gave him a background and knowledge of mechanical principles. He took a correspondence course in mechanical drawing, so that he could lay his ideas out on paper. Furthermore, he developed confidence in his own ingenuity and ability in working out the problems of design which were involved in the construction of the combine.

During these five years his mind returned repeatedly to the problem of the cotton picker. In 1924, after completing his course in mechanical drawing, he made a first sketch of his idea of a picker. The endless belt which is a feature of the picker as it stands to-day was incorporated in this first drawing. Revolving spindles were mounted on this belt, each spindle having a set of barbs to catch the cotton and gather it out of the bolls. In 1925 a Kansas wheat farmer to whom he had shown his first drawings offered to finance him while he worked his picker out in further detail. John declined the assistance, however, because he said that he could gather the cotton on the spindles all right, but he didn't know whether he could get it off the spindles.

In the spring of 1927 John left the Kansas combine company and went to work for another agricultural-implement manufacturing company in Missouri. After he had started his new job it occurred to him one night, while lying in bed, that the solution of his problem of how to get the cotton off the spindle was to use a smooth spindle instead of a barbed spindle. He remembered how if you picked cotton early in the morning when the dew was on it it was difficult to get it off your fingers. The wet fiber would stick to the skin, as if it had been glued on. He jumped out of bed and got a long nail, wet it, and then revolved it in a boll of cotton which he had in the house. The cotton stuck to the nail but as soon as the moisture had been absorbed it would come off with little difficulty.

Eureka! It was the principle of grandmother's spinning wheel, reincarnated.

John felt that he had solved his major problem in the designing of a picker. He now knew that he wanted a moving endless belt, carrying a field of smooth, revolving spindles, which were to be moistened just before they came into contact with the cotton. He resigned his new job and went back to Texas, where he made arrangements to live with his sister on her farm while he worked out the details of his machine. In the summer of 1928 his brother Mack, who had graduated from the Engineering School of the University of Texas in 1925, done a year's graduate work in Electrical Engineering, and spent two years in the employ of the General Electric Company in Schenectady, joined him to assist in the development of the picker. Since that date the two brothers have worked side by side, without interruption, on their machine.

II

John played the leading role in the original and creative work which established the main principles round which the Rust machine has been built. When Mack joined him in 1928 these basic principles had been worked out. From then on the problem was to incorporate the principles in a practical and functioning model and to prepare for the manufacture and marketing of the fully developed machine. In this phase of the work the thorough engineering training which Mack had received at the University of Texas and in industry was indispensable to John. As he remarked, their different abilities and experiences complement each other very well. John is the "idea" man of the team; Mack is the "practical" man, who knows how to test ideas for workability.

By 1930 the first model of the picker had been constructed, and the brothers decided to accept an invitation to come and live in the Llano co-operative community in Louisiana. There they moved their whole outfit—plans, tools, and

model. In the picking season of 1931 the model picked its first six bales of cotton in a Texas field. In 1932 a second public demonstration was given at Lake Providence, Louisiana. In 1933 the Rust brothers were invited to take their machine to the Delta Experiment Station of the University of Mississippi at Stoneville, Mississippi. Near there, a competitive demonstration was given, the International Harvester machine appearing as their antagonist in the friendly contest.

Now for the first time the Rust brothers had the opportunity to see the machines developed by competing inventors. Although they were aware that since the Civil War seven hundred and fifty patents had been issued by the Patent Office in Washington to inventors of cotton-picking machines, neither John nor Mack Rust had felt, until they had completed their first model, that it was of much use to study the failures of other inventors. They say now that if they had studied this long history of disappointments they would have been so discouraged that they would never have got as far as they have.

Let us glance a moment at the history of the major attempts to develop a picker, because it will assist us to understand the differences between the Rust machine and the other machines which are still in process of development, and will help to show why there is still much skepticism in cotton circles whether the Rust machine is any better than a whole army of previous pickers which have been much advertised and since forgotten.

The patents which have been issued by the Patent Office fall into two general classes: (a) manual devices; (b) automatic machines.

Among the very early and primitive manual devices was an invention which provided the human picker with a sort of body brace which looked like a pair of stilts, except that the man leaned against the sticks instead of standing on top of them. Another early patent was issued on a large horse-drawn carriage, which

spanned a number of rows, and on which the pickers were to ride through the fields, bending down from time to time in a leisurely fashion, as they approached the white bolls. (This sounds as if the inventor had had experience punting on the Thames, as the spirit of the operation is quite similar.) Both these patents were issued shortly after the Civil War. The best picker of this type was one which was later backed by W. C. Durant, the motor manufacturer, and of which some five hundred units were actually manufactured. It provided for a number of "elephant trunks," which stick out from a big bag. At the end of each trunk is a small revolving series of blades, mounted on an axis, like a lawn mower. The blades caught the cotton and plucked it all right, but each trunk required a human operator to guide it to the boll. Most of these machines were sold to the Soviet government, which would seem to be making a collection of cotton pickers for museum purposes, because it has been constantly in the market for them.

John Rust points out that the phrase "cotton-picking machine" has probably been the cause of much wasted effort in the history of the development of a satisfactory machine. It causes the prospective inventor to think in terms of the hand-operation and thus leads to the development of machines like the Durant machine, which do nothing but implement the human picker. The Durant machine as a matter of fact was more of a handicap than an aid. To get away from thinking in terms of the human picker was as difficult as for early automobile designers to get away from the idea of a "horseless" carriage.

The first patent for an automatic machine was issued in 1866 and the most recent one was issued in June, 1935. These automatic machine patents divide themselves into three classes: (a) suction machines; (b) stripping machines; (c) spindle machines.

The suction machines attempt to suck the cotton out of the bolls. They have

done this with some success, but show no powers of discriminating what they suck up. The result is that leaves and dirt come with the cotton and ruin its grade. Stripping machines have been used fairly extensively in certain parts of Texas, where the stalks of the plants are small and there is little foliage upon them. But these machines are not satisfactory for general use since their method of operation, which is equivalent to passing a large comb over the whole plant, results in injury to both the fiber and the seed.

All the important modern attempts to develop a picker have used the spindle principle. The International Harvester Company, which is supposed to have spent several million dollars in development work on its picker, uses a spindle of the barbed type, about one-half of an inch in diameter. The Berry picker, which was developed by a Greenville, Mississippi, inventor who is now dead, and which is still being worked on by his son, uses a spindle which is similar to the Harvester spindle, and which is also of the barbed type. The Meyercord machine, which has been developed by a Chicago capitalist, uses the spindle principle, but the actual device which comes in contact with the cotton is built like a corkscrew, with a hook at the end to catch the fiber.

Mr. Berry and Mr. Meyercord were both interviewed when this article was being prepared and were asked to comment on the Rust machine, as well as to tell of such plans as they had for their own machines. Both Mr. Berry and Mr. Meyercord said that they had started with the smooth spindle which the Rusts use and found it inefficient and impractical. Mr. Berry says that if the Rusts had studied the history of the inventions with greater care they would have saved themselves years of wasted effort, attempting to use the smooth spindle. Neither Mr. Berry nor Mr. Meyercord is much worried about the publicity which the Rust machine has secured or plans to push forward with his machine in the immediate

future. The International Harvester Company refused to comment on the Rust machine but said that they were not planning any immediate further developmental work on their machine.

The Rust brothers reply that their experience was just the opposite. They started to use a barbed type of spindle and abandoned the attempt. They believe that their particular design of smooth spindle is different from previous types of smooth spindles used and they also emphasize the fact that they are applying their smooth spindles in a radically different manner. The smooth spindle used by the Rusts is a simple steel rod, about eight inches long and one-eighth inch in diameter. Sixteen spindles are mounted together on a steel slat, which looks like a large carpenter's level. They turn in holes pierced through the slat. There are eighty slats, all strung together in an endless belt, which revolves continuously when the machine is moving up the row of cotton plants. The spindles begin to spin as their respective slats come round and enter the picking position. They keep spinning while in contact with the cotton plants. They remain in contact with the plants for a number of seconds, as the slat on which they are mounted goes backward at the same speed at which the machine as a whole goes forward, which is about as fast as a man walks. Thus the spindles are stationary with respect to the cotton plant, a fact which gives them more time to gather the cotton than they would have if they were mounted on a circular drum and were spun round like spokes on a wheel. The spindles of the Meyercord, Berry, and Harvester Company machines are all mounted on drums and are thus, it would appear, handicapped by the short contact which they have with the cotton plants.

After the tests had been completed at the Delta Experiment Station in Stoneville, Professor W. E. Ayres, Assistant Director in charge, told the Rust brothers that their machine was by far and away the best of all he had ever seen, and that

he thought that it was perfectly ready to be introduced commercially. In a recent interview Professor Ayres told me that in 1933 he considered the Rust machine to be better as a cotton picker than the Model T Ford was as an automobile when it was first introduced. He believes that if the Rusts had been willing in 1933 to license one of the big implement companies to use their patents, the mechanical picker would be in general use to-day.

But the Rusts were not interested in the idea of selling out to a large implement company. Furthermore, in spite of the fact that they appreciated Professor Ayres' comments on the performance of their machine at the 1933 demonstration, they did not feel that it was quite ready for commercial introduction. After the tests of that season they added several features, particularly a device to protect the spindles from getting bent by the stalks of the plants, as they passed through the picking tunnel of the machine. In 1934 they moved their shop to Memphis and in the picking season tried the machine out in the Arkansas fields. They were very satisfied with its performance that year and decided to order the jigs and dies necessary to make ten machines for the 1935 season. A delay which took place prevented them from doing this in time for the 1935 season, and thus they had the opportunity to give their model another test in Arizona, under conditions radically different from those prevailing either in Texas or the Mississippi Delta. This test also was satisfactory, they believe, and still further justified their decision to order the necessary jigs and dies with which to turn out ten machines. This was done and the parts of the ten machines were in Memphis in ample time to allow them to be assembled and made ready for this year's picking season.

III

The Rust brothers believe that the performance of their machine in the cotton fields this autumn will convince the most

skeptical that they have solved the problem. They are so sure of this that while Mack superintends the assembly of the ten machines in the back of the machine shop on Florida Street, John is spending much of his time these days thinking about how to organize their company to manufacture and distribute the machines next season, and particularly what he can do to make the economic and social adjustment of the Cotton Belt to mechanical picking as easy as possible.

John is determined not to sell out to any of the large implement companies. He feels that his patent position is secure and that there is no reason why he should have to secure the assistance of large sources of capital. Altogether about fifty thousand dollars have been spent so far on the development of the machine, not including any charge for the time of either John or Mack. This money has been raised from a few people who had sufficient faith in the idea from the beginning to go along with it. John wants to start manufacture and distribution on as simple a scale as possible, with the minimum of financing, allowing the company to accumulate its own reserves. He and Mack want to retain control.

But they do not want to retain control in order to make more money. What makes the Rust brothers' enterprise one of the most fascinating phenomena of our time is that they realize that if their machine is successful it will create profound social problems, and they want to be free to use the profits of the enterprise to assist in attacking these problems. The American inventor working away in a tiny toolshop or garage and producing an epoch-making invention has long been a familiar type; but here are two inventors who, with extraordinary success perhaps within their reach, have resolved not to follow the familiar pattern and become multi-millionaires, but instead to have a part in a social experiment conducted for humanitarian purposes. That is something new on the American scene.

To realize what the effect of the machine might be if it succeeded, one must

recall how dreadful in recent years has been the plight of the share-croppers, black and white, of the cotton region. Here is such widespread abject and serf-like poverty as can be found in no other part of the country. The landscape has been described as a "miserable panorama of unpainted shacks, rain-gullied fields, straggling fences, rattle-trap Fords, dirt, poverty, disease, and monotony that stretches for a thousand miles across the Cotton Belt." The fall in the price of cotton during the early part of the depression raised terrific havoc among the share-croppers, and the AAA crop-limitation scheme, though it raised the price of cotton, did away with all need for the services of great numbers of cotton pickers. Before the Rust machine had even appeared on the horizon the strains and dislocations of Southern agriculture had become so severe that a complete breakdown appeared to many close observers to be inevitable. An antiquated and extortionate credit system, the steady advance of cotton growth in other parts of the world, and soil exhaustion had done their work. And now, on top of all this, a machine threatens to displace something like a million more of them—men, women, and children. That is why many Southern observers regard its coming with dismay—and why the Rusts want to keep the introduction of their invention under their own control.

Before we discuss what they might hope to accomplish by retaining control, in easing the social and economic adjustments which would inevitably arise from the introduction of their picker, let us inquire what the chances seem to be of wide general use for the Rusts' machine, and what, precisely, the economic effects of its introduction might be.

Not much is known at the present time as to relative costs of machine-picking versus hand-picking, because no reliable cost studies have been made of the mechanical picker under different conditions of operation. Last autumn the cost of harvesting the cotton in the Mississippi Delta area came to about \$9.00 per bale

of lint cotton, when outside labor was hired on the basis of 60 cents for each hundred pounds of seed cotton picked. Figures compiled by the Department of Agriculture for the year 1934 show an average harvest cost of \$4.84 per acre for the whole United States. An average of about one-third of a bale of lint cotton was produced by each acre harvested, so that the total cost of harvesting on a per-bale basis came to about \$14.52 for the whole United States.

Just how much the Rust machine could cut under such an average cost figure will not be clear until actual studies have been made. The machine will pick about one acre an hour, although this picking speed can be doubled by using a two-row machine. John Rust estimates that it will cost about \$1.00 per hour to operate the tractor and to pay the tractor driver and the operator of the picking machine. In addition, there must be added to this whatever the per-acre charge for use, depreciation, and profit on the picker itself should turn out to be. The final cost per bale would depend upon the yield per acre, which varies widely according to the region, and the number of times which it is necessary to go over the same acreage. With hand-picking it is usually necessary to go over each acre three times before the full yield can be procured, as the bolls which are nearest to the ground are ready for picking first.

Under the worst possible conditions, in territory where the yield was a third of a bale per acre, using a one-row machine, tractor and labor expense alone would come to \$9.00 per bale. If 50 cents per hour were added to cover the charge for the picker, \$4.50 would have to be added to the \$9.00, so that the total of \$13.50 would not be much less expensive than the average cost of hand-picking for the United States, and it would be more expensive than the per-bale cost of harvesting the crop in the Mississippi Delta last year with hand-pickers.

John Rust points out that the machines will be introduced in the higher-yield areas first in any event, where the yield

runs a half bale per acre and better. He also hopes that planters will adapt their cotton to the machine and use a type which will require only two pickings per season. Under such favorable conditions, using a two-row machine, two acres could be covered in an hour at a cost of \$1.50, including the charge for the picker. One-half bale would be secured from these two acres on the first picking and the remaining half-bale on the second picking, so that the total cost per bale would be \$3.00.

These two sample calculations are nothing more than guesses as to the possible range between the cost of machine-picking under extremely favorable and extremely unfavorable conditions. It is clear that under unfavorable conditions machine-picking may not have much advantage over hand-picking; but under favorable conditions it would seem to offer great financial inducements.

Approximately half the cotton crop is harvested by hand-pickers on the basis of so much per hundred pounds picked, most of it being cotton grown west of the Mississippi. The remainder of the crop is harvested by the share-cropper system, and one of the reasons why the share-cropper system, with its medieval injustices, has been continued down to this day has been the necessity that planters were under to have plenty of hands available to do the picking when the cotton is ready to pick. Since women and children can do this picking almost as effectively as men, the maintenance of a share-cropper family on the plantation has meant that ten hands were available instead of two when it was time to pick, since all the family could be called out to help.

If it hadn't been for the need for labor in the picking season, the share-cropper system would already have disappeared, many in the South who are interested in the Rust machine believe. With a mechanical picker available, there will be every reason for abolishing the cropper system, and completely mechanizing cotton farming from one end to the other.

Professor Ayres has carried out several studies in the past few years, comparing the cost of cotton growing on plantations using share-croppers and mules with the cost on plantations using wage labor and tractors. The results have been very markedly favorable to the mechanized plantations.

It was found that the average total cost of cotton production on five plantations which were using wage labor and tractors in 1931 was \$29.37 per acre, as against \$46.49 per acre for five plantations which were using share-croppers and mules. With an average yield of 7/10 of a bale per acre, the tractor-operated plantations produced a bale of lint cotton for a total cost of \$41.90 as against a total cost of \$66.40 per bale for the five share-cropper-operated plantations. It is obvious that plantations which have been hesitating to substitute day labor and the tractor for cropper labor and the mule, because the hands of the cropper's wife and children were necessary when time came for picking, will not long delay to do away with the cropper system, when the main reason for its continuance is no longer relevant and the financial and social arguments for its abolition are so great.

Thus it appears quite possible that, even if the introduction of the cotton-picking machine of the Rust brothers will put a million share-croppers off the plantations and on the road, it will also result in better conditions for the million or so croppers who remain on the basis of so much per day for services rendered. It certainly looks as if the Rust machine would do more for the ending of the chaotic conditions on the cotton plantations that have attracted so much attention in the past few years than any other agency of amelioration which is on the horizon. For the cornerstone of the whole system will have been removed—the need for extra unskilled hands when the bolls are ready to pick.

John and Mack Rust both are convinced that the general effect of their invention will be beneficial, even if it only

results in abolishing the actual back-breaking operations which hand-picking involves, without administering the *coup de grâce* to the share-cropper system which, we have indicated, it is not at all unreasonable to expect. They also believe that a reduction in the cost of cotton to around five cents per pound is a possible long-term outcome of the introduction of the picker and the consequent mechanization of all stages of production which the picker will encourage. If this were to come about it might mean an increased consumption of cotton by domestic industry and it would certainly assist the United States to regain a portion of its export market, which decreased from 7,534,000 bales in 1934 to 4,798,000 bales in 1935.

IV

But John and Mack believe also that it is their duty to run their company in such fashion as to minimize the inevitable social and economic adjustments. Just how they will do this they don't know. John says that it's easy enough to develop a machine, because you know a good deal about all the parts when you've finally put it together; but when you start to talk about trying to be a social mechanic it's a much tougher proposition, because all the parts are human and you don't know how they're going to behave when you get them all organized and in position.

One thing that John has thought about a lot, is the possibility of permitting their pickers to be used only by planters who maintain satisfactory wages and conditions of employment on their plantations. This might be unwise, however, since it would stimulate the demand for another picker which could be used without such restrictions, so that it might be a case of cutting off your nose to spite your face. John is inclined to think that the most valuable contribution which he and Mack can make to the solution of the social problem is to establish a foundation and endow it with their own personal stock holdings in the picking-ma-

chine corporation. Such a foundation might establish a revolving fund to assist displaced share-croppers to band together in co-operative cotton-farming groups. John is very much interested in the co-operative movement and believes that it will grow in the United States. The foundation might also finance educational projects in the cotton States, assisting the croppers indirectly in this manner.

John and Mack are emphatic on one point, whenever anyone raises the question whether it might be better not to introduce the mechanical picker at all. Any machine which relieves human labor is a step in the right direction, regardless of the chaotic conditions which may attend its introduction. They facetiously point out that it would be more sensible to destroy the cotton gins than to delay the introduction of the picker, because the separation of the seed from the cotton could be done by hand comfortably in the shade inside of long sheds, while the hand-picking has to be done under the sun from a cramping position. Technical progress may create social problems, but this is no excuse for holding technical progress back.

Whether technical progress can be introduced in a controlled manner, in some sort of co-ordination with a social program designed to meet the situation created by the particular technical advance, is a question which John believes he and his brother can explore. He comes to this problem with no illusions as to the difficulties involved and admits frankly that it is possible that if you start off to follow a business policy which takes the social factors into consideration you may find you are doing more harm than good.

Perhaps it is man's job to seek the solution of things in nature, and let the results of the discovery of the workings of nature determine the process of social evolution, instead of trying to play God by assuming that we can really guide the social process with our short-sighted human notions of liberty and justice. In other words, John is not sure that his

machine won't be far more effective in terms of social change through the logic of its function than through any policy which he and Mack might pursue in selling the machines, and disposing of the income derived from such sales in a socially conscious manner. But though he is ready to admit that they may be "hay-wire" to try such a program, he doesn't see why they shouldn't try it, even if they eventually find that it can't be done, especially since neither they nor their wives have any ambitions to make more than enough money out of the invention to give them comfort and security. John and Mack say that money is a "burden"

when it is used to provide more than the simple things which people need and want, and they might as well experiment with any that they make as spend it on themselves.

Whether they will have the opportunity to experiment with social inventing depends upon the performance of the ten examples of their mechanical invention which Mack is assembling back in the shop, while John talks to visitors about social problems. We repeat that the play as a whole cannot be judged until the third act has been completed and rehearsed. For further details see your local newspapers about September first!

BRIEF FIRES

BY EILEEN HALL

THIS carcass, ornamented, fed, caressed,
 Aware of surfeit, famine, heat, and cold,
 Must drag its lassitudes from breast to breast,
 Although most pleasure is a tale twice-told.
 Satiety is avid and still strives
 That some sharp bliss its shudder may impart—
 The hope, the hunger in the blood survives
 The bitter recognitions of the heart.
 But those slow poisons, drop by drop distilled,
 Will stiffen into peace the living side,
 When the last spasm of the nerve's fulfilled
 And the red tumults of the sense subside.
 What hinders, what withholds this fatal grace?
 Brief fires blackening a barren place.



CANARY SONG

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

ONE twilight there was a tone so different that, though I was hard at work, I heard it. It was not like canary song—more a stir of air. Which bird? When I looked it seemed each time that that odd music ceased, and when I ceased to look was there. Finally I knew—Chicken.

On the left side of his face Chicken has a shadow so faint that for a long time I did not see that shadow, and always had trouble pointing it out to anyone else. Well, pale as that shadow this tone was. To make it Chicken had to keep his bill wide open, and you knew but you could not see till you got right up to him that there was motion in that bill. An unbelievable rapid quivering. The result in tone was a vibration, a trembling, something new in music, something that you could not at first recognize was made up of separate notes, repetitions of the same note evenly spaced; each repetition, once you truly heard it, distinct and pointed, but like the ghost of a note.

Where except in his own mind could the little bird have heard anything like that?

This all occurred, as I say, one twilight, and I thought regretfully that that was perhaps the last of it. I knew how musically inventive canaries are. They often make some small discovery that you hear every now and then through an afternoon and the next day is gone. But the next day Chicken's new invention was still there.

Indeed, had he heard it in his mind? I mean, was it from his ancestors? Had

he inherited it? Or had he actually heard it with his earthly ear? Could it be that that was the way Chicken's ear took in the note of a mouse traveling through a concrete wall? There were always mice in the walls, and sometimes at night they would come out into the open; a canary would be on one side of a seed bowl and a mouse on the other, first the canary head dip, then the mouse head dip, I always uneasy, but neither bird nor mouse uneasy. A mouse's tone, however, is higher in pitch, squeaking in quality, the notes not evenly spaced, and not with anything like Chicken's speed. Chicken's was more like some insect, only there are no song-making insects in the building except crickets, and the crickets are in the basement four floors below. Furthermore, there are no crickets in winter.

I had given up thinking of this when again one twilight, the building silent, I was just able to make out down the hall and through two doors the noise of someone's noiseless typewriter. Just able. Just a stir of air and at that distance not unlovely. I had never heard this before, and the only reason I heard it now, I think, was because my ears were prepared by Chicken's tone. I could not escape believing there was a connection. In a month I was convinced there must be. At that distance and under those circumstances that hard machine had almost the same quality as this little bird's vanishing music. The music was like a breath made visible by cold.

What I knew was that I must hence-

forth be very careful in deciding what a canary can hear. Perhaps a canary can hear things even much fainter than Chicken was hearing. Perhaps even that was the origin of some of what I thought invention. Chicken's invention he used as a beginning each time, from it broke into his bigger and more ordinary but still comparatively small song. And I must be careful also in deciding what a canary can make of what he hears; because whoever listened to Chicken's melody agreed that it was a music of most mysterious beauty.

The bird in the egg must hammer its way out, and that hammering has often been heard. But more than that, the unborn bird complains down there in the cramped dark, and that complaint also has been heard. But most unexpected, that unborn bird alone in his shell hears something of what is going on outside. At least it has been claimed by one of the best of all observers that in several kinds of birds when the mother issued a warning call the chick in the egg was still.

How this interesting observation was made I did not know, but naturally I should like also to have been present at such a scene. Should like to have listened as discreetly as possible to those earliest conversations between mother and chick, thus perhaps to clear my mind a little farther as to the nature of bird speech and bird song. This a clever young friend of mine was kind enough to make practical by supplying me with a small microphone that I was able to place in the sieves where the mothers had their nests. I could keep at my work, the telephone receivers on my head, and the mother bird would not be frightened, though I was as close to her and her eggs as if she had built her nest in my ear.

I did not hear that complaint of the unborn bird, but all the other noises I heard. I heard the hammerings and the pauses, the stirrings of the mother—like stirrings of silk, heard the crash of the father's feet as he landed on the fishpole

or even right on the edge of the sieve, heard the chick just after it came out of the shell, maybe when it was coming out. And off away at a distance I heard the Community—noises of a city from a hill-top. Strange it was, I tell you, to be part of all the excitement of such a little household during these tense hours and days.

Without this quite indecent nosing, without this help from the machine age, without my microphone I could hear nothing of the chicks the first day they were out of the shell. To know they were out was fairly easy. The tension that is round a nest was each time broken, like heavy weather by rain. The mother would be away more often, still had to keep the chicks warm but yet was freer to dash about the neighborhood. Each time she returned she would gaze and gaze and gaze—*mine!*—and only then slide down over the top of them. The neighborhood itself would have an increased curiosity, and I remember how a mother who had been disappointed in the outcome of her own eggs moved very close and looked down at another mother's successful babies, suddenly to be driven off by the possessive father.

But no chick did you hear on the first day, not even when the mother and the father both were pounding food into mouths that you knew were wide open and from which, the microphone had taught you, were coming the earliest faint peeps of hunger. And no peeps on the second day, or the third. On the fourth you might still in some cases be uncertain, and it was determined much by the distance of the nest, but on the fifth there were the unequivocal sounds, weak at first but gathering strength from hour to hour. To recognize these was easy. Every fifteen minutes you could point and say: "There proceeds a feeding." But of greater interest, as early as the ninth day, and earlier, you were quite able by the shades in the quality of the peeps to know that those in that nest

were individuals, not merely members of a species, persons not canaries.

The male sings to serenade the female, as everybody knows. The male perhaps also sings for the other reasons that we sing—to make a bigger and more important noise than his neighbor, to put into the air something that he is creating or thinks he is creating, and he seems to sing to be rid of a mood. In fact, the male and the female both; but especially the female's small and infrequent song seems mostly to exist for that last reason, to be rid of a mood. Finally, song is used like speech, where now and then what has happened demands such strong expression.

Serenade may be from a distance, or it may be close into the lady's ear.

Serenade into the ear is naturally the more passionate, begins with a rush, continues with a rush, like the act that it means to excite. It is a swift vigorous trill, usually fairly high in pitch, and no decorations on it, and sung with such heat that you do not feel the bird quite to be hearing what he is singing. Appetite in tone is what it is.

When I heard that kind of serenade break forth I could shut my eyes and paint the picture. I could see the little male's growing burning, see him moving nearer and nearer, his body rigider and rigider, and if then the song was abruptly cut off I could see that she had flown away and that he was standing as if he had lost a friend. Indeed, anyone who has once been present at this drama could close his eyes and to the accompaniment of the music build in the plot.

Serenade from a distance, on the contrary, was always more what one thinks of as serenade, more as if she were concealed behind a curtained window and he had the object of his song rather in his mind, were addressing that vision—and it is true that she would often be quite out of sight, perhaps down under the radiator working at some serious problem of her race. Thus you might

see him there alone and think that he was merely singing for the sake of the song, but that was only before you had listened much to canary song; because though the melody might be the same the feeling was so different. The appearance of the singer was different too, who always in serenade looks a good deal the strong wish that he has in him.

Sometimes it would happen that this serenade from a distance would be broken upon by another singer, singing very possibly to another vision, and in that way a singer contest arise, *Meister-singerfest*, the original inspirations in the course of the contest entirely forgotten. But more often the serenade from a distance would simply excite the singer to go out on the gross search for her, and the serenade change to that where the singer sings straight into the beloved's tiny feather-covered ear.

Often in the late afternoon Chicken and Chicken-like would start together in low tones. *Lieder* is what you then felt. Saturday afternoons the College would have been quiet for hours, and you could count on this happening at least then. *Lieder*—short songs, low tones, small volume, gentle quality.

And *Lieder* these songs remained unless the singer was excited by someone's interrupting song.

If on these Saturdays you observed the singer's body you would see how relaxed, very different from that typical one of Puck's, no swaying from side to side, no rising on legs. Chicken and Chicken-like's singing was Father's kind of singing, because Father taught them both, but especially Chicken's was much dreamier than Father would ever have let his get. Certainly the song felt as if the singer were working off a mood. He was not thinking of a lady. The psychologist may say that there was a lady in Chicken's subconscious, as in our subconsciouses, and I do not mind; but there was no lady near Chicken, and the song would not end in his going in search of one. The other birds sometimes sang

in this way too and at this hour. Several times also at midnight, with only my table light burning, everything still, suddenly from the vicinity of the half-fish-pole over the third window there would be a voice, a stirring voice, strong from the first note, only a half dozen phrases, then everything still again. Most liquid notes. A little bird's dream, is what you then felt.

I have said that serenade might end in a singer contest. And a song that began as a mere getting rid of a mood might end in a singer contest too, strain come into the voices, the pitch rise, and in a minute or two everything be altered.

The space between the bird's breathings would have lengthened, and a single breath sometimes last for an unbelievable time. It is difficult for the human singer to hold a big tone for as much as three-quarters of a minute; yet when a canary is driven by competition he also can hold a tone that long, and longer, and this is astonishing because a canary breathes so much faster than we—ninety to one hundred and twenty times in the minute against our twelve to eighteen. You would expect the canary to have to get his next breath so much sooner. It is almost impossible to count those breaths even ordinarily, and when the excitement of song is on him he does not want to stop at all to breathe, and it is said that birds have ruptured blood vessels and have died in such a competition. What happens commonly is that into this contest of two singers another, then another, is drawn, till what may have begun as a kind of reading of poetry becomes a fierce chorus of battling voices.

Father called home the lost canaries with song. That use of song I had never heard before, but it was of course speech, stirring speech. The call-notes that many times a day went between husband and wife were certainly also the elements of song. Then there were the bits of tone that did not amount to call-notes and that fell everywhere into work or

play, like remarks. Then there were the various cries, the cry of the mother to her fledglings, of a leader to the Community, or the combatants in a combat—this often simply one insistent high note. Then the warnings that rose up day and night. Then when in the morning I would have forgotten to buy seed, and the bowls were empty, and I would come in the evening and still have no seed—there would be a speech then too. All would meet me at the door. All would tell me with utter plainness—higher and lower voices, but absolutely the same idea.

Much communication was, of course, by deed.

Then there was a sort of talk that went on between the birds and me, especially between Whitehead and me, and that Whitehead herself often started. She would never take time for it during the day, but toward evening when she was tired she would sometimes place herself on a branch of the first tree, let out one plaintive note, then another plaintive note. It might take a long time till I heard and answered, but when I did she would promptly answer me, encourage me to keep up this talk. I would even be permitted to move to within a yard of her and even to look at her, and the conversation go on usually for as long as I was willing. Sometimes my tone would follow hers, sometimes hers mine, most often a not very loud whistling. It was a form of communication that communicated, to be sure, nothing more definite or important than friendliness.

A canary sings themes like ours, is able to carry them up and down the scale as we do, and to put together several to make a song.

To me a canary song is all that a canary sings inside one canary breath. He may wait after that breath, or he may repeat his song, or he may start on something new.

But what to me is a song to some other ear may seem only a phrase, and it is not an important point. For instance, to a

judge's ear at a canary prize competition a song is something made of *rolls* and *tours*, the rolls those passages where the movements from one key to another are fused, and the tours those that have a number of distinct musical figures. I have counted within one canary breath as high as thirteen themes, and the canary did not seem very used up.

As to the theme, often it will be nothing more difficult than the same note repeated. More often it will be the same trill repeated. But it may be a broken chord, or some more intricate pattern of rhythm and tone, or it may be some few notes out of a musical scale that you easily recognize and think of as ours, the human scale, and the question has been raised whether the bird learned his scale from us or we from him. Impossible to answer that, though more or less musical noise is what we are in the habit of connecting with primitive man, and song, rightly or wrongly, with bird.

Now there are those commoner themes that occur over and over, that you hear through windows, or in someone's sitting room, that everybody without paying special attention knows, and as you go through life you add to your list. But that is by no means all that the canary has. You need only to go on listening to realize how constantly the imagination of the single bird is making slight variations on that comparatively small number of original themes, and soon you find yourself much more interested in hearing how he does that than in naming and cataloguing those basal themes that no doubt are inherited fully formed, and that the bird one day early in life bursts forth with.

On a cold afternoon I heard Striped Male sing a theme that I had often heard from the wild birds down in the dump—two notes with an evening quality and about midway between Striped Male's highest and lowest, and followed by one note that glided upward. This was late winter, so it was months since there had been any singing in that dump. The theme had been remembered over all

that time and not sung, and now was sung. About half a week later Striped Male increased those two evening notes to three, and this did in an amazing way change the feeling of this theme—just as if in the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony you were to play four instead of three repetitions of that immortal note. Before the week was over Striped Male had increased the three to five. In a month he did not sing the theme at all any more.

Another twilight there was something almost as cattish in quality as a cat bird, then I never heard it again. Another twilight there was one long-sustained hoot, not like an owl's yet giving to the mind the same desperate feeling. It was sung several times, then I never heard it again.

I need hardly add that a canary's voice is a canary's voice whatever the theme and variations. When you first go to Russia what you hear is a fairly monotonous repetition of the same tones and rhythms. That is Russian. Even the words of the great Pushkin might for a long time represent too slight a variation on that for you to distinguish. Indeed, I have no doubt that to an ear as far from ours as ours from a canary the inventions of Bach are utterly lost.

So, what you hear first is the quality canary, next certain melodies sung by all canaries, next not the quality canary and not the melodies sung by all canaries because finally you are listening to the one bird singer. And even to the human ear that one bird singer is at least as much an individual in his song as in the detail of the design on his feathers, or his way of springing to a branch, or his way of treating his neighbors.

As to the naturalness of these voices, we all know that we never feel the uneasiness with a bird voice that we feel with even the finest human singer—the fear that some note may crack.

As to the carrying power, that you can scarcely believe. I was able at the distance of a city block on a Sunday morning when the air was still to recognize

Puck's voice. And several persons who are not accustomed to listening have told me that downstairs when they entered the building they heard my canaries, and that means one long hall, three flights, another long hall, a turn, and still another long hall. It ought to be said too that you can only barely hear the human voice unless it is loud even when the person is right outside the laboratory door.

So song-sensitive is the canary that I have known a moment of silence to start him into song. I have known the same effect from the unexpected brightening of a voice in the course of a dull human conversation. A friend was translating, a monotonous succession of sounds and rests, then the translating went over into talk—instantly two on the west half-fishpole began to sing. This was at nine o'clock at night. The striking of a match I have known to be enough. All light after dark. So song-sensitive, so song-willing that you might say anything could start them, but the common stimuli are the typewriter, the radio, the piano, the hum of a machine, the slightest ring of the telephone, dripping water, the loud laughter of some negroes down in the dump, a sparrow on the window-sill, the canaries' own talk, a rival's approach, the sight of the mate, the sight of any female whatsoever. At the bird store to start his males singing the proprietor rubs a sand shovel on a tin can.

Females sing. They sing more rarely, their repertoires are shorter, their voices smaller and of a quality that does not attract attention—but they sing. Frequently the song is no more than a pipe followed by another pipe. One of the females would always sing high C, then a third above high C, then a rest, then G in the octave below. After many repetitions of this theme, for her very last note, she would rise to C the octave above high C. This is the way the canaries often finish their song, go one octave up.

Usually the female did not sing till late in the day, in the springtime not till several hours after dark, the hard-worked bird sleepy but wishing none the less a bit of song before she went to bed. You would see the spaces on either side her throat fill with air just the way the male's do, only a small swelling instead of a big one, and the tone that resulted would often have that feeling too, as if it wished to be big and were not succeeding.

I have heard it said that the female is more apt to sing during her widowhood, but I have not observed it.

On Sundays when the New York Philharmonic would begin to come over the radio the whole spirit of the place would change. Rossini, Beethoven, Wagner would make a happy canary program, particularly if the Beethoven happened to be the *Pastorale*. And that would make a happy Toscanini program too.

The radio stood against the south wall between the windows, and after a while you always felt that the orchestra was literally down in that box. This gave to the laboratory out in front of the box the feeling of having grown much bigger—of being a great hall with the singing canary audience all around the edge of the balconies of it. Hinge would be high to the back on the fishpole. Hinge always occupied the same place. Sometimes he would sing uninterruptedly through an entire concert, which meant the full two hours, because Hinge sang also through most of the intermission. There would be Sundays when there were breaks in his concentration because he could not get his mind off some female, or some annoyance at a male, anything; but on those Sundays when his being was calm he would surpass the others to a point that made him seem another species of bird. Father, you always would decide then, had not wasted his time on Hinge in spite of Hinge's lazy ways.

As the Toscanini program mounted to its glory Hinge would show an increasing freedom. He would not look

like a canary any more. It was inspiration. A splendor would come over us all. There was something of sky and ocean—in the face of the scientists.

Below Hinge on the book-closet would be Striped Male, in his old place, from which he sang his fatal concert five years before, but no thought of equaling Hinge now, just a modest pleasure in singing along with the others. To the right of the hall on the desk might be Chicken, usually to be joined after a while by Chicken-like—both much less dramatic singers but listening very carefully to what the orchestra was playing, keeping very close to it, especially Chicken, who had a finer and finer voice. On the other side of the hall, on the instrument case, frequently the striped ones all together—Junior, Penguin, Striped Male—with the striped females on and off joining them, Junior and Penguin facing partly toward each other and partly down toward Mr. Toscanini. A tier lower than they, on the chemical bench, would be Crusty's Son, born about nine months before, with a voice already so big that you would wonder whether he might not be the offspring of some secret pledge with Hinge. The other males would be strewn wherever they happened to alight, and there would

be a good deal of changing of places during the concert; but the singers on the whole would continue in a great semi-circle low on the sides and rising high to Hinge at the back, the hundred-man New York orchestra down in the bowl in front of them.

Fabulous canary singing on those fabulous Sundays. All the males would sing, often a female. Once Striped Daughter sang through half a concert. It was that heavenly Sunday when great Toscanini played the Ninth Symphony—took Scuola Cantorum, Metropolitan soloists, Philharmonic Society, wrenched them out of themselves, or back into themselves, I don't know which, but for that hour made them into something that you did not remember them to have been, something diabolic and mad that cracked the dark and let us who were listening see the outlines of Beethoven and, I think, even the outlines of God.

And this canary singing was not speech, not the giving vent to a private mood, not love-making, not the inexorable path of sexual selection. No, these tiny birds with their tiny voices on those Sunday afternoons came very near to man's own high conception of art for art's sake, song for song's sake, the creation of impersonal beauty.





THE MIDDLE-AGED MIDDLE WEST

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

IT DOESN'T even look young any more. Those small towns which sometimes so depress the traveler in many Middle Western States are not ugly because they are raw and new; they are shabby and down-at-heel because they are middle-aged failures. They look as if years ago they got off with a bad start or had made some early mistake. Some of them show clearly that greatest tragedy of maturity: that they were badly located and did not find this out until past their prime and with their money all gone.

Nor do the many beautiful little villages in the Middle West, deep in shade trees, owe their charm to any freshness of youth. They appear to be deeply rooted, sure of themselves, with a long-standing contentment in being where they are. Losing his road map, a traveler in Wisconsin might occasionally imagine that he was in Pennsylvania, and there are parts of southern Minnesota which are amazingly like parts of New England.

We are beginning to look back at our youth in the Middle West, to indulge in reminiscences and preserve souvenirs and relics of the past.

"The floor in this dining room," said the owner who was showing me the buildings on his Minnesota estate, "is the same one that was in the original farmhouse on this site over a hundred years ago."

For good or ill, we have a past. In even the small cities the architectural mood has changed more than once. One can see indications in such places that

wealth and taste have had time to cast their skins several times, leaving old turreted wooden houses and out-size brick and stone mansions behind them. In the great cities, and especially in Chicago, the greatest of them all, the first young urban outline, awkward, sprawling, and undeveloped, is no longer to be seen. It must be imagined.

The definite signs of maturity are obvious everywhere in the Middle West today. A section of a country is not young when for hundreds of miles one finds cultivated farmland which shows by its smooth lack of rock and stump that the soil has been used for several generations at least. A country can no longer be considered young when parts of it, such as the timber lands and some of the ore fields, have passed their period of greatest yield and productivity. Middle Westerners are not making the great pioneering fortunes of the past. The sons and grandsons of those who made the fortunes are clinging to them, if they can, because they know that there will be no chance to duplicate them in the present or future. These are surface manifestations, but there are also more subtle proofs and showings of maturity. Social life in the Middle West has grown up. The old jokes have lost their points. As for Middle Western politics, they are not raw and impulsive even when they are violent, but are as skilled and subtle as only long experience can make them.

Yet the idea clings. The Middle West is still referred to as "young, new country." It is pitied or teased for its

gaucheries, many of them now fictional. When some Easterner or Southerner says to me, "Of course the manners in your part of the country are so free and easy," I think of a few of our regional dowagers who have been glowering at small social deviations for the past fifty years, and I would match them for precision of conduct against any Boston social arbiters, even without a similar scope and authority. But I might not say so. For while among those who are not Middle Westerners this belief in the youth of the Middle West amounts to a fixation, among ourselves it is sometimes a pose. Very often we do not deny that our section of the country is young. Sometimes we insist upon it, perhaps because we think that if we do so we may be allowed the excuses and indulgences allowed to youth when its conduct is faulty and its manners careless. It is an ever-ready explanation of our blunders and lack of perfection. Furthermore, it has always been a good way to attract attention and get publicity.

But there comes a time when, like it or not, a country must grow up. The sober truth is that the Middle West has become middle-aged, in years and in looks and in habits. Its civilized life is very short if one compares it with that of ancient civilizations of course; but measured in terms of United States history, it has had time enough to mature. On that fact should be predicated our appreciation of it, any criticism of it, all hopes for it. It is important to realize and to admit this. For to get the most out of maturity you have to be aware that you have arrived at that stage of life. You must respect and champion its values.

That is why I resent having my section of the country regarded as juvenile or adolescent when it is nothing of the sort, and why it annoys me even more to have the Middle West itself act like a man of fifty who wants to be thought just a boy. There is no use in pretending that the Middle West is the Peter Pan of the United States.

II

What do I mean by the Middle West? When I spoke of it recently among a number of people in New York, I found that no two of them had the same idea. This territory (or is it just a notion?) seemed to have no definite boundaries. There was once a lady who when she came back from Buffalo, New York, spoke of having visited the Middle West. There was also a politician who said to me last winter, before some matters were worked out, that the Republican presidential candidate must come from the Middle West.

I asked him what the territorial limits were.

"I mean," he said, "that he must come from within a couple of hundred miles of Chicago."

Looking at the map, I suppose that it is helpful to recognize as Middle West that part of the early province of Louisiana which lies north of the present boundaries of Oklahoma and Arkansas. To this must be added the territory north of the Ohio River which was included in the Massachusetts, Virginia, and Connecticut cessions of 1784, 1785, and 1786. (I bring this point in deliberately to show that the Middle West was chipped off Eastern and Southern grants; for that fact may have a remote bearing on its psychology as well as a direct one on its history.) This is a rough estimate of the States that may be called Middle Western, and it would generously include Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, and a part of eastern Wyoming and Colorado. I have mentioned fifteen out of forty-eight States, and the eastern and western boundaries of my map will perhaps be disputed and challenged. I would not quarrel over them. As I say, there is no authority to turn to, and one person's guess as to the inclusiveness of the Middle West is almost as good as another's. Political maps split up the United States in one way. Business

maps divide it at their own pleasure and convenience, narrowing or extending the section. Also there are subdivisions. There is the northern Middle West, the lake section of the Middle West, the prairie Middle West, and that dead center, Indiana.

It was a renowned gentleman originally hailing from Indiana who gave me another definition of the Middle West.

"The Middle West," he told me, "is made up of the people who were brought up under the influence of McGuffey's Readers."

That is something to ponder over. There is meat in it. The East was intellectually influenced by the scholarly universities which grew along with it. The South had its own method and selectivity in education. Certain sections everywhere in the United States were without any teaching. But McGuffey's Readers, so far as I have been able to learn, were certainly used in a majority of those public schools which first brought education to the Middle West. I myself, born in the Middle West, never saw a McGuffey's Reader until I was grown up, and yet its influence touched me. Stories and fragments of poems linger now in my head which I picked up from older relatives which they in turn had learned in McGuffey's Readers. Apparently no one who ever learned anything in one of those volumes ever forgot it. It was a very fragmentary kind of learning but it stuck. The Middle West in its maturity has learned to respect scholarship, but its own mood has never become academic. Out here the fact still is of more value than the idea—and so is the quotation. For all I know, this may be traced back to the fact that in its youth the Middle West went to school to that Ohio publisher and erstwhile college president, Mr. McGuffey.

The chances are that when anyone who does not live in the Middle West speaks of it he is thinking more of a mood than a map. Such common opinion is apt to consider the Middle West as

synonymous with radical political views; but curiously, in the next breath, the same opinion will hold that the Middle West is hide-bound, narrow-minded, and parochial. In talking of the Middle West we usually discuss prejudices and habits rather than actual boundaries of rivers and mountains and State lines. However, I am sure of this. Almost everyone, except perhaps the politician I mentioned above and the lady who got as far as Buffalo in her travels, would agree that Minnesota is certainly in the Middle West. It has usually been considered typically Middle Western. That is why I am so sure of my ground. Minnesota may very well be instanced in analyzing the maturity of the region, even though its cap may fit some other Middle Western sections less comfortably.

To understand the Middle West one should live there or have lived there for a long time. It is no more open to the scrutiny of the stranger than is the South or New England. But nobody seems to believe this. With the scantiest information and the briefest visits, many persons set themselves up as critics and analysts of the Middle West. There seems to be no overhead to this profession at all. The theory apparently is that you can understand the Middle West by lecturing in a few of its principal centers, or by reading enough novels about its rural and country club life, or by meeting a man from Michigan on the train, or by giving yourself three weeks to look it over. Another way to understand it perfectly is to have relatives in the Middle West, even if you are not in touch with them.

But such transient and remote observation, no matter how keen-eyed or professional, is not enough. I recently read a preface to a series of articles on the Middle West in which the author wrote that he did not think a month was long enough to understand that section. So he had, he said, lived there an entire year.

It was a year in the right direction.

But to understand the present maturity of the Middle West takes far longer. You should have a memory of its youth, if possible, or at least have heard true stories of it. It is necessary to know the history of different kinds of families, from grandfather to grandchild. The dignity and good taste of the region have to be carefully explored, and also its lack of self-assurance. To do all that takes time and it takes also a sympathy which a stranger or newcomer rarely possesses. It is not easy to comprehend why the Middle West is both boastful and humble, why it is both so moral and so outrageous in its conduct, and why, along with an honest and deep affection for the territory, there goes so often a mood of deprecation. You almost have to share the mood before you understand it.

III

The first thing to take into account in considering the Middle West socially is that it is self-made. No one helped it very much. It had rich relatives in other parts of the country, but they let it make its own way. The Middle West was pretty well insulated between its mountain ranges, and until it showed what it could do it did not get a great deal of backing or even attention. There were no really rich colonists, as there were in the South in the early days there, and there was no stout, coherent faith locking together the groups of early settlers. Small companies, single individuals and adventurers, straggled to the Middle West for many reasons, some to settle and farm, some planning to exploit the great natural resources and take their winnings back East.

The movements of population and the racial groups involved are not the subject for present consideration. It is only necessary to point out here that the hardy, the thrifty, and some of the worthless of almost all the different immigrant races helped to colonize the Middle West. Included too were well-born Americans and these tried, with a conscious effort

that is not uncommon among the socially transplanted, to carry their traditions of life with them. In a country without many "conveniences" this was not easy. But it was occasionally done.

One story has it that there was an old board hotel in Superior, Wisconsin, in the early days where the guests made a point of dining in evening clothes. The menus of private dinners, given in some homes in Middle Western cities before there were even trolley lines, are still to be found and they are astonishing in their pretentiousness. Traces of this derivative and transplanted aristocracy still exist. It was not a strong or natural enough influence either to dominate or gentle a growing society; but it colored its notion of what was what. I think too it may have implanted a sense of social inferiority to the East in the Middle West which it has not outgrown even yet.

This was all very much by the way. The development of railroads and industries was accomplished by the shrewd and the strong, and mines and timber let fortunes fall where they might. The whole Middle West development was, in the large, an overwhelming financial success. Cities ran over their edges. With surplus capital, the social ambitions of the Middle West sprang up and a young society began to preen itself. There are as many funny stories about this period as you can shake a stick at. *Ruggles of Red Gap* is as good as any, and though its incidents are farfetched, its mood is not. But the same things might have happened anywhere else in the United States, wherever money released untrained leisure; and they did happen everywhere else. The Middle West had no corner on the *nouveaux riches*. What did characterize its early social life was that it had a streak of good breeding running through it, that it had great energy and an almost consecrated desire to improve itself, and that its sense of inferiority ran deep.

In its first social development the Middle West was somewhat like the self-made man who brags and is humble at the same

time, who wants to tell you how much money he has made and that he did it without ever having had a college education. Secretly he wants to improve his taste, pick up all the knowledge he has missed, and send his children to college. That was exactly what the Middle West did.

By this time a couple of generations of children have come back from college and the Middle West has changed. There is in many ways no smoother society in the United States. Not only has the Middle West acquired possessions but it is learning the easy use of possessions. There is no small or large city in the Middle West which is bereft of the activities, the thoughts, and also the manners which are indicating the line of American social development.

This is not a boast. I am not even sure that it is all to the good. We have been scrapping many of the earlier ambitions of American society in the past few years, and some of those which the Middle West spent a great deal of time in satisfying will probably be dead horses soon. The Middle West can "go anywhere" now at just the time when nobody may send out any invitations. But still I doubt if the time was entirely wasted. Sophistication is a useful quality in any crisis, and the Middle West is now fairly sophisticated.

Not all of its population is so of course, but about as large a proportion as is sophisticated anywhere. By that word I mean what is usually meant—worldly wise and well-mannered. I would accept too that definition of sophistication which includes a "subtilized philosophy and an acquaintance with the more artificial phases of life," and I have in mind also the usage which implies that sophistication is accompanied by disillusion. If worldly wisdom or sophistication is what I have always thought it becomes in its highest development—the attitude of an experienced person who is completely adjusted socially—I would go so far as to say that it has as good a chance to develop in the Middle West as in

New York. Perhaps—under my breath I say this—it might even have a better chance.

To begin with, the social equipment of the Middle West is now very good. Luxuries may be no more wisely shared than in other parts of the United States, but they are all available in the Middle West. From the time a stranger comes into one of the great and beautiful railway stations in one of the larger cities until perhaps he is taken to a cocktail party or a hunt breakfast, he need feel no lapse in luxury, if that is what he is accustomed to and if he has certain introductions. We continually surprise our guests by being as comfortable and as citified as we are. The frontier has become very livable.

One of the famous actresses who was touring the United States for the first time told me of arriving in Minneapolis this winter.

"I knew it was supposed to be cold," she said, "so I had put on wool stockings and overshoes. I had fur-trimmed gloves and a rough fur coat and a beret that I could pull down over my ears. And then D— came to meet me and she was wearing silk stockings, pumps, no galoshes, a suit, and the smartest spring hat I'd seen in years! I felt like a mis-cast explorer."

There is the story too of the woman who sent her daughter out to visit a boarding-school friend in Lake Forest with all the proper clothes for a forest.

In Middle West hotels, clubs, and homes you can find almost all the luxury that is to be found anywhere else. We have learned to furnish well, to cook well. If you know where to go you will find rare collections of pictures, books, china, glass, silver, and you will find also collectors who are learned in their lines. There are gardens in the Middle West which can be matched against some of those in Charleston. Fashions come by airmail.

These are not important matters to dwell upon, but they should be spoken of because equipment is an important

part of our present social life. But passing the enumeration of private luxuries, many of which are as unnecessary and over-multiplied here as they are elsewhere, the Middle West has public luxuries and cultural opportunities of which it can be proud, and of which heaven knows it is proud. It has art museums and symphony orchestras. They are not the greatest in the country, but some of them are very good. The Chicago Art Institute, the Minneapolis Symphony, and many other such developments are not disregarded in any group of artists or musicians. One could go on with a long list. But that is not my task.

The point is, how is this social equipment used? Is it handled with taste, or displayed with vulgarity? Is the Middle West ostentatious or controlled?

It has made a good many mistakes. But there is now in nearly every city in the Middle West, just as there is in the East, a group of people whose tastes are distinguished and whose manners are as good as simple; and these set the standards for the city. They live in their houses instead of displaying them. They moderate their desires, cultivate friendship and privacy, and do not change their clothes too often. They are familiar with sports and their form is excellent. Such habits contribute largely to sophistication, but of course they do not complete it, for sophistication in the best sense is not dependent on material things or even on gracious living. But the Middle West has other strings to its bow. One is that it is well-traveled, and the other is that the world beats a path to its door.

Though New York knows little about the Middle West, many people in that section know New York intimately. They know also California, Florida, Mexico, Europe, and China. Middle Westerners travel constantly. Only the rich did these things twenty years ago, but they are now within the ambition of those with small incomes and courage. One has only to take a look at the license

plates on little cars in the summer. I have heard it said on reasonably good and not local authority (for St. Paul rarely brags) that St. Paul residents are the most traveled people in the world. That may be, now that I come to think of it, why they brag so seldom. Some of this globe trotting in the past has been easy to caricature and it did not escape. We were overhurried, too conscious, always trying to fill the Line-A-Day book. But now that we are grown up we are pretty well over that.

Even if one cannot leave the Middle West, for lack of money or time, he has still an opportunity of extending his knowledge of people and facts. For sooner or later most of the great ones of the world come to the Middle West, even if it is only on their way to the far West. We are usually willing to pay for their appearances, at least the first time. Time was, when it was young and ignorant, that the Middle West took almost any highly publicized person to its bosom. But we are not so childish now, although a great many lecture bureaus and lecturers have not yet found it out. In its maturity the Middle West has become highly critical. We have heard so much and seen so much and read so much, even in the smaller places, that we are not flabbergasted by the mention of a great name. We wait and see if it is as good as advertised. If it is not there is no second invitation.

But it is not travel, nor the going away to school, nor the lectures, nor the collections of silver or glass, nor the packs of hounds that make Middle Western society a strong thing. There is more to it than that and it is something that is rather difficult to define. The society is not so old that it has lost faith or interest in all but a few. It is not organized in such tremendous units that individuality is lost. It is a society in which a place can be earned by a contribution to the progress of the community. A person is not lost in the Middle West. If he deserves social recognition and wants friends they are available.

There are families in the Middle West which seem to me to be more the counterpart of English county families than those I have seen in the South or East. They live in different cities or in country towns near the cities, and a chain of acquaintanceship is constantly maintained. The children meet at schools, the men through business. This has both good and bad results but this is not the place to debate them. I point it out only to show a self-sufficient quality in the social Middle West which seems to me to prove its maturity. It works against that sense of inferiority to the East which I have mentioned and which should be destroyed.

But the thing I most like to believe is that, though the Middle West now has an adult society, it is not too old to change its ways. A change in habit or mode of living would not break it or wreck it, as it would an old or decadent society which might feel that change would mean the end of the world. The Middle West acquired its luxuries fairly recently and it has not forgotten the feel of the pick or of the water in the dishpan. This is all to the good and the reason why I believe that the sophistication of the Middle West has body to it. The final test of sophistication is that it can adjust to necessity without a whimper, and without forgetting fineness of living, some traces of which it can maintain under any circumstances. That I believe the Middle West could do. I do not mean to cry down the adjustments that individuals have made in other parts of the United States or the lack of complaint with which they have accepted disorder and deprivation. But in the Middle West you feel, if you are sensitive, more than a compliance. The whole society is quietly changing, and making ready for more changes. It will not look back at a past social life—all that it built up so carefully—as the best possible one. I think it will try, if it has a chance while it is mature and capable, to establish a contemporary and future one that will be better.

IV

Its success will depend on its moral caliber, and there is a good deal to be said about this. For the Middle West has a conscience but it does not always heed it. Stories are circulated about Middle Western morals which are unpleasant and there is some truth in them. The last time I was in New York a worldly young woman said to me, "I used to think I was fairly openminded, but every time I visit in C I get a shock and feel absolutely old-fashioned." C is definitely Middle West.

I remember too one night that some of us went to a Middle West night club which had just been opened in a Middle Western city (in which I do not live) and where the entertainment was sponsored by a fashionable organization. In our party was one woman who had lived on two continents and "been everywhere." When we went in the place was crowded and, standing beside the bar, we saw and heard the temper of the occasion. After a while this woman turned to me and said, "I've been in queer places in Paris and in dives in Harlem, but I never saw a place that wasn't a dairy lunch compared to this!"

When the Middle West was younger that sort of place did not exist. The saloon age would hardly have tolerated such capers among people who still claimed respectability. But this kind of place is one of the foolishnesses of its maturity. It should, I think, be old enough to know better; but, like many individuals, it often doesn't know better.

There was a clamor of criticism about this occasion afterward. There were apologies. There always are apologies when a party gets "rough." This is because society isn't really standing for what it does. It is ashamed almost immediately. It doesn't really believe in debauchery. It only has lapses, after which it throws the first stone at itself.

But such spectacular occasions as the one I have just mentioned do not give the picture of Middle Western conduct

at all. I said previously that the opinion of the Middle West one often meets elsewhere is that it is hide-bound, that it doesn't dare to do what it wants to do. There is foundation for that observation. The Middle West has a sense of responsibility to the home and the community. In New York it is different. No one there feels that his habits affect the city. But in smaller cities, in a society more closely inspected, where business and jobs are close to social life, moral habits watch themselves accordingly. This may not be the highest motive for careful conduct; but it is a mature point of view when you come to think of it. For mature people are responsible, and often fearful and cautious. They are more apt to be afraid of consequences than either the young or the old.

It is such an attitude that gives the Middle West its reputation for prudishness. Why, people will ask you, was there such a fuss about "Tobacco Road" in Chicago? The main objection that I heard to the production of "Tobacco Road" in Chicago (and of course I did not think the censorship justified) was that it was too depressing for young people to see. It was the parental attitude that created the censorship. In New York there was no such objection perhaps because there were no groups of parents organized to object on such grounds, and more probably because New Yorkers knew instinctively that the theater at which "Tobacco Road" was playing would be filled most of the time with Middle Westerners!

The moral attitude of the Middle West is not ingenuous. There is a good deal of worldly knowledge back of some of its acceptances. It is more difficult to shock or embarrass it than it used to be, and it departs from the code ever and again. But it remembers that there is a code of morals and believes that it is better for business and for family life that there should be one. If that is not the point of view of responsible maturity, what is it?

There is a graver side of the moral life

of the Middle West than this which pertains to personal and social habits. How about crime in Chicago? How about the Minneapolis police force? What is the truth about the Liggett shooting? These are questions with barbs in them for a Middle Westerner, and they are all fair enough.

One cannot deny these crimes; but they should be balanced by consideration of the conscientious moral outlook of the most of the Middle West. These crimes are committed by the black sheep of a good family. And again I must continue my argument and point out that these are mature crimes. There is nothing hotheaded or young about the crime which is organized in some of our larger cities and which carried Liggett to his death. Liggett was killed by a condition of crime and only incidentally by an individual. These corrupt and rotten conditions do not exist in a very young society. They are not faults. They indicate a rotten place that has to be cut away or the cancer will ultimately cause the death of a society. It is a growth which is usually one of middle life.

Such moral conditions always tie up with politics, and here too the Middle West shows that it is getting on in years. Its very radicalism shows that.

The most defined radicalism in the Middle West is probably centered in Wisconsin and in Minnesota. In Wisconsin radical politics are definitely mature. They come down through two generations of La Follettes. If there is a place where radical thought and experiment has pretty well grown up in the United States, I should say it is in Wisconsin, without lifting my voice to argue for its politics. In Minnesota the Farmer-Labor party was no ingenuous movement of scourging radicals or hopeful liberals. It was a carry-over from the radicalism of North Dakota, from Townleyism. When it took shape as a political party it was organized to defeat a well-organized and entrenched Republicanism. It advocated plenty of change, but though its platform was idealistic, its political

methods were the usual ones. The Farmer-Labor party as one sees it to-day in Minnesota is not really a young movement but a mature, organized group of politicians using old methods and subject to the usual corruptions. It wasn't born yesterday.

No matter what party you belong to, it is pretty hard to be a rough-and-tumble, tobacco-spitting politician from the Middle West, though the act is still put on. On the theory that this section of the country is rough and new, barely civilized, the politician adopts a pose. At a recent convention I attended there were five or six nominations for a certain position. The words, "He is a dirt farmer!" rang out again and again in the speeches, and as I looked at the people round me I wondered how much they cared, and knew that nobody did. It is one more pretense. We do not need "dirt farmers" as much as men who understand farmers' problems; and whether a candidate milks cows, wears nightshirts, or owns a dinner coat is beside the point.

One has to pause and evaluate or we shall get nowhere. If the Middle West is middle-aged, what about it? What are the valuable qualities of maturity and what are the hampering and defeating ones?

The best of maturity as I see it is that it has control and the strength to take responsibility. The worst of it is often apt to be a selfish conservatism, a frequent lack of flexibility, and a tendency to be dogmatic. It is the time when power is at its height. But maturity too is subject to breakdown and disease. It is necessary to watch the health pretty carefully.

When the Middle West is generally regarded as grown up, and when we regard ourselves as grown up, our part of the country will be most useful to the rest of the United States and to itself. The fixation in others and our own pose about our youth does us no good. It doesn't excuse faults or add to dignity. There is no excuse for such criminal conditions as exist. We are old enough to know better. These are not the crimes of hotheads but of degenerates.

We are old enough to control our part of the country, decide what is best for it and work into the general plan for progress. We should offer political candidates for office who really represent these mature communities and large cultivated farmlands. We can set a social and moral example. The Middle West is not only old enough to stand on its own feet, but to help support the family.

But it must not lie about its age.



POST-CONVENTION REFLECTIONS

BY ELMER DAVIS

THIS year's national political conventions, if they served no other useful purpose, at least made two things sharply clear. The first is that when you have balanced up all the diverse elements on both sides, next November's election is essentially a choice between the past and the future, between a sentiment and a reality. But it is equally plain that the sentiment is so powerful, among Democrats as well as Republicans, that the party which has reality on its side is a little ashamed of the company it keeps. From the President on down, the Democrats prefer to sprinkle a liberal seasoning of sentiment over a fact which is still unpalatable to millions of Americans—the simple fact that times have changed, and that sooner or later we are going to have to change with them.

To say this is naturally not to accept what is apparently going to be the chief Republican thesis of this campaign—that we are (or are soon to be) oppressed by a Fascist (or Communist) dictatorship. You would suppose that the Republicans might better agree in advance whether it is Fascist or Communist, whether it is here and now or will come into being only if Roosevelt wins; but people who would believe the story are not likely to be disturbed by intellectual contradictions. It is an article of faith, and the truly faithful have always been able to believe incompatibles. But underlying all the prophetic rhapsodies of Mark Sullivan and Frank Kent and the rest of the opposition seers is a fact which the Democrats are facing, however reluctantly, however (as yet) inefficiently: that the national economic system, or rather lack of system, if per-

mitted to continue with no more regulation by government than it had before 1929, is likely to lead us into another catastrophe like that of 1929; and that to make it work better will require some alteration not only in our machinery of government but in our habits of thought.

Even the Republican platform betrays some recognition of this, though the planks that acknowledge it are usually contradicted by other planks. None the less the Republican convention was dominated by a sentiment that is strong among Democrats too, a sentiment that gives the Landon candidacy most of its vitality—a homesickness for the good old days; a devout hope that we may wake up some morning and realize that it was all a bad dream, and that nothing really serious needs to be done after all.

Most of us feel that emotion, even if we are intellectually convinced that the highly selective goodness of the good old days depended not only on the open frontier but on other conditions of national and world economics that are gone forever. One strong proof of the mental conservatism of the American people is the mere fact that this year we had two nominating conventions of the same old type. Four years ago, when the Republican convention that renominated Hoover set a new record for dreary dullness, plenty of people were predicting that 1932 would see the last of this method of selecting Presidential candidates. The national convention was invented in the horse-and-buggy days, when it was the best available machinery for picking a candidate and formulating a platform. By 1932 it had plainly outlived its time; yet in 1936 each

party put on the same old show. The only difference was that now all the important business of the convention was left for the night sessions, to get the publicity value of the best radio time; while the day sessions, unless they were convoked only to be adjourned, were duller and drearier than ever.

The radio has been widely blamed for ruining conventions, but it is not wholly to blame; the man who invented the flashlight bulb had a good deal to do with it too. Now that indoor photographs no longer need the aid of an explosive powder there is virtually no restriction on the ubiquitousness of newspaper photographers. The stage management was pretty bad both at Cleveland and at Philadelphia; but a good deal of it could be blamed directly on the photographers and on the subordination of the speaker's appeal to the crowd in the hall to his appeal to the radio audience; indirectly those same influences may have made convention officials inefficient and indifferent, because they knew that they were only acting a script in a broadcasting room. But what has really destroyed national conventions as spectacle and drama is the fact that of late years the will of the people has triumphed before the convention met.

A convention usually is a really representative body to this extent—the delegates may have been picked by the party bosses, but they seldom dare to run counter to the will of the people when they know what it is, because they want to nominate a man who can get the votes. The Republican convention of 1912 was an exception, but hardly that of 1920; Harding might not have been nominated if the popular preference that year had concentrated on any one candidate. Only once since 1920 has there been a real contest in a national convention; and that exception, the Democratic brawl in Madison Square Garden, is nothing that any party wants to repeat. The popular demand that manifests itself may be synthetic, created by shrewd organization and publicity, but lately it has been unmis-

takeable. This year the pious hope of a few Republican bosses that they could put over Dickinson, as their betters once put over Harding, was soon extinguished; the Landon movement may have been a build-up, but the bosses had to come over to him because they knew that, for whatever reason, the people back home wanted him. He was as genuinely the popular choice as was Roosevelt in 1932.

There is no visible reason why every presidential year should not produce a Jim Farley, a John Hamilton, a Roy Roberts, who knows his job well enough to make the convention a mere ratification meeting. The nomination is only part of the business of a convention; but the committees on credentials and resolutions could just as well be selected and hold their meetings weeks beforehand; in which case, if you must have a convention at all, it could finish its business in two days instead of five. Many people have suggested that the conventions could as well meet in September, now that it is no longer necessary to send a committee on horseback over muddy roads to surprise a candidate with the news of his nomination and give him time to prepare himself for the struggle; the whole campaign could as well be packed into five weeks instead of being spread out thinly over five months, with no loss to anyone but the people who hold salaried jobs in the party headquarters. All this was being said four years ago, yet 1936 produced two conventions that met in June, dragged out their business twice as long as was necessary, and in natural consequence were drearier and duller even than the Hoover convention of 1932.

Possibly the Republicans could not have helped it; the collapse of the stop-Landon movement, which was partly the collapse of Borah and partly a triumph for Roy Roberts's handling of Landon's pre-convention publicity, could hardly have been foreseen months in advance. But when the Democrats planned their convention last winter there was not the faintest doubt about what was going to happen; and Mr. Roosevelt, who four

years ago abolished the outworn farce of the notification ceremony, might have brought American political practice still closer to reality by limiting the convention to time enough to do its work.

Who would have suffered by that? The radio audience? Radio listeners for whom the conventions were conducted seem widely lacking in appreciation of the entertainment provided. Hoover's and Hamilton's speeches at Cleveland, Earle's and Roosevelt's at Philadelphia, were worth listening to; but hardly any of the countless others. An oration that might be tolerable on the stump, where the speaker could prance and wave his arms and rip off his coat and collar, comes badly over the air where all you get is the roaring and the paucity of thought. A man who reads about the convention in the newspapers, even in the over-long stories which most newspapers feel obliged to print about it, has most of the dullness and irrelevancies filtered out; but over the radio you get everything, and many people find it not only wearisome but revolting. No, the radio audience would be just as happy if a convention did its business and then went home.

Philadelphia which put up two hundred thousand dollars to get the convention would have suffered if it had lasted only two days, even if you discount Mayor Wilson's fantastic assertion that the convention crowd spent ten million dollars in town; and it is argued that national committees, chronically hard up, cannot refuse the sum offered by a city for a five-day convention. But suppose that if a convention need last only two days, every delegate and alternate were assessed a hundred dollars. There is your two hundred thousand dollars for the National Committee, and the delegate or alternate would be no worse off; he would have spent about that much anyway in the three extra days, at the inflated prices prevalent in most convention cities.

In that case there need be no more competitive bidding for conventions; they could all be held in Chicago, as they ought to be—not merely because Chicago

is near enough to the geographical center of the country to provide the greatest convenience for the greatest number, but because political conventions, like World's Fairs, somehow seem more at home in Chicago than anywhere else. (This is said without disrespect to Philadelphia, which did a good job of entertaining the Democrats.) Yet perhaps Mr. Roosevelt was wise, in a year when he must try to familiarize the country with some novelties in political ideas—as few as possible, it may be guessed—to make no changes in the established national ritual.

For a convention is not only a piece of political machinery; it is a festival of the national religion as much as the Pan-athenæa at Athens or the Secular Games at Rome. In pre-Christian states patriotism and politics were part of religion too, and such ceremonies as a coronation or an opening of Parliament in England, an inauguration or a national convention here, still have values that are definitely religious. Among the ancient civilizations brought skepticism; by the end of the Roman Republic educated people had lost faith in the old gods. Yet a Roman priest of the year 700 A.U.C., probably a politician who had got his priesthood through political wire-pulling, as he went through an ancient ritual and chanted formulas in Latin no longer intelligible, must occasionally have found himself shivering with atavistic reminiscences of his primitive ancestors to whom that ritual was of life-or-death importance. So an American of 1936 A.D., sitting through the wearisome artificialities of a national convention, once in a while finds himself suddenly stirred by some emotion bubbling up from the depths of his heredity. He may know that what is going on is a prearranged piece of hokum; but something like it had a meaning for his great-grandfather, and there is a little of his great-grandfather in him too.

Most of those ancestral emotions this year will be working for Landon. This nation which eagerly accepts new mechanical gadgets is still suspicious of new ideas, and in a time of discomfort and con-

fusion there will be a powerful appeal in the Republican cry for a return to normalcy, to the happy days of long ago when everything seemed to work itself out somehow. If Landon wins it will be because millions of tired and puzzled grown-up children want to go home and forget their worries at mother's knee—want it so badly that they refuse to recognize that mother is no longer there.

II

This is not to deny real values in the Landon movement, even if they are somewhat obscured by the gyrations of the whirling dervishes. "Landon," chants Mark Sullivan, chief musician upon the Republican neginoth, "is as old as the Bible and the Constitution, as modern as the radio and the automobile"—qualities which one might suppose could be ascribed only to Him Who is from everlasting to everlasting. A Kansas delegate, more moderate, contented himself with the assertion that "God has His hand on Alf Landon's shoulder." Whatever the relations between Landon and Deity, the religious atmosphere was conspicuous at the Cleveland convention; a good many of the delegates who sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" believed that they stood at Armageddon and they battled for the Lord, and it would have been ungenerous to remind them that they feel that way every four years, no matter who is the candidate or what the issue.

Nobody can doubt that Mr. Herbert Hoover, for instance, standing on the Cleveland platform with his soul purged of all personal ambition (he must have known by that time that the demonstration which was going to be manufactured at the end of his speech would not stampede the convention) sincerely believed that he was calling the people to a great crusade for freedom and American institutions, threatened by an alien foe. Just as sincerely, he denounced in 1928 the Socialism of Al Smith whom the Republicans now admire so highly; and his

followers, if not he himself, were busy saving the country from the alien tyranny of the Pope. Just as sincerely, in 1932, Mr. Hoover foresaw grass growing in the streets if Republican policies were not continued. There are a great many worthy people who believe it is a violation of God's will for a Democrat to occupy the White House, and their good faith is no more to be questioned than that of the Harlem Negroes who believe that Father Divine is God.

Landon is the beneficiary of all that, but in himself he represents a more respectable emotion. His sudden rise from obscurity is a romance of democracy; if he turns out to be as good as his admirers think he is it will be one of the essential and most valuable realities of democracy as well. Whether he is as good as all that remains to be seen, but the romance is in itself an important asset of any democratic society; it may have been a little tarnished by the eventual participation of Mr. Hearst and certain gentlemen in Wall Street who regard political democracy only as a useful adjunct to economic oligarchy, but in its beginnings and in its management it was genuine enough. A few college classmates, a few fraternity brothers, a few newspaper editors enlisted by colleagues who had been classmates or fraternity brothers, decided to mention good old Alf for the Presidency in the hope that they might build him up enough to make him a Senator; apparently they gave him a Presidential boom in the mood in which they might have given him a testimonial dinner or a suitably engraved fountain pen. And all at once the thing came true.

When a thing like that can no longer come true something of great value will have disappeared from American life—the faith that you can reach down almost anywhere and find a man fit to carry the heaviest burdens of modern society. It has come true sometimes; Lincoln and Cleveland, when they were nominated, were not much better known than Landon. On the night Lincoln was chosen Henry J. Raymond, embittered by

Seward's defeat and by Greeley's part in it, wrote to the New York *Times* that endeavors were being made to discover the candidate's history but that it was not yet certain that he had any history; but that does not prove that Landon is another Lincoln, any more than the comparison with Coolidge proves that he would be as bad a President as that *roi fainéant*. Still, government is growing more complicated; the democratic faith that you can reach down anywhere and find the right man might last longer if Landon loses than if he wins.

By the time you read this Landon will have made his acceptance speech and the country may know more about him; so far all that can be said is that he has made a good impression on intelligent men who have talked to him. The famous telegram to the convention just before Hamilton's nominating speech was creditable enough; but by that time the convention had to take him no matter what he chose to read into the platform. Of what he did choose to read into it, the gold plank was inspired by Ogden Mills; and the demand for the inclusion of the whole post office department and all but the top jobs in other departments in the civil service was something that no politician could seriously expect to carry out.

There remains his demand for a constitutional amendment, if necessary, to recall (as his old chieftain of 1912 would have put it) the Supreme Court's decision in the New York Minimum Wage case. This reflected not only the humanitarianism of a man who hates to see women and children compelled to work for starvation wages, but also the shrewdness of a candidate who realized that the five stand-pat Supreme Court Justices had become a liability instead of an asset; but it may have been bad tactics at that. Borah was right; once you admit that the Constitution may need amendment at all the question arises, What kind of amendment? And it is going to be hard to prove that a States' Rights amendment will be worth much in solving the problems of an industrial system that knows no State lines.

Deep water for a man lately from Independence, Kansas, with only a little experience in the Governor's chair of what may be referred to without irreverence as one of the less complex States. Nobody knows whether a man with his background can get away with the job that today confronts the President; but millions of people would like to see just such a man get away with it. This nostalgia was reinforced by the appearance and behavior of the Kansans at Cleveland. Their much advertised youth was only relative, but there was a grateful freshness about them; Hamilton, appearing before the convention, seemed to belong to a different century from such battered and weary veterans as Snell and Steiwer (or Barkley and Robinson, for that matter). The rank and file of Kansans who unexpectedly found themselves in control of the great machine once operated by Zack Chandler and Mark Hanna and Frank Hitchcock were small-town people, mostly unsophisticated (though they included the Emporian cosmopolite, William Allen White, and Roy Roberts who learned in Washington any worldly wisdom he may not have already acquired in Kansas City); good people, kindly people, who took you back to the good old days depicted—and disinfected—by George Ade in "The County Chairman." They came from towns whose problems are easy to understand even if sometimes hard to solve; where everything can usually be cleared up by the exercise of honesty and good will and common sense. People who are tired of seeing professors and experts from the already suspect Atlantic seaboard trying to find a way out of the country's troubles, and want the job turned over to a home-town boy who made good in Topeka.

A respectable sentiment, as far as it goes; and a lot of people feel it this year.

III

For the inconsistencies and contradictions of the Republican platform the Kansans are not much to blame; but the

platform was the first warning that now that the Landon movement had broadened out over the nation it was going to be alloyed with baser metals. The present leadership of the Republican party, survivors or heirs of the Bull Moosers of 1912, is the most respectable the party has had in many years; but the gentlemen who, if they could, would have put over Dickinson in a smoke-filled room are zealous supporters of Landon now, and Landon can hardly refuse to listen to them when they have votes to deliver. Behind Hamilton and Roberts is the Republican party, and for forty years past the chief business of that party has been the protection of big money. A good many of the people who talk about the menace to our liberties really believe that Roosevelt's reelection will mean the suppression of Republican newspapers and the hustling off of dissenters to a concentration camp; but quite as many are worried only about the menace to the liberty of a rich man to do anything he can get away with. Some people are genuinely afraid that the Constitution is about to be thrown into the waste basket; but much of this talk about the peril to the Constitution springs only from concern over the peril to the vast structure of metaphysical implications that has gradually been read into the due-process clause.

It may be significant that the only planks of the Republican platform which, when read, drew much applause from the delegates were those that hated the foreigner and promised no dealings with him (except to collect the war debts) and those which pledged an end of executive control of the currency and "government competition with private payrolls." When those delegates talked about the good old days they knew what they meant. To describe the rest of the platform as the New Deal diluted is not inaccurate, but its inspiration probably goes back to the earlier Roosevelt whom both Landon and Knox and William Allen White, who represented Landon on the resolutions committee, followed in 1912. What the Landon people would have produced if

let alone would have been an excellent platform in 1912, or even in 1924. Unfortunately, the year is 1936.

The Landon movement, however respectable, however well suited to the national psychology of this year, is in some ways reminiscent of another small-town demonstration that I once observed—the movement that brought a fight for the world's heavyweight championship to the previously unknown municipality of Shelby, Montana. The leading citizens of Shelby, having successfully solved some troublesome local problems, thought they could do as well on the national scene; but when they got into fast company they soon found themselves, shrewd as they had been in their own field, hopelessly and ludicrously beyond their depth. *Absit omen.*

IV

But if the fact that two old-fashioned conventions were held this year has some implications discouraging to Roosevelt, it was a great argument for him too. The predictions in 1932 that the conventions of that year would be the last were based not only on the obvious superannuation of this piece of machinery, but on a widespread uncertainty whether the republic would last another four years. That summer countless people were talking about the possibility of a revolution—not a specific revolution that somebody was planning, but a revolution that perhaps must come automatically, because nobody had brains enough to think of any other way out. Yet four years later the republic was still here, still far enough from the abyss to waste time and money on a piece of antiquated ritual.

If Roosevelt can make enough people remember 1932 on election day there is not much doubt of his victory. "Are you better off now than you were then?" may or may not be a logical argument, but it has reelected Republican Presidents and it ought to reelect him too. It may be, however, that people will remember not 1932 but 1926; the nostalgia for easier and simpler times is the great Republican

asset this fall. To that emotion the President can oppose only a fact. In only two respects was the Democratic platform much of an improvement on the Republican: it displayed a somewhat more civilized attitude toward foreign relations (though in the present state of the world that has little immediate practical value) and it did recognize that nation-wide economic ailments, if they are to be remedied at all, must be remedied by Federal action, even if that requires amendment of the Constitution to make it possible.

That the President insisted on inclusion of this plank indicates that he is willing to fight the campaign on the real issue. Again and again he has raised that issue—in his Commonwealth Club speech at San Francisco in 1932, in his horse-and-buggy press conference in 1935—only to discard it in favor of a “swing to the Right” which failed to gain him the conservative support for which he was angling. William Allen White has described him, not unfairly, as “a cross between Mercury winging forward and Lot’s wife looking back.” But this year’s Republican program is about ten per cent Mercury and ninety per cent Lot’s wife; Roosevelt is at least fifty-fifty, and it looks as if Mercury will definitely prevail this fall.

For unless two or three of the stand-pat Supreme Court Justices should die with unlikely promptitude, that amendment will be necessary. The Court not only threw out the NRA, which was a visible failure, and the AAA which, however faulty in theory, worked pretty well in practice; but if I understand its decisions, it declared that any other measure aiming at the same ends would also be unconstitutional. Till the end of spring Roosevelt seemed afraid the people would insist that the Constitution is letter-perfect; that though it has been amended twenty-three times already it would be treason to propose to amend it once more. But when the Court threw out the Minimum-Wage Law it killed that issue and made even Republicans feel that its majority was something for which

some indirect apology was necessary. Grant that the Constitution may be touched at all, it should be fairly easy to show people open to reason that interstate economic problems cannot be solved by State action; and that if you talk of interstate treaties, the simplest and most binding form of interstate treaty is a constitutional amendment.

Elections, however, are more often decided by emotion than by reason; and no one can tell what effect will be produced by the Republican argument that we are (or soon will be) subject to a Fascist (or Communist) dictatorship which has abolished (or is about to abolish) our cherished liberties. To people who have seen Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, and Roosevelt in action this is simply ridiculous; so far from being a fiendishly astute plotter who would grind us all under his iron heel, the President looks to them much more like the quarterback to whom, early in his Administration, he rather infelicitously compared himself. The quarterback who is always ready to try a different play when the first one fails—and who, it must be added, has often tried to send the ball around both ends at the same time.

But naturally the Republicans snatch at every scrap of evidence that might support their dictatorship theory, and sometimes the Democrats are careless enough to let them have it. Lincoln had more power than Roosevelt, but he was far more tactful than Roosevelt in dealing with Congress, the party, and the country. The management of the Democratic convention also offered some nourishment to its accusers. Opposition to the platform and to the abolition of the two-thirds rule was feeble; the management could have afforded to let the opponents say their say and then be voted down on a roll call, as the Republican convention of 1924—as completely controlled by Coolidge as was the Philadelphia convention by Roosevelt—did with the Wisconsin Progressives. But this convention had already wasted so much time that its managers did not

want to lose any more at the best radio hour; so they shut off the opposition by a viva-voce vote on the previous question—and then did not take the precaution to see that their supporters all shouted “Aye.” The majority for the change in rules would have been decisive, for the platform overwhelming; but the “Noes” sounded about as loud as the “Ayes,” and radio listeners could not know that most of the Ayes had simply not bothered to open their mouths. If any large number of people believe the Kents and the Sullivans this year, that episode must bear part of the blame.

The real business of the Philadelphia convention, if the President meant what he said in the constitutional plank and his acceptance speech, was the same as that of the convention which met in Philadelphia in 1787—to form a more perfect union, to strengthen the national government by improving those parts of it which experience had shown work badly. Its proposals of reform are infinitely more modest than those of 1787, they are to be carried out by the constitutional process—and unlike the Constitution of 1787, they are to be submitted in advance to the direct vote of the people, in so far as you can call a Presidential election a mandate on any issue.

It is hard to see anything very subversive in that. To contend that a grant to Congress of power to make laws “adequately to regulate commerce, protect public health and safety and safeguard economic security” means the surrender of our most cherished liberties is to confess a curious definition of those liberties. It will be noted by the observant this fall that very few poor men are afraid of losing their freedom. If Landon’s chief asset is nostalgia, Roosevelt’s is certainly the Liberty League.

V

But it is only on net balance that the choice in November is between a sentiment and a fact; there are other facts,

other sentiments, on both sides. One of those facts is a powerful argument for the opposition—and may be an even more powerful argument for the opposition in 1940, no matter who is elected in 1936.

The rapid build-up of Landon was a triumph of shrewd publicity management; but there had to be something in that publicity which would appeal to public opinion, and there is no doubt what it was. All that most people knew about Landon at the time of his nomination was that as Governor he had made both ends meet. How far his reputation as a budget-balancer is deserved is beside the point. He may have built on foundations laid by his Democratic predecessor; he may have been powerfully aided by WPA funds; he may have passed part of the burden back to counties that met it by cutting schoolteachers’ salaries; but the important thing is not what he did, but what millions of people felt. They wanted him because they saw a simple, easily intelligible contrast—between a man who makes both ends meet and a man who goes three or four billion in the red every year. That contrast ought to, and perhaps does, make Franklin D. Roosevelt lie awake worrying of nights—and it will certainly make Alf M. Landon lie awake worrying of nights if he is unfortunate enough to be elected.

The problems of Topeka, after all, are somewhat simpler than those of Washington, and a President has no WPA to help him balance his budget. Yet Landon is committed to a platform which promises to balance it, “not by increasing taxes but by cutting expenditures drastically and immediately.” He is also committed, however, to old-age pensions, paid from the proceeds of “a direct tax widely distributed.” Does this mean our old friend the national sales tax, beloved of Dr. Townsend and of Republican economists too? If not, what does it mean? Drastic and immediate reduction of expenditures can come only by reduction of relief, but Landon must also “provide the necessities of life for the needy.” The promised “return of re-

sponsibility for relief administration to non-political local agencies familiar with community problems" might take some chiselers off the relief rolls; but how long will those agencies remain non-political when they have relief funds to distribute? More of the relief burden is to be returned to State and local governments; as compared with the Federal government they tax the rich less and the poor more. Pleasant for the rich, but how much more taxation can the poor stand?

Add that Landon's platform commits him to sell the farm surplus abroad without letting the foreigners pay for it, and you have a program that must cause some concern to a candidate pledged to it as a matter of private honor and public faith. Even if, being elected, he forgets about the platform, he must face the question of how to balance the budget without reducing millions of unemployed to a choice between insurrection and starvation. Roosevelt has not yet found the answer to that question, and there is no visible reason to suppose that Landon could find it either. He will get the votes of all the weary and worried people who want to return to mother's knee;

but it won't be so much fun for Landon if he has to be mother.

A bleak prospect, and yet. . . . Franklin P. Adams, after summarizing what the Republicans say will happen if the Democrats win and what the Democrats say will happen if the Republicans win, added: "Our guess is that no matter what happens, not much will happen." If the past is a guide to the future, he may be right. Nothing impresses observers fresh from Europe so much as the immense margin for error enjoyed by the United States. Call it God's favor if you like, or only a resultant of our vast extent, our natural wealth, our sheltering oceans; the fact remains that when European governments cannot afford a single major mistake this country, through blunder after blunder, manages to keep going.

Or always has, so far. It is at least possible that in these times the past is no longer a sure guide to the future. The morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye—and pray for the next President of the United States, whether his name be Roosevelt or Landon. He will need your prayers, and so will the country.



THE NEW SCIENCE OF SOUND

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

THE science of sound is as old as Pythagoras, but our modern engineering of sound waves is a thing of the telephone era. And in the last decade, with the swift rise of the radio and the talkies and their accelerating demands upon the laboratory, so much that is new has been discovered and so much that was old has been rescued from guesswork that acoustics to-day may be said to be one of the youngest of the sciences. Recent experimental findings overturn many of the classical formulæ. Physicists are beginning to use sound waves as probes for inquiring into the intimate behavior of gaseous matter. Engineers are putting the more precise knowledge to work in new musical instruments, in new stratagems for enhancing the auditory characteristics of rooms, and in clever schemes for reducing the noise nuisance.

Many devices enter into the equipment of the new acoustics, but two may be regarded as the lever and fulcrum of our advance: the microphone, and the thermionic vacuum tube.

The microphone is the electric ear which picks up waves of sound and converts them into a faithful counterpart of waves of electricity. By transforming sound patterns into electrical patterns we reduce them to more manageable phenomena, and on this facility hinges the whole rapid development.

The vacuum tube is so versatile that a full list of its services would be a lengthy catalogue. In general one may say that the vacuum tube makes possible the am-

plifier which is indispensable in long-distance telephony, in radio transmission and reception, in the acoustical performance of sound pictures, and in many other applications.

Both microphone and vacuum tube are essential parts of the new instruments of measurement—the sound meters, frequency analyzers, and other mechanisms for the exact determination of the characteristics of vibration. It is these sensitive gauges that have given a new precision and an unaccustomed control to acoustics. They have substituted for the judgment of the ear, with its variable sensitivity and its liability to psychological bias, the impersonal verdict of the pointer reading. Even in those fields in which human judgment must be the final arbiter the electrical measuring devices have enabled us to make more accurate tests of what the ear hears. They have revealed much that was unknown and corrected much that was wrongly believed.

It has long been believed, for example, that each of the three recognizable characteristics of a musical tone is determined by a single physical characteristic of the sound wave. Pick up any standard textbook of physics and you will doubtless find some such pronouncement as this: The *pitch* of a sound depends upon the frequency of its vibration, the *loudness* on the amplitude of its wave, and the *timbre* on the shape of its wave. This generalization reduces the subject to a neat formula, pigeonholing each characteristic with a single determining cause

—but recent research shows that it does not tell the whole story.

Experiments conducted by Harvey Fletcher and his associates at the Bell Telephone Laboratories demonstrate that a variation in any one of the three determining factors *may* affect each of the tonal characteristics. They prove that pitch may be changed by altering the amplitude or the wave-form as well as by altering the frequency; and similarly that loudness and timbre may respond to changes in frequency or amplitude or wave-form.

In the case of pitch, for example, tones that have frequencies of about 200 cycles (or vibrations a second) appear to be very sensitive to changes in loudness. This is the pitch that approximates that of middle A on the piano, and is well within the range of most human voices. Dr. Fletcher has found that if a tone of 200 cycles at a certain loudness is amplified a hundredfold, its pitch may be heard as a semitone lower. With still increased loudness the lowering of pitch is yet more pronounced. Thus as the sound is intensified in volume its pitch tends to shift from the soprano toward the bass end of the scale.

The relation of loudness to changes of pitch is also experimentally proved. For example, Fletcher finds that if a tone of 100 cycles frequency is sounded with an intensity corresponding to thirty-five decibels above its threshold of audibility, the tone gives a sensation of loudness equal to that of a 1000-cycle tone at sixty decibels. Thus, as a low-pitched tone is raised above its threshold intensity it increases in loudness much faster than does a high-pitched tone. It covers as large a range of loudness in going up thirty-five decibels as the high-pitched tone does in rising sixty decibels.

In the shaping of timbre—and by timbre is meant the quality which enables the ear to recognize one sound of a given pitch as violin music and another sound of the same pitch as vocal or piano music—equally complicated factors enter. This may be demonstrated when violin

music is reproduced over a high-quality electrical system which permits the sounds to be amplified to any degree of loudness. By the use of electrical filters or other analyzing devices it is possible to show that, no matter what amplification is used, the wave-form remains the same, with all its overtone structures preserved intact—and we used to think that these structures alone determined the timbre. But if the violin vibrations thus unaltered in wave-form are amplified to a loudness ten to a hundred times that of the sound coming directly from the violin, they lose their violin quality and are no longer recognizable. Other experiments show that the timbre may be changed by varying the pitch.

All these discoveries have come to a focus since 1930, and while the research cannot by any means be said to be complete, the results are sufficiently representative to give composers, singers, orchestra directors, and others, an obvious hint. Glorious as is its past, music may have a still more distinguished future when these new relations of its physical components are made use of by its creative artists—when acoustical art builds its beauty anew on the realities of acoustical science.

II

The sounds we hear are only a fraction of the sounds that exist. Indeed, the silent waves are more numerous than the audible pulsations which make up our speech, our music, and our noise.

Some sounds are inaudible because their vibrations are of a frequency beyond the ability of the nervous system to register. They are comparable to the ultraviolet light whose waves oscillate with a rapidity so great that the eye is insensitive to their vibrations. It is only by the means of instruments that we are able to detect these invisible radiations, and similarly it is only by ingenious devices of apparatus that we are able to prove the presence of silent sounds. Of course their existence has long been suspected. We hear a humming bird sing,

his notes soar higher and higher until finally nothing is heard. And yet his mouth is wide open, his throat is pulsing, there is visual evidence that he is still singing. Certain crickets also shrill their calls at a very high pitch.

Recently at the Research Laboratory of Physics at Harvard George W. Pierce and his associates set a trap to catch these unheard melodies. They made use of certain characteristics of crystals by which it has been found possible to control the vibrations of electrical devices. Crystals cut of Rochelle salt, for example, have a wide range of response and will vibrate in phase with sound waves that strike them.

Dr. Pierce and his coworkers installed a Rochelle crystal in a parabolic horn, and made this the receiving end of a very sensitive detector. The apparatus is so sensitive that it can pick up the song of a cricket at a distance of two hundred yards. When the sound waves gathered by the horn strike the crystal the crystal responds at their frequency, and by its vibration gives rise to a varying voltage. The sound waves of the cricket's notes are thereby converted into electrical vibrations, and these weak electrical waves are amplified with the aid of vacuum tubes and other apparatus. The result is a pattern of electrical vibrations corresponding precisely in frequency to the pattern of sound waves. But how to detect that inaudible frequency? Dr. Pierce reasoned that if he combined with this unknown vibration another vibration of a known frequency—that from an electric oscillator, for example—and applied the two superimposed vibrations to a vacuum tube detector, certain coincidences or beats of the two sets of waves should occur and these would make an audible vibration in the loud speaker. By analyzing the frequency of this audible vibration, and knowing the frequency of the superimposed vibration from the electric oscillator, one should be able to determine the frequency of the original sound which actuated the Rochelle crystal.

The plan worked. A small brown field cricket (*Nemobius Fasciatus*, by name) is shown by this apparatus to give off a variety of high-frequency sounds. The main pitch of his song was recorded as about 8000 vibrations a second, with other notes strongly registered as 16,000, 24,000, and 32,000 cycles. Nor is this the limit. In their laboratory the Harvard scientists have produced and detected sounds having frequencies up to 2,000,000 cycles, and have demonstrated the existence in nature of sounds as high-pitched as 40,000 cycles.

This is far beyond the range of human hearing. Few ears can discern sounds of frequencies above 20,000 cycles, and for most adult ears the limit is nearer 18,000. The higher the frequency of a sound, the shorter is its wavelength; and there can no longer be any doubt that waves of exceedingly short length and very high frequency are continually agitating the air. Not only the crickets and other insects, but scores of frictional encounters of nature, the rubbing together of the hands, the blaze of an igniting match, the vibration of leaves stirred by wind, the friction of clothing, are shown by these experiments to produce, in addition to audible noises, many sounds of pitch too high for human hearing. In the ticking of a watch certain sounds of 30,000 cycles were detected at a distance of thirty feet.

In addition to this unheard symphony of supersonics which surrounds us there is a medley of audible noises perpetually present but rarely if ever recognized because of the competition of more energetic air vibrations. For example, the beating of the heart makes a sound, and some of this sound would be heard if our hearing were not already monopolized by a continual agitation of louder sounds. These latter have a masking effect—like that of a passing trolley's clanging when the listener is trying to give ear to a delicate piano melody. When the masking noises are shielded off, the weaker audibilities become perceptible. In a perfectly sound-proof

room (an acoustical utopia that does not exist) the listener would be able to hear the minute sounds made by his own pulse, the flow of blood through arteries and veins, the pumping of the lungs, the inflow and outflow of breathing—faint audible sounds which actually have been measured.

To measure sounds of low intensity it is necessary to isolate them. An example of how this may be done was demonstrated in a New York University classroom a few months ago. E. E. Free and his associate C. A. Johnson fitted up a cup with a sensitive microphone as its bottom, connected this electric ear with a powerful amplifying system, and closed the circuit through a loud speaker. When the cup was filled with a handful of wheat grains, violent noises issued from the loudspeaker—crunchings and grindings so raucous that professors in classrooms down the hall found it necessary to protest against the disturbance. What was it? Dr. Free searched through the wheat and found here and there a grain with a tiny puncture. When these defective grains were cut open each was found to contain a minute worm, the larva of a weevil. It was the twistings and munchings of these creatures within the granules of wheat that made the noise. The microphone picked up the weak sound waves and isolated them as waves of electricity, the amplifying system magnified the waves to the desired level of intensity, and the loudspeaker converted back into sound these magnified vibrations.

In effect the apparatus operated as a sound microscope. The main problem in its design was the amplifying system. For the amplifier must be powerful enough to give audibility to the vibrations generated by the insects without unduly magnifying the noise of the electrons flowing at thousands of miles a second through the vacuum tubes of the delicate apparatus itself. Calculation shows that these electronic sounds measure only a little below zero on the decibel scale of loudness, and experiment dem-

onstrates that with amplifications running into the billions, these electronic sounds become audible. So, to avoid imposing the zoom of the atomic particles upon the noise of the squirming insects, Free and Johnson designed their amplifier to operate at a mere ten million million fold magnification. That was sufficient, however, to make it possible for the turning of a worm to outshout a professor. If an ordinary whisper were magnified by the same factor and released to the air in New York, I am told that it should be heard in San Francisco—a blast of sound equivalent to that of the explosion of a major volcano.

The amplified whisper would take on such huge proportions because it begins so much higher up the scale of loudness. A whisper measures about 25 decibels, whereas the insect noise may be zero or below. The decibel gets its name from an earlier unit chosen some years ago by telephone engineers to measure the rate of fading of telephone signals sent over a wire. They called their unit the bel, after Alexander Graham Bell, and defined one bel as an intensity ten times that of the zero level, two bels as a hundred times that of zero, three bels a thousand times, and so on—each added bel multiplying the magnitude by ten. Even before this scale was adapted by acousticians to the measurement of sound intensity, it appeared that the bel was too large a unit. So each bel was divided into tenths, decibels. In general we may say that a decibel represents about the smallest difference in loudness that an average ear can distinguish. In the laboratory the unit is defined in million millionths of a watt; but perhaps its meaning may be suggested more graphically by mentioning the decibel equivalence of a few familiar sounds.

The noise of ordinary breathing measured at a distance of one foot registers about 10 decibels. It is one full bel, therefore is ten times louder than a noise of zero magnitude on the scale.

The rustle of leaves in a breeze rates

about 20 decibels—two bels, ten times louder than the level of breathing, or a hundred times the zero level.

The noise made by turning the pages of a newspaper approximates 30 decibels. The average intensity of conversation is 65 decibels. That of piano practice is 75. Five units higher up than that of the piano thumping, at 80 decibels, is the noise of a passing motor truck. A lion's roar has been metered at 95 decibels—and this is also the loudness of the river falling on the rocks below Niagara and that of a passing elevated train in New York. The clatter of a steel riveter mounts to 105 decibels. The sound of a moving airplane at a distance of eighteen feet measures 123 decibels. Beyond this the nerve response becomes pathological, and at somewhere near 130 decibels—ten million million times the zero point of intensity—sound is painful in the literal sense.

In using the term zero point it is not to be understood that the sound at that level is of no value. Zero decibels is the reference level on our scale of loudness, just as zero degrees is the reference level on the Centigrade scale of temperature. In general zero is thought of as approximately the threshold of hearing, but this is true only for vibrations of certain frequencies. For those of other frequencies the threshold may extend below the zero mark; while for an even wider range, both at the bass and at the treble end of the sound spectrum, the threshold of hearing is above zero.

Similarly, the threshold of painful sounds must be charted as a curved line. While it is near or beyond 130 decibels for a limited number of low frequencies and a limited number of high frequencies, it does not rise even to 120 decibels for certain sounds intermediate between these extremes.

The thermometer again provides a simple analogue. Just as the freezing point of water is at one temperature and that of mercury at quite a different temperature, so is the threshold of hearing for a deep bass note quite different from

that of a piccolo's high treble. A high C on the piccolo, vibrating 4096 cycles a second, may be caught by some ears even when its loudness is a few decibels below zero—whereas a low C on the organ, vibrating 32 cycles, must be sounded with an intensity of at least sixty decibels to be heard at all. The threshold of hearing for this organ tone thus requires an intensity level more than a million times that of the piccolo tone.

A similar relativity between pitch and loudness exists at the other extreme. The threshold of painful sound, the boiling point on our noise thermometer, is close to 130 decibels for the low C of the organ, but for the high C of the piccolo it may begin to be felt at about 118 decibels. Quicksilver can stand more heat than water can before it boils—and so is the ear able to endure a louder bass sound than it can of high soprano.

III

When the sound meters, filters, analyzers, and other devices have done their jobs—have isolated the frequencies that are giving offense as noise-makers, and have rated the magnitude of their offense in decibels—the acoustical doctor is provided with the basis for a diagnosis of the trouble.

Sometimes a noise detector is used as a spy to keep watch on the mechanical condition of a machine. Thus the huge 20,000-kilowatt turbines of the mercury vapor power plant in Schenectady were lately equipped with a device which records the noises generated when their steel vanes are spinning under the blast from boiling quicksilver. The clearance between rotating parts and stationary casing is a matter of only a few hair-breadths, and any undue expansion of the rotor or sagging of its shaft might damage the costly machine. So the listening device is installed (along with other electrical watchmen) to keep an ear on the noises and give prompt warning if any unusual sound develops amid the normal bedlam.

A more common use of the sound meter is in the manufacture of mechanical products, as an aid to attaining "silent" designs. Today's electric fans operate with only a third of the noise which was normal to fans of twenty years ago; and electric refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, and other appliances lately suffered the loss of some of their customary operating noises. The tick of the bedroom clock has been softened. Air passengers of the 1920's were accustomed to stuff their ears with cotton before beginning a flight; such insulation is no longer necessary, and noise meters report that the new "sound proof" cabins of the modern airplanes are not more noisy than a Pullman car.

The airplane cabin, however, can hardly be called a machine and its improvement in noise abatement cannot be credited to any redesign of motors or propellers, but is primarily a matter of architectural acoustics. In particular it is the result of "treatment," by which is meant the use of sound-absorbing material in the construction of the walls, ceiling, and floor of the cabin. The same practice has been applied in the design or adaptation of larger rooms, and especially in the attainment of suitable auditoriums where the problem is not merely to exclude outside noises, but also to insure the most suitable interior conditions for the hearing of speech and music.

The foundations of architectural acoustics were laid forty years ago by Wallace C. Sabine, as the solution of a practical problem referred to him. Dr. Sabine was Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Harvard, and there had lately been added to the university's plant the Fogg Art Museum which included among its rooms a large lecture hall. The hall was intended for use not only by art classes, but also by other groups that required a sizable room—but the very first speaker to lecture in the place found the task almost insupportable. Let a sentence be spoken from the rostrum, and its syllables reverberated repeatedly. Sounds became a jumble;

hearing was almost impossible. The problem of disentangling the waves seemed one for a mathematician and a natural philosopher, so President Eliot turned to Professor Sabine and asked him what could be done.

Broadly speaking, there are only two variables affecting the internal acoustics of a room: its shape (including size), and its materials (including furnishings). Dr. Sabine dismissed consideration of the first, for it was not practicable to change the room's shape or size. But the material of its surfaces might be changed, and so he began a series of experiments in that direction.

Three consequences may befall sound as a result of its collision with walls or other surfaces. The surfaces may *reflect* the waves, in which case there is reverberation. Or they may *transmit* the waves, and then the sound is heard in adjoining rooms. Or they may *absorb* the energy of the waves, swallowing up the sound. Dr. Sabine found that the smooth hard surfaces of the plastered masonry walls and of the ceiling, floor, and varnished seats of the lecture room absorbed very little, they transmitted practically none, but they were very effective reflectors. When a word was spoken in an ordinary tone, the sound continued to be heard for more than five seconds while it reverberated between opposite surfaces. Even a slow speaker would have uttered a dozen or more syllables in those five seconds, and it was easy to understand that the ensuing mixture of primary waves with a succession of reflected waves might make hearing difficult.

The professor set up an organ pipe as a sound source of constant pitch and loudness, and installed a suitable chronograph for recording duration. When the pipe was intoned in the empty lecture room and suddenly stopped, the chronograph showed that 5.6 seconds elapsed before the sound faded to a millionth of its original strength—the point at which sound is rated inaudible. This period he defined as "time of reverberation." Could it be shortened by the simple expe-

dient of covering some of the hard surfaces with softer, more pliable material?

As the material for his experiment Dr. Sabine borrowed all the cushions from the seats of nearby Sanders Theatre. Some of these were brought into the lecture room and placed on its seats until a stretch of about twenty-seven feet was cushioned; then the organ note was sounded, and in 5.3 seconds it had diminished to inaudibility. More cushions were added, enough to double the area of covered seats; and now the sound of the pipe died yet more rapidly, in 4.9 seconds. Additional cushions were placed until every one of the 436 seats was covered—and then the sound was audible only a small fraction over 2 seconds. Obviously he was on the right track.

More than one thousand cushions were waiting unused, and Sabine was determined to test their full effect. He carpeted the aisles with them, covered the platform, draped them on a scaffolding, cushioned the rear wall from floor to ceiling. When all were spread, absorption was so great that the sound endured only 1.1 seconds.

Many of the tests were made in the quiet of night. They continued two years, trying a variety of materials. The final outcome was a recommendation to resurface certain wall areas with felt. When this was done, as the professor modestly records the verdict in his final report, "the room was rendered not excellent, but entirely serviceable." It is still used for a variety of meetings.

Later investigators, with more sensitive and more exact tools of exploration, have added important refinements to Sabine's work; but all modern achievements in the improvement of room acoustics rest on the foundations laid in the Fogg lecture room. Reverberation time is recognized as a direct index to the acoustical quality of a room. And since the optimum time varies with the size of the room and the purpose for which it is to be used (music halls requiring, in general, a longer reverberation time than speech halls) the acoustical engineer has become

an important ally of architecture. Too often he is not called into consultation until after the hall is built, but his art is such that by the use of "treatment" he may transform reflecting surfaces into absorbent ones, and by skilful placing of surfaces delete echoes, touch up dead spots, add resonance, and pretty well refashion a room into whatever acoustical pattern is desired.

The new Madison Square Garden, Radio City Music Hall, and Center Theatre in New York are examples of recent architecture whose acoustics were improved by the adept use of treatment. And for treatment the acoustician is no longer dependent on improvisations with cushions, felt, and other adapted fabrics. There has sprung up a whole new industry devoted to the manufacture of sound absorbents, and treatment may be bought in convenient slabs and blankets. The material must be porous or resilient, preferably both. One practice uses a hard smooth surface (of steel, plaster, or composition board) perforated with numerous small holes, and lays this over a blanket of rock wool or other soft fibrous material. The perforations in the hard outer surface provide pores to admit sound to the fibrous inner material which may be both porous and resilient. The excellent acoustical properties of the Hayden Planetarium in New York are attributed to the use of treatment. A circular room with a hemispherical ceiling is notoriously given to disturbing reverberations and other annoyances—as witness Albert Hall in London—but by making the inner surface of the planetarium dome of perforated metal and backing this steel with a soft layer, the architects and engineers attained a domed hall that is quite satisfactory for hearing.

Perhaps the most exacting practitioners of the new acoustical techniques are sound-picture recorders and radio broadcasters. In a studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System which I visited in New York half the room is treated to provide sound absorption, and the other half is differently treated to provide a desired

echo. The dead end, where absorption is ninety per cent, is the zone of hearing. Here the microphones are stationed. Here the floor is thickly carpeted and walls and ceiling are lined with four inches of rock wool covered with perforated metal. This treatment was carefully planned to absorb all frequencies equally—an important desideratum, for some absorbers are selective, accepting high frequencies and reflecting the lows.

The live end of the room is paneled in wood, and the panels are fastened only by their edges and so are free to vibrate. The absorptive and reflective areas of the studio are so proportioned and so placed with respect to one another that the sound waves striking the live end are thrown back to the microphone zone with a single reflection, and the vibrant quality of the wood adds richness and sonority to the reflected tones. The total effect is to increase the brilliance of music and speech. The designer, E. E. Free, explains this on the theory that the panels seem to act selectively as absorbers of confused sounds and as resonators of musically desirable sounds—damping those waves which are out of phase and reinforcing those that are in phase. Certain of the panels are set at slight angles to the vertical plane, care is taken that an absorptive surface faces each reflective surface—and by such ingenious use of treatment an excellent medium-sized room for orchestral broadcasts has been attained.

IV

Sound absorption has been described as a surface effect, and until the present decade it was regarded as almost wholly that. But in 1930 Vern O. Knudsen, a physicist at the University of California at Los Angeles, was trying to calibrate a new sound laboratory there and chanced upon a strange anomaly. He noticed that the acoustical properties of the room followed the vagaries of the weather. On days when the wind blew from the Pacific, filling the laboratory with moist air, certain high-pitched sounds would

reverberate four or five seconds. On other days when wind from another direction brought the air from the Mojave desert, the same sounds would reverberate only two or three seconds. It was the same room, the same surfaces, the same vibrations—only the air had changed. How could it make a difference?

Thereafter Professor Knudsen spent much of his time in pursuit of that question. First he considered the possibility that the atmospheric changes might affect room surfaces and so cause them to reflect more, or less, of the sound. To test this idea he applied successive coats of paint and varnish to the walls, ceiling, and floor. But they made no difference—the weather continued to call the tune. On a trip abroad Knudsen discussed his problem with European physicists. A German authority advised him to line the room with bathroom tile; then the anomaly would disappear, he said.

Before spending two thousand dollars on this tile treatment the professor thought he would try another experiment that might explore the difficulty less expensively. It chanced that the university possessed a smaller room, made, like the new laboratory, of concrete and surfaced in exactly the same way—the only difference being that it was less than half the size of the new laboratory. From the dimensions Knudsen calculated that in the small room the sound waves would be reflected back and forth approximately 200 times a second, whereas in traveling the wider spaces of the large room only 93 reflections occurred. Thus, in one second a wave would be in contact with the surface of the small room more than twice as often as in the large room; and if absorption were only a surface affair it should proceed at a rate proportionate to the number of surface encounters and, therefore, should occur more rapidly in the smaller chamber. He was able to derive formulæ for the rates of sound decay in the two rooms; but when the test was made glaring discrepancies between theory and fact showed up. Experiment proved

that the absorption by the surfaces of the room was not affected by the humidity of the air, and indicated that *the variations were due to absorption by the air itself*—that dry air took certain sounds of high pitch, sucked them up as it were, while very moist air was far less absorptive and therefore would conduct the sound for greater distances.

All this was startling to the acoustical expert of 1930 whose science rested on the theoretical structure erected in the 19th century by Lord Rayleigh and his colleagues. According to their teaching the condition of the air should have very little effect on its conduction of sound. Lord Rayleigh worked out a set of equations to account for the behavior of sound, assuming it to be a wave form moving through a uniform continuous medium. Of course all knew that the air is no such isotropic jellylike stuff; obviously it is a conglomeration of particles, the molecules of nitrogen, oxygen, and other gases. But Lord Rayleigh pointed out that analysis of sound phenomena on the basis of particle collisions involved mathematical difficulties and, moreover, was not necessary. It was not necessary, he reasoned, because the departures of sound behavior in fact from the behavior pictured by theory were so slight that for all practical purposes they were negligible. The revolutionary effect of Knudsen's discovery is to show that for certain high frequencies the departures are not negligible, the actual air absorption in some cases being a hundred times greater than that predicted by Rayleigh.

The California experiments demonstrate that both *humidity* and *temperature* affect sound absorption. The influence of temperature is steadily progressive; cold subzero air is practically transparent to sound, but with heat the air becomes increasingly absorptive until at high temperatures it is so opaque to high-pitched sounds as to make the latter inaudible at a distance of a few feet. In the case of humidity this progressive relationship does not hold. Perfectly dry air is the most transparent acoustically, air

containing a pinch of moisture (about 10 to 20 per cent relative humidity) is the most opaque, and thereafter with added moisture the ratio of absorption decreases until at 92 per cent relative humidity the transparency to sound is almost back to the maximum. This latter condition corresponds to the moist fog-laden air of the ocean, while air which is only 20 per cent humid approximates that of the desert.

Many phenomena of nature are illuminated by this discovery of the influence of atmospheric conditions on sound. In the Arctic it is not uncommon for two men conversing in the open to be heard over the icy wastes for distances of four miles, and the barking of dogs has been heard fifteen miles. It was the custom to explain these long-distance sounds as a consequence of the reflection of sound waves back to earth by certain upper air strata, but it seems likely now that the Knudsen effect provides at least part of the explanation. Desert travelers are familiar with the sound-blanketing of its hot, almost moistureless air.

Nor are these findings only of academic interest. Dr. Knudsen points out that in a large hall the reverberation of high frequencies of speech and music may be affected more by the condition of the air than by the nature of the surface materials. Consider, for example, sound at a pitch of 10,000 cycles, a frequency within the range necessary to high quality music. If the air of an auditorium were at 70° F. temperature and of only 18 per cent relative humidity, sounds of that pitch would be absorbed by the air so rapidly that even with totally reflective walls, ceiling, and floor, the sounds would decay in five-eighths of a second. The inherent absorption by the room boundaries, including the audience, would reduce the time of reverberation to less than half a second. Admittedly this air is dryer than is customary, but even with a relative humidity of 50 per cent the reverberation time would be less than a second—a duration too short for good musical effect. Not only surface treatment,

but also humidity and temperature control may be important in acoustical engineering of the future. Designers of sound-reproducing equipment for use in large theaters and out of doors may need to take into account the absorptive characteristics of air, and also those who plan to use sound in distant signaling, in altimeters for aircraft, and in fog warnings.

From his discovery of this curious effect of moisture and temperature on the acoustical properties of the air Knudsen was led to dissect the air into its gases and investigate these separately. He found that when a small pinch of moisture is introduced into an atmosphere of pure oxygen, the ratio of sound absorption is five times greater than that of air containing an equal proportion of moisture. But when the same amount of moisture was introduced in pure nitrogen there was no increase in the sound absorption.

Thus it is the oxygen in our air, and not the nitrogen, that is responsible for the greater part of the sound absorption. If our atmosphere contained no nitrogen, but were made up wholly of oxygen with such admixtures of water vapor as are common, it would be difficult to hear a message shouted across the street. The high-frequency components of speech—such consonant sounds as *th*, *s*, and *m*—would be swallowed up within fifty or seventy feet. Knudsen's later studies of other gases show that carbon dioxide is even more absorbent than oxygen. Conversation in an atmosphere of carbon dioxide would require the voice of Stentor, for the high-frequency consonants would be absorbed within a few feet.

The explanation of these newly-discovered acoustical qualities of gases seems to lie in the varying characteristics of collisions between the gas molecules. The progress of a sound wave shakes the air into a succession of contractions and expansions, molecule is bumped against molecule, and into the thermal move-

ment of particles which is characteristic of the gas there is injected this additional periodic agitation. We used to think that the colliding molecules would behave approximately alike so far as their influence on sound is concerned, but Knudsen's work shows that uniformity does not exist. Roughly, it is as though a billiard player who has been pursuing his game on the theory that all the balls are of hard ivory should suddenly discover that some of the balls are of soft rubber. A rubber ball takes the energy of a collision differently from an ivory ball, and similarly the interaction of an oxygen molecule in collision with a molecule of water vapor produces a result different from that of nitrogen colliding with water vapor. Still different is the effect of carbon dioxide collisions.

The theoretical explanation of this behavior has been worked out by Dr. H. O. Kneser, of the University of Marburg, and he has shown that the energy transitions which occur in these interchanges must be reckoned in terms of Planck's constant of action, h . Sound absorption measurements thus provide a means of measuring the reaction constants of gases, and these give information regarding the nature of molecular collisions. Thus the research scientist finds in the Knudsen effect a new tool of exploration, a means of prying into the minute mechanics of gaseous matter.

So important is this discovery, so fundamental to the advancing front of physical knowledge, that at its Christmas week meetings of 1934 the American Association for the Advancement of Science awarded its one thousand dollar prize for the year to Professor Knudsen. He is continuing his researches at the laboratory in Los Angeles, where he has fitted up a two-foot cubical steel box as his reverberation chamber, and with that more compact and convenient apparatus is prosecuting new experiments into the behavior of sound in a variety of gases.



THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PROFIT MOTIVE

BY EDWARD L. THORNDIKE

MANY good people think that it is time for the civilized world to outgrow the profit motive. Factories should clothe us, railroads should transport us, and power-companies should light our houses—not to give their owners a profit but to give us service. The farmer, grocer, butcher, and milkman should not feed us to get a profit but to do us good. The motive for each of us should be to serve and benefit our fellow-men. If profits are received they should be only a by-product or incidental feature of getting goods produced and distributed; they should not be sought.

To many other good people this seems fantastic. In their opinion, the profit-motive is an inevitable force in the efficient production and exchange of goods; when it operates under conditions of freedom and justice, it is also a beneficent force, transmuting the enlightened selfishness of individuals into a common welfare.

Since good opinion disagrees so widely, it may be useful to consider how the profit motive looks to a psychologist.

First of all it seems to him much more complex than it is commonly thought to be. The desire for money or any other form of wealth or purchasing power is only a fraction of it. When men make a profit from their labor or capital or command of natural resources they often get something more than increased power to buy whatever money can buy. In particular, men usually get, along with the pecuniary gain, the approval of others,

especially of those whom they esteem, inner self-approval, enhanced satisfaction in activity, and some of the joys of achievement and victory. Each of these four features of the profit motive is important.

The desire for the approval of men will under certain conditions cause us to seek to get a larger profit from selling our work or material possessions, just as under other conditions it will cause us to fight more bravely, take greater risks, waste our energy and substance in ostentatious display, or give all we have to the poor and live in utter humility. In our civilization pecuniary profit or loss is regarded as proof and a measure of competence and achievement, especially in the case of manufacturing and trading. Consequently a merchant in a city or town seeks profits in part as a child seeks smiles or as a singer seeks applause or as an evangelist seeks converts or as a woman seeks admiring glances.

Pecuniary profit is of course not a perfect measure of competence or achievement or service. Comparisons of persons engaged in different sorts of work require correction. Military leaders at one extreme, and saints at another extreme, artists at a third, and statesmen at a fourth have been esteemed much more than traders receiving equal profits from their work. But within the same line of work the pecuniary rewards are fairly trustworthy measures of public esteem, and of the esteem of the experts in that line. The best-paid tenth of our clergy-

men (or of artists or of military men or of poets) will average much abler and more useful than the worst-paid tenth of the same group. A literary man or musician may thus reasonably seek profits in part for the same reason that he seeks the favorable comment of critics. Both mean that he is well thought of.

The desire for self-approval, the craving to think well of oneself, is a main-spring of conduct which impels many persons in many circumstances to seek profits. An employee may feel a sense of sin and shame at not receiving a rise in wages. A business man who has been trained in certain customs may have to extort all the traffic will bear in order to maintain his inner self-respect. A trader who paid ninety-five for something which he might have bought for ninety-four, or sells for fifty something which he might have sold for fifty-one, may suffer from a guilty conscience and remorse which is psychologically much the same as afflicts one who as preacher or teacher or parent or citizen has not done quite his best. This fraction of the profit motive may easily become pathological, and probably there actually are poor souls tortured with guilt because their organization has not got all the profits in its line, burdened with the sin of having left some of the business to somebody else!

Most members of the human species naturally prefer to do something rather than nothing, and enjoy a certain amount of almost any activity of body or mind that is devoid of strain and frustration. This enjoyment is enhanced by confidence that the activity is fit and proper, worthwhile, a manly or womanly thing to do. Most village merchants would on the whole derive pleasure from unpacking goods, arranging them on their shelves, wrapping up parcels, and talking to customers if they had experience of nothing more entertaining. The sense that these activities produce sales, profits, and consequently power to gratify whatever wants money can gratify, helps to validate the activities as significant and worthwhile. Many automobile repairmen would prob-

ably tinker with mechanisms even if it were unprofitable for them to do so; but the profit adds zest to the play. Indeed, I dare to affirm that many agitators who would have to be compelled by force not to agitate, and who would endure odious work in order to keep themselves alive and fit to agitate, nevertheless feel a heightened enjoyment in their agitating because they derive pecuniary profit from it.

Achievement, mastery, and victory are potent human satisfiers, and, in our present social order, profits are symbols of achievement in production, mastery in one's trade or profession, and victory in competitive business. This fact needs no illustration or comment.

The profit motive is then in part the same as the social motive, or the conscience motive, or the self-expression motive, or the emulation motive, and doubtless others also. In part it shares their merits and their defects. To treat it as merely the desire for purchasing power is far too simple a treatment.

This desire is, however, usually its core; profits *are* purchasing power; even the most absorbed and the most idealistic workers know it. Some good people and some bad people desire purchasing power strongly; others do not. But very few have so little use for purchasable goods for themselves or for their families or for their ideals that they care nothing for profits as purchasing power. So we must ask how this essential feature of the profit motive ranks among motives. Does it belong at the bottom among envy, greed, bullying, cruelty, and other bad motives which have negative values, or among the good motives, with positive values, which culminate in the cravings for truth and beauty and the happiness of others?

In spite of the time-honored dictum that the love of money is the root of all evil and in spite of the contrary dictum of some economists that the zealous seekers after personal profit are likely to be the benefactors of mankind, I think the safest conclusion is that this core of the profit motive is, on the whole, almost neu-

tral. Its quality depends upon the purpose for which the person desires to use the purchasing power. To a psychologist the mere desire for power, whether in the form of wealth, strength, beauty, skill, status, or political influence, is good or bad not so much by its nature as by its consequences. These depend upon the uses to which the possessor puts his power. And this seems especially true of purchasing power, which is so flexible and variable in its uses.

At all events, the moral quality of the desire for purchasing power may vary widely from minus to plus according to its concomitants, so that intrinsically it deserves neither contempt nor eulogy. To evaluate its total net goodness or badness would be a difficult and not a very instructive undertaking.

A more promising undertaking is to compare the power by material possessions which the profit motive seeks with power by strength, power by beauty, power by knowledge and skill, power by courage, power by sincerity, power by personal charm or impressiveness, power by friendship, power by popularity, power by status, and other less obvious and less important forms of power.

It has been fashionable for the good and clever to be rather contemptuous of power due to wealth. A majority of intelligent and thoughtful moralists would probably still vote that Americans have overvalued purchasing power in comparison with other forms, and that Europeans are demoralizing themselves by following our example in this. These moralists may be right, but I think they have been misled by certain deep-rooted proclivities to overvalue strength, courage, impressiveness, charm, friendship, and popularity. Good as these are, they are not so good now as they were in the life of a primitive family or tribe that wrought its welfare with little use of the power, tools, and skills that money can now buy. Health, comfort, and knowledge are purchasable now as they were not then. A man who accumulates a profit of a million dollars (or of one dol-

lar) can use it to eradicate tuberculosis, reduce pain, or to advance science, and many makers of profits do so use them.

It seems that moralists have been misled also by the traditional association of profits with certain sorts of unscrupulous trading and with servility and meanness. Customs of long ago, which may have been logical in their time, sometimes continue in the form of vicious circles. Certain pursuits are despised on their own account (perhaps because of erroneous notions of their value to human welfare); consequently despicable people pursue them; thereafter these pursuits may be despised merely because despicable people pursue them. Break the circle by showing the true value of the pursuit and inducing worthy men to undertake it, and it becomes of good repute.

The history of profit-seekers and profit-seeking is still unwritten, but it is certainly not an unmitigated record of sharp practices engaged in by persons too materialistic to seek truth or beauty, and too sensual and selfish to seek the rewards of religion and philanthropy. On the contrary, there has probably been a positive correlation between profit-seeking and idealism. Among nations the Athenian Greeks, the Scotch, and the Dutch were admittedly high in both. Among individuals Shakespeare and Beethoven certainly did not despise pecuniary profit, and Andrew Carnegie certainly was in the top rank of his generation for idealism.

On the other hand, it is true that the profit motive is lower than the benevolence motive or the love-of-knowledge motive or the creative motive or the skill motive in the sense that persons who are not moved by these may be moved by it. Less intellect and sensitiveness and humaneness are required to appreciate money than to appreciate knowledge or skill or the welfare of others. Money, though it can be used to get or give these other goods, is obviously and directly a means of obtaining material comfort for oneself.

The people who would continue productive work without the profit motive

would average higher in intellect and morals than those who would have to be coerced into useful production if it were lacking. Also some of the finest instinctive activities, such as parental care of the young and mutual aid within the family or local group, are largely unrelated to the profit motive. They antedated it in human evolution and would doubtless persist if our social order nullified it.

But these derogatory statements could be made as truly of cravings for most other forms of power. On the whole, money power, the goal of the profit motive, is about as good as the average of other forms of power. It is likely to be used better than power through physical strength, beauty, or popularity, somewhat less well than power through health, and much less well than power through knowledge, which has been especially beneficial to mankind.

II

The profit motive and the person's attitude toward his own profits and those of others, vary somewhat according to what he is selling. This may be his labor; or goods of which he is the responsible producer; or goods which he sells along with certain services, such as keeping them in a convenient place for inspection, putting them up in small quantities and delivering them; or goods which he has bought to sell unchanged. At one extreme is the laborer selling his time and the use of his strength and skill. At the other is the pure trader who buys real estate, grain, cotton, securities, or foreign currencies in the hope of transferring them as they are at a higher price.

Let us consider the attitudes toward profit in laborers. Their case is in some respects the simplest; they are the most numerous profit-seekers; their profit-seeking has been most neglected.

There may be an enormous range of profit and loss for one day's work by a laborer. Suppose that in the ordinary course of events he receives \$4 for a day's work of 8 hours. He may, by meeting

somebody who is in dire need of help, for example, to carry a valuable package to safety, get \$400 for the day's work if he is a shrewd bargainer. He may, on another day, get only his \$4 and lose his eyesight by the hazard of the work. If he could get \$3 worth from his labor for a day without selling it, using it at his own pleasure, he would then make \$397 profit in the one case and lose nearly \$50,000 in the other if we reckon his eyesight as worth that much.

Consider first the psychology of the \$397 profit on a day's work. Let us suppose that the worker would wisely have done the work for \$3 if he could have got no more, and that the employer would wisely have paid up to \$800, but no more, to have his package reach its destination. A certain sort of worker would thank his good luck and his shrewdness for the \$397 profit until he learned that he might have extorted five hundred or six hundred or seven hundred. Then he would complain, not without a certain admiring envy, about the greed and sharp dealing of the employer who paid barely half what the service was worth. A philosophic worker could argue that the trade was reasonably just since he made a profit of \$397 and the employer a profit of \$400. A chivalric worker with the instincts of a gentleman might do the job for \$5 or \$3, or even for nothing, and, on learning the truth of the matter, despise the employer as a hog who would use the decency of a stranger to save himself \$795 or more.

There are other possible attitudes of the worker, and various sorts of men in the position of the employer would show an equal or greater variety in regard to the no-man's-land of profit which is found in many sales of labor or of commodities. There is often a slice of profit which either party could have without causing the other any loss in the strict sense of the word. Just as anything received over \$3 is a profit to the employee and anything paid less than \$800 is a profit to the employer in our supposed case, so often a transaction between John Doe and Richard Roe can often give each a slice of

profit and leave a third slice to be monopolized or divided.

Our attitudes toward the persons who seek possession of this no-man's slice of profit are often transferred to profit-seekers in general. Profits due to skill in labor, efficiency in management, dependability in fulfilling obligations, wisdom in anticipating wants, and other highly useful services are thus often confused with profits from forms of bargaining which are more persuasive, or even predatory, than productive. So there evolves the fantastic myth that all makers of profits are unproductive or, worse still, robbers of the public.

So evolves the fallacy that in a trade all that one party gains is a loss for the other, whereas in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand trades both parties gain (except when they foolishly buy what they do not really need or desire, or sell what they ought to keep). Each gets a large slice of profit, and all that they should dispute about is the neutral slice. In our present economic system this neutral slice is usually very small, and hardly worth quarrelling about unless it is one's pride as a trader to capture the greatest possible fraction of it.

Many of us also form very exaggerated estimates of the size of this no-man's slice of profit. It is, as I have said, usually very small, and tends to become zero. In the purest forms of sheer trading, as on stock and produce exchanges, the shrewdest bargainer and the dullest, the greediest and the most generous, rarely differ by one per cent of the price. The net profit to milk companies in New York and Pittsburgh on a quart of milk in 1925 was less than half a cent. The farmer got 5.7 cents, the consumer paid 14.4 cents; 1.85 cents went for transportation, 2.25 cents went for receiving, pasteurizing, and bottling, 4.2 cents went for the expenses of selling and delivering. Anyone who will investigate the series of activities involved will satisfy himself that neither the farmer nor the railroads nor the milk companies nor the retail stores found any large slice of profit to seize anywhere be-

tween the cow and the New York breakfast table. The profits all along the line were almost entirely, if not entirely, payments for services rendered by natural resources, man-made tools and facilities, and labor of one sort or another. The consumer may perhaps be accused of absorbing a large slice of no-man's profit by buying for 14.4 cents a quart of milk which, if he had personally conducted it from the cow to his doorstep, stopping to pasteurize and bottle it on the way, would have cost him a day's labor! But he too is innocent.

There are greedy, even predatory, laborers, farmers, transporters, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, professional men, and consumers. Striking instances of men who do not give a fair day's work for their wages, who vote themselves favors, who charge all the traffic will bear, who take a profit for knowledge or skill which they do not possess, attract our attention, remain in memory, and loom large in our thinking. But the facts are that in our present capitalistic system it is very hard for a business man to get something for nothing. Bread, milk, sugar, coal, wood, water, gasoline, copper, rubber, railroad fares, freight-rates, automobiles, telephones, refrigerators, and so on—from the field and the mine to the ultimate consumer most of the profits are for services to us rather than disservices.

In general, anybody with the purchasing power can get any purchasable commodities and service at prices that are not very far from fair. The trouble is not so much that somebody is taking a profit that we deserved to have, but that we pay to be flattered and deceived, to be cajoled and persuaded, to be kept unaware of our weaknesses and follies. A business man can grow rich by appealing to our ignorance, vanity, and greed. That is our fault as well as his. He takes his profit in money. We take our profit in comfortable delusions.

We pay to be flattered and to avoid the discomforts of honest thinking just as we pay for harmful drugs, vicious excitements, and debasing pleasures. The

time may come when the sale of such psychological poisons will be restricted by law and public opinion. At the present time, unfortunately, a thoroughly decent merchant selling serviceable food or clothing is tempted to sell false hopes of gaining superior health or strength from the food in question or of gaining a bonus of sex appeal or magnetism in society or success in business along with the clothes.

III

Profits by deceit and profits by action as a procurer for vile, harmful, or mean wants of men are odious and disgusting. Decent business men should co-operate to exterminate them. For a person to pay a little more than a fair price for goods and services that are really beneficial does much less harm than for him to be deceived about what he is buying or stimulated to want and tempted to buy what is bad for him. The truth is one absolutely dependable pillar of society. If good men are given reason to believe that the profit motive fosters lying and makes it customary or respectable in business they will seek a substitute. Debauching men and women by teaching them to be more greedy, vain, wasteful, sensual, ostentatious, or vulgar than they would otherwise be is thoroughly vicious. If good men find business not only serving all wants, good, bad, and indifferent, but actually stimulating bad wants, they will seek a substitute.

They will perhaps not be logical in this. The remedy they find will very probably be worse than the evil. That is for the sciences of economics and business to decide. But we have the psychology as well as the logic of these good men to consider. If they are revolted by moral defects in the conduct of business, some of them will wish to replace the profit motive by the benevolence motive, and think men should work and trade with an eye single to the welfare of the world. Others will wish to temper the profit motive by a business ethics which will be as unselfish as the professional ethics of clergymen,

teachers, and physicians, and will make the owner or manager of property accept certain obligations such as would be appropriate for a trustee for the public. Others will ask only that, except for good and sufficient reasons, men be as decent in seeking profits as they are in other human relations, and that good men in business work to outlaw pandering to vice and folly and using anything other than the true merits of their goods or services as a force in selling them.

The reactions of a psychologist to these three proposals may be of interest. He is sure that a world run by benevolence alone is as impossible of attainment as a world in which men should feed on coal and sawdust. One would require as radical a change in men's characters as the other would require in their digestive apparatus. He is also sure that if it could be attained it would be a difficult world to live in, with everybody doing what he thought the world needed instead of what he himself wanted to do or what somebody with a genuine want would pay him to do.

The second proposal, though superficially attractive, seems impractical and a bit stupid. Ways and means of enforcing such a code or of inducing sincere trusteeships are lacking, so that the net result might be to cause the unscrupulous to profit at the expense of the scrupulous. The virtues and services the world needs from producers, merchants, owners, and managers are not just the same as those which it needs from priests or teachers. The primary service of the former is to satisfy human wants; the primary service of the latter is to improve them. The cardinal virtues of the former in their capacity as economic agents are to maximize production, minimize waste, and distribute goods and services so that they will be used to the maximal advantage of the human species present and future. These virtues are likely to be impaired by great emphasis on the kindly treatment of competitors or the protection of the weak. Many farmers, miners, manufacturers, and merchants who do first-rate

work for the world in their present states of mind would probably be confused and misled if they tried to behave as trustees for the public. Just as a surgeon at work needs to banish all feelings of affection or pity and concentrate his mind upon cutting in the right place in the right way, so a trader at work may need to banish all concern for the welfare of the world and fix his mind upon finding the persons who will pay the most for what he has to sell. By and large those persons will make better use of it than those he could find by any other one simple rule.

The more modest third proposal seems less alien to human nature and more likely to produce the consequences desired. Its rules are simple: Do not degrade yourself to get a profit. Do not lie.

One thing is sure. Many good men are judging the profit motive by the company it keeps, and many of their conclusions are unfavorable. Those who believe that the profit motive is intrinsically a very useful means of getting much of the world's work done should try to rid it of its unsavory affiliations.

SONNET TO MAN

BY ROBERT NATHAN

D*ID I but see in man's immense despair
Some hint of peace, some promise of repose,
Then would I gladly with his spirit's foes
Admit a truce and call a parley there.
Did I but hear in sorrow's brooding air
A strain of gentleness, I might suppose
Somewhere within that symphony of woes
A brighter future and a world more fair.
But from his anguish man no moral learns,
And draws from grief no lesson to be kind.
Alone he weeps, and like a serpent turns
Unto himself the poisons of his mind.
Lonely in sorrow as in joy alone,
He makes of grief a weapon and a stone.*

*It would be wiser, since we live in fear,
To use our sorrows to correct our ways.
If winter be the color of our days,
Then learn of winter to be still and clear.
The greener spring, the new and happy year
Is not for us but for the birds to praise;
It is the snow that over autumn lays
Its quiet hand that is our teacher here.
For see, it has its lesson for the soul.
Look how the tree with piety keeps fast
The bud and blossom hidden in the bole.
So bear the winter with its frosty blast,
And seek, beneath the season of our grief,
The spring unending and the waiting leaf.*



The Lion's Mouth



THE CAT AND THE LAW

BY HARRY HIBSCHMAN

"FOR a dog to chase, frighten, annoy, and worry a cat," said the highest court of the State of Connecticut in 1901, "is to do the cat a mischief."

Speaking with equal wisdom and assurance, Judge Higgins of Tennessee said in 1914: "There is a natural antipathy between the cat and the dog. The very presence of a cat in the wake of a dog is a challenge, an insult, a bait, and an enticement. Fido will run after Thomas."

Such being the facts of natural science as judicially determined, and neighbors being still weak of spirit, prone to anger and to take up arms for the vindication of the rights of their pets, the question naturally arises, What are the rights and liabilities of Thomas?

The legal status of the cat has had a varied history. We find that there was a time under the common law when to steal a cat was not larceny for the reason that a cat was not considered to have any intrinsic value. This was true also of the dog and resulted in an anomalous situation: a man might be prosecuted for stealing the skin of a dead cat or dog though he would go scot free if he stole the live animal. Blackstone, that patron saint of the law, laid down the rule that animals not fit for food, or base, or kept only for pleasure, curiosity, or whim, could not be the subject of larceny.

That, however, was not the law among

the ancient Britons. They specifically regarded certain cats as the "guardians of the King's granary" and provided that any person who killed one of them should be punished by having to deliver to the King an amount of wheat measured by the size of the cat, or at least by its length. To determine this amount the law provided, "Let the cat be hung up by the tip of its tail with its head touching the floor, and let grains of wheat be poured upon it until the extremity of its tail be covered with the wheat." The amount of wheat required to do that was the amount that the offender had to deliver as a penalty.

The law came to be changed by the courts, so the authorities say, when larceny was made punishable with death and the judges tried to mitigate the severities of the law. In later years it was changed again, both in England and in most of the States of this country, either by statute or by judicial decision, so that now cats are looked upon, as the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine said some years ago, as "things of value" and the subject of larceny. Or as the Supreme Court of Georgia expressed it a number of years ago: "The ancient idea that 'animals which do not serve for food, and which therefore the law holds to have no intrinsic value' were not subject to larceny has passed away. Now the stomach is not the only criterion of value."

Cats are classified technically as animals *mansuetæ naturæ* as opposed to animals *feræ naturæ*, that is to say, as animals tame by nature or animals that "come to the hand," as distinguished from animals wild by nature. That the cat—speaking of course of the household cat and not of cats like the lion and the tiger—is properly placed in the first of these two classes is evident from its long and respectable

history as well as from common experience. As the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine expressed it: "The time of its domestication is lost in the mists of time, but it is apparent that the cat was a domestic animal among the early Egyptians, by whom it came to be regarded as sacred, as evidenced by the device of Cambyses during his invasion of Egypt, B.C. 525 or 527, which could scarcely have been feasible if the animal had been wild. From that day to this it has been a dweller in the houses of men. In no other animal has affection for home been more strongly developed, and in none, when absent from home, can the *animus revertendi* be more surely assumed to exist."

Turning to some typical cases involving cats before the law, we may as well begin with the traditional one of the cat and the canary, for, believe it or not, such a case was actually brought before a Pennsylvania court for decision more than fifty years ago and seems to be the earliest cat case reported in our American books of the law.

The plaintiff in that case alleged and undertook to prove that the defendant was the owner of a cat which on a certain day wandered off the home grounds in search of adventure, invaded the premises of the plaintiff, and then and there pounced upon, caught, killed, and carried away one canary of great value belonging to the plaintiff, to his damage in a sum not mentioned in the report of the case. The basis of the court's decision and the court's conclusion are shown in the following quotation, which, it will be noted, reveals a considerable amount of judicial knowledge of cats: "Cats attach themselves to places rather than persons and are rather harbored than owned. They are not subject to direction like dogs, nor can they be put under the same restraint as other domestic animals. To some extent they may be regarded as still undomesticated, and their predatory habits as but a remnant of their wild nature. The depredations which they commit in their wanderings are to be ascribed to this and may be

compared to the damages done by other animals of a partially wild nature. . . . The record shows no cause of action against the defendant."

An English court reached precisely the same conclusion a few years ago in a case involving numerous feline raids on a pigeon roost, holding that the owner of the cat found guilty of committing the dastardly acts was not liable under the law for the value of the pigeons taken unless he had notice of what was going on. It was not negligence, the court held, to permit a cat to follow its natural bent to prowl, nor was the owner liable as a matter of course simply because the cat was a trespasser upon the close or property of another.

This question of the cat as a trespasser was presented in this country in another case decided some twenty years ago. The cat in that case had bitten the plaintiff while away from its home premises, and it was earnestly argued that that fact alone was sufficient to establish the liability of the owner. But the highest court of Connecticut, before whom this case eventually came, said of that contention, "No negligence can be attributed to the mere trespass of a cat which has neither mischievous nor vicious propensities."

The court in that case also wrote a fine testimonial for the cat, saying: "The cat is not of a species of animals naturally inclined to mischief, such as, for example, cattle, whose instinct is to rove and whose practice is to eat and trample down growing crops. The cat's disposition is kindly and docile, and by nature it is one of the most tame and harmless of all domestic animals."

Nor does the fact that a cat's disposition is not quite so angelic when it has kittens make its owner liable for damages to a person bitten by the cat. That at least was the ruling of an English court about twenty-five years ago in a case in which a woman had brought suit against the owner of a cat for damages inflicted by the animal. The facts in the case as brought out at the trial were substantially these: The woman, accompanied by a

small dog, entered a little shop kept by the owner of the cat, the latter with her kittens being at the time in a closet or alcove opening off the shop. While the woman looked at some of the objects displayed for sale and talked to the proprietor, she permitted the dog to follow its own canine inclinations, and they led him promptly toward the spot occupied by the mother cat and her kittens. The cat, taking due notice of the approach of one of her natural and hereditary enemies and believing no doubt, and justly, that he came with evil intent, launched a sudden attack, without a previous declaration of war, and promptly fell upon the dog with such fury that it howled with terror and sought refuge in the arms of its mistress. Infuriated and nothing daunted, the cat followed and tried to reach its foe even there. The result was that while the dog tried to protect itself and the woman tried to protect her pet, the cat failed to discriminate between dog and mistress and scratched and bit the latter on both arms and in several other places not specifically described in the reports of the case.

It was for the injuries thus inflicted by the cat that the owner of the dog brought suit against the owner of the cat. The court, however, found itself unable to grant her any relief, holding that, even though the cat, ordinarily kind and gentle, was inclined to be savage, particularly toward dogs, while moved by the maternal spirit, that fact did not remove it from the class of animals recognized as *mansuetæ naturæ*. Its owner was, therefore, held not liable to the owner of the dog.

In this case of course the dog entered into the picture, and both he and his mistress were the losers. But it may be different where the dog comes out the victor. In the Tennessee case already mentioned, for instance, Judge Higgins seemed to think that there was a doctrine of self-defense as applicable in the case of a dog as in the case of a man. At any rate this is what he said: "The court is satisfied that on the particular night in

question, when Thomas Cat approached the path down which Speed (the villain dog) was traveling, he bowed his back and growled and spit in the dog's face. This was necessarily a felonious and a 'felineous' assault on the part of the cat, and the dog had the right, undoubtedly, to make such return as was necessary to protect himself from serious bodily harm at the hands of his long-clawed antagonist."

That this doctrine of self-defense prevails also in favor of the cat, at least by proxy, is the manifest result of the ruling in the Maine case already referred to. For the question involved there was whether the owner of a cat had the right to kill a foxhound that had chased the cat back home and followed it onto the home premises with evident intent to do the cat serious bodily harm; and it was held that the summary execution of the dog was justified under a statute which read: "Any person may lawfully kill a dog which . . . is found worrying, wounding, or killing any domestic animal, when said dog is outside of the enclosure or immediate care of its owner or keeper."

The earlier Connecticut case previously referred to involved similar facts, but the conclusion of the court was different. The dog in that case had also chased the cat back home, but the cat had reached a place of safety in a tree before its owner had appeared on the scene and shot the dog to death. The Connecticut law applicable to the case permitted the killing of a dog for the protection of life or property; but the court held that the owner of the cat was liable for the value of the dog because it had not really been necessary for him to kill the dog in order to protect the cat, since the cat had already found a safe retreat in the tree when the dog was killed.

The sum and substance of it all is, then, that the cat is in perfectly good standing under the law in our day as a domestic animal, an animal *mansuetæ naturæ*, a thing of value, and the subject of larceny; that, unless there is evidence of the known vicious disposition of a particular cat, its owner is not liable for its trespass upon

the premises of another nor for injuries inflicted by it, either upon feathered victims or persons; and that, while the law recognizes a dog's right of self-defense, ordinarily the owner of a cat has a legal right to protect his cat against a dog, at least against a trespassing dog, with such force as may be adequate to the circumstances, even to the extent of taking the dog's life.

If any cat owner objects that I have not answered all the pertinent questions that occur to him in connection with my immediate subject, I can only plead that I have covered all those passed upon by the courts, to the best of my knowledge. And, if it later develops that I was wrong in any of my conclusions, I now enter my excuse in advance in the words of an English judge, namely and to wit: "God forbid that it should be imagined that an attorney, or a counsel, or even a judge, is bound to know all the law."



NOTES ON CHANGES IN MOTORING

BY MYRON M. STEARNS

AUTOMOBILE traffic between Connecticut and California is speeding up, year by year, two miles an hour. This I have learned through personal research.

I first made the trip ten years ago. The machine used in the experiment weighed two tons and a half. Fully extended, and vibrating a little, she could make sixty miles an hour. Our ordinary road-gait, on the main highways, was between thirty and forty. That took us past most of the traffic. Including stops for gas, oil, and information, with slow-downs for detours, cities, and similar inconveniences, we averaged twenty miles an hour. Two hundred miles was a hard day's work.

The second trip was five years later. Another large chariot but one that

steered more easily. Faster too. Nearly eighty-five, wide open. Our road-gait was between forty and fifty. Higher speeds were too dangerous. Forty-five took us past four cars out of five. Including stops and slow-downs, we averaged thirty miles an hour. Three hundred miles a day was no harder than two hundred had been before.

Then this year. Five years later again. Surprisingly different. A much smaller car: the depression had intervened. Not as fast, incidentally, as the preceding juggernaut. A top speed of only about seventy. But she could cruise—as the flyers have it—at nearly top speed, all day long. Our road-gait ran above fifty, without carrying us past any greater proportion of cars than before. Stops and slow-downs included, we could average forty miles an hour. Four hundred miles a day, over open highways, was easier than two hundred had been ten years before. Some days we made five hundred. A week from coast to coast.

When you think it over, that becomes impressive. Floods, tornadoes, depressions, Old Deals and New Deals, may come and go—but year after year the stream of traffic, bigger and busier than ever, rolls two miles an hour faster. Over hill and dale, city and country, farm-land and wood-land, mountains and mesa, two miles an hour faster. Through speed-limits and safety campaigns, grade-crossings, traffic laws, stop signs and motor cops—two miles an hour faster.

One big factor in the increase in speed is road improvement. Contrary to popular belief, that does not mean improvement in *pavements* either. It means widening roads, so that two cars can pass at fifty or more without being quite so jittery about it. It means lowering grades, doing away with right-angle turns, banking unavoidable sharp curves, building new boulevards around cities instead of through them.

In southern California the Foothill Boulevard through Monrovia and Glendora and Azusa used to be one of the

roads they raved about. No tourist had really seen the State until he had driven over it. But to-day it is replaced by a great three-four-five-lane artery that shoots like an arrow from Pasadena to San Bernardino, missing Monrovia, Glendora, and Azusa entirely. Here and there you see the ends of narrower roads turning off at right angles or curving sharply through the orange groves farther up the slope. They are all that is left of the once-famous highway. All over the country this process of widening, flattening, and straightening is going on—millions on millions of dollars' worth of it.

Marking is better. On Federal Route 1, between Richmond and Petersburg, there are four warning signs to mark a single slight curve. The first says "Slow." The second, a hundred feet or so farther along, repeats it: "Slow." Then comes "Curve." And still beyond that, "Curve" again. Finally there is the curve itself, with trucks thundering through at fifty miles an hour.

As for pavements, improvement appears for the time being to be lagging behind other phases of construction. Ten years ago road surfaces seemed as good as they are now. The only trouble then was that there were not enough of them. Five years ago the gaps had nearly all been filled in; you could drive from the Atlantic to the Pacific with no more jiggling than you get to-day. Possibly less. In altogether too many instances roads that were new and fine in 1925 and 1930 are now old and pock-marked.

Another factor in the increase of speed is the change in the driving habits of main-stem motorists. Local cars are less likely to come dashing in from side roads or out of driveways. There are "Boulevard—Stop!" signs of various sorts in many localities with laws and traffic officers to enforce them. Even without these deterrents, most drivers now prefer a few seconds' delay in waiting for a clear space to running the risk of having their headlights shot off. Gradually more and more wayfarers are learning to park their

cars off, instead of on, the concrete while they change a tire or adjust a load. Mule teams and hay wagons drive as far off the road as they can get. Abrupt stops are becoming increasingly unpopular.

The third main factor of increasing traffic-speed is of course improvement in cars.

The great wagon I drove to California ten years ago was as hard to steer as a truck. At any sharp corner, when she was heavily loaded and moving slowly, you had to tug at the wheel as if you were trying to turn the *Queen Mary*. Even later, with the car that could travel at eighty or more on a long, straight stretch, a mule team pulling into the road far ahead became an immediate menace. It took a long time to stop. We had to round corners carefully.

But the cars that burn the boulevards to-day can start and stop and turn like polo ponies. They are as hard to tip over as turtles. With a top speed of say eighty or ninety, they can jump to sixty-five or seventy in a few seconds, and hold it miraculously, without effort.

When I had my brakes adjusted in Georgia a few weeks ago a local mechanic took the machine out on the road when he had finished, to test her. I went along. He stepped her up to about fifty, then *let go of the steering-wheel* and stamped on the brake. We stopped so fast that my head almost went through the windshield. But it was perfectly smooth, without the least jerk or squeal or tendency to turn.

"Guess she's oke," he said.

Yet modern brake-linings will last for 40,000 miles, instead of the 10,000 of fifteen years ago. Greater efficiency, more use, yet lower cost and longer wear. Where a clutch used to go 12,000 or 15,000 miles before it began to make trouble, it will now go 30,000. Where the rear-action gears used to be good for 20,000 miles without attention, they now run 45,000. Removing carbon and grinding valves used to be nearly half of the average repair-shop business; it is now hardly ten per cent. Year by year

cars are built to give, for less cost, greater comfort, longer wear under rougher usage, and more speed.

Batteries are at the moment often inconveniently located because there is so little room left for them to ride in. Cars must hug the road. They must be able to twist or turn suddenly at high speeds without capsizing. They must offer as little wind resistance as possible at fifty, sixty, seventy-five miles an hour. Consequently they are built lower and lower until the chassis begins to come up through the floor. When you sit in the middle of the hind seat in some models, the drive shaft and bevel gears are actually whirling between your feet. You are that close to the road.

Animals have suffered from the new speeds. Their own speed was determined long before the advent of the automobile, and they have been unable to accommodate themselves readily to the change.

Skunks have suffered particularly. Their former superiority is their present undoing. Unable to teach motor cars, they perish. Rabbits have replied to greater speed as to every other calamity with their one great ability: more rabbits. So far as one can judge, their production has kept pace with the demand.

The plight of sea turtles is particularly tragic. Surviving, after millions of years, to demonstrate what life on this planet may have been like in the days of the dinosaurs, they are now led astray by their most trustworthy instincts. In early spring they crawl laboriously from the sea at Miami Beach to lay their eggs inland, and are slaughtered on the boulevards by great shining demons bearing Ohio and Pennsylvania and New York license plates.

Of the larger, domestic animals, pigs appear to be the most adaptable, and usually scuttle intelligently off the highway as soon as they hear a car coming. Sheep of course are hopeless; once a flock has started across the road there is nothing to do but stop and wait until they have all followed. Dogs are apt to be

absentminded, intent on one thing to the exclusion of everything else; the safest plan is to honk for them as you would for a child, in plenty of time. Mules are belligerent, but often bewildered, with a tendency to whirl and present their heels instead of getting out of the way. Cattle are the worst of all.

Texas has signs: "Danger—Loose Cattle." In Louisiana it's: "Caution—Live Stock at Large." Georgia and Florida have: "Watch for Cattle." In the mountains of North Carolina they say plaintively: "Watch for Stray Cattle—No Stock Law."

On the beautiful new Gulf Coast boulevard of western Florida, between Sopchoppy and Apalachicola, we came on one of the beasts at night, in the middle of the road.

"Cowl!" my wife said. There was no time for more. I jammed on the brakes; there was no time to stop. So I tried to go round. The cow was a big bony brute, dark red. Even the glare of the headlights only showed her up when we were close to her. Just as I saw that we would not be able to miss her, she swung her head back, to flick something off the middle of her spine; and in that fraction of a second we slithered past in the place where her head would have been. I figure her horn would have crashed our left headlight, dead center.

We said nothing. Just left her standing there, flicking flies, waiting for another car.

In getting faster and more comfortable, automobiles are also becoming more complicated. A front wheel that lifts itself intelligently and independently, like a leg, when it meets a bump—instead of tipping the whole car and climbing indiscriminately over the obstruction—is an example. It means a lot of sly new parts. Or take carburetors. In the good old days they were unostentatious enough; you pushed the throttle down, the gas went down and round and came out here. On the way it sucked in enough air to make a fairly explosive

mixture, and—bang! Away she went! But an up-to-date carburetor is as complicated as a cat's ear.

The result of these new complexities is that, like radio sets, the innards of modern automobiles are no longer to be toyed with by triflers. You keep your new model supplied with gasoline, and otherwise leave it alone. It takes little oil, and almost no water. It runs by Black Magic.

But—and here is a But as big as a barn—when anything does go wrong it requires the attention of an expert.

To-day even the roadside garage has passed its prime. It is following the village blacksmith into oblivion. Fewer people patronize it. And when some particularly delicate adjustment is presented, the proprietor not infrequently has to send it to the nearest service station for that make of car, instead of taking care of it himself. He often lacks the necessary parts, and sometimes the understanding of how they should be put together. And the Home Tinkerer is becoming extinct.

Fifteen years ago every growing lad was an embryo mechanic. He could discuss the merits of overhead valves with professionals. Above everything else he wanted to dive under the hood. But that was yesterday.

A couple of weeks ago a nice-looking

lad, about twenty, stopped at our place on a country road. It was after dark.

"My car won't start," he said. "I think it's out of gas. Could you let me have a little?"

We went through the distressingly unpalatable process of sucking gasoline through a red rubber tube from the tank of my car. Then we poured it into his. He got in and touched the starter. Nothing happened. He tried it repeatedly. Nothing happened. He said something to the girl with him, who had remained in the machine. They both got out.

"That doesn't seem to be the trouble," he said sadly. "Guess we'll have to 'phone for another car."

"You haven't even turned your motor over enough to get gas to the cylinders," I told him severely. This bit of knowledge came back to me from the days when we had to be prepared to rebuild cars on the road. "Get back in there and step on your starter again. Keep stepping on it. Don't take your foot up until I tell you to."

That worried him. "Won't I ruin the battery?" he asked. But finally he tried it, and after a moment the motor began purring.

"What do you know about that!" he said. They looked at me as though I were Merlin. But I was just a veteran of an earlier era of motoring.



A PURITAN TERCENTENARY

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

A WISTFUL trepidation may be observed in the behavior of a Harvard man who is called upon to face new people or a novel situation. Experience has taught him that, although he certainly has a best foot, he is fated never to put it forward. One of the purposes of the elders who founded his college was to insure that his manners should be formed aright; but he feels that all their other purposes have been more successfully served. The college may have done wonders for his intellectual discipline, but because it has left him inadequately coached in behavior, he approaches strangers with a mingled uneasiness and resignation that is sure to be interpreted as anything but what it is—a shyness, a social awkwardness inseparable from the Puritan heritage.

Something of the same wistfulness shows here and there as Harvard University prepares to celebrate, this month, the three hundredth anniversary of the vote of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts which established the first college in the English colonies. Much money has been spent to give the celebration a dignity appropriate to the event, and a considerable publicity has been invoked. There will be a series of solemn ceremonies. Some three score honorary degrees will be conferred on scholars of the first magnitude, gathered from all over the world to share this commemoration. For several days the massed intelligences of mankind will meet for colloquia whose very titles the layman is at a

loss to understand (and, as is invariable when Harvard acts officially, with the humanities slighted). The masters of those who know will be there, pioneers on the frontiers of knowledge, and the celebration, unparalleled on this continent if indeed it has been matched anywhere, will be something like an inventory of the present state of the world's learning. Meanwhile Cambridge will burgeon with pennons, luncheons and dinners will trouble the digestion of distinguished guests, there will be pageantry and fireworks by night, and (Harvard's customary glance toward yews and garden closes overseas) barges with illuminations and transparencies and allegorical tableaux will float down the startled Charles. . . . And sometimes one will surprise a harried expression on the composite Harvard face, as if the University felt ill at ease among these drumbeats and trumpet calls, endured publicity's priceless blaze not too comfortably, and, like the Harvard man in infidel parts, wondered whether it might not be making a bad impression. That uneasiness stems from the old Puritan. But everything that these ceremonies commemorate stems from him as well.

For the establishment and maintenance of one of the world's great universities is a flowering of the Puritan culture, its finest flowering. It was the Puritan, in the specialized form of the Bostonian, who founded Harvard "to advance Learning and perpetuate it to Posterity" on the Charles-side marshes of Newe-

towne just six years after the colony was planted between the empty beach and the unpenetrated forest. It was Bostonians who held the college safe and added upon it while three kingdoms were expelled from the national domain, while the frontier moved from the fall line of the seaboard rivers to the Pacific, while the American government changed its form half a dozen times, while a dozen economic systems and social integrations rose in America and fell to pieces. Bostonians made the college over into the university, gave it a pre-eminence in American education which no one disputes, made it a national institution and finally a world institution. Bostonians have governed and directed it from the beginning up to now: like a good many other American achievements, Harvard is Bostonian in root and branch.

An unlucky people, in some ways. They have always mistaken formality and frigidity for manners and have a knack of doing even gracious things ungraciously, which accounts for the ineptitude already mentioned. And all through history they have had a bad press. Observe, for instance, how the Quaker has become a symbol of gentleness and liberality and the quiet following of spiritual things, whereas the Puritan has come to stand for everything that is harsh and repulsive in materialism. Yet the original Quakers howling their virtues in the street were neither gentle nor liberal and they broadened down into the gelid respectability of Philadelphia. Their pursuit of spiritual things managed to identify heavenly grace with the conservation of treasures on earth, while the angular intelligence of the Puritan produced revolt after revolt for the liberation of American life. The Quaker, listening for the prompting of the spirit, found the spirit a little disdainful of the intelligence, and it was the Puritan who founded Harvard. But the Quaker had winning manners, whereas the Puritan has always been suspicious of the newspapers and so is advertised as curt, dour, and crabbed.

History deals with the unpredictable results of native traits, and we now celebrate the discordance and even the contradictions of the Puritan's. It was that crabbed angularity that made him keep the way open for intelligent inquiry and held him steadily in support of Harvard as the college went on to pursue it. There was a great clamor from the populace, Yale and Amherst and Dartmouth had to be established to resist the spread of Harvard heresies, and Harvard thus early took the liberal side. It has been on that side ever since. It has always been the freest of American colleges, long ago exercising habitually a freedom which its rivals were slow to imitate and have only episodically embraced. It has thus been a power for the emancipation and enfranchisement of opinion which cannot be measured—or overstated. Obliterate it, annul its influence on American civilization, and you would enormously vulgarize our history.

And if this liberalism derived from a Puritan trait not too agreeable, mark how its preservation has been due to a more offensive crabbedness. The Puritans thought not too highly of human nature; their dour religion taught that mostly man was corrupt. So their politics was grounded on government by the few and trustworthy: the democratic form of the town-meeting so celebrated by philosophers was deceptive, and sovereignty was exercised by a small company of the godly, the educated, and the well-born. As theology weakened and the problem was translated into native terms, Boston became Federalist. It has remained Federalist ever since, abiding the accusations of snobbery, oligarchical narrowness, and aristocratic tyranny that the generations have not failed to direct at it. And in order to preserve Harvard College it was necessary to withdraw its government first from the clergy, then from the State, and finally from its own alumni. The government of Harvard, the management of the largest endowment in America, the determination of policies and of everything else that has

much importance are vested in a corporation of seven men—a body which is self-perpetuating and answerable to no one but itself.

That fact scandalizes the soft-minded and, in theory, should long ago have condemned the University to decadence—but it has kept Harvard free. With the clergy, the State, or the alumni in control, mob hysteria would long ago have overwhelmed the tradition of liberalism. In theory it is only at the State universities, which are socialistically organized and responsive to the popular will, that thought should be free. In theory, the arbitrarily governed, capitalistic private university should be vigilant to safeguard the sacred three-per cents and the next bequest by enforcing conformity and stamping out heresy wherever it might show itself. Actually, the State universities, being socialistic, have not tolerated dissent. Glance back over the last thirty years. You will find an appalling number of suppressions, the leading manufacturers or the American Legion or the manipulators of the people's will demanding the discharge of some hapless professor who mentioned Communism or joined a labor union or helped out in a picket line—and getting it. Be sure that the same people and organizations have made the same demands of Harvard, but you have heard of no instance when they were yielded to. Harvard has survived many such assaults and is fortified against them. Her faculty hear such stories with a wild surmise, no one interferes with them, they may act as their own masters, and they are there to teach such truth as they believe that they have found. . . . A Puritan narrowness is thus oddly vindicated. It has proved wiser to entrust freedom to a small group of men in the service of an idea than to the choice of the people in the grip of the most generous emotion.

Again, the Puritan being contentious about his texts and stubborn about individual judgment on them is an ungraceful, even an exasperating figure. But here too is a continuing force in history,

one of those influences that retain their power long after their origin is forgotten. Through three centuries this force has been the most important part of the Harvard tradition—the belief that the individual comes first of all, that everything else must be subordinated to his integrity. In the main Harvard has encouraged and taught her sons to go their own way, find their own light, follow their own star. It is a stern teaching, as the proverbial conscience of the Puritan was stern, and it has led to much tragedy and some destruction. To maintain it has been a precarious business, and Harvard has paid much in loneliness and misunderstanding, in hostility and especially in derision. But it has its harvest. Fads, fashion, and frenzies—of the soul, of the mind, of doctrine, of compulsion—have made less headway at Harvard than elsewhere. The place has bowed less to the enthusiasms of the moment. It has been cooler, more skeptical, reserving judgment. There has been less pressure from above and from below, less dictation, less subservience. So hysteria and mob passion have left fewer and lighter marks on it. And so it has been hospitable to more kinds of men, to a greater variety of minds; has made room for the preposterous and even the intolerable no doubt, but has prevented originality from being mobbed as eccentricity; and has confirmed the courage and resolution of the individual mind by which civilization must ultimately be measured. . . . A pious folk, the Puritans; they held fast to individual salvation.

The Tercenary orators will have much to say about the advancement of learning and the Harvard men who have served the nation or achieved other kinds of distinction, but these things are even more important. The vigor of three centuries now commemorated comes most of all from the fact that Harvard is a republic within the Republic, a church that cuts across the churches, a class drawn from all classes—one of the human institutions that, within the social framework, have an independent life

of their own. There have been Harvard men on all sides of all disputes, wars and social movements, championing all causes and dissenting from them all, in all legislatures and in most jails. Royalist or sansculotte, humble or obscure, they have shared a continuity that has survived the greatest upheavals the continent has seen. That continuity, that independent life only in part conditioned by its framework, is what counts.

It in part conditions the framework, which is why it is momentous. In order to account for Harvard, Professor Morison has had to go back into medieval times before he can explain a few thousand emigrants from the Old World, gathered on the beach of the New World and undertaking to establish there, with the continent beyond them, an institution which should "advance Learning." Never was hope more preposterous, but time has proved this the surest of their endeavors. Their religion has fallen away but the principles with which they endowed their college have so securely flourished that you will nowhere dissociate Harvard from the development of American culture.

God's kingdom, which that company desired to advance, has not appeared, but their efforts on behalf of it have served the Republic. That is the finding of history. The race has often believed that it was following a pillar of fire toward heavenly grace, only to discover that it was creating an earthly institution in human terms. Harvard survives as such a transmutation, an attained if unpredictable objective behind an ideal aim. On the whole, it has been better rather than worse for the Republic that it should thus survive, at the cost of the vision. So that the doctors' gowns blos-

soming this month in the drab streets of Cambridge will be celebrating the triumph of John Winthrop's company. Grant the Puritans, therefore, some right to jubilation. This Tercentenary reminds them and whoever else may listen that, whereas for two centuries now they have been told that Puritanism is decadent or dead, bringing the Puritan university to a position of world leadership is an awkward fact to explain away. Harvard was grounded on and has developed in accordance with their most crabbed traits—but is even the Republic itself so healthy to-day?

And grant the Harvard man some leniency. His awkwardness is all too often interpreted as the manner of one who feels himself to be of the Levites. It is far from that—it is at worst the deficiency of a college that has had little time for instruction in manners and less experience of them. He is levitical in only one way, that he has been exposed to the continuity here described. He may or may not have been affected by it. But it is there and some of the antagonism expressed may testify that, in the mass, he has been affected. The antagonism may indicate that the crabbed tradition of the Puritans—individual judgment and the liberal tradition—is an omen in these stormy days, as it has been in the past. Authorities of some competence find that it is. No one should know better than, for instance, Mr. Hearst, who is seriously concerned about such things and has had first-hand experience of Harvard. Mr. Hearst's alarm should be duly read into the minutes of the Tercentenary. The Hearsts of this world are immortal and they have been opposed to Harvard for three hundred years.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE CONFUSION IN HIGHER EDUCATION

BY ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

President of the University of Chicago

THE most striking fact about the higher learning in America is the confusion that besets it. This confusion begins in the high school and continues to the loftiest levels of the university.

The high school cannot make up its mind whether it is preparing students for life or for college. Its student population is miscellaneous and variegated. The course of study is substantially uniform for all groups, whether they are prospective scientists, lawyers, clerks, or laboring men, and is apparently adjusted to the needs of only the smallest of these groups, that destined for the higher learning.

The junior college is in most places an extension of the high school curriculum, which is there applied to an essentially similar though somewhat smaller student body. Here also the question whether the students are completing their education or are preparing to go on to the university has not been settled, and the aims of the institution are not clear.

The college of liberal arts is partly high school, partly university, partly general, partly special. Frequently it looks like a teacher-training institution. Frequently it looks like nothing at all. The degree it offers seems to certify that the student has passed an uneventful period without violating any local, State, or Federal law, and that he has a fair, if temporary, recollection of what his teachers have said to him. As I shall show later, little pretense is made that many of the things said to him are of much importance.

The university is distinguished from the college by two things: professional schools and the Ph.D. degree. At present we do not know why the university should have professional schools or what they should be like. We do not even know what the professions are. Professional education consists either of going through motions that we have inherited or of making gestures of varying degrees of wildness that we hope may be more effectual. The Ph.D. degree, because it

has become a necessary part of the insignia of the college or university teacher, has lost any other meaning. But universities also do research and hope to train research men. The same degree is awarded in recognition of research. The students who are going to be teachers are put through a procedure which was designed to produce investigators. The classes, the courses, the content, and the aims of graduate work are as confused as those of the high school.

For the sake of abbreviation I have of course exaggerated the plight of the higher learning. It has, in fact, many admirable qualities, not the least of which is its friendly reception of anybody who would like to avail himself of it. But we who are devoting our lives to it should learn something from the experience of recent years. Up to the onset of the present depression it was fashionable to call for more and more education. Anything that went by the name of education was a good thing just because it went by that name. I believe that the magic of the name is gone and that we must now present a defensible program if we wish to preserve whatever we have that is of value. Our people, as the last few years have shown, will strike out blindly under economic pressure; they will destroy the best and preserve the worst unless we make the distinction between the two somewhat clearer to them.

II

If then the problem is to clarify the higher learning, let us examine the causes of its confusion. The first of them is very vulgar; it is the love of money. It is sad but true that when an institution determines to do something in order to get money it must lose its soul, and frequently does not get the money. Money comes to education in three ways—from students, from donors, and from legislatures. To frame a policy in order to appeal to any one of the three is fatal, and, as I have suggested, often futile as well. How much of the current con-

fusion in universities would have been eliminated if boards of trustees had declined gifts which merely reflected the passing whims of wealthy men? Few restricted gifts have ever been made to a university that paid the expense of receiving them. If men are supported, they are not housed or given the books and equipment they need. If buildings are given, they are not maintained. If they are maintained, they are not manned. From the financial standpoint alone the university may be worse off after the gift than it was before. And from the educational or scientific standpoint it is likely to be unbalanced and confused. Dependence on the casual interests of donors means that nobody can tell from one year to another what a university's policy is. It will become next year whatever somebody is willing to pay to make it. I do not mean, of course, that universities do not need money and that they should not try to get it. I mean only that they should have an educational policy and then try to finance it, instead of letting financial accidents determine their educational policy.

Even more important is the influence on educational policy of student fees. It is probably fair to say that American universities above the junior year ought to do anything and everything that would reduce their income from students. This is true because most of the things that degrade them are done to maintain or increase this income. To maintain or increase it the passing whims of the public receive the same attention as those of millionaires. If the public becomes interested in the metropolitan newspaper, schools of journalism instantly arise. If it is awed by the development of big business, business schools full of the same reverence appear. If an administration enlarges the activities of the federal government and hence the staff thereof, training for the public service becomes the first duty of the universities. Today public administration, housing, forestry, and aeronautics are the absorbing subjects of university interest, just as in-

ternational relations after the War was the topic to which we were to devote ourselves. At any moment crime, divorce, child labor, socialized medicine, or the corruption of lawyers may through some sensational incident become the most pressing problem of the higher learning. During the synthetic excitement of last year about communism, socialism, and other forms of redness, it suddenly became the duty of the college and universities to give courses in the eradication of these great evils and in the substitution for them of something called Americanism.

Undoubtedly the love of money and that sensitivity to public demands that it creates have a good deal to do with the service-station conception of a university. According to this conception a university must make itself felt in the community; it must be constantly, currently felt. A State university must help the farmers look after their cows. An endowed university must help adults get better jobs by giving them courses in the afternoon and evening. Yet it is apparent that the kind of professors that are interested in these objects may not be the kind that are interested either in developing education or in advancing knowledge. Since a university will not be able to have two kinds of professors and at the same time remain clear as to what it is about, it must follow that extension work can only confuse the institution.

Little more can be said in justification of the attempt to teach freshmen and sophomores under the same roof and with substantially the same staff as are employed for research and graduate and professional study. Unless we exclude from the first two years all students who are not likely to be scholars and professional men or who deserve unusual opportunities for the cultivation of the mind, we must confuse an institution which should be primarily devoted to scholarship, professional education, and the training of the mind. In most State universities, at least, no pretense is made that freshmen and sophomores are material

for the kind of intellectual work that a university should sponsor. Here their presence is accounted for by a notion of democracy that I shall refer to later. In endowed institutions, however it may be rationalized, their presence is accounted for by the love of money. The university would lose income if it lost them. And since they are much less expensive than their elders and pay the same or higher fees, the loss of net income would be out of proportion to their number or the total fees they pay. Without these students, too, the whole apparatus of athletics, fraternities, and social life would have to be radically revised, and the voices of alumni would be raised in howls of anguished grief.

The presence of freshmen and sophomores leads to one of two results, both of them bad. On the one hand, the university may become an overgrown college where the success of a professor is determined by his ability to keep students awake and his extra-curriculum influence on their morals and manners. In such an institution the guiding star of educational policy is what the students say or even what the student paper says. On the other hand, the university may exploit the freshmen and sophomores, placing them in the hands of graduate students, who are given teaching posts instead of fellowships. In these circumstances promotion depends upon research; an interest in the problem of teaching undergraduates may be a definite liability. A university that attempts to do freshman and sophomore work therefore ends up doing either a poor university job or a poor college job. And one or the other of these situations obtains at almost every American university to-day.

There is only one way that I have been able to think of in which a university can entertain freshmen and sophomores and do well by them and by its university obligations at the same time. That is to take the view that the university may well try to help the system of public education by working out for it what a general education ought to be. A general

education, I believe, should be given between the junior year in high school and the end of the sophomore year in college. I do not see how the public schools are ever going to command the time and intelligence to develop the organization and content appropriate to general education. I can see how a university faculty might interest itself in the problem and accelerate a solution of it.

But even with such a hope and such an attitude the complexities of operating the first two years in a university are very serious. In the first place, few universities are so situated as to be interested or influential in the problems of public education. For those which are not so situated the only answer is the abolition of the freshman and sophomore years. In the second place, even if a university is so situated as to develop a scheme for public education, it is doubtful whether it should do so. A university has enough trouble with the problems of the higher learning. Taking on the burden of philanthropic work, no matter how valuable, can only diminish its effectiveness in its proper field.

By one method such philanthropy can perhaps be conducted without this sad result: the faculty dealing with general education must be independent of and even isolated from the university, close enough to it to get the advantages of its facilities and a few of its men; remote enough from it to be able to work on its problems without the interference or control of the university faculty and without interfering with or controlling that faculty. It remains to be seen whether any such organization can ever be effected and if so whether it can succeed. Nothing short of it can bring order out of the confusion produced by the conflicting aims of collegiate and university work.

III

The love of money means that a university must attract students. To do this it must be attractive. This is interpreted to mean that it must go to unusual lengths

to house, feed, and amuse the young. Nobody knows what these things have to do with the higher learning. Everybody supposes that students think they are important. The emphasis on athletics and social life that infects all colleges and universities has done more than most things to confuse these institutions and to debase the higher learning in America.

It is supposed that students want education to be amusing; it is supposed that parents want it to be safe. Hence the vast attention given by universities at enormous expense to protect the physical and moral welfare of their charges. Parents must feel that their children are in good hands. It makes no difference whether those hands are already full. The faculty must be diverted from its proper tasks to perform the uncongenial job of improving the conduct and the health of those entrusted to it.

The love of money leads to large numbers, and large numbers have produced the American system of educational measurement. Under this system the intellectual progress of the young is determined by the time they have been in attendance, the number of hours they have sat in classes, and the proportion of what they have been told that they can repeat on examinations given by the teachers who told it to them. Such criteria as these determine progress from one educational unit to another, and are the basis for entrance to and graduation from professional schools. Since it is clear that these criteria are really measures of faithfulness, docility, and memory, we cannot suppose that they are regarded as true indications of intellectual power. They are adopted because some arbitrary automatic methods are required to permit dealing with large masses of students, and these methods are the easiest. Any others would compel us to think about our course of study and to work out ways of testing achievements in it. But large numbers leave us no time to think.

The love of money makes its appearance in universities in the most unexpected places. One would look for it

in presidents and trustees. One would think that the last place one could hear it mentioned would be in faculty meeting. On the contrary, a good many professors instantly react to any proposal for the improvement of education by displaying a concern for the university's income that is notably absent when they are pressing for increases in their own research budgets. Two answers are usually made when any such suggestion is advanced: it is said that the students cannot do the work and that the university by frightening away students will reduce its income. What these answers usually mean is that the professors who make them do not want to change the habits of their lives. Since this cannot be made a matter of public knowledge, some philanthropic reason must be put forward instead.

Actually students will respond to a program designed to give them a better education. It almost always happens that after the horrid predictions of professors in these cases more and better students desire to enroll, and specifically because of the innovation that was expected to scare them off. This has happened in my own experience with honors courses, general courses, general examinations, and the abolition of course credits and of the requirement of attendance at classes.

IV

Even more important than the love of money as a cause of our confusion is our confused notion of democracy. This affects the length, the content, and the control of education. According to this notion a student may stay in public education as long as he likes, may study what he likes, and may claim any degree whose alphabetical arrangement appeals to him. According to this notion education should be immediately responsive to public opinion; its subject matter and methods may be regulated in great detail by the community, by its representatives, or even by its more irresponsible members.

What determines the length of free

education for all? The answer is economic conditions. When there was a scarcity of men and a multiplicity of jobs it was limited to a very short time. Even Thomas Jefferson proposed that it should be confined to three years in the grades. Adam Smith reminds us that in the American colonies a widow with four children was a brilliant match because her offspring would begin so early to make their contribution to the family treasury. Those happy days are gone forever. Now we can hope to solve the problem of the unemployed adult only by removing the adolescent and the superannuated from the labor market. The superannuated may perhaps devote themselves to reflection and advice. The adolescent cannot. Some kind of activity will have to be found for them.

Up to date we have found only education—and the Civilian Conservation Corps. If the depression lifts, we shall be in the same position; for the technological advances of recent years suggest that industry will require in the future proportionately fewer workers than ever before.

Economic conditions, then, determine the length of free education for all; and present and prospective economic conditions are such that the terminus of the public education which the ordinary youth is expected to enjoy will be set at about the end of the sophomore year in college. This means that the public junior college will become the characteristic educational institution of the United States, just as the public high school has been up to now.

I may digress at this point to say that when the junior college has become the characteristic educational institution of the United States, universities and colleges which have insisted on maintaining a four-year course beginning with the freshman year and leading to the Bachelor's degree will find themselves somewhat embarrassed. We may expect to see a junior college wherever there is a high school to-day. There are already 450 of them, public and private, in this

country. Eighty-five per cent of the public ones are in high-school buildings. They will therefore find it easy to take over the last two years of high school and develop a four-year unit devoted to general education. Under these circumstances we may expect the ordinary youth to stay at home and complete the work of the sophomore year in college. He will not go away to the university, if he goes at all, until the junior year. Universities and colleges which begin their work with the freshman year will find their freshmen and sophomores limited to local students and those who are rich enough to leave home at a tenderer age than usual.

Already this process has gone very far. Analysis of the domiciles of the freshmen at almost any American college or university will show that at least 75 per cent of them come from an area within 100 miles of the institution. The proposed prize awards of the University of Rochester and the national scholarships at Harvard are attempts to correct this situation. They will be unsuccessful; for they are against the inevitable and the desirable trend of American education. Universities may expect to have an overwhelming proportion of local students in their freshman and sophomore years; and they may expect the number of freshmen and sophomores to decline in relation to the total enrollment. Of the students who received the Bachelor's degree at the University of Chicago last year 64.3 per cent, or almost two-thirds, had attended one or more other institutions. Hence it is folly for us to talk about the freshman and sophomore years as preparation for later work; it is folly to discuss a four-year program of education beginning with the freshman year; and it is highly important that we should develop ourselves and encourage the junior colleges to develop an intelligible scheme of general education under which the student may either terminate his formal education at the end of the sophomore year or go on to university work.

But to return to democracy in educa-

tion, you will observe that neither economic conditions nor anything else compels us to lengthen the span of public education for all beyond the end of the sophomore year in college. Free education should exist beyond this level, and exist in a fuller, richer form. But it should be open only to those who have demonstrated their ability to profit by it. It is perhaps the highest function of the state to provide opportunities for the development of scholarship, the improvement of the professions, and the cultivation of the mind. It can only debase these objects and prevent their attainment if it permits the children of taxpayers to wander at will through the higher learning. Under these circumstances university degrees cease to have any meaning and universities, indeed, cease to exist.

Our notion of democracy leads us to the view that everybody is entitled to the same amount and to the same kind of education. This is reflected in our national passion for degrees, a passion which the late Barrett Wendell hoped to assuage by conferring the Bachelor's degree on every American citizen at birth. My judgment is that it is hopeless to expect students who should leave at the end of the sophomore year to depart in peace unless that degree is conferred upon them at that time.

If we confer it at that time, what shall it represent? It should represent a good general education. We do not know what a good general education is. We do not know how to communicate it to those who cannot read. We must find out the answers to both these questions. It is possible that if we can discover what a general education is the problem of communication may partially solve itself; for it might be that the first fruits of an intelligible curriculum would be an interest in understanding it, even on pain of doing so through books. Democracy should mean that this curriculum from beginning to end is open to everybody. Adjustments to individual capacities should be made by permitting the student

to proceed at his own pace, taking the examinations whenever in his opinion he is ready to take them. Democracy does not require, however, that the higher learning should be open to anybody except those who have the interest and ability that independent intellectual work demands. The only hope of securing a university in this country is to see to it that it becomes the home of independent intellectual work. The university cannot make its contribution to democracy on any other terms.

V

The independent intellectual activity of universities is threatened by another consequence of our confusion about democracy, that which results from our confusion about democratic control. I will admit that the aims, methods, and subject matter of American education are so ill-defined that anybody might think that he could do better with it. Still one shudders to note that every citizen entertains the conviction that he is an educational expert of the most significant variety. In public institutions the financial control of the community is undoubted. But it is one thing to say how much money the community can spend on education and quite another to say how it shall be spent. The duly constituted representatives of the public may properly decide that the total expense of a State university must be cut. The decision as to which items should be reduced must rest with educators. In endowed institutions the interest of the community is in seeing to it that the corporation obeys the law. If the community doesn't like the conduct of the corporation, it may adopt legislation requiring changes in it. But an endowed university cannot modify its educational policies because newspaper editors are trying to increase their circulation or politicians their influence at its expense.

Academic freedom is simply a way of saying that we get the best results in education and research if we leave their

management to people who know something about them. Attempts on the part of the public to regulate the methods and content of education and to determine the objects of research are encroachments on academic freedom. Attempts to control the private lives and public expressions of professors are of another order. They are attempts to interfere with the liberty of the citizen. The democratic view that the state may determine the amount of money to be spent on education and may regulate education and educators by law has nothing to do with the wholly undemocratic notion that citizens may tell educators how to conduct education and still less with the fantastic position that they may tell them how to live, vote, think, and speak.

In this country that strange phenomenon known as the alumni plays a weird and oftentimes a terrifying role. It is very odd, when you come to think of it, that people who have been the beneficiaries of an institution should think that they should control it, and for that very reason. If you think that the graduates believe they should control the university because they give money to it, I beg to disillusion you. The noise they make is in inverse proportion to the amount they give. The devotion of alumni is highly desirable. They could be useful in defending their alma mater from the public and in representing in their own persons the virtues for which it stands. Unfortunately their energies are directed to quite other objects. They are interested in all the things that do not matter. And their oratorical powers and the hope that they may some day be induced to come forward with financial support intensify the interest of the university in the things that do not matter too. It is too much to expect that citizens who never went to college can understand what a university is when those upon whom the blessings of the higher learning have been showered understand it less well than anybody else. Any State university president will tell you that few things are so dangerous as an alumnus in the legislature.

The presidents of most endowed universities will tell you that the most reactionary element in their constituencies is their most vociferous graduates. Of course it is not their fault. It is ours. Our confusion is so great that we cannot make clear even to our own students what we are trying to do.

Trustees are in a different category from alumni. They at least have the undoubted legal right to control the institution. The wiser they are the less they will attempt to do so. They are or ought to be more competent than the faculty to manage property and to interpret the university to the public. But a university that is run by its trustees will be badly run. How can it be otherwise? Ordinarily the trustees are not educators; usually they are nonresident. If they are alumni, they must overcome the vices inherent in that interesting group. If of their own motion they take an educational problem in hand, they can decide rightly only by accident.

The public may properly look to the trustees, therefore, for the intelligent management of the institution, without imposing on the board the duty of operating it in detail. The regents of a State university lately claimed the right to exclude the faculty from the consideration of a certain subject on the ground that the regents were responsible for the university by law. But the general responsibility of trustees cannot run to the content of courses, the content of the curriculum, or the qualifications of the staff. These are technical matters beyond their competence. They should limit themselves to the selection of an administration that is competent to deal with these questions. If it turns out to be incompetent, they should get another. The attempt to take these matters into their own hands can only confound confusion.

VI

To the love of money and a misconception of democracy I would add as a major cause of our disorder an erroneous notion

of progress. Our notion of progress is that everything is getting better and must be getting better from age to age. Our information is increasing. Our scientific knowledge is expanding. Our technological equipment in its range and excellence is far superior to what our fathers or even our older brothers knew.

Although the depression has shaken our faith a little, we still remain true to the doctrine of progress and still believe in its universal application. Politics, religion, and even education are all making progress too. In intellectual fields, therefore, we have no hesitancy in breaking completely with the past; the ancients did not know the things we know; they had never seen steam engines, or airplanes, or radios, and seem to have had little appreciation of the possibilities of the factory system. Since these are among the central facts in our lives, how can the ancients have anything to say to us?

The tremendous strides of science and technology seemed to the men of the nineteenth century to be the result of the accumulation of data. The more information, the more discoveries, the more inventions, the more progress. The way to promote progress was therefore to get more information. The sciences one by one broke off from philosophy and then from one another, and that process is still going on. At last the whole structure of the university collapsed and the final victory of empiricism was won when the social sciences, law, and even philosophy and theology themselves became empirical and experimental and progressive.

In some way or other the theory of evolution got involved in these developments; it gave aid and comfort to empiricism and was particularly happy in its effect upon education. Evolution proves, you see, that there is steady improvement from age to age. But it shows, too, that everybody's business is to get adjusted to his environment. Obviously the way to get adjusted to the environment is to know a lot about

it. And so empiricism, having taken the place of thought as the basis of research, took its place, too, as the basis of education. It led by easy stages to vocationalism; because the facts you learn about your prospective environment (particularly if you love money) ought to be as immediate and useful as possible.

We begin, then, with a notion of progress and end with an anti-intellectualism which denies, in effect, that man is a rational animal. He is an animal and perhaps somewhat more intelligent than most. As such, a man can be trained as the more intelligent animals can be. But the idea that his education should consist of the cultivation of his intellect is, of course, ridiculous. What it must consist of is surveys, more or less detailed, of the modern industrial, technological, financial, political, and social situation so that he can fit into it with a minimum of discomfort to himself and to his fellow-men. Thus the modern temper produces that strangest of modern phenomena, an anti-intellectual university.

Since an anti-intellectual university is a contradiction in terms, it is no wonder that the theories justifying it are very odd. There is, for instance, the great-man theory of education. Under this theory you pay no attention to what you teach, or indeed to what you investigate. You get great men for your faculty. Their mere presence on the campus inspires, stimulates, and exalts. It matters not how inarticulate their teaching or how recondite their researches; they are, as the saying goes, an education in themselves. This is a variant of the nauseating anecdote about Mark Hopkins on one end of the log and the student on the other.

Under any conditions that are likely to exist in this country the log is too long and there are too many people sitting on both ends of it to make the anecdote apposite. Of course we should try to get great men into education, and each president should try to get as many of them as he can for his own faculty. But he can never hope to get very many, even if he knows one

when he sees one. If a president succeeds in finding a few great men, he cannot hope to make them useful in an organization that ties them hand and foot and in a course of study that is going off in all directions at the same time and particularly in those opposite to the ones in which the great men are going. The fact is that the great-man theory is an excuse, a vacuous reply to the charge that we have no intelligent program for the higher learning. It amounts to saying that we do not need one; we could give you one if we wanted to. But if you will only accept the great-man theory you will spare us the trouble of thinking.

Another theory we have developed is the character-building theory. It may be that we don't teach our students anything, but what of it? That isn't our purpose. Our purpose is to turn out well-tubbed young Americans who know how to behave in the American environment. As Father R. I. Gannon, President of Fordham University, was quoted as saying last June: "From now on we must realize that the task of the university is to graduate men of *contacts*, men whose social life has been developed quite as earnestly as their funds of information, men who bear a definite and easily recognizable university stamp." Association with one another, with gentlemanly professors, in beautiful buildings will, along with regular exercise, make our students the kind of citizens our country needs.

A recent article in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* offered a characteristic variation on this theme. The writer suggested that the curriculum is of little importance and that students really educate themselves best by informal association with one another and with professors. If this is true, there is no reason for worrying about what to teach.

Since character is the result of choice, it is difficult to see how you can develop it unless you train the mind to make intelligent choices. Collegiate life suggests that the choices of undergraduates are determined by other considerations than thought. Undoubtedly, fine associations,

fine buildings, green grass, good food, and exercise are excellent things for anybody. You will note that they are exactly what is advertised by every resort hotel. The only reason why they are also advertised by every college and university is that we have no coherent educational program to announce.

The character-building theory turned inside out is the doctrine that every young person ought to learn to work hard; and that it is immaterial what he works at as long as he has to work. Under the theory in this form the subject matter of legal study, for example, might just as well be botany or ornithology or any subject that is of such scope and difficulty as to require a substantial amount of hard labor. The prospective lawyer would have learned to work; anything else he must learn in practice anyway.

We shall all admit, I suppose, that learning how to work is perhaps the prime requisite for a useful life. It does seem unfortunate, however, that the higher learning can contribute nothing which clerking, coal-heaving, or choir practice cannot do as well or better. It is possible that apprenticing the young in some trade from the age of fourteen on might get the result here sought after with less expense and trouble. The hard-work doctrine would seem to be a defense-mechanism set up to justify our failure to develop anything worth working on.

The great-man theory and the character-building theory amount to a denial that there is or should be content to education. Those among us who assert that there is a content to education are almost unanimous in holding that the object of the higher learning is utility, and utility in a very restricted sense. They write articles showing that the educated get better jobs and make more money. Or they advocate changes in education that will, they think, make it more effective in preparing students to get better jobs and make more money. Here we are brought

back to the love of money as a cause of our confusion. As the institution's love of money makes it sensitive to every wave of popular opinion, and as the popular opinion is that in so far as education has any object it is economic, both the needs of the universities and the sentiments of the public conspire to degrade the universities into vocational schools. To these then a distorted notion of democracy leads us to admit any and all students; for should not all our youth have equal economic opportunities?

This is the position of the higher learning in America. The universities are dependent on the people. The people love money and think that education is a way of getting it. They think too that democracy means that every child should be permitted to acquire the educational insignia that will be helpful in making money. They do not believe in the cultivation of the intellect for its own sake. And the distressing part of this is that the state of the nation determines the state of education.

But how can we hope to improve the state of the nation? Only through education. A strange circularity thus afflicts us. The state of the nation depends on the state of education; but the state of education depends on the state of the nation. How can we break this vicious circle and make at last the contribution to the national life that since the earliest times has been expected of us?

We can do so only if some institutions can be strong enough and clear enough to stand firm and show our people what the higher learning is. As education it is the single-minded pursuit of the intellectual virtues. As scholarship it is the single-minded devotion to the advancement of knowledge. Only if the colleges and universities can devote themselves to these objects can we look hopefully to the future of the higher learning in America.



TROPIC FEVER

PART I. I ARRIVE IN SUMATRA

BY LADISLAO SZÉKELY

THE sky was gray, a yellowish-gray, the sea turbid, and misty-gray the air. In the distance a dark gray streak on the horizon. Land, Sumatra's east coast with its vaporous forests.

There was a terrible, oppressive heat, although it was still early morning. A quarter to six. And we were perspiring already. My hair was disheveled and sticking to my temples, and little rills of sweat were running down my back.

The *Prinz Ludwig* lay quite still, the gentle little waves splashing and spurting against her huge hull. The passengers were asleep; only we five who had to land at Sumatra stood at the rail, waiting for the small coasting vessel that was to take us ashore. Large, deep-drawing ocean liners are not able to get close to the east coast of Sumatra which, a thousand odd kilometers long, is a swamp from one end to the other. The terrible tropical rains wash the mud from the mountains, and the ocean, for some twenty or thirty nautical miles, is a muddy, shallow mush.

On the bridge, the sleepy officer on duty was walking up and down at regular intervals.

In the dining room the staff, silent and ill-tempered, was busy with brooms and dusters. There was an unmistakable early-morning atmosphere. Suddenly on the eastern horizon, a large, orange-yellow disk emerged. Red rays darted into the lilac-gray mist. The mast, the cables, the still smoking funnel, the gray iron rails, the handful of sleepy sailors

lolling about the deck, and the officer walking back and forth on the bridge, grew orange-yellow. Blood and orange-tinted was the sea, rosy the mist, dark-lilac the streak on the distant horizon.

Hungry sea gulls wheeled screaming around the ship and fell upon the contents of a rinsing-pail which was being emptied into the sea.

Life on board began to stir. Here and there a drowsy passenger, an early riser in pajamas, made his appearance and, his towel over his arm, blinked into the golden sunshine. Bronze-colored, bare-footed Malay boys in white suits attentively served hot coffee and crackers. From the bathrooms came the sound of splashing from the showers.

The ship was awaking.

The heat grew more intense.

The officer of the watch ceased walking back and forth, raised the long telescope to his eye and stared attentively at the streak on the horizon. Suddenly the ship's siren blew with a hoarse toot and a deafening howl. In the distance a barely visible black dot was rocking on the water. The ship's siren tooted again, and the black dot made answer in childish jubilation.

The ship was now wide awake.

I ran to my cabin and looked round to see whether I had left anything behind. Down there it was stifling hot. All along the passage cabin doors stood open and electric fans were humming. Behind the flapping curtains lay sparsely clad sleep-

ers, perspiring and snoring. The Chief Steward was scolding my cabin neighbor, a planter from Sarawak, because contrary to orders, he had again slept stark naked with his door open. The planter protested in a loud voice: "Who doesn't like it need jolly well not look in!" My cabin was empty, my baggage already on deck. I took one more look round: good-by!

Meanwhile the little steamer had come close up, on its bow could be seen the inappropriate name *Hercules*. Finally it lay alongside, tiny, black, dingy. On the bridge stood a genial-looking, fat, red-faced European in a white suit. The crew was entirely Malay.

The man in the white suit waved and yelled to us in Dutch, and the passengers from the big ship answered. Muscular Malay boys with bare backs pulled down our baggage and a few sacks of mail.

Dozens of people were shaking hands and tapping one another on the shoulder. "Good-by . . . good luck . . . don't forget the quinine! . . . see you again in Europe! . . . eight years from now. . . ." We jostled one another, clinked glasses, vowed lasting friendships, wrote down addresses, knowing in advance that we should never write to one another and should never meet again in this life.

The *Prinz Ludwig* gave a low warning toot, the smutty little *Hercules* followed it with a nervous shriek. . . . "Passengers for Sumatra disembark!" came the order from the bridge.

Presently Peter and I were aboard the *Hercules* rocking on the water. The large ship slowly and sluggishly began to move, her propellers beating the water to a foam. Our small *Hercules*, hellishly hot and smelling of oil, cracking, rattling and puffing turned in a western direction toward the distant streak on the horizon.

The large ship was getting farther away, a thick cloud of smoke hung from her funnel and lay motionless on the air like a dingy black veil. Her siren sounded one last hoarse tooting salute—

the waving figures grew blurred—and suddenly I was overcome by the feeling that my last tie with Europe was now severed. A new life lay before me. A strange, an unknown life. On that old liner there were still white people, the vessel was still Europe. This small, spitting object with the canvas awning and the smell of oil and dried fish and the muscular, half-naked, brown Malays, this was already the settlement, this was the tropics.

II

As we drew closer to the coast, we could see nothing but forest and marshland; nowhere was there a sign of human habitation. Ahead of us in the distance, we saw masts rocking, and the grimy-gray sails of a few fishing boats. From the mainland a terrible stench was wafted over to us, the stench of putrefaction.

The bay closed in around us, the banks drew nearer. Behind a bend the harbor lay before us: a few gray hovels of sheet iron, built on piles; rickety Malay huts made of palm leaves; a shaky landing-stage, covered with small sea animals, moss and green slime. The mud steamed in the broiling sun, and a gray vapor lay over the desolate region.

Slowly we turned in the direction of the landing-stage. A couple of slothful Malays came crawling out from somewhere and flung the cables over to us. Then the ship landed and we could get off. I took my small trunk and walked a few steps with it. A Dutchman shouted at me in an irritated manner:

"Put that trunk down!"

Startled, I dropped it and looked at the Dutchman dumbfounded.

"What are you thinking of? You as a European can't lug your baggage! Nothing like that here. Please don't forget the prestige of the Whites!"

A zealous Malay coolie crept up to us. From afar he had been crawling along with bent back; now he seized my trunk. With his left hand he held his right wrist as a sign that he asked for forgiveness, and was holding back the right hand with

his left in order to prevent its boldly touching the belongings of the *tuan*. The *adat*, that is to say, tradition, demanded it. And one must demand the *adat* from the natives, or one's prestige is gone. I knew that much already.

We white *tuans* sauntered over the bridge to the Custom House. We had no passports, nor was there need of them. The coolies placed our trunks in the scorching corrugated iron hut. From a corner, in the semi-darkness, a drowsy half-caste Customs official crawled forward. He said something in Dutch; the Dutchman answered. Then the Dutchman snarled at the coolie: "*Ajo, ankat!*" And we passed on. The white man's word is sacred: if he says that he carries no firearms, then he has none. With shame I thought of our rifles and revolvers, but walked on.

Opposite the Custom House was the railway station, a small stone building. There were two railway lines, a little old locomotive with a long funnel, and a few ramshackle open carriages. Beyond the station, forest. Dark, opaque forest, growing out of brackish water, lianas, palm trees, mangrove trees, ferns. The muddy spots showed traces of crocodiles.

Presently the wheezing little locomotive carried us panting and puffing into the interior of the island. Here and there an iguana slid into the dark water. A troop of monkeys was busy in the trees. A large gray monkey with a white stomach was rocking himself on a protruding root, then with a violent swing he shot into the dark-green leaves of the mangrove trees. The troop followed him. They did not run away, for the train did not frighten them.

Nowhere a village, or even a house. Not even a coco palm. Only forest and swamp.

Presently we saw the first *campong*. Hidden in the dark shade were huts of palm leaves, a couple of skinny, mangy dogs, naked Malay children with fat bellies.

Then again forest, swamp. . . .

Suddenly, as if marked out with a

ruler, a huge clearing. Ditches dug in a straight line, paths, two-meter high tobacco plants in endless straight rows. As far as the eye could reach, there swayed a light-green sea of leaves. Everything one saw was carefully tended, almost exaggeratedly ordered.

Now one plantation succeeded another. One could see regular streets, natives bicycling, tinkling buggies drawn by ponies. And all at once we drove into the station of the capital. Everywhere order and cleanliness. Pretty stone building, an iron viaduct, a glass-covered lobby. Native and Chinese coolies carried the baggage, Malay and Chinese travelers poured from the carriages, European railroad officials in white uniforms and red caps strutted up and down like peacocks among hens.

In front of the station was a large square. I saw smooth asphalt roads with mighty palms on both sides, pretty bungalows, lovely well-tended little gardens, strange flowers in variegated colors.

And at a distance of half an hour from this paradise lay Belawan, the harbor of death, the home of swamp fever and a thousand lurking dangers; a few minutes from here the impenetrable virgin forest with its slinking beasts of prey, its prowling, treacherous crocodiles, with thousands of giant snakes and millions of malaria mosquitoes! A few decades ago this place, too, had still been forest.

In the station square, neatly in rows one behind the other, stood little two-wheeled hackney carriages, on the opposite side a row of rickshaws.

We entered such a cab drawn by a native. The swift-footed, perspiring brown coolie bore us like the wind to a hotel which lay in the shade of palm trees.

III

At the front of the hotel was a hall. No, not really a hall, only a roof built on wooden pillars; the hall had no walls, doors, or windows. To right and left of it were two equally incomplete halls. One was the billiard room, the other the

dining room. In the center two semi-circular counters, one of them the bar, behind which a Chinaman with the face of a Buddha sat between countless bottles of various colors and sizes, waiting with mute seriousness for orders. Behind the other desk an absolutely identical looking Chinaman was entering the names of the new arrivals in a large book.

This group of buildings was connected by a walk covered with zinc plate with two others, long and on level ground. In these buildings were the hotel rooms. In front of each room was a veranda and behind each room a bathroom.

The one Chinaman entered our names in the large book and then said something to a white-clad Malay waiter. Nor was I surprised that the waiter was barefooted and wore a headdress. He took our trunks and departed with them down the connecting passage. He placed them in one of the rooms and soundlessly withdrew.

The furniture in this strange room consisted of a table, a wardrobe, and two curious, somewhat alarming objects: enormous frames, a meter wide and two long, and one and a half meters in height, of thin white netting. "What can that be?" Cautiously on tiptoe, we approached one of the enigmatic objects. We searched around and felt it, and at last we discovered what it was. Pulling back the flimsy material, we saw a mattress covered with a white sheet, while two hard-stuffed little pillows and a large white sausage were lying inside the frame. "A bed," Peter declared. "The white covering is mosquito netting, but whatever is that large, funny sausage?" We gazed at it, perplexed, then continued our exploration.

A few steps led down to the bathroom. As we opened the door, a swarm of black beetles dispersed: cockroaches. The less agile scorpions retreated more slowly into the damp corners between rotting boards. In a corner of the bathroom was a large cement basin filled to the brim with a yellow, putrid brew. "Swimming-pool," said Peter, "come and have a

bath," but suspiciously he blinked at the moldy corners where the cockroaches and scorpions had disappeared.

Shortly afterward we were disporting ourselves, puffing and splashing, in the large basin. It is true the water was tepid, and stank, but in the great heat it was refreshing nevertheless.

Suddenly someone knocked at the door. It was the Swiss manager of the hotel, who protested indignantly against our bathing in this fashion. We learned that the pool was not meant for swimming, but represented a water reservoir which one must not enter. One was supposed to draw a little water from it with the tin pail standing beside it, and then pour it over one's heated body. That it was dangerous to cool off suddenly; besides, not so much water could be brought along as to allow the luxury of our taking a full bath three times a day.

"Tell me, what is this sausage for?" Peter asked the Swiss.

The sausage turned out to be a *guling* or, as the English call it, a "Dutch Wife." When asleep, you were supposed to embrace it and put your legs round it.

"Well, we might have thought of that," said Peter, shaking his head.

"Come, let's go for a walk and have a look at the town," I proposed.

"You can't go for a walk in this heat," Peter objected.

"But what about having to work in such heat?"

Peter made a dubious face and stared in front of him. With his handkerchief, which was wringing wet already, he wiped the sweat from his face and neck.

"I wouldn't have thought it could be so hot in this country," he said, sighing.

The streets were swarming with all kinds of motley folk. Along the curbs stood a hundred odd varieties of palm, ramose, mushroom-shaped tulip trees with blood-red blossoms; in the gardens grew variegated flowers of a type I had never seen, which exhaled a heavy, fragrant scent; there were black, yellow, and

brown people, naked or half-naked, in white garments; men in skirts and women in knickers.

Like sleepwalkers we strolled about, gaping. Slowly we walked back to the hotel. In the lobby sat a few robust Europeans, their skin dark-red, drinking beer.

When we got to our rooms, we undressed, poured water over our bodies, and lay down in the comic four-cornered frames. The bed linen was as warm to our naked skin as if it had just been ironed. The *guling* was a marvelous invention. You press it to you, and sleep like a dead man.

When we awoke the evening was dark. Our pillows and sheets were wringing wet as if they had been dipped in water. Peter lay faint and exhausted and would not get up. Someone had placed two cups of tea and two bananas on the table. Ants were crawling round the cups, and millions of insects were flitting round the burning lamp. Mosquitoes buzzed as they flew against the light, then, stupefied, they dropped on the table and into the tea cups. Little yellow geckoes sat in hundreds on the walls, gazing, rigid and motionless, at the insects flitting about in their frenzy. With a sudden leap they would snap at some improvident little beetle, then stiffen again to immobility. Outside in the street, an occasional coolie ran past with his rickshaw; in front of the hotel a man's voice could be heard from time to time roaring "Boy . . . beer . . . !" Then all was quiet again.

Peter's headache continued. Grumbling and ill-tempered he got up, staggered into the bathroom, chased away the cockroaches and scorpions, and poured water over himself. Then waving a towel, he sat down in a chair.

"I believe I'm sick," he said weakly, "I've never felt so wretched in my life."

I felt his forehead: it was hot. Alarmed, I sat down beside him; I had not reckoned with this. This was our first day, and sickness already.

I borrowed a thermometer from the

Swiss and took Peter's temperature: thirty-seven point six centigrade. Well, that wasn't so dangerous. But Peter was disturbed.

The next morning the thermometer registered thirty-eight, and Peter's entire body was covered with a small, red rash. He had a headache and a buzzing in his ears, and he also felt giddy.

Frightened, I ran to the Swiss and told him about the red rash. The large fat man shook with laughter. "This 'illness' is called red dog, and every European gets it out here. It isn't an illness at all. The skin gets irritated and itches with the constant sweating."

"Yes, but what about the giddiness?" I objected.

"Oh, that comes from the quinine. But if you like I'll call a doctor."

"Yes, please, it might be best."

A few minutes later a Dutch army doctor knocked at our door. The gloomy, laconic man barely looked at Peter.

"Is that what you've called me for?" he growled, "because of this little bit of red dog? I won't be made a fool off!" he said, enraged, and departed.

The following day the red spots had spread farther and were very irritating. Peter's temperature had risen to thirty-nine. He complained of headache and giddiness.

We had now been here for three days, and since the first day I had not left the hotel. Peter was restless; now he asked for a cold compress, now for the thermometer, then for hot tea, then ice-cooled water.

That afternoon we were both overcome by sleep. Since our arrival, I had been able to sleep like a log. I had only to lie down, with barely time to embrace the *guling*, and I would fall into a deep and dreamless sleep.

I was awakened by Peter's throwing a slipper at me and screaming. I jumped up in alarm, believing something terrible had happened.

"Listen," Peter said, "I'm going home."

"Home?" I asked dumbly, "but you are at home."

"Home to Hungary," he said determinedly. "This is no place for me. I'm going home."

I wasn't yet fully awake, and it took me a while to grasp what Peter meant. I stared at him with open mouth.

"You're crazy," I declared after a long silence. "Is that what you've come here for, to swallow quinine for three days and then ignominiously depart? That was rather a costly joke if it was only a pleasure trip. And all this because your temperature has gone up?"

"A month from now I shall be listening to the military band on St. Margaret's Island," Peter said gloomily.

Nothing that I could say—though I argued for hours—would alter Peter's decision. The Swiss was indignant when he heard the news, and at first wanted to give Peter a hiding. Then he said contemptuously, "Tell that coward for heaven's sake to get out. We haven't any use for such weaklings. To-morrow a little steamer is leaving for the Malacca peninsula, for Penang. There are more boats leaving from there; he'll find something to take him on."

The next morning, the sooty little steam engine rattled back with us along the same road we had traveled four days ago. Peter sat there dejectedly, and stared apathetically in front of him. Lord, what was I going to do alone, without a farthing of money? I didn't know a single person except the rude Swiss in the hotel who treated his guests as if they ought to consider it an honor to be allowed to stay with him in exchange for their costly money.

Peter would be home in a month. It would be summer then. He would speak Hungarian, and sit down in the city park and listen to the military band. And here? . . . My eye wandered over the forest standing in black water—how would it be possible to get along here? . . . At home on the Stefanie Avenue swift American trotters would be drawing the little carriages with red wheels, and the music would be playing in the Kiosk Café. I saw my father sitting at the win-

dow, smoking his cigar; if only I had listened to him.

When Peter's boat finally pulled out of the harbor I burst into tears. Leaning against the burning zinc wall of the Custom House, I shook with long-suppressed sobs of grief. The Chinese stood round me at a respectful distance, surprised and curious at the sight of a *tuan* crying. One of them must have made some joke about the crying *tuan*, for the others started a loud giggling. I stood alone by the wall of the Custom House and cried as perhaps never European has cried in the harbor of Sumatra.

I do not know how long I stood there weeping, but when I turned to see the last of the ship, there was nothing but a black cloud of smoke on the horizon where she had vanished. I stood there with a return ticket to the town and six cents in my pocket, with no one I knew, nobody to whom I could have turned for advice. Fifteen thousand miles from home, I was like a lost sheep. All I had in the hotel was one useless European suit, six shirts, six pairs of drawers, twelve pairs of socks, and in my pocket a silver watch, and an old meerschaum pipe.

I thought of ending it all by jumping into the water which was swarming with crocodiles. What matter how one perished? With six cents how could one continue in a strange land where a white man may not engage in physical labor? But what was I? An old woman, or a frightened child? Anyone without courage had no business to be here. The Swiss was right. . . . Hardy youths were needed here, youths who did not immediately get panicky. Not pampered mothers' darlings.

I rattled the six coins in my pocket and, head erect, walked toward the exit. I pushed aside a Chinese coolie who stood in my path, yelling at him and rolling my eyes, just as I had seen the whisky-reeking captain do. He leaped away in terror, joining his companions who were hanging around, and they put their heads together and whispered, pointing at me as one of those strangest of creatures in

the world: the whites. Funny, they must have been thinking: he was howling like a kid, and immediately after, for no reason whatever, he thunders and roars like a tiger.

For the third time the train was rattling through the country with me. But now I was not despondent; I sat in the first-class carriage with an imperious self-confidence, with the pride of a *tuan*, threw out my chest and with haughty condescension flung my ticket at the conductor, who was a native. Only six copper coins rattled in my pocket, but with a dignified nonchalance I held a light to my last cigarette.

IV

The first thing I learned in Sumatra was that there are two kinds of people in the world: white and colored. The white man is the master, master and ruler in the strictest sense of the word. His very language announces it. He does not ask, he commands. "Boy! Beer!"—and the Javan servant at once runs soundlessly, like a dark specter, to fetch it. The boy from Java stands behind the screen, waiting for your orders, sometimes for hours. And then he will hear a thundering voice: "Boy, beer!"—and the Javan, electrified, runs and hands you the cold beer, holding back his forward right hand with his left. Then he disappears again behind the screen, and waits. All you can see of him through the cracks between floor and screen are his bony, brown ankle-bones. Patiently the boy waits, and if you call him, he comes running or creeping up, arching his back. He likes doing it. It is his job. He does not complain, he does not make a face. He serves because that is his destiny. And yet he is not a slave. His humble attitude, his polite movements are not servile, not the degraded submission, compelled to servitude, of the pariah. No, it is *adat*, *homal*; tradition, a form of politeness inherited from his forebears. He serves because he wants to serve, he serves as the gentleman-in-waiting serves the king. He is polite and observes the

customs and habits of his forebears, as the courtier does his etiquette.

If a white man walks into a store, let us say into the store of a Hindoo millionaire—the millionaire will bow low before the *tuan*, who may be a runaway sailor or a card-sharper or a swindler, but he is a white *tuan*.

If you want to get into a vehicle, and a colored woman happens to be sitting in it, waiting for her husband who is shopping in a store, she will immediately get out and offer you the carriage.

The whites live entirely separate. There are two worlds: the white and the colored. There are separate compartments in the trains for the whites. Not that "Only for white gentlemen" is written on the outside; there is no written law for it, but everyone knows and observes it.

It goes without saying that the hotels, clubs and restaurants of the white man are not open to the colored. Japanese and Chinese, however, do not count as colored.

Never should I have thought that just because of my white skin I should some day enjoy so many privileges!

"Boy, beer!" I yelled so that it could be heard all through the hotel, and a fleet-footed Javan brought the ice-cooled beer and a book of chits, in which I wrote: One beer—and scribbled my name underneath.

Later the black Tamul tailor came along. Bowing low, he stood on the other side of the railing and repeatedly raised the palms of his hands to his forehead. My suits were ready: a dozen white suits. "Chit!" I shouted at the contentedly smiling Hindoo. Like lightning he pulled the book of chits from the pocket of his white coat. I put down: For twelve white suits. Signature. Finished. The tailor could go.

Then came the Chinese shoemaker. Six pairs of white shoes. All right. "Chit!" The yellow son of the Celestial Empire gave a jerk, the book appeared: chit for six pairs of shoes. Settled. No one ever paid cash. Everything was done

by chits. Known or unknown, millionaire or unemployed applicant for a plantation, it made no difference. If he had money, well and good; if he had none, neither did it matter. Some day he would have some. And when he had, he would pay. If not to-day, then to-morrow, or in a month, or a year. No one remained in debt. One could buy furniture, a watch, a bicycle, against a chit. One could live for weeks or months in a hotel, and on leaving could write in the chit-book: For three months' board and lodging. There was never any abuse of this custom. One was a European and kept up the prestige of one's race.

In the hotel lobby the boys ran busily to and fro, the white manager directing and giving orders. A heavy day was ahead—Hari Besar, the free day of the plantation workers.

I was sitting in my capacious cane chair, waiting to see whether something might come along for me, too. The Dutchmen who had arrived with me had found positions long ago, but I was still lounging idly around. I had not succeeded in finding Andor, whose name had been given me by friends at home. I did not know how to set about getting a job. So I sat on the terrace and looked out into the street which was hazed in the tropical sunlight.

The guests were assembling on the large hotel terrace with its laid tables. With a sharp turn, a tiny carriage with gigantic wheels came rolling up. On its single seat, in a white suit, sat a man of huge stature, red-brown complexion, and a grim mustache; behind him on the step stood a white-clad coachman. With a jerk the animal stopped at the entrance; like lightning the coachman jumped from the step, stood at the horse's head, and grasped the bridle. With slow and ponderous steps the *tuan* walked up to the terrace.

"Boy, beer!" rang through the hotel.

Presently came others. One buggy after another drove up. The *tuans* from the plantations looked radiant in their crackling, dazzling-white suits; all their

faces were dark red, and all had shaggy mustaches and close-cropped heads.

The hotel boomed. Acquaintances greeted one another with loud cries, there were shouts for the boy, for drinks; Dutch, German, English, and Malay words mingled in a chaotic buzz; glasses clinked, corks popped; somewhere a gramophone was howling: "Dolly, you're the apple of my eye . . ." and powerful men's voices tried to make themselves heard above the hoarse instrument. The whole room quivered and buzzed, boys flitted about with alarming quantities of drinks, and the manager agitatedly threaded his way from one table to another.

Solitary, I sat at my table, gathering impressions.

There were none but men, not a single woman could be seen in the whole room. They were all between twenty and forty. Only now and again did one see an older man. This was the land of the young, the land of the healthy, of those who could work hard. You did not come here to grow old, but to get rich quickly and, after working for fifteen to twenty years, to go back to Europe and live well there. Women, planters' wives, were still rather rare at that time, and those there were avoided the neighborhood of the hotel on Hari Besar day. The planters were coarse people, their mirth and their jokes were not intended for women's ears. The townspeople, too—the officials and merchants—preferred to stay at home on such days. To-day the planters could drink and enjoy themselves.

I sat at my table and grew sad. How was I to tackle this business? I had no friend here, not even an acquaintance.

All at once a red-haired fellow, as tall as a lamp-post, stopped at my table and made a long speech to me in an unknown language. He gesticulated violently as he spoke, and at intervals he laughed aloud. I sat there looking at him. When he had finished his speech, I told him in my broken German that I had not understood a word of it.

"Doesn't matter," he then said in German, "I was merely asking what you were doing here sitting all alone and moping. After all, this is Hari Besar, and it doesn't seem right for anyone to be sitting all alone and drawing such a long face." He sat down, stretched his long legs, and shouted so that the glasses on the table began to clatter: "Boy! Beer!"

"I have to sit alone," I answered, "because I don't know a soul. And I've certainly every reason to mope. For I've been here a week already and haven't any work," I confessed, reddening.

"But why not?" he asked with surprise.

"I don't know. Where should I get work?"

"Where? Well, there," and he pointed with a broad movement of his hand to the crowded house. "All these here are planters. They all need hands. To whom have you introduced yourself?"

"To no one," I confessed in a low voice, "I didn't dare."

"Oh well, of course you can't get work that way if you don't dare to open your mouth. Where do you come from anyway? From what country?"

"I am a Hungarian."

"Oh. Doesn't matter, I'll look after you. Boy!"

The boy swept through the room as if shot from a gun. "*Chit! Kaju tulis!*"

Immediately the boy handed him book and pencil. He took them and flung them in front of me.

"Write!" he said curtly.

"What shall I write?" I asked with surprise.

"What I dictate," he answered and began: "'Dear Sir, I should like to speak with you at once, please be so kind as to come to the billiard room for a moment.' Now, sign your name."

I signed my name, he took the book from my hand, tore out the chit, gave it to the boy who was standing waiting, said something to him in Malay, and the boy hurried off.

"Where is he going with that?" I inquired, unable to overcome my astonishment.

"To the big fat man over there. That's Willem Bonk, a big man here. Director-General. I, too, am with his company. They're always needing people. Their concern is good. Dutch and English capital. A decent concern that pays well."

"And you would send such a smeary, penciled bit of paper to a director?" I asked and looked at the man, opening my eyes wide; and I tried to imagine what the Director-General of a Hungarian company would say to such an application for a job.

"Here we don't make as much fuss as over there in Europe. He can read the chit. Look, the boy is just giving it to him."

At the other end of the terrace, in a large party, I saw a corpulent, sun-burned man with a bald head and a large mustache. He read the slip, asked the boy something, and the latter tossed his head in my direction. The fat man looked at me, nodded toward the billiard room, and got up.

"Now you go, too," said my table companion, "talk simply and calmly with him—and don't get alarmed if he shouts. That's a habit with him. He has a terrible tongue, but a heart of gold."

When I reached the billiard room, the corpulent man was already there.

"Well, what d'you want?" said he.

"I'd like a job on the plantation," I started timidly.

"Precisely at this moment? You can't come back some other time?"

"Please excuse me if I am disturbing you . . . if I had known that you would take it amiss . . ." I stuttered and was in the act of leaving again.

"Now, wait a moment. Now we're here, we might as well discuss the matter. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"How long have you been here?"

"A week."

He surveyed me from head to toe for some minutes.

"All right," he said presently, "this is

the sixteenth. Report on the plantation on the twentieth at the head office. Two hundred guilders a month, free lodging, a servant, free doctor and drugs, well, and the usual . . . Boy! Chit, *kaju tulis!*"

The boy came running up, handed him pad and pencil, and the old fellow scribbled something on the slip.

"A month's salary in advance. There you are," and he pressed the chit into my hand.

I looked at the slip of paper.

"Where can I cash that?" I asked in surprise.

"Wherever you like. Anywhere. What have I to do with that?" said the old fellow, somewhat piqued. "Report on the twentieth on the plantation. Good-by." And already he was off, walking out with large, ponderous, somewhat reeling steps.

I stood with the chit in my hand, staring after the old man. Then I looked down at the slip. A chit for two hundred guilders. Under it a scrawl. What did it mean? Was it a joke? He did not even ask my name or where I had come from. Slowly I walked back to my new friend whose name was equally unknown to me.

I showed him the chit.

"Well, that went off all right, comrade," he said. "Now we're colleagues. That was simpler than you thought it would be, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but can I take it seriously?" I asked, still in doubt.

What a strange world, I thought to myself, what strange people. He didn't know my name, nor I his. I drank his beer, grew friendly with him, got a job through him and an advance of two hundred guilders—everything from a perfectly strange fellow—and I didn't even know the name of the firm or the plantation at whose head office I was to report on the twentieth.

Later I discovered that his name was Dwars; but that he introduced himself to me, but I heard his friends addressing him by that name.

V

Gradually quite a party assembled round our table. I did not know a single name, but they all patted me on the shoulder, and were very friendly. The boys incessantly brought beer and whisky. The men's white suits were soon wet with perspiration, and sweat streamed from their shining red faces. The men talked very fast and put away incredible quantities of beer at an incredible pace.

For dinner the whole party moved to the dining room. The heat in the overcrowded room was unbearable. White shirts were open to the waist, and as the wearing of underclothing here was a superfluous luxury, one could see plenty of perspiring, reddish-brown, hairy chests. A whole crowd of boys were serving without moving a muscle.

Like everything else, the dinner, too, was strange. A dish of rice, a greenish chicken soup prepared with curry and other unfamiliar spices, and countless supplementary dishes. You put the rice in the center of your plate, poured the soup over it, and then the vegetables—as much of them as there was room for on the plate—were piled around it. And what you could not put on this plate was placed on another. There were all sorts of queer things: sea crabs baked in oil; unfamiliar vegetables boiled with strange spices; goat's meat sprinkled with grated coconut; little round cakes of finely crushed sea crabs baked in oil; ginger gherkins; paprika siliquæ filled with meat; bananas fried in butter; small, strongly-peppered fish, done on the grill; peas that had shoots of from five to six centimeters long; grated and roasted American hazel-nuts, covered with a horribly smelling liquid; dried fish, baked in coconut oil; ground paprika pods mixed with putrid meat: all this served in incredible quantities and on innumerable platters. There were dishes among them that tasted of brilliantine, and some whose putrid fish smell made the eyes of an unsuspecting novice water. But in

one respect all these dishes were alike: they were all unbearably peppered. Even I, accustomed as I was to paprika in Hungary, felt my throat burn as if I had drunk vitriol. The tears came to my eyes, and I started to hiccup.

Beer was flowing freely, and the party grew more and more hilarious. On the table next to us a merry planter was dancing a terrible war dance. Plates crashed under his heels, glasses broke with a clatter, those seated around the table joined in the din and beat time with their fists.

Dwars seized a half-ripe papaya fruit and stuck it on his neighbor's head. The green half-globe slid over its victim's head down to the eyes, orange-yellow pulp squirted out, poured down his white suit and ran into his neck, eyes and mustache.

"Hurrah, Jan! . . . You *have* got a grand hat, Jan! . . ." The diners yelled at the successful joke. Jan, the victim, sneezed and shaking himself, flung the remains of the papaya fruit on the floor. But one prank had to be answered by another. Jan did not keep them waiting long: with a jerk he lifted up the large table by one side. With a clatter the glasses flew, the plates fell crashing to the floor, the beer flowed in streams, as the many varieties of peppered dishes and sauces flowed into the laps of those sitting opposite who, trying to save themselves, had by this sudden movement been flung with their chairs right into the débris, and now lay under the table amid the stinking fish dishes, desperately kicking and screaming. Dwars, too, fell into the

broken glass, blood streaming from a deep cut on his cheek.

The party roared with laughter at this successful act of revenge, the strangers at the neighboring tables jumped up and poured beer over those lying on the floor, who beat about them with hands and feet.

"Boyl!" cried Jan like a victorious field marshal, "chit!" And he wrote a chit for fifty-four plates, eight glasses, one chair.

The boys went on serving with rigid, motionless faces. There was no sign of consternation, amazement, or indignation. One could not tell anything by looking at them. Their brown faces remained serious, dignified, indifferent. The white *tuan* was enjoying himself as he pleased, and the colored boy was there to sweep up the broken glass and spilled dishes, and to see that the *tuans* were satisfied.

They tied a napkin round Dwars' face, in a few minutes a new table stood on the site of the débris, and the *rijsttafel* went on as if nothing had happened.

The white suits, bespattered with red, yellow, and green juice, tattered, drenched with beer and whisky, and giving off a smell of fish, geneva and sour drinks, bore witness to a magnificently celebrated Hari Besar feast.

But I had had enough of it. The first hours that I had spent as a new-baked planter, had been fairly stormy ones. I had a burning sensation in my stomach, and my head felt dizzy . . . Silently I retired to my room.

[To be continued]



BEHIND THE CAMPAIGN

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

ONCE more the election season is upon us. Once more the orators bellow their hyperboles and misrepresentations and half-truths from millions of radios, the mails are clogged with appeals to save the country by voting for this candidate or that, and the editorial writers lash themselves into synthetic fury. Once more millions of Americans, whether they will or no, find themselves succumbing in some degree to the contagion of controversy, and decorous dinner-table conversations turn into angry arguments. During these next few weeks the population of the United States will seem to be massed into two rival cheering sections, each bawling encouragement to its side and vituperation at the other; each persuading itself that if only its side wins, the future of the country will be assured.

So dense, already, is the smoke of party battle that it is difficult even for the clearest-sighted of us to keep our eyes fixed upon the hard fact that, no matter who wins in November, the future of the country will not be assured. Elections do not settle everything. The nation which in 1916 voted for a candidate who had "kept it out of war" was at war within thirty-three days of his inauguration. The nation which in 1928 voted for "four more years of prosperity" was in the grip of panic within eight months of the inauguration. And the nation which in 1932 voted for a candidate pledged to strict economy and a balanced budget found itself committed, within the first six months of his term, to a campaign of spending and a rising deficit. Circum-

stances bring about unforeseen events and alter policies. Indeed, at the very outset of this campaign we witnessed an example of how the drift of events sometimes compels action without regard to party platforms: on the heels of the Cleveland Convention Governor Landon called the Kansas Legislature in session to amend the Kansas Constitution to take advantage of Roosevelt's social-security legislation!

Furthermore, most legislation is fathered not by parties but by minority groups, and these groups maintain their pressure without ceasing. Roosevelt has already been beaten by the veterans' bloc, and would confront stronger pressure groups in his second term than in his first. Landon would face opposition from the pressure groups the moment he began to put forward his program. In short, elections do not solve national problems; they only determine what group of men will take the lead in trying to solve them—and will try, not at all incidentally, to make a living out of the job.

This year the national problems are particularly grave. Whether Landon walks into the White House on January 20 or Roosevelt remains there, they will go right on demanding solution. Perhaps they will not be solved anyhow. But they are more likely to be faced intelligently if some of us resolve that, no matter what happens, we will keep our eyes steadily upon them and try to think clearly about them. Of some of these problems we shall hear a great deal during the next few weeks, but in a distorted

form. Of others we shall hear all too little. The first object of a candidate is not to illuminate but to get elected. Therefore I propose that, before the smoke of battle becomes too thick, we refresh our memories: what are the problems and the choices ahead of us?

II

The first problem—I put it first because it is the most overwhelming and is interlocked with all the others—is of course that of unemployment. For nearly seven years now it has harassed the country. The amount of misery it has caused, the number of lives it has smashed, the damage it has done to health and character, are incalculable. During the past three and a half years we have had a very considerable recovery from the depression, measured in terms of business activity, banking solvency, restoration of the farmers, rise in security prices, and easing of the burdens of private debt; but if we measure the recovery in terms of unemployment it has been meager. It was a bitter truth which Governor Landon uttered in his Acceptance Address: "The record shows that in 1933 the primary need was jobs for the unemployed. The record shows that in 1936 the primary need still is jobs for the unemployed." Is our economic system settling into a state of permanent unbalance, like the state of continuing unemployment Great Britain settled into after the war? It is not a pleasant prospect, even for those of us who are quite sure that we ourselves will never be reduced to servitude; an economic system that decays at the bottom breeds not only misery but beggars, mobs, and pestilences. We could afford, even from a purely selfish point of view, to undergo a good deal of hardship if at the end of it the scourge of unemployment were defeated.

We shall not hear as much about this problem during the campaign as we might. The Democrats tend to evade it, for it is a blot on their picture of triumphant recovery. The Republicans

tend to belittle it, in order to convey the impression that they could solve it readily. The Democrats have never had a coherent plan for ending the scourge: they have had a number of more or less effective, more or less haphazard, more or less conflicting plans. They have no coherent plan to-day. The Republicans, in so far as their proposals differ from their rivals', appear to rely chiefly upon freeing business of restrictions, but at this writing they are a little vague as to just what restrictions they will remove and how they can remove them without inviting a recurrence of the disaster of 1929-33; and they appear to have nothing to suggest in case this new freedom of theirs, after reasonable trial, should fail to turn the trick. Yet unemployment is the most malignant of our economic diseases; unless it is cured, recovery will be illusory. To discuss national economic policies without keeping it in the forefront of the discussion is preposterous.

III

The second problem is partly an outgrowth of the first. It is the budget problem.

This is the seventh successive fiscal year in which the United States has not succeeded in living within its means, but has been piling up a stack of bills for future payment; in effect taxing its own future, taxing its sons. One may argue that it is reasonable to let bills accumulate on the back of one's desk in bad times and pay them off in good times; but as every householder knows, such a course invites self-deception and a carelessness about charge-accounts. Would it, for example, be pleasant to pay a bonus? "Well then, let's charge it," say the citizens.

Over a long period of time, we have developed the bad habit of paying compensation to the victims of bad conditions instead of curing the conditions. It is easier to set up the equivalent of a tariff for farmers than to do away with industrial tariffs which react unfairly upon

them; easier to pay unemployment doles than to make business employ men; easier to set up a vast system of old-age pensions than to raise the standard of living so that the individual can do his own saving for his old age. But every time we do this we set up a new vested interest difficult to dislodge. That is the way to government by irresponsible blocs; to the building up of a vast quantity of fixed charges upon our government which make our economic system more unstable by causing a crisis whenever the national income drops; and to eventual bankruptcy.

Both parties of course talk budget-balancing, the Republicans with more conviction and relish because their failure in this respect has not been so recent or so egregious. Yet it would be impossible for either candidate to balance the budget without increasing taxes very sharply or cutting relief expenditures very sharply—unless there were a business boom of large dimensions. That Roosevelt would find the task difficult goes without saying. Even if he were to show in 1937 and 1938 the nerve which he showed in 1933, circumstances would be against him—including, of course, the circumstance of his own previous nonchalance in the face of a mounting national debt. That Landon would find it difficult is less obvious but also true. He could hardly propose a big increase in taxes, for his party platform specifically disapproves such a course, his acceptance speech has shown that he shares this disapproval, and a party which attacks its opponents for scrapping their platform when economic conditions change is hardly in a favorable position to scrap its own. Nor—unless there were a boom—could Landon save enough money out of the relief bill, even if he abandoned the work-relief policy, turned the management of relief back to local administrations, and took his economies “out of the hides of the political exploiters,” as he has promised to do. It is true that there has been scandalous waste of relief funds here and there under the Democrats, but

the amount of money under those hides just isn't big enough to make up the deficit; and Landon might discover, furthermore, that there are Republican politicians as well as Democratic ones, local exploiters as well as Federal ones: that trying to get something for nothing is a national custom not confined to any one party. A boom—coupled with a display of exceptional courage and forbearance on the part of both the President and Congress—might turn the trick for Landon (while introducing new economic hazards for the future); but to rely upon a boom is to leave the issue to hope.

In any case, the budget problem will not be solved until long after November. No President can be counted upon to balance the budget and turn us definitely away from the danger of runaway inflation and general economic collapse until his followers are prepared to pay the national bills as they come to hand, even by increased taxation if necessary.

This may hurt. It may hurt some of us badly—though not so badly as a general smash-up. But it will be wise to remember that there is no painless way out of our troubles, no matter what the campaign orators say.

IV

The third problem is interlocked with the others. It will be more subject to misrepresentation during the campaign than either of them. Yet in the long run it may be the most vital of all. It may be stated briefly as follows: What kind of economic order should we consciously work toward for the United States?

Very broadly speaking, there are four alternatives before us, though combinations and modifications of them may be devised in bewildering confusion: 1. *Laissez-faire*. 2. Enforced competition. 3. Regulation. And 4. Government ownership. I have space here merely to hint at what these alternatives involve.

1. The first one, *laissez-faire*, has for many of us a powerful emotional appeal. It is this appeal which prompts the Re-

publicans to propose, in their platform, to "preserve the American system of free enterprise" (even though they then proceed to propose various interferences with free enterprise—promising, for example, "such additional legislation as is necessary" to eliminate private monopolies, promising the payment of benefits to farmers, approving governmental regulation of business in certain fields, and of course favoring state labor laws and tariff protection). "Free the spirit of American enterprise" is a good mouth-filling slogan. Yet *laissez-faire*, like Christianity, has never really been tried; and anybody who imagines that it will really be tried now, or that the Republicans even intend really to try it, is fooling himself. Anybody who imagines that in the economic world of 1936 *laissez-faire* is compatible with opportunity or freedom for small business, with the principle of fair competition, or with "rugged individualism," is fooling himself. For so interdependent are the parts of the modern economic world, and so great has become the potential power of the big corporations and their financial allies, that if the "heavy hand of government" were entirely removed, their competitors and consumers would enjoy about as much liberty as would the driver of a baby Austin in a street full of ten-ton trucks if there were no traffic regulation. To say that absolute *laissez-faire* is defensible in theory, and in some departments of the national economy may be defensible in practice, is not to say that I am not a much more rugged individual when I drive for ten blocks up the avenue and then suffer governmental interference for three-quarters of a minute than I would be if I took my chances with every truck-driver who chose to plunge out of a side street at me.

2. The second alternative is enforced competition, maintained freedom. It was a belief in this principle which caused the writing of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act nearly fifty years ago, which led Theodore Roosevelt to preach "trust-busting," which made La Follette the

elder want to break up all the big business combinations, which in some degree animated Wilson's "new freedom," and which has this year driven both parties to denounce monopoly in their platforms. The essence of the principle is that as the result of the police-work of the government the small business man remains on the whole free, the big business man is prevented from riding him down, and the consumer pays competitive prices and no more. The sum total of liberty is presumably greater under enforced competition than under *laissez-faire*. But there are difficulties.

One is the difficulty of getting honest and intelligent policing. An even greater one is the difficulty of getting effective policing. The legislative history of the past fifty years in America is the story of constant and only partly successful attempts to keep big business in check. Usually the men who do the policing begin by being enthusiastic and injudicious; they end by being lax and complacent. And a long series of court decisions have again and again tied their hands. As Mr. Dooley once said, a good corporation lawyer could take a law designed to be a wall and make it into a triumphal arch. Instances of the difficulty of enforcing competition are plentiful. Does anybody suppose, for example, that prices in the steel industry have really been set by free competition during the past thirty-five years? Or that there are not numerous big companies to defy which is to invite ruinous retaliation?

Nor is this all. The economic tendency of our time is toward the survival of the biggest. Over half the non-financial business in this country is now done by two hundred companies and their subsidiaries. So easy is it now for two or three giant companies in an industry to determine prices and "haze" competitors who do not fall in line, and so hard is it to check them legally, that it would require a very large and active force of economic police, well armed by the law and backed by the courts, to enforce *real* competition. It would require constant

interference with business, much stricter than that of the New Deal (though perhaps not so capricious).

Enforced competition may be regarded as an attempt to set the hands of the clock forcibly back to the good old days when all American business was little business. Perhaps that would be a good thing. Clocks sometimes ought to be set back. The question is whether it is not too late to do this. To do it effectively would be a huge task, and one can imagine the shouts of wrath that would come from big business if this were attempted in any thorough-going way.

3. The third alternative is to depend, not upon enforced competition, but upon regulation. Do not attempt to put back the hands of the clock; permit monopolies and big combinations, but set limits to what they may do to their workers and consumers, and supervise them. Put a government official into the truck beside the driver. We have thus been trying to regulate the railroads for over fifty years, and are now planning to extend the regulation to other vehicles which compete with them; we have tried to regulate natural monopolies like the electric-light companies and telephone companies. This is the principle which Theodore Roosevelt advocated for wider use in 1912, after he had abandoned trustbusting as impractical and had decided that a distinction must be made between good trusts and bad ones. It is the principle which those who believed in national planning wanted the government to adopt to end the depression, and which Franklin Roosevelt adopted enthusiastically in the NRA, the AAA, and various other parts of his emergency program—though not in all parts of it.

In any acute economic crisis it is almost inevitable that regulation should be greatly extended: when the national economic machinery is badly out of gear, some sort of rearrangement of its parts seems essential. So long as unemployment continues on a large scale and other conditions remain abnormal, there remains a strong argument for setting lower

limits to wages, regulating production, and keeping business in general under some sort of planned guidance. Events may prove that we cannot get along without widespread regulation as a permanent policy. But it, too, has its difficulties.

Regulation can often be circumvented, especially when the legal powers of the Federal government are closely limited, as they are by the Constitution as now interpreted by the Supreme Court. Bumbling or venal officials can all too easily reduce business efficiency, delay modernization, and strangle the regulated industry with red tape. And just as enforced competition is difficult because there are so many big businesses, regulation is difficult because there are so many small ones. In the present state of what we are pleased to call economic science, wise regulation is a task for a superman. The growing unpopularity and ineffectiveness of the NRA illustrate what may happen when a great many cooks are set to work making a broth, and each has his own formula for it, and nobody knows which is the correct one. Once you have abandoned the idea that the economic system will regulate itself through competition (maintained by the government if need be) and have accepted the idea that it must be regulated by deliberate planning, you put upon the central authorities a responsibility for intelligent and disinterested and far-sighted decisions such as few mortal men can carry; and our political system has not thus far been designed to produce the men for these jobs.

In short, to consider this third alternative of regulation is to confront two big questions: Can capitalism, at this juncture, survive without it? And can regulation help making an even worse batch of things than would be made without it?

4. The fourth alternative, obviously, is government ownership. In one respect this is immensely simpler than regulation: you are able to make one man (a government executive) do the work of two (a business executive and a government official to watch him). It has an

additional advantage—from the point of view of society at large—in that it can act independently of the profit imperative. But it increases still more the load of responsibility upon the central authority.

If a new and disastrous crisis should come, we may be driven to the general adoption of government ownership. But for the next few years there seems little prospect of that. We may see it extended to some new economic fields—such as the railroads, perhaps—but as a policy for adoption on a wide scale we can pretty nearly rule it out of immediate consideration. For whatever its theoretical advantages, it goes too much against the American grain, involves too many far-reaching and unprecedented changes in our manner of living, and invites too many dangers of mismanagement and tyranny, to be palatable to the rank and file.

To list these four alternatives thus briefly is of course to oversimplify the problem of choice. Innumerable combinations and modifications are possible; to give but a single example, Professor Simons of the University of Chicago suggests as a long-term objective a system of enforced competition for all businesses but natural monopolies, and of government ownership, rather than regulation, for the natural monopolies. As to which alternative or combination of alternatives is preferable, there is room for wide divergence of opinion. But the issue is beyond doubt so vital that it ought to be soberly debated by people who can see beyond their own economic noses and consider the pros and cons of the various alternatives from the broadest point of view, undisturbed by slogans and appeals to prejudice.

It is not being so debated this fall. The campaigners are enveloping it in a dense emotional fog: the Republican cheering-section shouting about freedom as if freedom for the duPonts meant the same thing as freedom for the Milquet-toast family; the Democratic cheering-section shouting about the protection of the plain man against the economic royal-

ists without giving us much idea of how this protection is to be effected. To listen to the orators, one would imagine the two party platforms to be miles apart; as a matter of fact they are only inches apart on this question of our future economic system, both parties having followed the ancient custom of writing middle-of-the-road platforms in order to try to win middle-of-the-road votes.

The Republicans, for example, sound as if they were for *laissez-faire*, but their anti-monopoly plank means enforced competition, and it is noteworthy that their platform says not a word against the Securities Act, the Stock Exchange Act, the Utility-Holding-Company Act, and various other acts which the men of Wall Street have condemned at the top of their lungs as unwarranted interference with business. Probably we may expect the Republicans, if elected, to go through the motions of enforcing competition, but only half-heartedly: the result will be a mixture of enforced competition and *laissez-faire*, with a little regulation here and there for variety. The present Democratic program is a hodge-podge of measures some of which tend toward enforced competition and some toward regulation, with a slight admixture of government ownership (as in the TVA) here and there for variety. President Roosevelt has recently shown a tendency to steer away from regulation toward enforced competition, but I do not think this change of direction is as significant as Walter Lippmann believes it to be, for if there is one thing that skipper Roosevelt knows how to do, it is to tack. The direction he takes if he is re-elected will depend largely upon the winds of public opinion and the tide of economic events.

Whichever party wins, the question will remain undecided. Whichever party wins, we are likely to go on making a bluff at enforcement of competition here, at regulation there, but not enough to keep the ten-ton trucks in their place; and meanwhile we are likely to go on paying compensation to their victims—and to professional mendicants disguised as vic-

tims—until the tax bill becomes distressing to truck-drivers and roadster-drivers alike, and we shall rub our eyes and wonder how it all happened. It would be better if we made up our minds to know what we are doing as we go along.

V

The next problem is that of constitutional change. Here again the orators provide more heat than light. Despite all the Republican oratory about "usurpation" and "dictatorship," the positive proposals of the two candidates are not very far apart: each is willing to have the Constitution amended if need be, but fails to declare that there is a present need.

The real situation—as distinguished from the oratorical one—is very curious. If the majority Justices of the Supreme Court hold to their present interpretation of the due-process and interstate-commerce clauses of the Constitution, neither regulation nor the enforcement of competition can be effective save in limited areas, and even regulation by the States will be severely circumscribed. The sort of regulation which is necessary to meet certain national economic problems, or problems which overrun State boundaries, will be impossible. It will be, for example, almost impossible to secure really effective regulation of labor conditions as long as there is one State where employers are free to do as they please and businesses are free to move there. The issue is not simply one of Federal authority versus local rule; of permitting New York voters, for example, to decide how New Yorkers shall do business in New York. For if a New Yorker does not like the New York laws, he may organize his corporation in Delaware and make his goods in Georgia and still sell his goods in New York, thus nullifying local rule. In any future crisis, furthermore, the government's hands would be tied by the Constitution as now interpreted. Thus a majority of the Supreme Court have tipped the scales heavily in favor of *laissez-faire*.

This situation should be quite satisfactory to those who incline toward *laissez-faire*. But if one genuinely believes either in enforced competition or in regulation (or, of course, in government ownership) one is logically driven, I believe, to favor an enlargement of the powers of Congress.

To do so, however, is to run into a new nest of difficulties. The straight course to this objective would naturally be a constitutional amendment; yet it would be difficult to frame one which would open the door wide enough to serve the purpose and not wide enough to prevent unwarranted political interference with private affairs. (The Democrats realize how hard it would be to make even the most scrupulously drawn amendment look like anything but a grant of tyrannical power; hence their reluctance to get off the fence, uncomfortable as it is to sit upon.) A more roundabout course to the objective would be to scotch the Court by restricting its veto power on legislation; Congress apparently has the power to do this. Such a move, however, would immediately open to destruction the bill of rights and pave the way to the sort of oppression of minorities which we have been told "can't happen here." Another course would be to enlarge the membership of the Court—but this need hardly be regarded as a serious possibility in the immediate future: it would be too obviously a cowardly move. Still another course is to wait for old age to remove some of the present Justices, and to replace them with men who might interpret the fundamental law differently. This is the easiest course: it involves no bitter campaign over an amendment, no destruction of the power of a revered institution. But what an extraordinary way for a supposedly self-governing republic to conduct its affairs: to leave the future of its economic system to be determined by elderly arteries and blind chance!

Here again is a large problem which calls for the most thoughtful scrutiny and will not be solved by rhetoric about the

American system, the Founding Fathers, or judicial tyranny. Nor can it be separated from the other problems we have been discussing. It is securely interlocked with them.

VI

There are, of course, other problems which need real illumination and are not likely to receive it during the next few weeks. The currency question (interlocked with that of the budget); the question of social security (interlocked with those of unemployment, the budget, and regulation); the question of revising our system of taxation, which is a mare's nest in itself; the question of government personnel and civil-service standards (a particularly tough one if Washington is to exercise wide regulatory powers); the question of foreign trade and the tariff; and, of course, all the other teeming questions of foreign affairs, which at this

writing seem likely to figure very little in the campaign debate, and yet are of commanding importance.

These problems will be piled up on the desk of the President of the United States on January 20, 1937. It may not matter so much whether the man who sits down at that desk is Roosevelt or Landon, as whether or not he finds the climate of public opinion favorable to wise and bold action. And this climate will hardly be favorable unless men and women of influence—enough of them to make themselves felt despite the babel of the lobbyists and the pressure groups and the short-sighted advocates of narrow interests—keep their heads clear even during the tumult of the campaign; unless they realize the paramount need of bringing into some sort of well-devised order our still badly disorganized national economy, and are ready to weigh coolly and rationally and disinterestedly the difficult alternatives which face us.





WINNING SEQUENCE

A STORY

BY MARGERY SHARP

UP to the ages of sixty-one and sixty-three the Misses Pye had never told an untruth. Since their father had been a clergyman and their mother a deaconess, this was only right and natural; but it made their one lapse, which occurred on the first Saturday in September, all the harder to excuse. Even so, they did not actually *tell* the lie—the sin was a tacit one—and it is only fair to add that they were neither of them quite themselves at the time.

Miss Pye and Miss Roberta lived on the top story of No. 7, Portaferry Road, Paddington. The thoroughfare was not a prepossessing one, but they had an affection for it because it lay in the heart of their father's old parish; and it was also very cheap. No. 7 was not prepossessing either, until one reached the top floor; and then one entered a domain as exquisitely neat, as meticulously ordered, as a lady's work-box. It was probably the tidiest place in London, and it was dusted three times a day. What with dusting, cooking, visiting the sick and doing embroidery for bazaars, the Misses Pye led full and happy lives: and they had in addition two never failing sources of pleasurable pride.

These were a nephew in the Air Force, and a miniature of their great-great-grandmother; nor was it easy to say which gave them more satisfaction. The nephew Henry, starting as an aircraft apprentice at Halton, was now at Cranwell and well on the way to earning His Maj-

esty's commission; the heirloom miniature, besides being an authentic proof of their breeding, was also a work of art. It was reputed to be by Cosway, and a Mr. Faraday, a friend of the Vicar's, had once actually offered fifty pounds for it. The two ladies naturally refused, and always talked of the offer as a gross breach of taste; but in secret they were extremely pleased by it. It was not everyone in Portaferry Road—or indeed, in Paddington—who had fifty pounds lying idle on the mantelpiece.

"We're a couple of sentimental old fools!" said Miss Pye every Saturday; for it was on Saturdays that the miniature was taken from its case and set upright against a little easel to grace the week-end. Saturday was also the day on which their nephew sometimes came to tea, so Miss Roberta always bought a cake as well as buns: and if he didn't arrive they ate the cake on Sunday—when it was a little stale, and went further—and thus had a treat for the week-end all the same. Neither Miss Pye nor Miss Roberta had ever heard of the Technique of Living, but they knew a good deal about it nevertheless.

On the first Saturday in September, however, the cake was bought in full confidence, for Henry was definitely expected; and it was therefore all the more upsetting when the one o'clock post brought a letter with an Air Force badge.

"It's to say he can't come!" cried Miss Roberta.

Miss Pye slit the envelope carefully—one of the parish Wolf Cubs collected crests—and drew out a short note. It consisted of no more than half a page, but she was so long reading it that her sister grew impatient.

"What does he say, dear? Why isn't he coming?"

"He is coming," answered Miss Pye slowly. "He's coming to supper."

"To supper! And we've only sardines! What time will he be here?"

"You'd better see it yourself," said Miss Pye, still in that odd, slow voice. Miss Roberta glanced once at her sister's face, then took the letter and read.

Henry was very sorry to trouble them, but could they lend him fifty pounds? And could they let him have it that night, as otherwise, he was afraid, it would mean leaving Cranwell.

"Fifty pounds!" cried Miss Roberta, aghast. "Whatever can he want it for?"

"He doesn't say." Miss Pye moistened her lips. "He—he must be ashamed to."

There was a short, horrified silence.

"Whatever it is," said Miss Roberta firmly, "'we've got to get it for him."

"Of course," said Miss Pye.

Their eyes flew to the mantelpiece. From her little easel the lady of the miniature smiled heartlessly back. Never before had she looked so charming, so debonair. No one could wonder that Mr. Faraday, man of wealth as he was, should be prepared to give so vast a sum for her.

"You've still got the address, dear?" said Miss Roberta at last.

"The Gables, Southholt Green. But he talked about moving, because they'd built a race-course there. He mayn't even be in England."

"We must go and see," said Miss Roberta sternly. "And if he *has* moved, we must go to—to a pawn-broker's. After all, it always was to be Henry's."

In silence they made their preparations. To keep their strength up, they boiled and ate two eggs. Then they put on their best coats, and the hats bought only two years ago, and Miss Roberta

wore her beaver neck-tie. They were not going to embarrass Mr. Faraday by any poverty-stricken looks. They would just explain that they were—well, tired of their miniature, and had decided to give him the first refusal. Miss Pye actually rehearsed the sentences as she put the ivory into its case and wrapped the case in a clean handkerchief. The whole packet took up no more room in her bag than the box of lozenges she carried for her cough.

"Suppose," said Miss Roberta suddenly, "he comes before we get back?"

"He has his key, dear."

"But he must be very worried. Mightn't we leave a message, just to say that it's all right?"

Miss Pye frowned.

"Whatever he's done, Roberta, we can't treat it as a—a peccadillo. Henry must be made to feel. Leave a message if you like, but only saying that we shall be back. And make it stern."

So Miss Roberta, after a moment's thought, got out the newly-bought cake and a sheet of paper, and on the paper wrote simply: *If we're late, dear, cut yourself a slice.*

It seemed to both of them that that was quite stern enough.

Southholt Green is a pleasant outer suburb most easily reached by train from Marylebone Station; and on that fine Saturday afternoon the two ladies were quite struck to observe how many other people were going there as well. There was even a special booking-window, where they had to stand in a queue, and where half-a-dozen gentlemen took tickets before Miss Pye moved up to the grille.

"I want two third-class returns to Southholt Green—"

"Race train," snapped the clerk.

"Certainly not," corrected Miss Pye. "I want two third-class—"

"If you go on the race train, you can get returns for one-and-three."

The sisters looked at each other. It meant a saving of ninepence on each ticket.

"But we are not," explained Miss Pye, "going to the races. If it doesn't matter—"

"If you don't make up your minds," observed a gentleman behind, "we'll none of us be going."

In some confusion Miss Pye put down her half-crown and hurried Miss Roberta off. They had no difficulty in finding the train, but spent so long looking for a Ladies Only compartment that the guard was at last forced to thrust them into a smoker. It already contained six gentlemen—four with cigars—and one young lady who, like her cigarless companions, smoked cigarette after cigarette; and in this wholly foreign atmosphere—their two persons squeezed into the space designed for one—their lungs filled with unaccustomed and offensive odors—the Misses Pye passed the next half-hour. They shut their eyes, and endured. It is possible that they prayed. And on alighting at Southholt Green they felt and looked so remarkably shaky that the last touting taxi-man at once marked them down.

"Come on, ladies!" he cried encouragingly. "A bob all the way, and save you twenty minutes!"

Miss Pye looked at the vehicle with longing.

"Shall we, Roberta?"

"A shilling seems very reasonable," said Miss Roberta. "Only how does he know how far we want to go?"

"If he says a shilling, he must take a shilling; that's the law," said Miss Pye; and with her sister following, stepped recklessly into the cab.

It was at this point in their journey that they definitely took the wrong turning.

Now the taxi, as has been said, was the last on the station rank, and just as Miss Pye was about to give the address a portly gentleman sprang up as from the ground and placed his foot upon the step. At the same moment the door on the other side opened and a second gentleman, of equal girth, thrust himself unceremoniously in.

"Now, ladies," cried the first urgently, "you've got the last cab, we're in a hurry, what d'you say to letting us share, and getting a free ride?"

The ladies said nothing. They were too startled. It seemed as though every one they met was bent on giving them loud peremptory advice: and as they had yielded in turn to the booking-clerk, to the guard, and to the taxi-man, so they now yielded to the gentlemen in a hurry. For before they could collect their wits their new mentors were established on the folding-seats, the driver had grinned and mounted, and the cab was in motion.

"It's like Alice in Wonderland," murmured Miss Roberta. "All the animals ordering one about."

The gentleman opposite nudged his companion.

"Alice!" he repeated. "There's an Alice in the three-thirty. How's that for a tip?" And he winked at Miss Roberta in so very vulgar a way that she at once closed her eyes. So did Miss Pye. But they had to open them almost immediately, for a moment later the journey—a remarkably short one, even for a shilling—had come to an end. It had come to an end, in fact, outside the Southholt Race Course.

"Oh, dear!" cried Miss Roberta despairingly.

"Didn't you give the address either?" wailed Miss Pye.

For the moment, indeed, their courage was quite out. Their heads and backs ached, and though they were actually in Southholt Green, Mr. Faraday seemed as remote as ever. And in fact he was remote, for they had heard him mention with thankfulness that his house was at least nowhere in the vicinity of the abhorrent race-course. It was far away over the Green, miles and miles away, where no taxi on earth would ever take them for a shilling.

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Roberta again.

The gentleman paying the fare—for he was faithful to his word—looked round. Of Mr. Faraday he naturally knew nothing: all that presented itself to his eye

was a couple of distressed-looking old girls staring dejectedly at a notice-board. Neither Miss Pye nor Miss Roberta had even seen the thing, for their gaze was quite blank; but it so happened that the legend thereon might very well have accounted, to the casual observer, for their melancholy appearance. "Ladies, accompanied by Gentlemen," said the board, "Half Price."

With an impulse of pure benevolence, the gentleman returned.

"Here," he said kindly, "you come in with us, and save half the price. How'll that do?"

Miss Pye drew herself up. But even as she did so, while the lightning flashed from her eye—an extraordinary thing happened.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Roberta. "I'm sure we're greatly obliged to you."

"Roberta, how could you?" demanded Miss Pye.

They were inside, their escorts had vanished: before them towered the backs of the stands, about them streamed hundreds of purposeful race-goers. Had they found themselves upon Mars, the Misses Pye could scarcely have been more at a loss.

"It was Providence," said Miss Roberta boldly. "Haven't we been *led*—all the way from St. Marylebone?"

"We have been hustled," corrected Miss Pye. "And if you think Providence approves of pony-racing—"

"How do you know they're ponies?" asked Miss Roberta eagerly.

"I saw it on one of the notices. But ponies or horses, it's all the same thing."

"Oh, no," said Miss Roberta, "I'd much rather have them ponies. They're smaller, you know. And I do think, as we're here, we might just go and look at them."

Although two years younger, Miss Roberta had always taken the lead. She took it now, and with a hand hooked under her sister's elbow propelled her firmly between the stands to a sort of open pad-

dock bounded by white railings; and here even Miss Pye breathed freely, for the aspect of the place was positively domestic. Family groups picnicked upon the grass, children ran shouting in the sun, elderly couples walked soberly up and down. An occasional beer-bottle caught Miss Roberta's eye, but thermos-flasks predominated. It was like the beach at Broadstairs, with the stands for boarding-houses and the row of bookies for the donkey-boys on the parade. Miss Roberta observed these last with interest, and found them a most respectable-looking set of men: if their voices were rather hoarse, that was doubtless due to their open-air life.

"I wonder where the Tote is?" she mused aloud. "It's another way of betting money, you know, something like a slot-machine."

"You have too much to do with those Wolf Cubs," returned Miss Pye rather tartly.

She walked quickly towards the course, intending to avoid the crowd; but since the three o'clock race had just begun, her example was largely followed. In a few moments the two ladies were hemmed in against the railings and staring, like their neighbors, up the green stretch; only unlike their neighbors they did not know what to expect. The sudden onrush of the ponies, the flash of the jockeys' coats, took them both unawares; the closeness and the speed made Miss Pye at least feel as though she had been narrowly missed by a thunderbolt. As for Miss Roberta, as her first words showed, she had been absolutely struck.

"If we backed one and won fifty pounds," said Miss Roberta clearly, "we shouldn't have to sell the miniature."

Her sister jumped.

"Backed one, Roberta?"

"Put money on one. And then when it won, we should get a lot more."

Instead of at once changing the subject, Miss Pye rashly asked a question.

"But how," she enquired shrewdly, "can you tell which is going to win?"

"You just guess," explained Miss

Roberta airily. "It's all luck, like that raffle we had at the Bazaar. I'm almost certain I could do it."

Miss Pye opened her mouth to deliver a peremptory rebuke; but either because the vicissitudes of the journey had really affected her brain, or possibly because the genius of the place seized and twisted her words, the rebuke was never uttered. All she said was,

"Don't put on more than half-a-crown, dear!"

The half-crown already extracted from her bag, Miss Roberta, followed by Miss Pye, edged back into the crowd before the stands. Her spirit was still high, but though she had talked so lightly of picking winners, she had very little notion how to set about it. Her only preference in horse-flesh was for the cream or dapple, and though there was a huge sign-board giving the ponies' names, it made no mention of their color. She also knew, from a poem, that Arab steeds were fleet; but there was nothing about Arabs either. As though out of mere politeness, she turned and asked her sister's advice.

"What sort of horses do you like, dear?"

"Percherons," answered Miss Pye promptly. "I always remember, that summer we stayed on the farm, what gentle faces they had."

Miss Roberta sighed. She was practically sure that Percherons did not race, and in any case, they were too big to be ponies. It was at this juncture that a voice from behind them, so apposite that it might have been the voice of Conscience itself, suddenly spoke.

"Want a winner, lady?" asked the voice affably.

They turned round and observed a dapper little gentleman in a check suit. Whether by accident or design he was leaning against a sort of small sign-post, and on the sign-post it said "Sandy, the Lucky Scot."

"Yes," said Miss Roberta quickly. "We want a winner very much."

At once, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, the gentleman whipped out an envelope and thrust it

into her hand. Before Miss Roberta could open it, however, he followed up the gesture with a demand for sixpence.

"But why sixpence?" asked Miss Roberta.

The Lucky Scot looked at her with admiration.

"Because yer goin' to win two quid fer two bob, lady, and I ain't a bloomin' philanthropist. You get two quid, I get a tanner: and if that ain't fair, I dunno what is."

"It does seem very reasonable," murmured Miss Pye. "I wonder he doesn't ask more."

"Hush!" said Miss Roberta, hastily passing over the coin and leading her sister away. "He knows his own business best. I wonder what the horse's name is?"

To their slight embarrassment, it was Bachelor's Shirt; but after a good deal of advice and piloting from interested spectators—"They really seem very *helpful* here!" said Miss Pye—the ladies succeeded in buying a two-shilling ticket at the Tote. Then they followed the stream, and climbed up a stand, and stood in happy confidence waiting to see their horse win.

Of the eleven runners, Bachelor's Shirt was tenth.

Now the late Reverend Charles Pye, though as mild an old gentleman as ever held a living, had nevertheless been able to produce, as occasion required, a fine denunciatory style; and his blood now boiled in his daughters' veins. Without a word, in perfect unison, Miss Pye and Miss Roberta nipped down from the stand and darted and dived through the crowd after the bobbing thistle-painted sign.

"You, man!" cried Miss Pye breathlessly.

The Lucky Scot turned and saw them. With unparalleled effrontery, he even grinned.

"It didn't win!" accused Miss Roberta.

"It was last but one!" cried Miss Pye.

The creature shrugged.

"All in the luck of the game, ladies. I'd have bet my bottom—"

"Don't prevaricate," said Miss Roberta. "You sold it us as a winner, and it didn't win. It's downright dishonesty!"

As well he might, the Lucky Scot gazed at them in stupefaction. For if they had their code of ethics, so had he: and his profession of tipster was justified—even hallowed—by every unwritten law of the race-course. His surprise and indignation, both boundless, found their only natural outlet.

"May I be damned," he began methodically, "may I be double-damned and double—"

"And don't use oaths," said Miss Pye severely. "You'll either pay what we should have won, or—or I'll fetch the police!"

The Scot glanced round. A small but appreciative crowd had already gathered, and there was no doubt whose side it was on. With ready chivalry it had plumped unanimously for the two old girls. "Go it, ma!" cried the crowd heartily: and though the phrase offended her ears, Miss Pye was nevertheless emboldened by it. She looked the creature in the eye and positively defied him.

"Well, what *did* win?" he asked, weakening.

This was an awkward moment, for in their righteous haste neither lady had stopped to see. But the mob rushed to their aid.

"Rose Marie!" prompted the mob joyfully. "Twenty to one!"

"Or if you want the Tote dividend," added a gentleman more joyfully still, "it's fifty-eight-and-six."

"Then it's a bloomin' swindle!" shouted the enraged Scot. "It's a put-up job!"

"It is indeed!" cried Miss Roberta warmly. "We shall go to the police at once!"

"And if you can't control yourself," added Miss Pye, "we shall charge you with obscene language as well."

The tipster paused. He had a pretty

good idea that on the first count at least no bobby would charge him; but there were several reasons why any contact with the police was in itself undesirable. They had nothing definite against him, but just at that moment he had no desire to thrust himself, as it were, on their notice. With a sudden change of demeanor, he approached Miss Roberta's ear.

"See here, lady," he murmured, "s'pose I give you another tip instead—*real* dead cert—horse I'm going to put me own shirt on. How'll that do?"

The ladies whispered together.

"Yes," said Miss Roberta finally. "We're going to give you one more chance."

With a stub of pencil, on the back of an envelope, the tipster hastily scrawled a name; and beseeching them not to disclose it to anyone else, urged his two tormentors in the direction of the Tote. Then he took out a handkerchief, and thankfully applied it to his brow.

Contrary to his usual practice, the Lucky Scot left his signpost and mounted a stand to watch the next race; for he felt an unusually strong interest in the fate of his tip. The Misses Pye were standing directly before and a little way below him, so that if by unlucky chance they lost again he was fairly certain of being able to escape them. Had he known, as he did not, that they had backed the pony Chipmunk to the extent of a whole five shillings, he would probably have taken no risks, but left the course at once.

Chipmunk won.

"Thank 'Eaven for that!" ejaculated the Scot piously; and once more mopping his brow slipped back to the old pitch. He had not been there more than a few minutes, however, when his brief complacency was violently dispelled.

"You, man!" shrilled Miss Roberta.

"My Gawd!" cried the Scot in horror. "What's up now?"

"We can't get our money!" cried the ladies in chorus. "We went up to the

window, and they wouldn't pay us! What shall we do now?"

Sandy the Scot groaned aloud. Though lacking the advantages of a classical education, he could by this time have given a pretty accurate description of the Furies. They were a cross between old ladies and blood-hounds, and there was no escaping them.

"Here, let's see yer ticket," he said wearily.

Miss Pye displayed it.

"Yer on the Tote double, lady. Yer got ter pick another 'orse fer the next race, on the same ticket, see, 'n if that one wins too yer get a whole packet."

After he had explained it two or three times the sisters withdrew and held a short conference. Then Miss Pye returned with hand outstretched.

"Here's your sixpence, and we'll have another winner, please."

"Not from me you won't," said the Scot firmly.

"What shall we do now?" whispered Miss Roberta.

They were already in the Tote queue, passing steadily along; and owing to their passage with the Lucky Scot they had not had time even to see what ponies were running.

"Have what the man in front has," counselled Miss Pye. "He's wearing opera-glasses."

They pressed up to the broad back and listened carefully.

"Seventeen," said the man in front.

"We'll have that too," said Miss Roberta.

"Two," echoed the girl in the window; and that was how the Misses Pye picked the winner of the four-thirty.

They won fifty-three pounds; and their demeanor, as they collected the money, was so noticeably that of sleep-walkers that a benevolent policeman escorted them to the gates and put them in a taxi and told the driver to see them on the train. Miss Roberta's only conscious act was to give the taxi-man a pound. He

put them into a first-class carriage, and since no one else got in they were able to take out the miniature and hold it alternately. At Marylebone Station Miss Pye put the other odd pounds into a box for railway charities, and as they then found they had no money of their own left, they were forced to walk all the way home to Portaferry Road.

More exhausted than they had ever been in their lives, the two old ladies at last turned the corner and reached No. 7. In the top window a light showed.

"He's here!" said Miss Roberta, suddenly alert.

"Then we can have supper at once," said her sister thankfully.

"We shall have to speak to him first. Do pull yourself together, dear."

With straight backs and stern faces they toiled up the three flights of stairs. At the sitting-room door Miss Roberta even managed a frown. But as soon as they entered, as soon as their nephew turned to face them, all sternness melted away. Henry Pye stood rigid as though at attention, white-faced and weary-eyed; and on the table behind him the cake-tin was unopened.

"Well, dear boy," said Miss Pye affectionately, "it's nice to see you"; and she took the wad of notes from her bag and slipped it into his hand.

With one abrupt movement, as though his knees had suddenly given way, Henry sat down.

"Is it—is it all here?"

"Yes, dear, fifty pounds," said Miss Roberta. She spoke as calmly as she could, but the moment was a dreadful one. Henry looked so white, so racked, that the hearts of both old women yearned towards him: yet at the same time both in their hearts knew that he ought not to go unscathed. He should be—not punished, but made to remember.

"I've just been a plain damn' fool, Auntie."

"Don't swear, dear," said Miss Pye—but sympathetically.

"Just tell us how it happened," urged

Miss Roberta, "and then you'll feel better."

The boy looked from one old face to the other.

"I—borrowed—some money out of the Sports Fund," he said at last. "I'd got into a mess. You see, I'd been backing horses."

The two ladies sat very still. Miss Pye was white, Miss Roberta scarlet.

"That's why I had to ask you. And when I got here this evening and saw what you'd done, I felt—I felt like the worst cad on earth."

The eyes of all three turned to the empty easel. In Miss Pye's bag the miniature weighed like lead. She rose and walked stiffly to the mantelpiece.

"My dear boy—"

"No," said Henry quickly, "leave it there. Leave it there whenever I come. I want it to remind me." And quite suddenly, like the face of a small boy who has confessed and been forgiven, his face

lightened. He got up, and gave each of his aunts a kiss, and then involuntarily yawned. Emotion had so worn him out that five minutes later, when Miss Pye came in with the supper-tray, he was stretched on the sofa and fast asleep.

"Roberta!" whispered Miss Pye. "What are we to do?"

"We must go on deceiving him," said Miss Roberta.

"But that's wicked!"

"Then we must *be* wicked, for Henry's sake. It will be a lesson to him all his life. Whereas if he knew how we *had* got the money—"

"Yes," agreed Miss Pye. Her eye rested a moment, almost wistfully, on the wad of notes. "You know, dear, I do see the temptation myself."

"So do I," said Miss Roberta. "And that's another reason for keeping the stand empty. To remind *us* as well."





SEARCHING FOR ROOTS IN AMERICA

BY JOHN HYDE PRESTON

ELEVEN years ago I stood on the rear platform of a transcontinental limited and saw the skyline of Seattle fade slowly under a rainy sky. In reality it was my world that was fading. I had been brought there so young that all that had gone before was legend; I had spent my childhood, my boyhood, and my early youth in that world, and I had grown very unhappy in it. I wanted to be a writer and it was obvious, I thought, that one could not be a writer in Seattle. I did not know exactly why; I knew only that I was being starved in the unfriendly midst of that strident western metropolis; a one-sided "progress" had drowned out the unheard melodies for which my lonely, foolish, youthful spirit thirsted.

I had left school in disgust at seventeen; the American system of education spoiled for me everything it touched, and the classroom seemed the last place to go for learning. There followed a year of omnivorous reading, a year of lolling on the waterfront, of talking to sailors, longshoremen, Chinese fishermen, any man or woman who smelt of salt and whose tongue could pronounce the names of mysterious far-off cities. The most golden city in America lay three thousand miles away and its name was New York. I dreamed New York, talked New York, lived New York until Seattle became untenable for me—and I left.

To stand there on the train that April morning in 1925 and watch Seattle dim, to watch the green spring fields rise and rise and rise and take Seattle's place, was for me an act of glorious repudiation. I

was Shakespeare going to London to hold horses for the patrons of the Globe Theatre. I was Shelley lying asleep on the dark Italian hills. I was Emerson walking gravely in the streets of Boston. I had turned my face to the East.

The train moved rapidly over the coastal plain, running between the lush April western fields, and then began the long slow climb into the mountains. I can still hear the chugging of the two engines that were pulling, and the whined grinding on the rails. As we went higher into the mountains the whole atmosphere grew strangely darker; it was not really raining but we seemed to have been projected into the element that is rain. Then we came to the Cascade Tunnel.

As a boy climbing mountains I had seen the dark western mouth of that tunnel, cut eight miles through the rock of that white range, and as I grew older I had thought of it as the gateway to all that was my birthright. Every morning I had gazed at those cool white peaks and cried out: Over there, over there, beyond is my home! . . . The train plunged into the tunnel, and for fifteen minutes we sat in the fury and rush and the blackness outside and the heavy oily smell of smoke from the engines.

Suddenly we emerged into light. Something had happened! At first I did not quite know what it was because I could not believe it. I rushed to the observation platform. The sky was flawless blue! We had been born into a new day of crystal and sharp sun. For the first time in my eighteen years I was so

overwhelmed by a sudden newness of the physical world that I could not help shouting. The emotional meaning of that moment was staggering. The long drizzle of Seattle and my youth were left behind, held back forever by these mountains, and the new day extended infinitely clear to the eastward, under a faultless heaven.

All the significance and all the hope of flight were embodied in that sudden change of weather. I had traveled less than five hours of a five-day journey, but I was already East!

II

Nothing I saw on the way disturbed my dream of New York as the golden city. But my first day there was one of silent, sick despair. For New York was Seattle grown tall and nervous, and after that first day I could never again recall wholly to mind the picture of what I had expected. It was not a golden city—not in terms of buildings, streets, and a towered island—but a golden atmosphere—in terms of life, men, women, and culture—that I wanted; and when I did not find that atmosphere I began to suspect for the first time, dimly, that what was wrong was not Seattle or New York but something at the heart of the American dream. And as the weeks and months passed, I began to ask myself why I had come and why I stayed. When I could find no honest answers I abandoned myself to rationalizations: that New York is the intellectual hub of America, that the young man who wants to write must come to New York so as to be in close touch with editors and publishers. I doubt now that these reasons would hold any water that was not frozen by custom. The best intellectual life in America can be savored more quietly and fully at the Seattle Public Library than at a literary tea, and the necessity of contact with editors is a legend fostered by every young man's ego-desire to meet and talk with important men.

The real motivation of my flight out of the West was something which I was not

to understand until years later; and when I finally did understand it I began to wonder if that flight was not the most inanely paradoxical move I could have made. For it was really a beginning of a search for my roots, for a living creative tradition of which I could be a part and a growing part. If I belonged anywhere geographically, it was to the West; my family on both sides had belonged there since before the Civil War. Yet I knew instinctively that I did not belong to Seattle; and while it is true that I left it with some violence of spirit, I left it with no violence done in the way of tearing up roots.

But I had only to come to New York, to New England, to know that I did not belong there either. The Massachusetts and Hudson River Dutch traditions, which I had been brought up to think of as my heritage, had settled into a dry and sterile form by the time I came to reach out for them. I could find nothing to hold onto, nothing to grow with; all the vitality of the country was industrial, commercial; it was a business civilization in which the artist was a stranger, an interesting visitor at best. That fact gave me, as a young writer, a feeling of terrifying aloneness.

At first I was inclined to treat this aloneness as a personal phenomenon, or as a phenomenon peculiar to artists in this country; but as the years passed and I really began to see it, I came finally to know that it is true of a great many Americans; that it is, and for a hundred years has been, the most persistent malady of the American soul. When the average practical American thinks of roots he thinks of a local habitation; his roots are not real roots but only ties and sometimes only sentimental attachments to a village or a state where his friends are. But ties do not feed the spirit. We are all spiritual gypsies; we are products of the American air, not of the American earth. The Englishmen I used to know as a boy in British Columbia always kept with them the thing that was England; they may have been born and bred on the colonial

hearth, but when they said the word "home" you saw Trafalgar Square. And the Frenchman is never very far from France; he knows that France which is his and he keeps it with him. But we Americans do not have America because we do not know which part of it is ours.

For a time it appeared to me then that the only way for a sensitive man to solve the problem of being an American was to follow the course of Henry James and Whistler and repudiate America altogether. I wondered how those who stayed—Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Poe, Hawthorne, Mark Twain—had been able to endure it, and all that was bad and narrow in them seemed to have been made bad and narrow by the world they chose to live in. I read Whitman day after day in a sick longing to get at the heart of something that was American, but all I could find there was the same longing that I had; and it seemed to me that he only groped blindly for a definition, an affirmation, and in his eagerness saw an America that never had been, was not, and never would be. The only America I could behold was one in which the things of real importance were automobiles, stock-market gains, speed records, and wealth. I hated the big business men who had created a world in which human beings could live only in an ugly and unreal fashion, in which the things of the spirit were dwarfed or denied. I thought the big business men were happy in the world they had created. At that time I could not have understood how it is a lonely, incoherent and pathetic desire to capture a dream and a sense of something forever lost—perhaps something which never existed—that makes a Henry Ford restore the Wayside Inn, that makes the Rockefellers rebuild Williamsburg.

The economic order seemed so tied up with the things I hated that I could never bring myself to trace in it the forces that had given birth to the human degradation and agony I felt in myself and all round me. I fled instead to libraries and concert halls and art museums. One day I

read in an article by Theodore Dreiser that whenever his spirit sank low he could find peace by going to the Metropolitan Museum and looking long into the faces of the Rembrandt portraits. Day after day I haunted the museum, not for the Rembrandts, but in the hope of seeing the face of Theodore Dreiser looking into their dark oil eyes—Dreiser in agony as an artist in America. I had a feeling that it would tell me something that I could find out no other way. The weeks passed; every day I continued to haunt the Rembrandt gallery until the guards grew suspicious of me, but Theodore Dreiser never came.

That was in 1926 and the expatriate movement which had developed after the War was then at its height. A vast number of the young creative spirits had left these shores and were living and working in Europe. Much that should have been a product of the American environment was being born in Paris, and soon all the movement and feeling of the time was to crystallize there in the most typical of the new-age magazines, *transition*, published in English on the banks of the Seine. The emotion I had when *transition* accepted and printed a batch of poems I had sent over now seems to me incredible, but it is a perfect indication of the state of mind of at least one young American of that time that the publication of my work in *transition* gave me, for the first time, a sense of being in touch with my native tradition.

I used to wonder then why I did not actually go to Paris and have done with this dark squall of a continent that gave me such a feeling of homelessness; and whenever I asked myself that question, I could give no intelligent reason for staying. Of course I had to earn a living, but the struggle I was having with it here did not leave much chance that it could be a great deal worse in Paris. Yet there was all the time something that kept me back; it was something which I did not know or recognize, but it was very powerful. There was growing in me a half-conscious conviction that an American who could

not find in America the true life of his work was an invalid person.

III

I determined to find out what this America was. The modern scene did not hold the key; in order to find out anything at all I would have to start where America had started. Like most Americans, I was profoundly ignorant of my country's history; but ignorant or not, my desperation had made me willing to try anything. I threw myself headlong into the past. I set my birthdate back to 1620 and began to live America. I found in the revolutionary period a form and coherence and direction no longer visible in the America about me; it was the Paris where I had not gone, and it made Paris ridiculous. I found there the idealism and the true impulse to creation which had turned to boastfulness in the America of the 1920's, and I knew then what always I had dimly sensed: that when a nation begins to boast of what it has made, the true making period is over, and the stiffness and sterility of a set form is already upon it. A real culture is not aware of what it is; it functions instinctively without knowing the exact nature of its parts, and only afterward, when it has begun to die, are men able to call by name a strange and wonderful force which has been moving through them. There were many men naming the culture of the late 1920's in America; it was unnaturally and unhealthily self-conscious. It was of course a materialistic culture. I could look back into America and see its beginnings, but I could also see other beginnings that never grew, and then I thought I saw why it was so lonely and lopsided and aggressive. A strong, healthy, vital nation does not normally repulse the men who are its articulate expression—its poets, novelists, painters, musicians—and send them blindly and angrily into exile. If a country is truly happy and a people is happy, the poets and artists stay near the earth where they are born and celebrate the happiness that

is there and walk proudly in the streets.

The fact that so many of our creative men have fled the native scene, both in this century and the last, has given to many otherwise intelligent Americans the idea that the artist is a timid soul who can work only in an atmosphere of gentleness with the Louvre for breakfast; but if the artist can strike fire and life from his surroundings it does not matter where he is, and when the creative men of a nation leave it, it is because the only fire they feel there is the cold, dry fire from sparklers. I know it is a tenet of one school of æsthetics that the artist always works alone, but that tenet is a lie by way of protest against the growing confusion of the outer world. The Renaissance, starting in Italy and blooming gradually northward like a spring, embraced men where it found them; a true fertility, it brought culture closer to the earth that had given it birth. But doubtless the men of the Renaissance did not know from whence their strength had come. I thought that if I could find in a study of history the real strength of America I could discount the aridity of my present scene as a pause in the country's growth.

It gave me a certain sense of victory in those years to have stayed in America and wrestled with my problem. I was proud that I had not gone into exile. But I know now that it was a baseless pride; I was an exile to the eighteenth century instead of to Paris.

For any complete absorption in history is really a means of flight or a means of personal discovery. With me it was both. I ran away from the present to discover America and myself.

In those years of thinking and writing about the Revolution I had flashes of strong conviction that I had really touched and sensed the force that was American. But they were only flashes, and when they were gone they left me more skeptical than before. Like the men of the eighteenth century, I got drunk on democracy and the ideal republic—but always there came a day when I could not keep myself from seeing what

those things had become in my twentieth-century world. And looking upon my own century, I felt that democracy had shriveled into doctrine, that it had failed and with it had failed the best hopes of mankind; and it seemed to me then that the collapse of the dream of self-government was the cruelest libel ever passed upon the race of man.

I used to walk the streets and look into the faces of men and women, thinking I could perhaps see there what this democracy meant to them. Was it sterile for them too, a Venus without breasts? Why had democracy remained so unfruitful for the creative spirit? Had she given birth to anything but a tradition of apathetic liberalism? Why had the men of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries been unable to find in democracy the springs of an elemental faith, a faith that could bind them together as the men of the Middle Ages had been bound by their concept of the eternal Woman? Was democracy alone responsible for the rootlessness in which was inherent a poverty of creative expression?

I questioned myself into despair; and after my intense preoccupation with Revolutionary America had written itself into two books I began to grow very suspicious of the meaning it had had for me. In the space of seven or eight years I had re-lived the thirty decades of America, and in the end I was really back where I started. I had caught glimpses of the roots that should have been mine, that should have been ours; but having seen them, I was less sure than ever of possessing them; and the whole great America which I had lived had only increased my feeling of rootlessness.

IV

This feeling can be disastrous to a man's work and it was disastrous to mine. It seemed for a long time when the feeling was running strongest that there was nothing to write about because there was nothing in America, past or present, with which I could identify myself in the way that I had identified myself with the

Revolution; and I could never see anything wholly again until I had seen through my problem. The Revolution still lived for me, but I had been bitterly disillusioned and I could never look upon it again with quite the same freshness of spirit.

I began to imagine that this loneliness of mine was a curious sickness of my own and had no basis in common experience; I thought I could not speak freely about it because I should not be understood. I would have given anything then to have felt America as one of the eighteenth-century French Diarists, whom I had read so avidly, had felt it; but it seemed to me that most of that America had existed in a romance which they had prefigured and whatever had been real was gone. I went back to the letters of Henry James and Lafcadio Hearn and the other expatriates of the nineteenth century in an effort to find out what they had truly felt, and they only complicated my emotions more hopelessly. I read Irving and Lowell and Holmes and Howells and they all seemed to me timid apes whose very blood had been diluted with ink from Bloomsbury. Yet it did not appear unnatural that they had tried to be British—especially when I remembered my own flights to Victoria, the most British city outside England, when I had to escape the Seattle of my youth—and in a way they were just as American as Poe and Hawthorne and Melville except that they were not such violent men; they had merely solved their homelessness in a simpler and perhaps happier fashion. Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman were the only Americans of their time whom I could stomach then.

I searched among my older contemporaries for an understanding of the thing I was in quest of, and I found in them a turbulent, inchoate, and incohesive America. I found in Dreiser and Lewis and Anderson and O'Neill a sense of frustration and tragedy and a bitter discontent with the thing that was their heritage; but I looked in vain for the earth-form that is so unmistakable in a Thomas Mann. I hoped for a time that

they were struggling to define a form that was American, that their wild rough earth could be blown down to expose the American roots; but I saw after a while that they were only defining the struggle that occurs when there are no forms and no roots. They were men caught in the same impasse as myself and I added their loneliness and despair to my own.

Then a strange light was thrown upon the problem by the phenomenon of Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway had seemed to me the only American who had any deep feeling for form and order—not only in the literary sense—and certainly he was one who could approach the eternal verities with such classic restraint that he gave you the feeling that he had known them always. I could not explain to myself for a long time why I got the feeling that Hemingway was so unusual in the American scene; I wondered if his form was really deep-born, an instinctive American form, or if it was not merely the result of a brilliant craftsmanship whose tricks eluded me; and then suddenly one day I realized that Hemingway had never written about America at all. He wrote about cultures that were firmly rooted and he could sharply etch the surface turmoil because he was very sure of what was underneath. He could not understand or write of Americans unless they were in costume. His heroes were expatriates like himself; they were masquerading as Paris newspaper men or Italian soldiers or Spanish bullfighters who really had nothing to do with the Kansas City American who was Ernest Hemingway.

At first in my angry resentment against Hemingway I felt that he had been a coward to flee into a European form—a form disguised by a mask of American language—but I knew that he was not really a coward and that it must have been something very deep in him which had motivated his flight. There were many men who had done the same thing, and they were good men too; some were strong men. Why did one like T. S. Eliot retreat into England and the cloisters of

a medieval Catholicism? Why did a brilliant young Chicagoan like Vincent Sheean find all the true movement and challenge of the modern world embodied in the European and Asiatic scenes and think of America only as a name which he could not habitate? I puzzled over the case of Louis Adamic. An immigrant, he returned after twenty years to the Yugoslavia he had left as a boy of thirteen, and when he wrote about the experience a note of sureness and peace and warmth crept into his prose—a note that had never been present in anything he had written about America.

In Adamic I found a new hope. What excited me in his book was not his rediscovery of Yugoslavia but the thing he left unsaid: that a man may go back to the soil where his roots are and find them stronger and more vital for him than ever they had been before, and when he has found them again, the man who grew from them takes on new meaning and his work new richness. He does not assume any quality that you can name; he gives himself to a flow, and while he is flowing he feels and sees all things with a wonderful depth and sureness.

I became convinced then that a man could do no real work until he knew what his roots were, until he had returned to them for nourishment.

I had no Yugoslavia, but I had Seattle. The life I was leading in New England was a lie. I sat in a house on a Connecticut hillside and tried to write in the midst of trees and fields and people who had nothing to do with me and the place where I belonged. It was a barren travesty. Whenever I looked at the stone walls I saw a colonial cavalry taking them at full gallop, but that is all they meant to me; they meant the past into which I had escaped, and now neither the past nor the stone walls were real. I could understand then what Lord Clifton meant when he said that he did not know how a man could be happy looking out of a window on land that was not his own. I have never had any feeling about property, but the isolation and homelessness

of a nation of renters became horribly clear to me then. I was renting not only land; I was renting a culture. And it was a culture in which I could not live.

Seattle became an obsession with me. I used to go out in the night and stand beside my car in the darkness and say: I will drive to Seattle. I will leave this lie and go back where I belong. But then I would remember what a sprawl and void Seattle had been to me in my youth. I would feel once more the blindness and hardness of the Seattle I had known—and as I stood there the whole longing to return would become irresistibly comic and sad.

It was then that I realized for the first time how futile, how absurd it was to think of one's roots in terms of a physical location. Roots do not grow in places but in things you believe deeply, feel deeply. The only soil in which they can take hold is the soil of a central faith and purpose. I should find no more nourishment in Seattle than in New England. For America has exiled her creative men, not bodily, but spiritually and intellectually; geography has had nothing to do with it, and for the exiles Minneapolis and Moscow, Pittsburgh and Paris are as one. And I realized too at that time, with a feeling at once happy and helpless, that it was no longer a personal matter, and I knew then that I should never find my roots until all Americans had found theirs and that we should all find these roots together, without being truly conscious of what was happening.

V

But how was it going to happen? How in an America composed of so many elements domestic and foreign was one going to find anything that all of us could believe together, in the way that the Americans of 1776 believed in the new democracy? Where in a world denuded of its religious and political illusions was to be found more than a thin trickle of a common faith, all that was left of the mighty

rivers which once poured down the land?

Up to this time the need for a collective faith had existed only dimly on the fringes of my mind; my concept of it was still enclosed within the vague outlines of eighteenth-century democracy. I felt that I should have to work slowly forward again; I did not dream that I should have first to go back another five centuries before I should be able to know even the meaning of a collective faith. I did not will it; I was carried back very suddenly, one day a few years ago, when I dipped casually into a book which I had read before in my very early youth and which then had left no impression but confusion. Such books exist always in the world, and if one has a central problem they seem to hover about it for years unread, awaiting the right moment to descend upon the consciousness. When they do descend the effect is electrical and stunning. The book was *The Education of Henry Adams*. With that and Adams' *Mont St. Michel and Chartres* I began my re-education as a twentieth-century American.

I soon became aware that there was no other man whose whole life bore such tragic testimony to the intellectual American's feeling of rootlessness, and no other historian who had projected himself into the past with such a deep need to discover his own soul. His exile was more painful than the exiles of James and Whistler and Hearn; for they escaped early to the places in the world where they were happiest, but Adams stayed and was an exile in his own country and did not find himself until he was well past middle life. But when he did find himself he saw what the others who had fled were never given to see. You might think that a man who found in a study of the thirteenth century the key to his own malady was less direct than James or Whistler or Hearn who found their solutions in London and Paris and Japan. The truth is that he was the only direct one of the lot. The others escaped; Adams penetrated. It took him sixty years of agony to do it, but when it was done the result was a very great step toward the intellectual and

spiritual discovery of America and, in a sense, of the modern world.

If any man should have felt at home in America it was Henry Adams. He was born into a great family and a great tradition and all that was good here was his for the taking. Yet from the beginning he was obsessed by the foolishness of taking and the futility of having. He was a rare teacher and excellent historian, but being those things meant nothing to him; and even when he was proposed for the Presidency, to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather and great-grandfather, he behaved with the awful detachment of a man without personal illusions. He felt himself a failure and that feeling grew with the years; it was only when it had driven him to true despair that he was able to face it and analyze it and so tear out of his own life and agony the dark reason that so many Americans feel alien in their own country, subject always to a sort of spiritual deportation.

It took Henry Adams, the American, the Bostonian, the Puritan, to diagnose the American malady—a malady which truly infects the whole world but exists here in a more virulent form. Adams took America and puritanism and democracy back with him into the thirteenth century, and he found them dwarfed and unreal and impotent. The very fact that he had to go back six hundred years for his roots has kept many Americans, who have approached him without having themselves known his struggle, from grasping the roundness of his discovery. Yet what Adams found in a study of medievalism was, in a broad sense, what Karl Marx found in a study of the modern economic order. Their analyses of the widely different cultures to which they made such widely different approaches, added up in the end to the same result: that no society can be happy or healthy in which individuals exist for their own sakes alone, to attain their own ends, without any true sense of the whole and without collective purpose. Marx was able to go farther than Adams because he had a remedy, and if Adams fails to

qualify as a modern prophet it is because he took no steps beyond a definition of the trouble.

Adams, finding his own world incapable of producing anything that was enduring in more than the narrow material sense, threw himself back into the medieval world in a search for the force which had bound its culture together. And the Puritan was to find it in the Virgin! He looked upon Chartres Cathedral and he knew instinctively, and later intellectually too, that Chartres was not made by its stones and its architecture, but out of the force generated by a collective faith. Chartres was the expression of what every man in the thirteenth century believed; Chartres was a monument to the fertile Virgin who had drawn stonecutters and masons and sculptors from over all Europe to pay her their tribute in work; and so Chartres was not a cathedral but men living. Adams looked back upon his own world which worshipped the machine and he realized that this machine should help man build another Chartres more strong and vast and beautiful; but he knew that another great cathedral could never be built, not because the machine would spoil it, but because the Christianity which had found its flower in Chartres was now a dying culture and nothing truly great could ever come into existence save in the exuberance of a collective faith. The dynamo would be of no good to the race that did not have a common purpose. "All the steam in the world," he said, "could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres."

The Virgin became for him the symbol of strength. The Puritan from Massachusetts found in her all that had been denied to him for sixty years and all that had been denied to his American earth. She became for him the Woman, the creative Female, the pregnant and fruitful Venus that she had been for the men of Chartres. Adams saw how the Virgin had become sterile in the modern world and modern Church, how the wonderful rich medieval love of the generative Venus had shriveled into guilt and darkness.

Adams looked back into the world in which he had grown up and saw there men and women who had cut themselves off forever from the enriching forces. In the America where he had lived "sex was sin. In any previous age sex was strength. Adams began to ponder" (he wrote of himself in the third person), "asking whether he knew of any American artist who had ever insisted on the power of sex, as every classic had always done. American art, like American language and American education, was as far as possible sexless. St. Gaudens' art was starved from birth and Adams' instinct was blighted from babyhood. Each had but half a nature."

Adams' discovery of the Virgin and his interpretation of her as the generative Woman was something more than his reaction against puritanism and something more than finding the force that was to flower from Chartres onward through the Renaissance. It was really a discovery of the missing continent in the American spiritual geography. For the Virgin symbolized for Adams a power that was lacking pathetically in twentieth-century life, and it was really the power created when all men feel one thing deeply and depend upon it as a source of expression. He looked upon the narrow individual expression in the art of his own time and saw that the force was not there; and it was his feeling that it would never be there again until all men were once more held together in a collective faith, like the men of Chartres.

VI

It was my own need to discover some sort of collective faith and my failure to find it around me that had sent me back, with such hope and enthusiasm, to the eighteenth century in America. There I had heard the whispered beginnings of such a faith; but in the hundred and fifty years that had elapsed all the whispers had died away, and my own skepticism about democracy was hardly greater than that of my contemporaries. Where now,

where in Ohio, Illinois, Virginia, Connecticut, Washington, Oregon were to be born the men of Chartres? It seemed to me, that the only country in our modern world which had created a form that promised to bind men together, bind them in common belief and creative purpose, was the New Russia of the Soviets.

If any one force could be said to have warped and prevented true democratic development it was the force of laissez-faire capitalism. The beautiful bud of Rousseau's dream had contained within it the worm that was to eat away the blossom; that worm was the doctrine of the "natural rights of man" which recognized no authority higher than his instincts and would not stoop to traffic with base economic regulations. So the rights of man quickly became the rights of the most powerful men, and the generous philosophical ideals of 1776 failed to weather the storm of the industrial revolution. The simple agrarian democracy which Jefferson envisioned died before the strong shining steel of the railroads reached the Pacific; and the blessed "individual," as the Hills and the Rockefellers and the Fords saw him, would have been unrecognizable to his early champions.

Having once seen in present-day capitalism the true enemy of the democratic dream, one was not likely to be unfriendly to any system set up in opposition. A preoccupation with the idea of a collective faith could only increase that friendliness. Thus in the years after 1929, as darkness and despair settled more heavily upon the capitalist nations and the problem of roots became more turbulent in my mind, I became passionately devoted to the ideals of Soviet Communism and to that vast and vigorous young nation that was creating a society free from human exploitation and the profit motive. It seemed to me then that all the objectives ever held noble and intelligent by mankind in any age were to be found, in some form, in Russia; and whatever I saw that was ugly I explained away on the ground that it was incidental to the period of transition, and certainly nothing

in communism was as unlovely as the Christian Crusades. I completely forgot American history and spent my days and nights reading Marx and Lenin and studying the Soviet Union.

About this time—I would place the date arbitrarily at 1932—something happened which was bound to be deeply moving to a young American obsessed by rootlessness and the lack of a common cultural aim. That thing was the sudden swing of American artists, writers, and intellectuals to the Left—so sudden, indeed, that it appeared for a while to have happened by magic. You saw the former expatriates, who only yesterday had been cursing the depression which had forced them to return from Nice and Pamplona, now tense with new responsibility for the future; you saw the younger men, who at the last literary tea had seemed to have no common interests but their mistresses and bootleggers, now organizing in groups for united action. The professional jealousy which had formerly strained their relationship now died away; and poets and painters could meet together at last without being mutually distrustful of each other's art. For the first time in America's history her creative men were becoming knit in a singleness and unity of purpose. The atmosphere had the vitality of a new morning—and a new morning it seemed. After the years of loneliness and exile, it was intoxicating.

But the new morning for all its brightness revealed certain practical difficulties. It was clear to me that the creative spirit in America could no longer hope to draw power or nourishment from capitalist culture in its decline, and I was sympathetic to the communists' angry impatience to be rid of all this rottenness now and forever. Yet I was not entirely trustful of what they might put in its place.

The truth is that I could not entirely trust them because I could not entirely trust myself. I knew that my own desire for a socialist society was not only intellectual; it was emotional too; and at the times when my own poverty, against

which I had struggled so long, became especially acute the desire was so extremely emotional that I saw everything in a red fog. My emotion did not upset me because I thought emotion contemptible or because I thought it was my intellectual duty to maintain a high-and-dry academic impartiality; it upset me because, in moments of excitement and despondency, I heard myself saying things, violent things about the future, that insulted what I believed deep down.

The trouble with me was that I was still obsessed by the original American ideal, the beautiful lost dream of democracy; yet I had despaired of it and was ready to accept, as the last hope of mankind, a regime that might well cut off, temporarily at least, the democratic vista. The two dreams trying to exist together were producing in me an unhappiness and confusion. I could accept the communists' argument that it was not they, but the desperate capitalists heading toward an undeclared fascism, who really threatened to make democracy forever impossible in America; I could even accept their charge that my temporizing about vague "American principles" in the time of crisis was petit-bourgeois treason. I could accept, but I could not solve my conflict.

It was only as I was drawn deeper into the radical movement that the essential outlines of that conflict became apparent to me. I began to see then that the mistake the more rigid communists made was in assuming that Soviet Communism could be made ours by a mere intellectual identification with its spirit, that it could be imported here without suffering a sea-change; and slowly I came to realize that this mistake, of which I too was guilty in some measure, was really a sort of emotional escape and arose out of an urge to turn savagely against the democratic dream that had proved so delusive. Many of the communists whom I knew and many of my own emotions had a flavor that was strangely reminiscent of the people I had known and the emotions I had had ten years before. I be-

gan to wonder if it were not barely possible that some of these ardent intellectual radicals could not be identified as first cousins of the men who had fled to Paris in the 1920's, and if the radical movement—loosely conceived—were not in danger of becoming the New Expatria of the 1930's. And I wondered too if my own desire to throw myself into the Communist Party had not arisen out of the same feeling of aloneness and rootlessness which ten years before had made me want to throw myself upon the grave of Keats.

It was a sobering reflection—and I knew it was partly a true one. Yet it did not condemn the radical movement or the Communist Party or my own desire to become a part; it only put those things in some sort of perspective where I might more quietly examine them. What had always perturbed me about the extreme Leftists was their apparent willingness to repudiate the principles of our first revolution in the name of the one to come. It was not hard to see of course that these principles were being used obscenely by the patrioteers, and neither was it hard to see that they were fast becoming principles in name only. Yet they were not to be discarded lightly; they were not, if the future held a ray of hope, to be discarded at all. For they represented something more than personal liberty and freedom of speech. They represented all that was dynamic in the American dream, the vigor and eternal freshness of the democratic ideal. They were, in reality, our American roots.

It was clear that our present social and economic order offered little nourishment for the democratic roots; it was equally clear that the powerful movement toward a new society would tend, if too narrowly conceived, to cut itself off from the vital forces and run thinly into imitation and sterility. The real job of the revolutionary was to produce something more than social change; his real job was to produce a change that was an extension of the American dream. The enthusiasts too easily forgot that the wonderful vigor of the Soviets was deeply Russian. And

they too easily forgot the promise of fertility inherent in the Goddess of Liberty; it was not for nothing that the young Frenchmen who came to America during the Revolution referred to Democracy as a Virgin, for they felt in her, perhaps without being quite conscious of what it was, some of the power that had built Chartres. Now it was not hard to see that a decaying but embattled capitalism was making more and more impossible the Jeffersonian concept of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; and perhaps collectivism, which might be seen as the logical and natural development of any real democracy, was the only hope of protecting the dream of Jefferson against the corroding forces. But the coming change would have to be seen, not only as the spread of October 1917, not only as the extension of July 1776, but—if I may be permitted an extravagance—the offspring of their marriage.

The effect of such a conclusion was in no way to lessen my participation in the struggle but only to redefine it; it was also to make easier that other fight which was for patience. And slowly I began to see that communism as it had existed in my mind was one with all the other dreams: one with my youthful dream of the far-off New York, one with Paris, one with the eighteenth-century ideal of democracy, one with Chartres; it was just another expression of the same hope, and the thread which had bound the dreams together was my hungry need as a writer to find my roots, a sense of collective aim, a common spring at which all Americans could drink. The results which the future might give could not be forecast, and perhaps for the creative man the only result is the amount of force generated in him by the world which he inhabits. It might well be that the new society would never emerge in our lifetimes. It would never emerge at all if the impulse to achieve it were not powerful enough to bind men together in a collective purpose, and so end the search for roots and lift from the creative spirit in America the unspoken sentence of exile.



IS IT SAFE TO FLY?

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

PASSENGER planes have been flying on scheduled routes for only a little longer than a decade. That is the span of the airplane from experiment to transportation. There are time-tables, well-equipped passenger stations at major airports, air cruisers with spacious compartments in which comfort and appearance have superseded mere utility, in short, all the accouterments of modern travel. And yet the experience of flight is still so novel that one who uses the airlines only occasionally always asks himself: "Is it safe?"

It occurs, this question, after the take-off. That has been exciting, diverting. But now the plane has gained flight altitude and cruising speed. It all seems perfectly normal, the drone of the motors, the casual unconcern of the other passengers, the distant towers of the receding city lost in a smoky haze.

But the air may be a little bumpy. For an instant the bottom drops out from under the big ship. Something happens to the stomach of the inexperienced passenger. And then he is likely to recall the last fatal air accident or perhaps series of accidents. If such a thing could happen once, then . . . He wishes fervently to be reassured, he gropes in his mind for some positive affirmation, some absolute answer to the plaguing question: Is it safe to fly?

Innumerable attempts have been made during the past two years to say *yes* or *no*. There have been investigations, commissions, reports, and surveys without number, concerned principally with the

problem of air safety. And if they have proved any single thing it is merely that at the present stage of air development the answer must be a relative one.

It is plain, first of all, that safety in the air is dependent upon a number of factors. Certain of these factors have been reduced to a rule of thumb; brought within the province of regulation and inspection, in part through governmental action, largely through the dictates of an obvious self-interest. But there remains, despite the extraordinary development of the past ten years, a no-man's land in which the initial forces of a pioneering enterprise still have free play: fierce competition, individual daring, adventurous boldness.

It would be possible, I believe, to work out a more or less close parallel between the early development of the railroads and the development of the airlines. For many years, before regulation and the perfection of safety devices, wrecks occurred on the railroads with appalling frequency and heavy loss of life; indignant protests against such "needless" destruction are to be found in the newspapers of the time. The progress of the airline toward safety has been far more rapid than that of the railroad, the pioneering phase foreshortened by a geometric rather than an arithmetical process.

The greatest hazards to flight to-day exist in the no-man's land of unregulated exploitation. Here chances are taken, with human life dependent upon the judgment and the skill of two or three in-

dividuals, the pilot, the weather forecaster, the airline dispatcher. Many persons concerned with aviation believe that this is essential to progress, a part of the evolution toward safety; and their view may be correct. But those who ride the airlines regularly, in good weather and bad, should realize that they are contributing to an experimental process.

Most remarkable of all has been the progress of the airplane itself. During the past fifteen years it has evolved from a crude and uncertain device to a scientifically designed machine for air transportation. While there is criticism of manufacturers for not carrying safety experimentation to greater lengths, it is true that for ordinary purposes of flight under ordinary circumstances the modern airplane is a thoroughly reliable machine. It is subjected to intense stresses and strains, and exceptional accidents may be attributed to structural faults in the machine itself. In the same way occasional automobile accidents are caused by a faulty steering pinion but they are rare as compared to the number of accidents due to, say, reckless driving. Moreover, the medium in which the airplane functions makes the occurrence of rare structural defects a far more serious matter. But, omitting the exceptions, the machine itself can be counted upon for an almost perfect performance.

Similarly, the airplane pilot of to-day is vastly superior in training and technical knowledge to the pilot of fifteen years ago. According to a recent report of the Bureau of Air Commerce, there are 14,806 licensed pilots, while there are but 7,205 licensed aircraft, and this includes every sort of barnstorming wreck and home-made plane in existence. The airlines employ fewer than seven hundred pilots; for every available job there are twenty, thirty, or more highly qualified applicants. Out of this great surplus the airlines choose by an almost superhuman set of requirements and rigorous examinations the best men.

The apprentice pilot, already thoroughly trained in his craft, enters a

novitiate in which he must acquire not only experience but more and more knowledge. He must be grounded in the fundamentals of radio. He must have some understanding of meteorology. He must have a basic comprehension of the science of aero-dynamics. And he must have the stamina and physical equipment of an athlete. This highly trained technician is a long way removed from the barn-stormers of 1920. And like the ship he pilots, he may be relied upon under ordinary circumstances of flight.

II

The arm of the government that concerns itself with the pilot and his ship is the Bureau of Air Commerce which is within the Department of Commerce. The Bureau of Air Commerce licenses all transport planes after an inspection to determine whether they comply with certain minimum safety requirements. The Bureau licenses all pilots, ranks them according to the number of hours of flying time which they have to their credit, and sets a standard for commercial pilots flying passenger planes. The Bureau tests untried safety devices and seeks to discover new methods for making flying safer. Thus the de-icers recently put into use on the big ships of one or two of the major lines were the result of long experimentation by technicians of the Bureau of Air Commerce.

But most important of all, the Bureau operates a network of "safety aids" along every important airway in the country. A clear understanding of the function of these aids is essential to any consideration of air safety. For it is just here that the no-man's land begins. The government and the aviation industry have for some time been in angry dispute over the responsibility for the safety of human life in this no-man's land.

At frequent intervals along every airway, and particularly in country where there are numerous hazards of weather and topography, the government has constructed radio lighthouses. These radio

lighthouses send out narrowly delimited beams of sound. They are for the use of pilots flying through fog or bad weather with no sight of the ground—for blind flying. In each transport plane is a radio receiving set tuned to catch the beam of sound sent out by the nearest radio beacon. If the pilot stays on his course, between the airport he has left and the airport he is heading for, he will get through the receiving set from the radio beacon the on-course signal. He will know that he is safe. If he deviates to the left, then he will get one off-course signal, while if he deviates to the right he will get another off-course signal.

With the use of these beacons the pilot should be able to take off in dense fog and fly any given number of miles without sighting land again until he descends at his destination. That is the theory. But it is precisely at the point where fact and theory diverge that controversy begins.

In at least two major air accidents, that in which Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico and four others were killed in Missouri, and that in which twelve persons lost their lives on a mountainside in Pennsylvania, the question of the function of the radio beacons has been at issue. Officials of the Bureau of Air Commerce have insisted that the radio beacons are just what the term "safety aid" implies; that and nothing more, certainly not a guarantee of safety. They have said further that the Bureau has always regarded the beacons in certain areas as experimental in nature; over mountainous country, for example, where radio broadcasting is subject to a kind of static which science has not been able to eliminate. They have offered in proof official warning sent from time to time to all air-men of the faults existing in certain beacons.

The company took the point of view that the establishment of a network of radio beacons was in itself an assurance that blind flying was safe and that complete reliance might be placed upon the beacons. At the investigation that followed the Pennsylvania crash

many witnesses testified to serious faults in the beacons operated in the Allegheny Mountains beyond Pittsburgh. Not only did the beams swing wide of the true course, but, even more perilous, pilots had encountered false cones of silence. The cone of silence is the point at which the beam of sound ends, at the edge of the airport, and is, therefore, the signal to descend. The hazard of a false cone of silence, luring the pilot to descend through the fog to be trapped in a narrow mountain valley rather than to land at his destination, is all too obvious.

Consider for a moment the routine at the Newark airport on the morning of the Pennsylvania crash. The big transport plane, of the very newest type, is being tuned up for the cross-country run. In the time-table it is called the Sunracer. Just as a railroad engine is checked and re-checked before it is sent out on a run, so do the mechanics cover every part of the big silver-colored ship before it is brought out onto the runway.

In the dispatcher's office the weather bulletins from points along the first leg of the route, Newark to Pittsburgh, are coming in. There is fog over a considerable part of the way, in the mountains fog that extends down to the ground—"ceiling zero." That is the report to the dispatcher from Pilot Knob. From several mountain stations come reports of fine sleet in the air. On the basis of these reports, Pilot Ferguson makes out his flight plan, a part of the regular order preliminary to clearing a big air liner. He fills in the blank form indicating that he intends to fly blind at an altitude of five thousand feet.

There was nothing exceptional about the weather reports on this particular morning. It is the kind of weather that can be expected on the Newark to Pittsburgh run a great many days out of the year: fog, fine sleet, ceiling zero in the mountains. All checks and tests have been made. The flight plan is approved. The dispatcher clears the Sunracer, at almost the same time dispatching a sister ship, the Sky Chief. It is 7:45. At Cam-

den, New Jersey, the plane makes a brief stop, and Pilot Ferguson is given a short weather report covering many of the points he will pass over.

"Bellefonte, ceiling 4500, overcast. Pittsburgh, ceiling 1500, overcast. Harrisburg, ceiling 4500, overcast, haze. Cresson, ceiling 200, overcast, slight sleet, visibility two miles. Mercer, ceiling 3000, overcast, light fog."

But Pilot Ferguson has set his automatic gyro compass on his course and he is flying on the ribbon of sound that runs like a thread through the sky. He is indifferent to fog, indifferent to sleet, since the wings of his powerful plane are equipped with the new de-icers. At 10:09 Pilot Ferguson calls the traffic control tower at the Pittsburgh airport to report that he is ten miles away and ready to land when the course is clear. The hostess, Miss Nellie Granger, goes forward to speak to the pilot and his aide. The passengers are aware that the plane is about to land. Tree tops loom suddenly out of the fog, so close that one passenger has a brief moment of apprehension. An instant later the big liner has crashed into the side of a hog-back.

I have described this flight in detail because it shows how entirely normal the journey was up until that last instant. Ferguson and his co-pilot may have been aware for two or three minutes before the ship struck that they had come down into a gully; they may have been attempting to climb out at the moment of the crash; but there is no real evidence even of this much foreknowledge of disaster. The kind of weather prevailing between Newark and Pittsburgh could be expected for perhaps as much as one-fourth to one-third of the year. The Sky Chief came over the same route at the same time with no difficulty. Other planes of other lines also came through, although at least one flight, from the West to the East over the Alleghenies, was canceled at Pittsburgh on that morning.

By implication during the official investigation that followed the company said that blind flying was essential to busi-

ness and, therefore, it was the duty of the government to make blind flying safe. The Bureau of Air Commerce countered by putting in the record a copy of a Notice to Airmen, sent out less than a month before the crash, warning of the faults in the Pittsburgh radio beam and indicating that it should be used with great caution. Of an earlier beam of a different type there had also been numerous complaints and the second installation was generally regarded, according to the testimony of government witnesses, as experimental.

At the time of the crash the Sunracer was more than twenty-five miles off course, and the Bureau of Air Commerce, by still another line of questioning, sought to establish that the plane was considerably off course at the time Pilot Ferguson reported he was ten miles east of Pittsburgh and ready to land. At issue here was a practice difficult to establish officially but one with which all airmen are familiar. Several planes are approaching an airport at about the same time. There is keen rivalry to be the first one in. In the control tower at the airport is the traffic officer whose okch must be obtained before landing. To get the first official clearance for landing a pilot will underestimate his distance from the airport. Meanwhile planes that are close in must wait, circling the field until their turn shall come.

Competition between airlines is virtually unregulated. In several instances competing lines are parallel, planes of rival lines take off at about the same time, and there is a race to the destination. Not only do airlines compete with one another; they are in sharp competition with other forms of transportation, particularly the railroads which have carried out a costly speed-up program during the past five years.

It is hardly necessary to point out how this competitive situation affects the entire air transport industry. If a flight is canceled because of bad weather along the route, the company suffers a direct financial loss through refunding fares to passengers. Similarly, if because of bad

weather the line fails to take passengers to their destination, the company provides hotel accommodations and railroad transportation. More important in the opinion of the industry itself, the traveling public comes to doubt the reliability of the airlines. And it is a fact that the public is notoriously indifferent to safety except at rare intervals and in the face of rude reminders that perfection has not yet been achieved. Impatient travelers have been known to offer three and four times the regular fare in an effort to persuade the line to make a flight in the face of adverse weather.

In relation to blind flying there is another element of competition. It is the rivalry for place that exists between pilots. This is difficult or impossible to document, but no flier of experience to whom I have talked denies its existence. And there has been some evidence brought out in recent investigations to show the relation it has to safety. This is what Eugene L. Vidal, director of the Bureau of Air Commerce, had to say at the recent Senate investigation:

"It is quite natural that there is a comparison of pilots' ability, not only among the pilots within their own airline organizations, but among airline organizations as well. The pilots' jobs themselves are highly competitive. Add to these factors the fact that the pilot's pay is drastically reduced if most of the flights are not completed, the fact that the airline receives no revenue from either mail or passengers when the flight is canceled and the fact that aviation and the public demand progress, and we have developed, whether consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, an unconquerable, though admirable, urge to complete the flight if possible."

Beneath Mr. Vidal's rather bombastic language the picture of what happens in the cockpit is all too obvious. Half way out on the run the plane encounters dense fog and sleet. The radio weather forecast indicates even more obscure conditions ahead. What shall he do? The decision must be made by the pilot. If

his pay is going to be docked because he turns back, it is pretty plain that he will take a chance. Various companies have various policies in this respect, just as one line will cancel more flights than another line. To give still another example of the competitive pressure, instances have been reported in which the dispatcher has put it up to the pilot whether he will take a plane over a difficult course in bad weather or not; the pilot has refused and a substitute, a co-pilot, has been found not only willing but eager to take off.

III

Why doesn't the Bureau of Air Commerce forbid blind flying? Why aren't the regulations tightened? These are the questions that are asked after every major accident. It is possible that the answer lies in the nature of the Bureau and the way in which it is conducted. First of all, it is in one of the Departments most affected by New Deal politics and inevitably politics has touched it. The Senate committee which recently studied air safety under the able direction of Colonel H. E. Hartney had some very caustic things to say about the heads of the various divisions of the Bureau and the way in which they administer their responsibilities. And while this criticism may have been unduly severe, it has been all too apparent that something less than scientific impartiality has been the attitude of the Bureau.

Perhaps the fault lies in the fact that, in large part a regulatory body, the Bureau has taken on the color of its surroundings. Secretary Roper believes that the function of the Department of Commerce is to assist business, to help business to greater profits, to co-operate in every possible way with business. To tighten the restrictions on flying, in Secretary Roper's interpretation, would plainly not be assisting business. In the attitude that the Bureau has taken during the past three years there is evidence of this desire to please, and, conversely, a fear of giving offense. For each airline the Bureau has

prepared an elaborate manual of regulations, covering every mile of the way, every landing and take-off; but these regulations are extremely limited in scope.

In many ways the position of the Bureau is an anomalous and unhappy one. For example, under an amendment to the air commerce act of 1926, obtained through the efforts of Mr. Vidal in 1934, the Bureau is required to conduct an investigation into major air accidents and report the cause or causes. Like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan, the Bureau has thus become judge, jury, and prosecutor all in one. And the airlines have not been slow to point out that it comes into its own court with a self-interest that makes the appearance of judicial impartiality a farce. For, as I have said, the operation of the radio beacons has been an issue in at least two recent accidents. In some twenty investigations conducted since 1934 the Bureau has never found itself guilty in even the slightest degree. Even if the investigators had been possessed of the high detachment of the recording angel, such a record could not but invoke skepticism. Mr. Vidal has bitterly regretted his amendment, and the Bureau is now trying to rid itself of an impossible task.

This is to suggest only a few of the Bureau's inherent limitations. Since its creation under the Air Commerce Act of 1926 not a single one of the Bureau's rulings has been challenged in the courts, which may or may not be a measure of its usefulness. But it leaves wide open the question of how far air regulation may go. If the Bureau, for example, were to forbid blind flying except under the most restricted circumstances, a challenge of the Bureau's authority would probably follow. And it takes very little legal insight, in view of recent Supreme Court decisions, to see the line of attack that the aviation industry would take. It could doubtless be demonstrated that such a ruling was confiscatory. And in the most literal sense of the word, if the airlines that operate over the Alleghenies were compelled to cancel say one-fourth to one-

third of all flights in the area, that might well be true.

Closer regulation of the air transport industry is inevitable. By their very nature the airlines, like the railroads before them, must become a closely regulated monopoly. The Federal government now pays a considerable sum in the form of an indirect subsidy through airmail contracts each year to sustain the aviation industry. How large a part of this is competitive waste it would be difficult to say. But inasmuch as the government foots the bill, the government is entitled to exert broad regulatory authority over the airlines.

Regulation of competition in the air transport industry would fall logically to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which already has control over railroads, busses, and, in a limited degree, inland water transportation. The Co-ordinator of Transportation, Mr. Joseph B. Eastman, has suggested in several reports that air regulation is essential to the well-being of all forms of transportation. And the importance of Mr. Eastman's recommendations is not lessened by the fact that Congress unfortunately failed to continue the office of Co-ordinator.

By means of its familiar weapon, the certificate of convenience and necessity, the Interstate Commerce Commission would forbid competitive operation over the same route, it would regulate fares in relation to railroad rates, it would pass upon the need for new routes and determine operating costs. In all probability it would make the traveling public bear more of the financial risks growing out of weather conditions. It might well forbid refunds for canceled flights, and it should certainly not allow the present practice of paying hotel accommodations and railroad transportation, penalizing the line for failure to reach a destination.

The Commission would have considerable authority over the wages and working conditions of pilots and other airline employees. Pilots should under no circumstances be penalized for failure to complete scheduled flights. Inciden-

tally, a union of pilots formed several years ago has done something to reduce the competitive pressure. To put it briefly, regulation could tend to eliminate the human factor, to relieve individuals of the perilous burden of choice, to standardize all operations by formula. While it is not possible to-day to say precisely how this will be done, no one can doubt that it must come.

Already the Interstate Commerce Commission has made a beginning. The Postoffice Department passed on to the Commission the duty of determining the cost of carrying the airmail. With this beginning the Commission has steadily broadened its authority until recently it asserted the right to determine whether an airline with a mail contract should be allowed to start an off-line route, that is, a new service off the regular mail-passenger route. This right was challenged but finally sustained by the full Commission, and the first hearing is soon to be held, on the application of Transcontinental & Western Air to extend the off line from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to San Francisco. Los Angeles is the terminus of TWA's regular cross-country route, and San Francisco is the western terminus of the mail route of United Air Lines. Here, it is plain, is a highly competitive situation.

A bill which would put the air transport industry within the province of the ICC has been before Congress for more than a year. The McCarran air regulation act would bring even airports, though they may be municipally owned and operated, under the control of the Commission. The ICC under the terms of the McCarran measure would issue certificates to all airport operators and air carriers would be allowed to land only at airports run by licensed operators. This would be done under the sanction of the commerce clause of the Constitution, putting a considerable strain on that already overworked clause. Strict regulations such as the ICC could be expected to lay down would hardly go unchallenged and a legal interpreta-

tion of the limits of air commerce and the regulatory powers of the government over this newest medium of transportation could be expected.

IV

If the air transport industry is to become a regulated monopoly, where does the Bureau of Air Commerce belong? From certain persons in the Bureau the suggestion has come that it would continue to do what it does now; to operate the safety aids, contribute to the development of new safety devices, and aid generally in the development of the industry. The power of the Bureau to investigate air accidents and report on the causes should be revoked at once, and in this the officials of the Bureau heartily concur. All positions in the Bureau, including probably even that of director, should be put under civil service.

There is a great deal to be said for allowing the Bureau to continue to operate the safety aids. The Interstate Commerce Commission, or some other body given broad regulatory powers, would then have the responsibility of determining the causes of air accidents, and the Bureau would come into a comparatively disinterested court. The advantages in placing the regulatory function in one governmental agency and the technical job of operating the safety aids in another are obvious.

The Bureau has already taken an important step to assert its authority in a field in which responsibility has hitherto been divided. Until recently a system of air-traffic control has been maintained on a co-operative basis by the airlines at three major airports, Newark, Chicago, and Cleveland, under the general supervision of the Bureau. But the latter has had little real authority over an officer paid with company money, nor has it been at all clear which agency, private or public, has had the ultimate responsibility for air-traffic regulation over the crowded airplanes leading into these congested centers. It was an excellent

illustration of the no-man's land in which authority is dangerously diffused.

Now the Bureau has taken over these control stations and will establish others at Detroit, Washington, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Pilots flying along a major airline will be informed of the position of other ships on that route. Before taking off each pilot will furnish to the officer in the control tower a copy of his flight plan, giving intended altitude, speed, and all other essential data, with the idea that his course can be followed from start to finish. With the plan before him the control officer will check from time to time by radio on the progress of all planes. In this way probable arrival time can be determined and an order of landing precedence worked out with considerable exactitude.

It is not such a long step from this to strict regulation over the entire course of the planes that are under surveillance. Given certain adverse conditions of wind and weather, the director of traffic control may be empowered to order a plane at a certain point back to its starting point; he may direct another to proceed to a different destination on the basis of weather reports showing definite hazards.

At the same time that the government was paying by indirect subsidy the overhead of competing airlines it was paring down the appropriations to the Bureau of Air Commerce and the United States Weather Bureau, another agency directly concerned with air safety. Officials of the Air Commerce Bureau complained during the recent Senate investigation that while the air industry was expanding at a rapid rate, the appropriation for the Bureau was shrinking at an almost equally rapid rate. For this, however, they must bear a part of the blame, since it was shown that certain of the funds allocated to the Bureau in the general Department of Commerce appropriation were diverted to other purposes. It is, nevertheless, true that economy has had a hampering and confusing effect on the work of the Bureau.

More serious perhaps is the niggardly policy that Congress has adopted toward the aerological division of the Weather Bureau. As a result of this economy it has been impossible to make weather observations in the upper air by modern methods, and these reports have a vital bearing on air safety. Radio meteorographs have been perfected by means of which it is possible to determine in a few seconds the wind velocity, temperature, and humidity of the upper strata; but these devices are not available to our Weather Bureau. What is more, less than half a dozen airfields are equipped to make weather observations in the upper air by airplane. The latter method requires three hours to get the same data reported by the radio meteorograph in as many seconds. Dr. D. M. Little, chief of the aerological division, testified at a recent air investigation that Soviet Russia is spending twenty-five times as much as this country for weather reports relating to aviation.

Comparisons between aviation in this country and in Europe are in general meaningless. Although I have been unable to obtain any credible statistics, I do not doubt it could be shown that it is safer to fly in Europe. Blind flying with passengers is almost non-existent and more flights are canceled. Subsidies are given directly, and in return the European government gets control which in most instances is absolute. Civil aviation is subordinated to military aviation, the former being merely an accessory of national defense.

That is Europe. It is foreign to the American idea of progress. The air is, in a sense, the last frontier and it still exerts a romantic attraction which is apparently stronger than the scruples of the cautious. In April of this year a major air disaster occurred. In the following month the airlines carried 96,368 passengers, which was reported as an all-time record. Law and order are being imposed along this last frontier, but the process will not be completed to-morrow nor yet day after to-morrow.



THE LITTLE BLUE DOG

A STORY

BY MICHAEL CROWLEY

JOHN MURPHY, at the sergeant's desk, back of the wooden, brown railing, thought that he had never known the Thirty-ninth Street Station to be so deserted. It made him think of a haunted house.

The bunch of reporters had all run out on the tail of what looked like a big story up at Hacker and Fiftieth, where a couple of fellows were shooting up a hotel lobby. The incident, in fact, had drained about the last human being from the Station.

He tried to think of some time when the place had been so empty and quiet; but it certainly never had been, not even in the deadeast hours of a night shift. There was something uncanny about it. Maybe the dreary, purplish twilight of a winter day carried more elements of ghostliness than the blackest or the wildest midnight.

Occasional wind gusts rattling glass panes took his thoughts back to the Old Country, where such signs were understood. He remembered how his father, on seeing a moving whirl of dust or feeling a sudden rush of wind, would frown, and say: "Mush! The little people, God bless them, are riding. There'll be mischief, God forgive me for saying it."

Well, he'd soon be off for the night. He glanced up at the clock, saw that it was just trembling on the five-forty-five mark. At six o'clock, he'd be off, and a half to three quarters of an hour later, he'd be sitting down to one of Mary's

plain, abundant, tasty dinners. It'd seem good to a man with an empty nine-quart stomach who'd been driving for thirty minutes through snow, cold, and darkness.

He leaned back and stretched. His eyes were on the Station door, but that was merely because the door was in such a position as to impinge on his vision. He was thinking of the hot dinner, and then a quiet evening with Mary, and maybe Tommy if the lad wasn't off for one of his dates; a thorough perusal of the evening paper, conversation, entertainment from the radio; but mainly warmth, rest, and comfort.

Presently the door opened to admit a uniformed officer, Swanson to be exact, and a well-dressed but disheveled man whom he was pulling along with an armhold. The man was passively resisting, trying mildly to hold back.

Murphy straightened up, reached for his pen, and opened his book. When they reached the desk, Swanson released his hold, and his captive stood quiet, with head down, looking a little blurred with drink.

"Drunk," Swanson said. "He was kickin' up a fuss in an apartment house. He's seein' things."

"I ain't drunk," the prisoner protested. He did not look up. "I was fighting the dog."

"He was seein' a dog," Swanson explained. "Makin' a hell of a racket up in his room, tryin' to catch this dog.

The landlady said he'd been whistlin' at it and chasin' it all night. At first, she never wanted to turn him in, because he pays his rent, but I guess it finally got her down."

"What's your name?" Murphy asked.

"I ain't drunk," the prisoner persisted. "This damn dog's been after me for years."

"What's your name?"

"Jim Brandon. I had a few drinks, but I ain't drunk."

"You say he lives at this apartment?"

"Yeh, at 3910 Lake. Apt. 303," said Swanson. "He's been hittin' it pretty hard. Had the whole table full of empties. But he never gave no trouble." Swanson grinned. "I told him I'd find him a place where this dog couldn't get him." Swanson paused, added reflectively: "Funny, too. When they're up to where he is, they're usually dynamite."

"I tell you I ain't drunk!" Brandon turned to Swanson defiantly. Murphy saw that his eyes were glassy, and that he was strong under the load he was carrying. "I was fighting the dog. I only come with you because you said you'd put me in a glass house where the damn dog can't get in. But, by God, you'll have to make it frosted glass so it can't look in!"

"I guess you better have the doc look him over," said Murphy, his black eyes on Brandon thoughtfully. There was a peculiar look in his gaze. A mere suggestion of a frown was between his eyes. "There wasn't any dog around, was there?"

Swanson grinned.

"Well, when I went up, the door was shut, and I could hear this guy whistlin'. . . . You know, little, short whistles like when you call a dog. He didn't pay no answer to my knock, so I tried the door, and it opened. This guy was sittin' on the edge of the bed, leanin' over like he was tryin' to call a dog. You know how. Well, he'd whistle, and snap his fingers, and then he said: 'Here! Here! Come here!' Then he'd whistle again. When he seen me, he motioned me back.

Said he had to catch this dog, and I'd crab it. I talked to him about it, and he said this dog had been botherin' him for years, and he'd made up his mind to catch it, and wring its neck. But he couldn't get it to come up to him, and he couldn't grab it when he'd dive after it. I finally talked him into comin' along."

"And there wasn't any dog?"

Swanson grinned again. At the same time, he looked a little puzzled at Murphy's interest.

"Well, if there was, I couldn't see none."

"I tell you you'll have to put me in frosted glass," Brandon said. Murphy saw that he was becoming restless; that there was an erratic flicker in his eyes. "That damn thing'll follow me. I'm not going to have it looking in, and grinning under its mustache."

Murphy looked at him sharply.

"What kind of a dog is it?" he asked.

"Well it's got long blue hair." Brandon was looking up eagerly. "The hair drags on the ground when it walks. It's got red stripes on its back, and it's about this big." He leaned over, and held his hand about a foot off of the floor. "It's kind of a Scottie, only it's got a man's face, and it's got a long, black mustache. You can hear it walking a long ways off. It kind of patters along like in bedroom slippers. I'm gonna get it, and wring its neck off." His eyes roved around the room excitedly. Suddenly he seemed to listen. "By God, theré it comes! I knew it! I knew it!"

He whirled toward the door. Swanson put a hand on his shoulder.

"I better take him on in," he suggested.

"There it is!" Brandon's voice shouted. "By God, that thing can open a door like a man! See it! See it there!"

Murphy looked at the doorway. He couldn't see anything. He couldn't see that the door had moved. But had he felt a cold draught of air? Had the smell of winter come in?

Brandon was down on his knees, holding his hand out. He snapped his fingers, and whistled. Swanson flashed a grin at Murphy, and attempted to drag Brandon to his feet.

"Come on. Come on," he said. "We're goin' to that glass house."

"No, by God! I'm gonna get that dog!" Brandon struggled loose. "Let go of me, damn you!"

The impact of his fist on Swanson's nose made a smacking sound. Swanson staggered back, sat down violently, his nose spurting blood. Brandon, with an oath, rushed to the door.

"Come back here, damn you! I'll wring your neck!"

There was scarcely a waver in his gait. He reached the door, snapped it open, and disappeared outside. As he ran, he was cursing the dog, shouting at it.

Swanson got up, shook his head, swabbed with his hand at the blood. He started hastily in pursuit.

Murphy, his frown deepened, glanced around the room thoughtfully, at the windows black with early night, white with winter, occasionally rattling. He shook his head soberly. A dog with a human face and a black mustache. It had long blue hair with red stripes. Red and blue were traditional fairy colors.

It was the first time he had ever heard of a dog such as Brandon had described: even in the Old Country where the little people were even more inclined to mischief than here.

He had often pondered on the odd fact that since coming to America he had never seen so much as one fairy. It must be that they just didn't have the urge to make themselves visible, though they played tricks enough on him.

In the Old Country, which he had left at twelve years of age, he had once seen a ring of them dancing on a rath. They had all been entirely human looking; tiny, mischievous fellows in their fine blue clothes and red cocked hats. They had danced around him, making sport of him as he had stood there, an

awkward, stupid Gulliver. But since coming to America, he had never once seen any of them in any form. Much less in such a grotesque shape as that of a blue-and-red dog.

He glanced around again sharply. He hoped the little blue dog had really run out when Brandon had chased it. He had enough trouble with the little ones that were attending him without having another attach itself, and maybe make itself visible.

He always hated to have these so called D.T. cases come before him. In the first place, he hated to lock a man up for something that certainly wasn't his fault. He knew he'd raise a ruction himself if, besides plaguing him, the fairies would make themselves visible in some of the grotesque forms these poor devils saw them in.

Or maybe the little people didn't deliberately make themselves visible. He'd thought about that quite a lot. Maybe a huge excess of liquor did something to a man's eyes, made them keener, something like X-rays, so they could see things that ordinarily were invisible.

He shook his head. He oughtn't to be thinking on the subject, because he'd noticed that whenever he did, the little people seemed to plague him more than usual. When they read his thoughts, and knew he was in a mood to be teased, they went at it with more gusto.

Presently, with the hands of the clock at six, Sergeant Griswold came in and relieved him. By the time he'd left the Station, Swanson hadn't yet returned. Apparently the officer was having a tough time picking Brandon up again.

Murphy walked to his car and climbed in. The fact that he slipped twice on the icy sidewalk and caught his forefinger in the door showed him that the fairies were intending to make a night of it.

He was not surprised when the car took unusually long to start, even for cold weather, nor was he surprised when he ran out of gasoline half way home. The fact that it was a five-block walk

to the nearest service station merely proved that the little people were determined to try him to the limit of his endurance. It was unfortunate that it had had to be to his desk that the man with the blue-and-red dog had been brought.

He hoped the little dog really had run out, and hadn't waited and come along with him. He had been listening subconsciously, as he drove, for the patter of bedroom slippers. Several times he thought he heard it, only to conclude it was the sound of the car in the snow. A red signal at one corner had looked momentarily like a red stripe, and he had been relieved when it dissolved into the familiar traffic light.

He was famished, but he was reconciled to being very late for dinner. He crept the car along, and did not try to make up the time lost going for gasoline, because if he did the fairies would involve him in some minor smashup that would delay him still further. They had already skidded the car slightly at two different intersections.

Fortunately the particular fairies who plagued him were only mildly spiteful. They never did anything very serious to him. Their worst trick had been about five years ago when they had laid him up with pneumonia. But they had known, of course, that he would recover. They had been merely punishing him for something he had done that had particularly offended them. He had often thought hard, trying to figure what he had done, so he wouldn't repeat the offense, but he had never reached a solution of the problem.

He hoped the little blue dog wasn't along. If it attached itself to him, he'd just have to wait and find out what kind of mischief it went in for. It might be a mean fairy, and really do harm. He wished he had had a chance to question Brandon, and find what its tricks were. Maybe, if Swanson caught him, he could question him in the morning. But maybe, after all, the blue dog wasn't going to follow him.

He felt great relief when he finally

drove into the driveway of the four-room house where he lived. When he had got the car put away, and covered with robes, and the garage door locked, he decided that probably the blue dog hadn't come along. Nothing had occurred except things that his old fairies were in the habit of doing.

He got to the house all right, with only a minor mishap, that of stepping into a hole and getting snow into his right shoe. When he got up the steps without slipping, found his key, inserted it in the lock, and opened the door, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Once in the dark little suggestion of a hall, with the door closed, he felt safe. The front room, opening before him, was bright and cheerful. He put his cap on the small halltree; and then Mary appeared, small, plump and warm, and fitted into his arms, and gave him a kiss. He explained why he had been late.

"Tommy has a date to-night," Mary said. "So I let him eat, so he could begin getting ready. But I waited."

He was about to reply, but just as they passed the halltree to go into the dining room, he looked at his old derby, which he hadn't worn for five years, and which had been hanging on the halltree for that length of time. The derby quivered a little as he looked at it, and then it began whirling around on its peg. First just creeping, then faster and faster.

He frowned in concern. The frown was so prominent as he sat down to the table that Mary noticed and asked:

"What's the matter? Didn't things go well?"

He wanted to tell her about the little blue dog, but he didn't. Instead he said:

"Just the usual humdrum. Nothing's the matter with me except I'm hungry, and I'm sore because I forgot how low the gas was. A man in my job ought to learn to keep his wits."

"You don't seem to be eating much," Mary observed, after a moment.

"I guess I'm too hungry to eat."

As he spoke, he felt something rubbing against his leg. He jumped, and looked down under the tablecloth. It was only the yellow cat, and it always rubbed against him during meals. Only there hadn't ever been a blue dog to worry about, and to startle him.

Tommy appeared, painstakingly dressed. He was merrily humming a tune.

"Hello, dad," he broke off long enough to say. Then he added: "What's the matter? You look worried."

"Nothing. Nothing at all. I just ran out of gas."

Tommy looked at his mother and winked.

"Say, dad," he observed. "You got that same look on like when you're worrying about the fairies bothering you. Remember, last Christmas when they were whirling your derby around?"

Murphy looked up at him severely.

"I told you afterward I was only joking. I was just saying I saw the derby whirling just to fool your Uncle Pat. He's one of the old Irish, and he believes in such tales. As for me, I never believe in no such ridiculous things. And don't you go letting your mind dwell on the like. Those are just stories for children, and there's no truth in 'em."

His voice was positive, calm. But he cast a nervous glance at the dark little hall, where, hidden in the shadows, his old derby was whirling on its peg.





THE PRESIDENT AND THE ECONOMISTS

BY GUY GREER

SOME months ago President Roosevelt startled the economists of the country, including not a few of those connected with his own Administration, by a declaration which was widely assailed as heresy. As a sort of incidental pronouncement in a speech in New York, he said in effect that our need was for higher wages and also higher prices where justified, rather than for lowered prices with wages remaining stable or finding their own level in a free market. The immediate reaction to this portion of the President's speech might have been described as pain and dismay on the part of some of his friends and jubilation on the part of most of his enemies. For he had made a frontal attack on what is perhaps the most cherished dogma in the body of doctrine known as classical economics—namely, that the purchasing power, and therefore the prosperity of a country, can be most effectively increased by a general lowering of prices in response to the spur of competition, as fast as increased productive efficiency makes such a general lowering of prices possible.

Now this is serious. When the President of the United States, who happens also to be a candidate for re-election, announces his faith in a policy which is in flat contradiction to the policy urged by probably a majority of the professed experts in the subject involved, it is time for the rest of us to do some thinking on our own account. If practically all the economists were lined up in opposition, we might feel inclined to accept their verdict and say, reluctantly or gleefully accord-

ing to our political affiliations, that the President has made a bad mistake. The fact is though that a growing number of students of political economy—in contradistinction to the full-fledged "economists"—have been for many years engaged in questioning the assumptions upon which the logical superstructure of classical economics is based; and among other doubtful items, they have challenged the *practicality* of the "law of supply and demand" as the fundamental regulating force in the modern economic community.

In trying to think the problem through for ourselves we shall have to be prepared to exercise a good deal of patience. Moreover, we must be ready to make distinctions somewhat finer than the difference between black and white. For example, we may be called upon to think of prices in general on a stable or slightly rising scale at the same time that the price of a single commodity, such as a shirt or a house or an automobile or a gallon of gasoline, is cut in half as the result of technological advances or scientific discoveries. On the other hand, unless we feel inclined to devote months and years to study of the vast literature of the subject of wages and prices, we shall have to limit our analysis to the high spots, relying for the soundness of our conclusions on common sense applied to the obvious facts of the world about us. But even so we shall perhaps arrive at a better understanding than we had at the start, not merely of the immediate question which set us off, but of the whole system of fun-

damental principles upon which the New Deal appears to be challenging the orthodoxy of our most respectable economists and the business men and bankers who now so ardently profess to follow them.

We had better begin with a short summary of what the classical economists and their business and financial disciples believe. When we have done this we shall have to try to find out why their theory does not work out satisfactorily in practice. (Even the most pontifical of them do not pretend that it does.) We must then examine into the possibility of getting rid of the obstacles which prevent its satisfactory operation. Finally, since we are sure to discover that there is some doubt of our ability to overcome these obstacles, or at any rate that the consequences of overcoming them might be more painful than we could endure, we shall have to analyze the alternative policy which appears to be implied in the President's remark about wages and prices.

About the clearest as well as the fairest and the most persuasive brief statement I have ever seen of the argument for a general lowering of prices as the best means "to bring about an automatic and progressive dissemination of the benefits of progress among the masses" occurs in Harold G. Moulton's *Income and Economic Progress*, which is the fourth and concluding volume of a recent series setting forth the results of an investigation by the Brookings Institution. After examining with more or less skepticism the various other silly and sensible proposals to increase the general purchasing power of the people, such as the sharing of wealth, the raising of wages, and the redistribution of income through taxation, the author makes it clear that the ideal solution of the problem was set forth long ago, and proceeds to outline the argument in part as follows:

When any particular business man has succeeded in reducing production costs he is in a position to increase his profits in one or another of two ways. He may continue to sell at the same price as before, enjoying the advantage of a wider margin between cost

and selling price; or he may expand the volume of his business by means of price concessions. Since the increase in efficiency which is responsible for the reduction in costs commonly involves an expansion of productive capacity, and since the maximum economies can be obtained when operating at full capacity, the wise alternative obviously is to expand sales by offering the products at a lower price.

In short, increased efficiency *makes possible* lower prices, while the profit incentive *insures the actual reduction* of prices. The greatest profit to the business enterpriser is thus derived through giving to the masses the most for their money. The interest of the profit-maker, therefore, coincides with the welfare of the consumer.

... The expanding demand required to take the increasing quantities of goods off the markets would be automatically created by the reduction in prices.

This method of expanding purchasing power does not, like wage increases, threaten insolvency to those who follow it. On the contrary, it is conceived to be the road to increasing profits. Instead of running counter to the principles of competition, it is the essence of competition.

The author then goes on to state that this theory of progress "definitely implies the maintenance of money wages"; but he is careful to explain that not all business men are wise enough to resist the temptation to cut costs when they can by cutting wages. He tacitly admits in fact that the incentive for an individual business man to maintain wages beyond what he is forced to pay lies only in his consciousness of the long-run general interest, even though it be obvious that much more is to be gained immediately by cutting to the bone and paying the lowest possible minimum.

This of course is not the doctrine of the classical economists, who teach us that labor, along with substantially everything else offered for sale in the market, must have its price determined by competition. But apparently the president of the Brookings Institution entertains the hope that, with a better understanding of the long-run necessities of the situation, business men and employers of labor generally can be persuaded to subordinate their own immediate individual interests to the

ultimate benefit of everybody by paying higher wages than they are obliged to pay—that the motive of private profit, assumed in all other instances to be the single compelling economic force, will in this one particular instance yield to a more far-sighted or more Christian policy.

At any rate he goes ahead to explain how all the people, including the farmers and those who receive fixed incomes in one form or another, would benefit by a general lowering of prices, whereas manifestly only the wage earners would benefit by the raising of wages. Curiously enough, he does not mention the effect that a lowering of the prices of farm products, which presumably would be an integral part of a *general* lowering of prices, would have upon the farmers. Could it be that he expects the individual purchasers of foodstuffs *voluntarily* to pay more than the price determined in a free market in order that the purchasing power of the farmers may be maintained? (Of course the implications of the argument here would be quite different if agriculture were a mechanized mass-production industry—which it promises eventually to become—but we need not now introduce this head-breaking complication into our problem.)

II

The classical economists, and especially the neo-classical economists, paint a reassuring picture of our future well being under a *laissez-faire* economy if only we will be unselfish enough and wise enough in certain vitally important particulars to refrain from enjoying fully our freedom of individual enterprise. Their arguments have the tremendous advantage of being both simple and absolutely sound if we accept the assumptions upon which they are based. Logically, the resulting system is a thing of beauty and a joy forever unless we are perverse enough to try to check it against the facts of economic life.

But those facts—especially during the

past few years—have been hopelessly at variance with what they ought to have been.

It will help us to find the reason perhaps if we recall what the classical economists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were trying to do when they established their body of doctrine, and something of what happened afterward. Partly, they were attempting to formulate a logically sound and complete explanation of what was going on, especially in England; but in large part also they were endeavoring to persuade the people to compel the government to remove the most formidable of the obstacles which were preventing the full operation of what they believed would be a completely automatic and, therefore, ideal economic order. They visualized a system wherein all the products of human endeavor would be freely exchanged, through the medium of money, in such a manner that no one would ever be for long out of work and all dislocations of business and industry would be promptly adjusted through the beneficent though ruthless operation of the law of supply and demand.

At least in Great Britain, their efforts in persuasion were not entirely vain, since they finally resulted in 1846 in the repeal of the Corn Laws (which were perhaps the worst specific hindrance to the freedom of both internal and external trade), and also, in the same year, in the removal of all British tariff barriers to international trade. In fact, there was in Great Britain a period of from one to two generations, beginning just before the middle of the nineteenth century, when the conditions of a *laissez-faire* economy were approximately fulfilled. But eventually, notwithstanding the removal of the greatest original impediments, new difficulties were encountered. Among the first of these was the rise to power, and to legal acceptability if not yet to social respectability, of trade unionism, which began to challenge and finally to overcome the "iron law of wages." (This was a corollary of the law of supply and demand, to

the effect that wages must always remain at or near the bare subsistence level, because when wages fell below that level some workers and their children would die of starvation and the demand for labor would then force up the price of it; and when wages rose, more children would survive until such time as the ensuing competition for jobs again brought about a state of equilibrium in the neighborhood of the subsistence level. It is only fair to add that, long before trade unionism had attained any real power, the classical economists—beginning with John Stuart Mill, I think—had balked at the iron law of wages, substituting for the subsistence level a level of comfort and decency below which people would refuse to have children. But the modified law remained a corollary of the law of supply and demand.)

With the extensive development of the corporate form of financial organization which began about the end of the nineteenth century, and more especially with the introduction of mass-production methods in industry, two additional obstacles to the operation of *laissez-faire* made their appearance. They consisted, and still consist, of the growth of a huge and ever-expanding volume of debt and of an apparently irresistible tendency on the part of efficiently operated industrial concerns toward price stabilization. These two obstacles have been and still are of outstanding importance in the United States, where the barriers to international trade have never been removed and where trade unionism on the other hand has not as yet attained to anything like the degree of power it exercises in Great Britain. Still further hindrances have come along, such as social security legislation and subsidies of one sort or another, and in recent years higher barriers to international trade have been built up all over the world, even in Great Britain. But the existence of the debt structure and the tendency to price stabilization are undoubtedly the two most stubborn elements in our present situation. Unless we are reasonably sure that

these can be knocked to pieces, we had better abandon the hope that automatic forces can keep our economic system on an even keel.

III

A large volume of debts has become quite as characteristic a feature of the modern economic system under capitalism as has mass production. It is a commonplace that we are operating under a credit economy. Everywhere there are debts, ranging from the bank loans of business of all kinds to the mortgages on our farms and homes and to the bonds and debentures of the railroads, the public utilities, and the industrial corporations. The aggregate of long-term individual and corporate indebtedness (to say nothing of government debts) probably falls not far short of a hundred billion dollars.

What happens to the people who owe all those debts when prices are falling? For a somewhat over-simplified and exaggerated illustration of what generally happens, let us consider the case of farmer John Smith. One fine day when John is feeling optimistic he goes to the mortgage company and borrows \$1,500 on his farm. Wheat is selling at \$1.50 a bushel, so that John, if he had the wheat to sell, could pay off the debt at once from the proceeds of 1,000 bushels. Before the mortgage falls due, however, or before John is in a position to pay it, the price of wheat goes down to 75 cents. Consequently he will now have to deliver 2,000 bushels to discharge the obligation, although about as much labor and expense are required to produce a bushel of wheat as when he borrowed the money. But very likely, by this time John is in a position where he is forced to use the proceeds of everything he can raise and sell to pay his living expenses and to meet other obligations. And so the mortgage company takes his farm, and John becomes perhaps a share cropper or goes on relief.

This story, as we all know, is no exaggeration of what was happening in recent

years to thousands upon thousands of farmers and home owners everywhere until the Government itself intervened in their behalf. And similar misfortunes, though generally in lesser degree, have befallen almost every class of business man, firm, and corporation, big and little in all parts of the country, as a result of price reductions since 1929. The manner in which the banks and other lending institutions had to be saved by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other rescue agencies from utter collapse on account of the inability of borrowers to pay their debts is a chapter in our economic history too vividly remembered to require comment.

It is true that the gradual lowering of prices year after year in the manner urged by many economists would have no such catastrophic effects on the debt structure as had the rapid decline which took place between 1929 and 1933. No, the effect probably would be merely a sort of chronic state of hard times for a large part of the population—for nearly everybody, in fact, except those workers who could compel the maintenance of their wages and salaries and the fortunate people who could live on the interest from their investments. For these latter of course the situation would be happy indeed; since without any effort on their part they would be receiving larger and larger benefits year after year from the efforts of those laboring with hand or brain to produce the good things of life. But for the farmers especially and for those with debts to pay rather than interest to collect, as well as for all those unable to compel maintenance of their wages and salaries, it would mean a dismal and hopeless world.

It would mean probably a world not unlike the world a good many elderly people now living still remember, during the closing decades of the nineteenth century, when prices for the most part were gradually falling. But it would almost certainly be worse—worse because we no longer have a large part of a new and virgin continent to exploit, worse

because our debt structure is incomparably greater and more widespread, and worse because our whole national economy is geared up to such a precarious speed and such a delicate balance that it can far more easily be thrown into confusion.

And what kind of justice would it be, in a prolonged period of falling prices, for the lenders of money or the investors in bonds or debentures not only to receive regularly a proper rate of interest (which in reality would get bigger and bigger since it would buy more and more), but in the end to collect also a principal amount actually worth much more than was lent or invested in the first place? We are not considering now those who invest their money in a business and are entitled to a profit for their enterprise, but only those who make loans or investments and forget about them so long as the interest is paid. Surely no one will contend that such a lender or investor, when he receives all along a fair rate of return on his money, should finally be entitled to receive substantially more value than he lent or invested in the beginning.

Of course it is equally true that a substantial rise in prices would have the opposite effect, of causing lenders and investors to receive in the end less real value than they were entitled to. And so we are forced to conclude that the only really fair thing would be for prices in general to remain stable year after year. And while we can hardly expect that this ideal will ever be fully realized in practice, surely it is the thing to be aimed at in an economic system which is pervaded with debtors and creditors.

Price stabilization has come to be considered virtually a necessity of modern mass-production industry, save only in the period when technological advances are rapid. Witness the automobile industry. Henry Ford for a long time kept lowering the price of the tin lizzie, but during the middle nineteen-twenties the production of automobiles became a standardized operation, and we observe

that Mr. Ford has not substantially changed the price of his car for a good many years (although of course, along with other manufacturers, he has been building a progressively better car as the result of continued technological advances, and he has certainly been one of the few exceptional business men to pay wages much higher than the law of supply and demand made necessary).

Economists for a long time have recorded the fact of price stabilization and inveighed against it. Congress undertook to deal with what was thought to be the cause of the phenomenon over forty years ago, by passage of the anti-trust laws. Thus both by legislation and by admonition, attempts have been made to make all prices behave in accordance with a logical theory; yet the attempts, since the advent of mass production, have come to little or nothing. Great areas of the price structure have stood firm in spite of all the pressure to lower them in order to increase sales during the severest of business depressions. Such industries as steel, agricultural machinery, cement and other building materials, and automobiles have reduced production rather than prices and thus thrown large numbers of workers out of employment. They have taken such action both because the operating companies were so organized as to be able to do so (without violating the anti-trust laws) and because they considered it better policy. In actual practice the margin of profit per unit has been more persuasive than the profits of larger and cheaper production promised us by the classical economists. But such other industries as coal, textiles, and especially agriculture, have been unable to do anything but maintain production and suffer the consequences—ruinously low prices, starvation wages, and wholesale bankruptcies and foreclosures of mortgages.

Powerful and persuasive arguments can be made to the effect that the tendency to price stabilization could and ought to be destroyed by the enactment of more stringent anti-trust laws, coupled with

the forcible breaking up of the giant industrial and financial corporations into large numbers of comparatively small units. I do not presume to disagree. No doubt the thing could be done if public opinion demanded it unmistakably and emphatically enough to compel the constitutional amendments which probably would be required. But there is excellent engineering authority for the conviction that such a breaking up of industrial concerns would seriously impair if not entirely wipe out the immense advantages of labor saving and efficiency inherent in mass production. Prices in such an eventuality would indeed be likely to move, but they would be likely either to move sharply upward or else to fall so rapidly as to precipitate panic. In fact, we have several examples of industries, notably coal and agriculture, which while they have not been forcibly broken up are, nevertheless, composed of a multiplicity of small units; and surely we do not want any more problems like the coal problem and the agricultural problem. And since we do not, it is hardly likely that public opinion will demand that other industries be forced into the position of these unfortunate ones, even in the highly improbable event that the majority of the people would be willing to forego the enjoyment of low-priced automobiles, radios, refrigerators, and the other blessings of mass production.

As a matter of practical probabilities, therefore, and irrespective of ethical or emotional considerations, we might as well dismiss all thought of getting rid of the tendency to price stabilization as an obstacle to the satisfactory operation of a laissez-faire economy. This does not mean that we must leave all prices to be fixed by unregulated monopoly; no doubt we shall have to devise new methods of control and improve the operation of the old ones. We need not, moreover, abandon hope that competition will continue to perform useful functions. It may indeed serve to prevent the rise of various individual prices to unjustified levels, and it may force the lowering of prices in in-

dividual industries where increasing efficiency warrants it. When and where it is useful let us by all means use it. But let us also recognize its limitations, and proceed realistically to try to find something to supplement it in those great reaches of our economic life where it fails to do what we have long and vainly expected of it.

IV

We have seen that neither the forces making for price stabilization nor the practical necessity for such stabilization on account of the debt structure can be got rid of without serious and probably dangerous upheavals and without the probable sacrifice of many of the benefits of modern science. But as I have already indicated, these are not the only obstacles which would have to be removed before we could safely rely upon the satisfactory operation of an undirected *laissez-faire* economy.

If there is any one thing certain about the classical economic theory of prices, it is that substantially all of the principal elements in the economic structure must be flexible or the actual performance of the economic system will fail to fit the theory. That is to say, not only the prices of commodities and services but the price of labor (wages), the margin of profit, rentals of all kinds, and the interest on outstanding debts and investments must be capable of adjustment in response to supply and demand before anything like automatic equilibrium can be hoped for.

Let us consider for a moment some of the implications of this. It means that nothing but the demand for labor could be allowed to determine the rate of wages. Not only would trade unionism have to be smashed, but all such things as factory legislation, limitations on hours of labor, workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, old age pensions, and other artificial interferences with the competitive price of labor would have to be abolished. No doubt there are Tories in the business and financial world (though

very few economists) who would be delighted at the prospect of this (though they would hardly dare to say so in a political campaign). But for the nation as a whole we know that we have at last reached a stage of decency and humanity where such elementary safeguards as we have against the exploitation of labor and against privation for the unfortunate must not be destroyed or abandoned.

The best possible illustration of what happens when large parts of the economic structure are held rigid for any reason, whether good or bad, lies in what has actually happened in this country since 1929. We saw for a long time a frozen debt structure, foreign trade stifled by tariffs, prices of most of the mass-production industries largely maintained, and for a little while wages withstanding the pressure to lower them. But because other important parts of the system were flexible with respect to prices, we saw stresses set up so severe that something had to crack somewhere. First it was wages, then the debt structure—starting a vicious downward spiral of deflation. And in spite of the efforts of the Government then in control of the country to rescue the financial institutions and other great corporate enterprises, it did not end until the banking system had collapsed in the spring of 1933.

V

What then are the alternatives to reliance on *laissez-faire*? Unfortunately for those who insist upon coherent and simple theories and pathways plainly marked out to a well-defined goal, the alternatives may appear to be complex and difficult. Everybody loves a panacea, and the classical economists at one end of the scale and the Communists and Fascists at the other are well equipped to supply one. But the believers in true democracy have got to come to grips with a terribly confused mass of stubborn facts.

Only the ultimate objective may be comprehended with clarity. It may be described as the preservation of the maxi-

mum possible opportunities for freedom of individual enterprise, combined with the exercise of measures of co-ordination and control, democratically agreed upon, which will prevent such devastation of the national economy as we have seen in recent years. The aim of true democracy is to provide assurance to everybody, both of the greatest possible freedom for individual development and of the fullest possible enjoyment of the material and other benefits which modern science and invention make attainable. (Only those who are stupid or dishonest would argue or assert that the goal is an economy of scarcity rather than abundance, or fail to see or to admit that when measures are taken in certain instances to restrict production of things that are needed they are taken as a matter of deplorable and immediate necessity rather than as a matter of permanent planning.)

Nobody knows as yet exactly the kind or the extent of the measures of co-ordination and control which will have to be devised. Most assuredly, however, since we want the general price level to be stabilized, we must somehow assist those industries and occupations which are unable now to accomplish the requisite degree of stabilization on their own initiative to do so by other means. Likewise, we must see to it that wages generally are maintained at levels as high as the industries can afford to pay and still make the profits necessary for their continuance and for the constant improvement of their processes and equipment.

This need not mean that *all* prices must be stabilized. It is perfectly possible, and indeed probable, that technological advances and scientific discoveries will result in very substantial reductions of the prices of individual commodities and services. For the great corporations the matter of debts will be no obstacle, since their profits will increase with the volume of production; and besides, a good many of them are free of long-term debts already and more may be expected to reach that condition as time goes on. It is probable, however, that certain other

prices will have to go up, both in order to maintain an adequate wage level and to provide for decent profits. Certainly this would seem to be true for the time being for agriculture, and perhaps also for coal and textiles. But the general price level—that is, the average of all prices—must be maintained as nearly stable as possible.

Sooner or later, to be sure, the question will arise how to maintain the general price level when the prices of a substantial number of important commodities and services go down as the result of technological advances. Inevitably this will pull down the general level unless other prices go up, and it may be extremely difficult to get them up—or at any rate to get them up in right relations one to another. Two principal methods of dealing with the problem appear to be available. The first is the method of monetary manipulation and control. While it is no doubt useful in such emergencies as that of 1933, I do not believe it to be worth very much as a permanent policy and shall not attempt to describe it. The second and more realistic, though less simple, method would consist of an enforceable demand on the part of labor for higher wages and salaries (including the maintenance or increase of piece-work rates), at the outset in those industries where efficiency has been increased, and then in all industries. The result in other industries would be an increase in production costs which sooner or later would have to be reflected in higher prices (profits for whole industries are rarely sufficient to cover any substantial increase in costs). At the same time, individual primary producers, such as most of the farmers, would have to find the means of demanding and receiving higher prices for their output.

Measures to accomplish all these things will have to be devised, almost certainly by experimental methods, involving perhaps sometimes false starts and much blundering. If we were driving at Fascism or Communism, there would be no uncertainty. We could then proceed as

directly as possible to establish rigidity and regimentation throughout the economic system. But we don't want any more rigidity and regimentation than we are obliged to endure. In many respects, especially on the part of industry and finance, we have for a long time already had too much. Where possible indeed we must make some of the inflexible elements in our system less inflexible, and where there has been too much flexibility (for the real world, I mean—there couldn't be too much for economic theory), we must introduce the necessary stiffening with due regard to the danger of producing a static rather than the dynamic system we require. And we shall always have to be ready to revise and improvise, to meet changed conditions.

Some of the methods already attempted for the realization of such a program have encountered difficulties which are for the time being insuperable. Others have

largely accomplished their purposes, or have been permitted to continue what has been begun. Still others will have to be tried, honestly and fairly, and surely the most important of these at the present moment is the method of voluntary and intelligent co-operation on the part of business and industry and labor. This one, in the existing confused state of opinion and affairs, is the most urgently necessary of all; and unless it is adopted promptly and whole-heartedly we might as well begin now to resign ourselves to lose forever the essence of our democratic heritage—either through the muddle-headed blindness of those who profess to love it but who wittingly or unwittingly would deliver it over to its exploiters, or through the opportunity which reliance on undirected laissez-faire will sooner or later afford those who openly or secretly hate it to destroy it in revolution and bloodshed.





THE CRIME OF COMING HOME

U. S. CUSTOMS AND BAD MANNERS

BY MORRIS MARKEY

DURING the past ten years it has been my lot to invoke upon a great many occasions that most obvious of all rights which accrue to a man born in these United States, to wit: the right to come back home when either business or the vain pursuit of pleasure has led me into foreign lands. Nobody, of course, has ever raised any question about my entering the country. Various secretaries of state have fortified me against that eventuality by giving me passports, and the inspectors at the docks and at the border points have honored them without cavil—without, indeed, even glancing up from their tables to see whether the rogue pictured in the little booklet bore any resemblance at all to the large, handsome gentleman waiting for his rubber stamp.

On the other hand, once arrived on good American soil, I have been almost invariably subjected to one of the most irritating and degrading experiences which can befall a reasonably honest man. I speak, you may be sure, of the customs examination.

Why it should be presumed that every home-coming American citizen is a combination bootlegger, smuggler of gems, member of the drug rings, and ordinary liar is quite beyond my understanding of democratic government. I have crossed the various frontiers of Europe a score of times and more. But never (save for one rather ludicrous adventure which I shall presently relate) have I, a foreigner abroad, been under any such suspicion as

my own countrymen bestow upon me in New York harbor.

The dreadful business has its beginnings, provided you are coming home by steamship, on the second day out from port, when the cabin steward, watching until you have disappeared above decks, slips into your room, drops the declaration form on your bed, and runs. He tries to give the impression that the thing got there of its own accord, that he had nothing whatever to do with so disagreeable an affair. If, having found it upon your return, you speak to him about it, he will look at you with sympathetic apology for his part in the matter and shrug his shoulders as if to say, "I pity you, sir, for belonging to such an odd country."

They allow each citizen to bring in one hundred dollars' worth of stuff without paying duty on it. Unless you happen to be of a particularly methodical temperament, you are not likely to remember with any precision just what you paid for each item among your purchases. But the warning on the declaration form is sharp and clear. Severe penalties will fall upon you if you make a mistake. And so you must settle down to an owlish pretense about the thing, listing the more important items first and writing as well as you can remember their cost price abroad.

But after you have listed the field-glasses and the shoes, the half-dozen neckties and the cigarette box, the imitation pearl beads for Aunt Sarah, and the two

leather wallets for the boys, your patience is likely to fray. You can guess from your bank balance that you have bought about ninety dollars' worth of goods in all and now, reading again the admonition on the form, you decide to be liberal about it. You lump everything that is not already listed under one general head: Miscellaneous gifts and souvenirs. And you put down as their cost just enough to bring the total of your declaration a few cents under a hundred dollars.

You feel better, then, because your conscience is completely clear. But sooner or later, in those last few hours at sea, you are going to experience a growing annoyance that your conscience should be engaged at all. For those final hours are spent in an atmosphere of trepidation and anxiety which affects the whole ship's company.

Wherever you go, from bow to stern and from keel to bridge, people will be talking about two things: tips and the customs. They settle the tipping question rather quickly, but they never settle the customs question. They have all sorts of suggestions for getting through quickly. They confess to you that they forgot to declare some article or another, and ask your opinion as to whether they will be caught—and what will happen if they are caught. They wonder whether their friends, coming to welcome them home, will have to wait for hours, and so get peevish and go on back where they came from.

The result of all this conversation is plain: a hangdog, worried atmosphere falls upon the returning voyagers. And it is that atmosphere which calls up the first of many indignations—that assumption by all hands, passengers and customs agents alike, that crooked business is afoot somewhere, that without a thorough examination of everybody's most intimate possessions the United States government is going to be defrauded.

Now let me offer a couple of examples to illustrate what happens on the pier after the ship is in.

A few years ago I arrived in New York

with my wife after spending nearly a year in Europe. In that time, naturally, we had purchased many things for our immediate needs—clothing, principally, books and new luggage, a timepiece or two—the things that anybody would accumulate during a year of life. Since there were two of us, we were permitted to bring in two hundred dollars' worth of goods free of duty, but our list of purchases, honestly set down, ran to about three hundred and forty dollars.

Our first inclination had been to write down the value of some of the things, because we had used them a good deal. But, out of old experience with the customs people, we decided against that. We would explain, as politely as we could, that most of the stuff was used, but be prepared to pay duty on the hundred and forty dollars of excess.

We had to wait an hour for our inspector. We had many pieces of hand luggage, and I had grouped them on the pier, opened their tops, prepared everything for an efficient going over. When the inspector came he was plainly preoccupied. He glanced at the declaration and glanced at the top of one of the suit cases.

"You've worn most of the clothes, haven't you?" he said to my wife. She nodded. "Well, I guess we'll scratch off all this excess," he said. He began slapping his stamps on the bags. My wife and I looked at each other with unbelieving eyes. I said to the agent, hesitantly, "That's very decent of you. Couldn't I do something for you?"

He said, "If you feel like it."

So I handed him a ten-dollar bill and he walked away. A trifle dazed by our good fortune, we left the pier as quickly as we could.

All right. Some months later we came back from Europe again. This time we had our daughter, aged five, along with us. We had not been in Europe very long. Our purchases there fell far below the three hundred dollars allowed us. It was a bitter day in December when we landed, and we felt certain that we would

not be held long on the dark, unheated pier.

But the man in the uniform spent just two hours and thirty-five minutes prowling among our seven pieces of luggage. He asked minute questions about virtually everything the luggage contained. He made my wife take her coat off so that he could examine the label. He made the child take her coat and hat off, so that he could be certain of their American manufacture.

When he was done, it took us both a good half hour to stuff our property somehow into the bags again. We got home at last and put the child in bed where she stayed for a week.

Please do not think that we antagonized the official. We did not slang him or offer him money or wheedle him. We spoke hardly a word during the whole procedure and not even when it was all over did we tell him what we thought of him, though I can assure you that the bitterness we felt has rankled.

It has rankled for two reasons:

First, the stupid injustice and (to risk repetition) the assumption that we were a gang of thieves bent upon cheating our government.

Second, and most important, the utter uselessness of the whole thing. Customs examination means nothing at all if you can bribe one agent with so little as ten dollars. And even if you do not bribe him, his examination is only a nuisance, not an effective search. For I could have smuggled in half a million dollars' worth of precious stones on that second occasion. I could have brought in pounds of fine watches or miniature cameras, enough opium to make my fortune. For I wore a large overcoat. I was never asked to remove the overcoat. I might have concealed upon my person contraband of a tremendous value. The point I make is this: If they really are out after smugglers, then aggravating half measures should be abandoned and every returning American citizen, man, woman and child, should be stripped to the buff and be given a thorough going over.

Without that, the only thing to be gained by customs inspection is the few dollars of duty on articles hidden inexpertly in luggage by careless people or dishonest amateurs. Certainly, nobody who wished to smuggle anything of real consequence would stick it in the corner of a suitcase and depend upon luck to get by. The penalties are too harsh to risk that sort of thing.

As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible to smuggle anything of great value into the United States through any of the regular seaports. That is because the shopkeeper and the jewel merchant of Europe are among the most zealous stool-pigeons in the world. Occasionally, the newspapers tell of some wealthy man or woman whose purchases in Europe—jewels, or fabulously expensive gowns, or furs—have been seized because they were not declared for duty. But this seizure was not the result of blind delving by some customs agent on the pier. The agent knew the stuff was there all the time.

It is a matter of ordinary routine for European merchants to inform the American authorities of all purchases by American citizens which run into real money. Their motive is simple: If the customer tries to smuggle the goods, the merchant, as informer, gets twenty-five per cent of all fines assessed against the offender. Such is the law of our land.

Likewise, the people who are in the business of bringing forbidden drugs into this country know much better than to hide their contraband in their luggage, even though the luggage may be beautifully equipped with false bottoms or false tops or secret compartments of whatever nature. Because in their case, too, stool-pigeons exist, and because the men engaged in such a business are likely to be recognized quickly enough by detectives on ship or pier. Prohibited drugs simply are not run into the country by men whose names appear on the passenger lists of the liners, and the officials know it. They are brought into the land by more devious means.

If I have, then, made any point at all, it is this: The customs agent who says gruffly to you, "O.K. Open 'em up," is morally and indeed factually certain that you are neither a professional smuggler nor a rich person who has made great purchases abroad. He may feel certain, in the absence of tips to the contrary, that you are just an ordinary person and that ordinary people are generally honest: that dishonesty would show in their nervousness and fear, easily apparent to a man in such a job as his. His only chance to make a showing is to collect a few pennies on something you have forgot to declare, or some little item that you have tried to slip through.

One time I had it out with a fellow on the Mexican border. It was a little while before the repeal of prohibition and I had driven, with my usual baggage, down through San Diego and into Baja California. I spent a day or two, and started back. At the border gate a sign said "STOP" and so I drew my car up. The man who came out of a little shack there was a grim looking hombre and he wasted no words.

"Put all your baggage on this bench and open it up," he said.

I said, "Now look here. My baggage is heavy. It is all in the back of the car. I haven't bought anything in Mexico because I didn't see anything I wanted except booze, and the price differential on that doesn't make it worth the worry of smuggling. I am not a crook. I am not going to lift that baggage out of there."

He said, "All right. Stay in Mexico then."

"I'm tired," I said, "of being regarded as a scoundrel every time I try to get back into my own country. If this sort of thing keeps up, I'd just as soon stay in Mexico."

The argument went on a long time. I'll say for myself that I never was profane, which is more than I can say for him. You know how it ended. I lifted out about three hundred pounds of luggage and let the old rascal prowl in it for half an hour. Then he told me I could

put it back. I put it back. When I was ready to pull away, I said, "Well, Mister, I'm going to enjoy being in my own native land again—the land which invariably assumes I am trying to swindle it out of something."

"All I did was my duty," he said.

I said, "Half the injustice of the world comes out of somebody going doggedly about his duty."

He said, "Most of the people I get here are reasonable. You're probably a damned Red or something."

I said, "Oh, go on back to your *tequila*." Which he did.

II

The argument of the people who think we really must have all of this customs inspection is a simple one, and it is plausible, too, at first blush. They say, "Well, you know what would happen if we didn't look at the baggage. All this is preventive. If we didn't have it, everybody coming back into the country would bring a million dollars' worth of stuff, and then where would your tariffs be?"

The answer to that does not seem entirely far-fetched. In the first place, very few of the people who wander abroad have a million dollars to buy goods with. The purchases of the ordinary traveler really do not amount to anything very much. In the second place, professional buyers (or professional smugglers or professional drug runners) would be recognized quickly enough if our foreign friends go on with their stool-pigeon job and if our sleuths are anywhere near as clever as Mr. J. Edgar Hoover says they are—and I would leave it in the regulations that a traveler's luggage *may* be searched if the occasion seems to warrant it. In the third place, officials of European governments do not share our own low opinion of the honesty of American citizens.

When you arrive in France, for example, you are a foreigner and you are just as likely to be an international crook

entering Le Havre as if you were entering New York or Boston or San Francisco. But how does the fellow at the Douane behave? He says, idly, "Have you any tobacco or firearms or matches?" You say, "No." So he puts an odd little chalk-mark on your bags and France is yours.

I never saw a French customs inspector do anything more than that—to foreigners or to his own nationals—save once. Eight or ten of us were in one of the planes of the Air Union, flying from London to Paris. We were of mixed nationalities, but the most noticeable among us was an American woman of extravagant proportions. Long before we left Croydon she had established herself as a nuisance. She complained about everything. She did not like her seat in the plane; she thought she had booked passage on a British ship and now was terrified at the thought of flying with Frenchmen; nobody could please her in the disposal of her bags. She never stopped talking, even when she had to yell above the roar of the engines, and all her talk was belligerent. The pilot and his assistant glanced at her once or twice, but nobody said anything to her.

When we lined up for the Douane at Le Bourget, she plowed to the head and stood there, formidable with her six bags. She was still talking a blue streak and all of her words were acid. The inspector looked at her coldly, and when the pilot glanced at him with a wink he turned sharply, walked the twenty feet necessary to reverse the order of the line, and left the woman last.

That reduced her to a virtual frenzy, but the inspector paid not the least attention. He chalked all of our bags in swift, perfunctory fashion, and came without much delay to hers. He looked at a particularly large one. "Open it, please," he said. She wouldn't. He opened it himself. As he dropped the lid back the top item of her packing was disclosed at once: a vast and grievously worn pair of corsets. The inspector stared at them, pursing his lips. It was a long stare. Finally, with the most reluctant and delicate of ges-

tures he caught one corner of them between forefinger and thumb. His face was completely expressionless as he lifted the corsets slowly, until all the stained silk and whalebone, the strings and the tattered garters were dangling high for all the world to see. Then, with a shrug, he dropped them back into the bag, quickly put a chalk-mark on its lid, similarly marked the rest of her luggage, spun on his heel and disappeared.

I have never arrived in England save by air, at Croydon, and it may well be that things are managed differently at Southampton and Plymouth. But the customs desk for aliens at Croydon is certainly no very tedious place. A well-mannered young man looks at your passport and asks, "What are you coming to England for?" You say, "Pleasure, if it can be managed." He says, "May I look into your bags, please?" A porter flips your bags up to the table and opens one of them. The young man stares into it for an instant and nods for the porter to close it. He says, "I hope you enjoy your stay in England." And the porter takes your things off to the waiting bus.

I have not been over the Italian border since the war trouble, but when I did cross it last, at Ventimiglia, the only delay was for a quick stamp on my passport—no questions and no looking at baggage. The same was true of Poland and Switzerland. On the other hand, it is a genuine pleasure to cross the Austrian border. If you are coming down from Berlin the train crew changes twice: once when the German trainmen get off to make way for the Czechs, and once when the Czechs move out in favor of the Austrians. The Austrian crew has not been running the train twenty minutes before the conductor appears at your compartment door. He is a merry fellow, and as he glances at your ticket he asks if this is your first trip to Vienna. If that is indeed the case, he stands away to regard you with envious eyes.

"Ah!" he says. "To see Wien for the first time! What an experience!" However long you are planning to stay there,

he will insist that it is not nearly long enough. But he shakes hands, gives you an official welcome to Austria, no less, and as he disappears down the aisle toward the next compartment he leaves behind a sense of warmth and hospitality that is beyond price. The passport formalities going into Austria are simple, and for my part I never met any customs people at all.

In Russia, I will confess, there are certain difficulties. But somehow those difficulties do not seem so unreasonable when you understand that you are a foreigner entering a troubled land which is forced to regard most foreigners as potential enemies. At that, I feel quite sure that the American entering Russia has no such time of it as the Russian who tries to get into the United States. I was not required to make out a declaration and they spent probably fifteen minutes over my three bags. They found nothing to disturb them. It was dull, of course, to have them list my money. I had a considerable amount of it with me, in half a dozen currencies and in travelers' cheques, for I was headed out beyond Siberia, to the Far East, and it took a good twenty minutes to list it all: So many dollars American, so many pounds English, so many German marks and French francs and Italian lire. They had to set down the numbers of the travelers' cheques, and that took a lot of writing. Even so, thirty minutes did not seem to me a very long time to pass an alien at the Moscow Central Airport, and nobody fumbled about my person, nobody rumpled the effects in my bags.

III

The only dubious experience I ever had with the customs authorities in all Europe involved, as you might guess, the Germans. That summer I had passed through Germany three or four times. Every crossing of the border had been extremely pleasant—a casual and polite glance at my luggage and a rather more careful examination of my money, for the

Germans, too, watch with a hawk's eye the currency that comes into their country and goes out of it.

Several times, then, I had received at my port of entry a certificate showing how much money I was taking into the country and, at my point of departure from the Reich, I had given up the certificate, displaying the amount of money I had left. No trouble at all.

But I made one trip too many. My wife and I decided to leave our house in France for a quick tour through middle Europe. From Cannes we went to Milan, and from Milan we took the overnight train to Munich. There was the germ of the trouble. For while we slept in the Wagon-Lit we crossed the border into Germany. Nobody looked at our passports, nobody looked at our luggage, nobody, above all, checked up on our money. Apparently, they simply forgot our compartment and we, expecting to be awakened at some foul hour of the morning, were not awakened at all.

We had a fine time in Munich and Nuremberg, Berlin and Dresden, and forgot all about the circumstances of our entry into Germany. But at Aussig, where we were to depart from Germany and enter Czechoslovakia, the matter was brought to mind in shocking fashion.

I have a very good lock-up bag, and in that bag I carry the money for my traveling, usually in cash. My wallet rarely holds more than is necessary for the ordinary needs of a day, and in Europe my reserves are generally in French francs—*milles*—carefully tucked in that bag. When the train stopped at the border point we were dozing in a small compartment, and I was startled when the fat man and his two armed soldiers appeared in the doorway. I got out the passports for him, and after he had examined them he said, "The money. How much money have you?"

I drew out my wallet. Alas, it had only a few greasy marks within its folds. "Certainly," the man said, "this is not all the money you carry?"

Well, dishonesty would have been a

very foolish thing. He knew I had more money than that, and he would have gone into my bags anyway. So I opened the lock-up and drew out a bale of *milles*, thirty-five of them in all. He took them in his vast hands and said, "Your money certificate, please. The certificate of entry into Germany."

With the utmost care I explained the situation to him. Nobody had waked us on the Milan-Munich night run. We had not known when the train stopped for the border point. I had never been given an opportunity to declare my money.

"Not in Berlin either?" he demanded truculently.

I shook my head. Without a further word he turned on his heel and marched down the aisle, his two soldiers following him and my lovely francs clutched in his hand.

You may be sure I followed. My poor wife said quickly, "Please don't get into a quarrel. Please don't get into a fight." She didn't know how worried I was about the francs.

I followed the three men into a dingy little station. A room that looked like a military guard room for some small garrison was at one end of it, and as I ran to the heel of the man with my money I entered that guard room. Five soldiers with bayonets fixed were there, and a typical German civil service man—glasses, bald head, expressionless face and all—stood before a tall desk that sloped into his lower ribs. He had huddles of paper in front of him and he was writing with a scratchy pen.

The inspector fellow threw the francs down on the desk. His explanation to the clerk was in German, of course, and unhappily I do not understand more than a dozen words of that difficult tongue. The clerk fingered the money and frowned at me, shaking his head. I knew that they had a perfect legal right to keep the money—to let me spend it in the Fatherland, of course, but to prevent me from taking it out of the Fatherland. And to a petty German official a legal

right means a sacred order from the All Highest. My money was gone. I could see it. And the little peep-peep whistle was blowing its last, modest warning out by the train.

There was only one way out of it. Any German goes into a temporary state of shock and paralysis when a disorderly deed is done. The flouting of authority leaves him, for a few moments at least, completely flabbergasted, because the flouting of authority, of orders, has no place at all in his behavior pattern. He is obedient. It is one of his fundamental assumptions that everybody else is going to be obedient, to quail in the face of a command.

With the utmost dignity and all the stiff-necked height I could manage, I said, "Gentlemen, you are plainly insane. I have no idea in the world of leaving my good money here. I bid you a pleasant afternoon." I picked up the money, thrust it not too quickly into my pocket, turned brusquely on my heel and marched out. The instant I made the door and turned out of their sight I ran like hell, jumped into the first car-door I saw, and then moved rapidly along the corridors of the train, avoiding my own compartment.

Before they came alive the train started off. For all I know, the people of that guard room are still standing motionless, transfixed like the creatures of Madame Tussaud's waxworks by the shocking spectacle of a man who dared to insult authority.

IV

By such devious tales I return to the theme of my complaint, which is that generally speaking the American citizen who travels abroad, a foreigner in strange lands, meets nowhere such a harsh regard as he finds along the borders of his own land. The story of the German nonsense is a story for the simple reason that it is the exception. Adventures of such a sort—not, of course, with money, or even necessarily with goods, but with the autocratic manners of our public servants—

are the common thing in America toward Americans and, as I said before, Heaven help the poor alien, or the rich one either, for that matter, who is optimistic enough to think that he can enter our land as easily as he can enter any other country in the world.

Take as an example the recent one-day hullabaloo over the matter of drinking liquor. Early in the days of Repeal it was handed down from on high that the returning voyager could bring in a single quart of booze, no more. A courageous young woman decided, one day, that this was a curtailment of her natural rights. She brought in a couple of cases of whiskey, and went into court to protest the regulation which deprived her of all save a single quart of it. She won. And thereafter people who went to Europe, Canada, the Antilles, the ports which lie along the shoulder of South America, and that strip of land called the Canal Zone, which we administer with such excellence, used up a good deal of their hundred-dollar concession in the purchase of cheap, authentic bottled goods.

What happened? One day when about twenty thousand cases of liquor were at sea on various passenger ships—liquor bought by Americans abroad in good faith under an existing regulation—a new regulation was published. It gave no warning. It simply said, "From this moment on you can't bring liquor in without paying duty, or at best you can bring only a bottle or two." You could bring shoes without paying duty, silk pajamas or woolen suits, walking sticks or fine chintzes. Alcoholic beverages alone were proscribed.

You have forgotten the upshot of it all because, as I suggested, it was only a one-day sensation in the newspapers. As a matter of fact, there was no real upshot. The people who were told suddenly at Quarantine that they must pay heavy duty on their purchases of liquor or surrender it carried on uproariously for a few hours, swore themselves into committees determined upon suits to establish their Constitutional rights, talked a lot

about due process of law, and then let the whole thing slip into that limbo of futile indignations which is the worst commentary upon the way of life in our matchless democracy.

The affair of the booze is not really important, save as an indication of the attitude of bureaucratic officials toward amiable citizens. I simply offer it as a clinical example of the point I have been struggling to make.

To tell the truth, it is no great trick for a knowing American to skid around the harsh regulations of the customs people. Not professionally, so to speak, not on a genuine commercial basis, but in a small way, for the enlargement of his own vanity. The makers of British clothing and shoes and saddlery—such things as we chiefly buy in England—are perfectly willing to ship your order along in the hands of some traveler whose hundred-dollar easement is not taken up by his own purchases.

The shop-keepers say: "Well, if you are in no hurry, I am sure to find somebody who will bring your order within the next month or two. All you have to do is meet him at the ship. He will clear the customs and then you can have your goods."

Oh, yes, a good deal of that goes on. And it is my feeling that very little of it would go on if we were less stern in our attitude toward the returning voyager. If you give over suspecting a man, the chances are that his temptation to fool you will evaporate. If our officials took the attitude that of course we were honest, of course we were not trying to cheat our government out of pennies, I am pretty sure that we would live up to that character. Petty smuggling would be embezzlement after trust, as it were, and that is a crime which few people are capable of committing, the human conscience being what it is.

For the rest, two more arguments for a change in our current customs manners come to the mind of the American who tries (despite the rebuffs which strike him now and again) to be a loyal

and patriotic citizen of his country. The first is that if a demagogue set out to reduce, among his hearers, the prestige and the affection in which our government is held by most of us, he could hardly hit upon a shrewder device than saying: "It's your country. It doesn't belong to a lot of palookas holding jobs that you pay for. But they think they own it, and look what they do to you if you try to get back from a trip abroad."

The second argument concerns the tourist business. It is a big business—

you know that. For years, two or three countries have found the difference between *have* and *have-not* to lie with their tourist trade. Lately, our own hotel people and shipping people and merchants have experienced the rather novel delight of trading with foreigners who were willing to spend money here. The agent of a foreign government who wanted to see that money stay at home would only have to tell his fellow-citizens what a fishy eye he will meet on the New York pier. That tale would discourage most men.

RAIN

BY LYSBETH BOYD BORIE

I ONLY dare to meet rain face to face,
Sweet on a field or clean along a shore,
I cannot meet rain in a cornered place,
Bound by a roof or stifled by a door.
It will be easier to bear the shout
And the full drench of rain across my hair
Walking the measure of my anguish out
Along bright pavements guttered with despair.

There will be those who knew me best to say
"Rain was her lover, and her only kiss
The still, wet lips of leaves sudden with day."
And why should I trouble to tell them this:
That grief too thinly buried, stirs again
Under the slender fingers of the rain.



IS MAN AN ABSURDITY?

BY JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

WERE it permissible to speak so of Nature, we might call her a sadist with a sense of humor. We might say that she has perpetrated many a cruel joke upon her children. In an age of meticulously unsentimental agnosticism, however, we may only observe that her ways are scarcely those of propriety and compassion.

The evidence of this fact is more easily found than an appropriate idiom to express it. A man need not go to the sea where so many millions of creatures are born for the few that are permitted to survive; nor to the pond where the May fly liberates her eggs only when her body has rotted. He need not even step into the garden where the successful drone must die as he succeeds, and where the unsuccessful ones pay similarly for failure. He need only remain in the house and look at the mirror to see a creature as capriciously devised as any other.

Seeing, however, does not necessarily involve believing. For so quaintly constructed a thing as man, it almost necessarily does not involve believing. When first he saw in the mirror the unmistakable though altered visage of an ape he howled to heaven that it was not so. Today he is still howling, but not so much in denial of what he sees as in affirmation of what he does not see.

Few modern men are any longer shocked by the compelling evidence of their simian origin and affiliations. Not a few can even be amused by the vulgarities of the monkey house, so similar except in frankness to their own. Those

whom these similarities set to thinking may rejoice that above the shoulders men are gods, however bestial they may yet be farther down. Or they may rejoice for the same reason but with emphasis reversed.

Were it possible to formulate the average opinion of civilized man on this matter, or the average opinion of one average man, it would probably disclose a compromise. Man enjoys his ferments and hormones as well as his dreams and aspirations. He is content with being a mongrel blend of god and beast. Indeed, he is more than content. He is proud.

Were he to attempt to examine himself as dispassionately as an entomologist examines a grasshopper, however, he must suspect what a biologically clumsy compromise he is. In the animal pursuits of eating, fighting, and breeding his prowess hardly matches his customary estimation of it. The tapeworm is easily a better feeder, the weasel a better fighter, the rabbit a better lover. The best human swimmers, runners, and fliers are inept amateurs when compared with sharks, horses, and hawks. Except for his brain, man is a generalized and undistinguished animal.

As a god he is scarcely more effective. Though he is the one creature who can significantly alter himself and his environment to suit his private tastes, he is the only one who is obviously maladjusted with himself and his environment. He is the one creature who might possibly obtain the necessities of life without robbing and killing his fellows, yet he is the most

selfishly acquisitive and the most ruthlessly murderous of all. He is the one creature who is able to know much about himself and the world, and the only one who is habitually deluded. He is the one creature who can laugh, and the only one who is persistently unhappy. He is the one creature who can dodge many cruel and dangerous exactions of Nature, only to run foul of more cruel and dangerous devices of his own manufacture.

One need be no philosopher, pondering in metaphysical abstractions the problems of human duality, to see that man might be more a god were he less an animal, and vice versa. Between these two stools he falls to the ground, without being either wholly content to crawl over it or wholly able to rise above it. The pterodactyl with the teeth of a reptile, the wings of a bird, and the neck of a mammal, was a somewhat similar hybrid. Without conscious direction the pterodactyl achieved a modicum of success in spite of his incongruities. Will man be able by conscious direction to succeed as well? Or will he go down in history as a mere absurdity?

Before we can attempt any reasonable answers to these questions we must know what we mean by success. Most creatures have little demonstrable capacity for experience beyond the basic routine of nourishment, defense, and reproduction. Success for them as individuals consists in eating and avoiding being eaten until reproduction is achieved. Success for them as species consists in the attainment of a sufficient number of individual successes in each generation to prevent extinction.

Obviously for man the definition must be enlarged. Mere survival is not all of success for a creature with a god in its head. On the other hand, mere survival must be the first concern of a god who chooses to reside in a beast, if the strange cohabitation is to continue. Any sound attempt to foretell the future of man must, therefore, start with an appraisal of his chances for physical survival.

As a genus, man has existed for a relatively short period. The million odd

years of his geologic history are but a moment when compared with the lengthy day of the trilobite or the pterodactyl. Yet in that moment enough changes were recorded to indicate the trend of his physical development. On them must be based any respectable speculations concerning his future as an animal.

Scientists are generally agreed that men and apes were derived from a common ancestor. Though in some quarters it is still necessary to emphasize the fact that this hypothetical creature was not technically an ape, many idealistic and even religious people to-day are able to dispense with the salve of Victorian evasion. They are willing to admit that he was probably not at all like an angel; that should he come in at the door they would doubtless go out at the window. They can believe that men and apes are cousins under their skins, content in the knowledge that with time the relationship has become more distant. Yet they cannot quite escape the feeling that apes are horrible caricatures of themselves. Consequently, they are apt to overlook the fact that not all comparisons of man and ape are to the disadvantage of the ape.

After a million years of reaching for the moon on his hind legs, man's intestines have sagged and his pelvic girdle has narrowed. Constipation and the agony of childbirth, instead of the moon, came down upon him. After a million years of reaching for nothing more lofty than a mate or a coconut, the ape has achieved his ambitions, such as they were, without losing any of his capacity to enjoy them.

Reduction in size and power of muzzle, jaw, and teeth brought a refinement to the face of man which no ape enjoys. It also brought the dentist and the specialist on nose and throat, which not even an ape could enjoy. Perfection of hand and head brought man the exquisite pleasure of reason and imagination—and their exquisite pain. The ape suffers neither from the absence of the one nor the presence of the other.

Nevertheless, neither these nor any of the other possible observations in favor

of the ape could make a sane man want to change places with him. Men love their own anatomy and physiology as they love their own children and automobiles. Two facts, none the less, are clear. Ever since men and apes definitely parted company in the dawn of the Pleistocene period, men have lost not a few of the physical felicities which apes have retained. By the tokens of geologic history, they will probably lose more in the future.

Fossils neither quibble nor lie. With the customary dispassion of the dead, they tell of humanity's losses as well as its gains. And their story is abundantly corroborated by the flesh of living men. Certain losses of which they speak, to be sure, need not be greatly regretted. That the tail has degenerated in man to a well hidden bone at the base of the spine is an asset to beauty without being a liability to health. That man no longer has sufficient hair to shed water and to retain warmth matters little so long as he has a house and a suit of clothes. Atrophy of the skin muscles, so useful to his quadruped kin for flicking off flies and for making faces at menacing neighbors, is effectively counterbalanced by the agility of his hands and the resourcefulness of his head. The only real need for these muscles to-day is in the cinema, and more than enough people retain the use of them to supply the grimacing Hollywood requires.

The progressive decadence of more essential organs, however, is a matter of less indifference. Though the safety of modern man does not wholly depend on the perfect functioning of eye and ear, it is fostered not inconsiderably by the ability to tell red from green and to hear the whistle of a locomotive. Though softened by cooking, his food is more nourishing if his jaws can chew and his intestines churn. Whether the inventor will be able to make artificial machines capable of performing such work, or the physician discover ways to stay the degeneration of the natural machines for doing it, is the future's secret.

Not one organ of the human body is

surely known to be evolving toward increased effectiveness. Man's hands, which next to his brain have been his most valuable asset, are not destined in the future to be the indispensable adjuncts of the mind they were in the past. Because modern machinery all but manipulates itself, they can only be expected to degenerate with the rest of the human body. The brain itself seems fated to grow no better. Men know vastly more to-day than the ancients knew, without any demonstrably greater capacity for knowing. There is no reason for believing that this capacity will be any greater to-morrow. Indeed, though learning and possibly wisdom will march ahead, psychoses will probably trail not far behind.

The only reasonable assumption for the future is a continuance of the degenerative trend in the human physique. But it is also only reasonable to assume that man will continue to fight it more or less successfully with his ingenuity. Despite the physical deficiencies of men as individuals, man as a species is quite as successful as most other creatures. Through elaborate care of the young and fervid opposition to any curtailment of their production, man is actually the most rapidly increasing animal on earth. Though the weak and the criminal are too largely responsible for this increase to make us regard it with satisfaction, there is at least no threat of extinction for the immediate future. The gravest dangers for man as a species lie less in the crumbling beast than in the bungling god.

II

By a strange perversity in the cosmic plan, the biologically good die young. Species are not destroyed for their shortcomings but for their achievements. The tribes that slumber in the graveyards of the past were not the most simple and undistinguished of their day, but the most complicated and conspicuous. The magnificent sharks of the Devonian period passed with the passing of the period, but

certain contemporaneous genera of primitive shellfish are still on earth. Similarly, the lizards of the Mesozoic era have long outlived the dinosaurs who were immeasurably their biologic betters. Illustrations such as these could be endlessly increased. The price of distinction is death.

The reason lies largely in the rigidity with which the progressive species become adjusted to their particular environments. When man bred certain types of horses for the qualities demanded by the racetrack he deprived them of other qualities inherent in the nature of horseflesh. The more brilliantly a horse performs on the track the less patiently and surely will it perform in a harness or on a mountain trail. What man has done to the race-horse Nature has done to innumerable other creatures.

She shapes her darlings for special conditions, and they thrive. Most of them are as automatic in their reactions as adding machines, but they are also as free from self-inspired error. As long as conditions are constant they lead safe and easy lives. But Nature is notoriously fickle. She changes the conditions without any warning or reason. Her erstwhile darlings, too set in their anatomy and their ways to meet the new demands, must die.

Man is one of Nature's darlings, but a darling with a difference. In possessing an organ which is at once his greatest strength and his greatest weakness, he is not unlike the others. When Nature gave him his brain, and with it the unprecedented privilege of contributing to the arrangement of his own life, she included the less enviable capacity of suffering for his own mistakes. By thus being endangered through the flexibility rather than the rigidity of his specialized organ, he is unique.

The human brain, like the feet of an antelope or the claws of a cat, is the outstanding attribute of its owner. Unlike the feet of an antelope or the claws of a cat, it has widened rather than restricted the field of its owner's activities. With-

out it man would still be chattering in a Paradise of bananas. With it he has dispersed from the trees to discover weapons, clothing, fire, co-operative living, articulate speech, abstract thought, and a myriad attendant diversities of experience. Without it he would never have gone from the shelter of the forest into the hazards of a wider world. With it he not only accepted the hazards already in this world but he added others of his own invention.

Though man has reached his present position without greatly taxing his power of conscious self-direction, he has obviously passed the turning point of his career. During the more or less civilized last five thousand years, he has increasingly contributed to the arrangement of his own life. This period is scarcely half of one per cent of his sojourn on earth to the present, but it limns the probable pattern of his future evolution.

It shows that the significant changes of the future are apt to come through his mind and spirit, and consequently very largely through his own direction. Through them he can bring happiness and misery upon himself, conditions which for him as a god are equivalent to success and failure. Is it likely that the tackle of civilization will fish up more happiness than misery from the unplumbed deeps of mind and spirit, so that ultimately man may triumph as a god though he fail as a beast?

The answer that history returns is simple enough. Unless he change both his tackle and his tactics it is not.

To be born, to eat, to reproduce, and to die is the most that most creatures can wrench from the world. But they easily accept the narrowness of their lives through the simple device of not being aware of it. Man alone possesses a mechanism of discovery and discontent. Curiosity about himself and the world, and distaste for what his curiosity reveals, are two of his most dominant and distinctive traits. Disguising or altering distasteful conditions have been two of his most dominant and distinctive activities.

Long before the last great ice sheet had begun to recede from the face of Europe some twenty-five thousand years ago, man had already become unique in the animal kingdom. Though far more apelike than any of his living descendants, he already could do what no other creature had ever done before. He could not only strike fire, make tools, and wield weapons with his hands, but he could also dream dreams with his head.

Where the skeletons of these Neanderthal men have been found in their original burial grounds they were accompanied by implements and the remains of food. The only possible interpretation of such facts is that man had already fallen in love with himself; that he had already begun to hope, perhaps even to believe, that death does not kill all; that, in short, the temporal limitations of existence had already grown intolerable to him.

They have been intolerable to him ever since. Men still hope when they cannot believe that, for the spirit at least, death does not exist. But while they dream of an endless eon of bliss beyond the grave, on this side they go on living in the flesh, briefly like other animals. Unfortunately they are not godlike enough to be wholly content with their dreams of an everlasting future, nor bestial enough to be wholly undisturbed by the facts of a fleeting present.

They go on, however, with their dreaming and pretending, dressing up the baseness as well as the briefness of their lives. For each crude exigency of survival they invent a noble motive and a pleasing manner. They are the only creatures who are both moral and polite; but beneath the veneer of evasions is the ancient lust and pain and cruelty of living. And, unhappily, they know it.

Man will doubtless never achieve perfection in self-deception, but he will doubtless continue to try. The fundamentals of existence must continue to shock his sensibilities, and he must continue to protect himself howsoever he may. Though hypocrisy helps him only a little in this endeavor, he prizes it (as he

should) for that little. But he will probably never let it replace the other major division of human activity which is concerned rather with changing than with disguising distasteful things.

Most creatures take the world as they find it. They instinctively become partners with their environment. They make working agreements even with such inhospitable places as deserts, hot springs, and subterranean pools of oil. And only rarely in using their surroundings do they abuse them.

Man, on the contrary, is not willing to take the world as he finds it. Only rarely does he use his surroundings without abusing them, and without eventually abusing himself. In countless ways he stupidly exploits his environment for immediate gain at the expense of ultimate loss.

He harnesses the rivers for a thousand tasks and repays them in pollution. He builds smelters whose breath, like that of Rappaccini's daughter, is deadly to all it touches. He builds levees to control floods and at the same time destroys the forests without which there can be no effective control. By overgrazing and overplowing, he turns grasslands into deserts where not even sheep can graze nor food plants grow. By transplanting such creatures as the English sparrow and the rabbit, he enables them in the end to become more pestiferous than the pests they were employed to subdue. The net result of such achievements is an increasing unbalance of man and his external environment. Though his genius for maladjustment may never seriously threaten his existence as a species, it considerably weakens his standing as a god.

Internally, man has fared but little better. To be sure, by tampering with himself he has smoothed many stretches on the road from the cradle to the grave. Through medicine he has made himself a little sounder, through plumbing a little cleaner, through education and art a little wiser and finer, through all perhaps a little happier. But he has also made himself immensely complex and confused.

He is mentally and spiritually muscle-bound. He stands like Tantalus in the midst of his blessings, unable to assemble them for his own greatest good.

Man is easily the most elaborately organized of all the gregarious and social animals. His society has grown increasingly intricate with the growth of civilization. Yet where to-day is the human state that operates as effectively as a beehive? Where is the family as stable and contented as a gorilla and his wives? Even though the answer be "nowhere," man neither envies nor aspires to emulate the bee or the gorilla. Through this attitude he molds his most embarrassing dilemma. The crude simplicity of animals offends him, so he embroiders their simplicity (which is also fundamentally his own) until he is tripped and tied by the strands of the embroidery.

By a strange combination of generosity and greed he protects the weak in asylums and kills the strong in futile wars. By a strange combination of idealism and eroticism he seeks without finding a satisfactory system of intersexual relationships. By a strange combination of ingenuity and impotence he multiplies the basic necessities of life far beyond any possible need, only to let millions go hungry and unclothed for lack of efficient distribution.

Man can plumb the immensity of interstellar space and probe the minuteness of the atom. He can invent ingenious devices for his own comfort and entertainment. He can make pictures and music more sublime than any sight or sound in Nature, and poetry more beautiful and just than any she ever conceived. But he has not yet achieved through all these special powers the peace, tranquillity, and general well-being in the world that oysters possess without them.

III

In view of all this, is not man as a species an absurdity; a hodge-podge of characteristics that will not work together for the good of the whole? In view of

all this, he well may be; but, fortunately, all this is not all. His very confusion suggests less that he has definitely failed than that he has not yet taken definite form. He may be the grub of a butterfly to come.

Compared with many another species, man is very young. Though the evolution of his body has probably stopped, the evolution of his mind and spirit may have just begun. The waste and confusion of the past may have been only the bustle of a clumsy start. Nature has always been an inefficient wastrel, and man, however unique, is yet her child.

As a species man can never excel the average of the parts, and the average is still a grub in mind and spirit. Yet individuals of exceptional and varied qualities—scientists, artists, administrators, and saints—are continually appearing. They do for the mental and spiritual evolution of man what mutations do for the physical evolution of lesser creatures. They tend to combat a rigid standardization of type. Though Napoleons and Hitlers will doubtless continue to rise from time to time, and freeze whole nations with fear or greed or desperation, they are ultimately self-defeating. The violence of their actions breeds violent reactions, and the species continues to flux. As long as there is flux there is danger; but there is also hope.

The problem of the future is to discover how the sporadic strength of individual men may be extended to embrace mankind. The need of the future is more knowledge of man, both as an individual and as a species. The folly and heart-break of prescribing for him without such knowledge has been only too freshly and too clearly shown.

It is odd that the nature of stars and the behavior of gases should have stimulated far more and far abler inquiry than have the nature and behavior of men. To be sure, they are more gratifying subjects for study because they are more simple. But man can live without knowledge of stars and gases, whereas he is finding it increasingly difficult to live without knowledge of himself. Without such knowledge he

is finding it increasingly difficult to benefit from his vast and growing knowledge of everything else.

In a recent best-selling compendium, Dr. Carrel has brought to general attention man's appalling ignorance of himself. In a recent article* that few have read and possibly none will heed, Dr. Hooton of Harvard has outlined a plan that might help repair the deficiency. It is simply a proposal for an institute of clinical anthropology, where the present status of man as a species might be ascertained, and where guiding principles for the future might just possibly be discovered.

Because the problems of man as a species have never seemed very important to men in their selfish pursuits as individuals, anthropologists and philosophers have been lonely and few. Physicians and priests, though many, have been con-

cerned with the plight of the individual. Innumerable institutions exist whose purpose is human betterment, but presumably not one is devoted to a broad understanding of the creature it is attempting to improve.

Such an institution would be a help without being a panacea. Only fools and charlatans have panaceas for the varied distempers of humanity. When Nature vouchsafed that man might assist at the shaping of his own fate she withheld many automatic safeguards against error which she freely bestowed upon other creatures. No other creature has ever faced sterner problems with fewer guides to workable solutions.

So there seems to be no other way for man but to try and fail and to try again. Quaintly, despite frustration, he remains in love with life and with himself. This is perhaps the crowning absurdity of his present estate. But it is also the greatest hope for his future.

* "An Anthropologist Looks at Medicine," by E. A. Hooton. *Science* (March 20, 1936).

DAYS

BY ROBERT FRANCIS

NOTHING between this day and days you knew,
 Nothing of intervening years for you
 To see if you were here to see. Nothing
 Of time. The petals of the apple blossoms
 Drown in the deep grass as they always drown
 In grass in May. Greenness overruns
 The air, leaving room only for birds
 To fly and birds to sing and wind and sun
 And you riding a small boy on your shoulders
 Pausing to see and point a bird, the same bird.
 Nothing of years, of time. Nothing of change
 Except in us. We are older now.
 Too many days (you smile and understand?)
 Too many days like this have made us old.



ARRIVAL ON A HOLIDAY

A STORY

BY WILSON WRIGHT

I WAS being shown Texas. It was the Fourth of July, and a great many natives were looking at Texas too; and our fast morning drive of about two hundred miles had shown me more of the chances of sudden death than it had of Texas. There is an unrestrained hilarity about the Texan style of driving, and when you added to this the fact that apparently Texas was the place old cars came to when they died, you had a fine feeling of hazard in what you were doing.

You don't see much of Texas in two hundred miles. In fact, you hardly see more than a long straight band of good new concrete wide enough for your car and another car to pass, and slowly getting narrower, according to the laws of perspective. Those laws were never interfered with by any irregularities of the landscape in the part of Texas I was being shown. Sometimes, though, waves of heat closed the road long before its edges ended it naturally by meeting at infinity.

Narrow, unpaved roads often came abruptly into the main highway, sometimes out of an area covered with trees, sometimes from behind a collection of wood and stucco houses with a filling station and a roadside restaurant among them, sometimes simply out of flat space. You couldn't see what the country was like along these roads, but once or twice, when a car turned into the highway from one of them, you could tell from

the appearance of the car what it probably was like. Those cars were always covered with dust, and the faces of the people in them were dusty too, and on the axles and under the mudguards there was always a caking of dried clay mud.

We went down one of these roads finally, because we were hunting a short cut to a place where we could get some lunch. We had to go slowly because of the bumps and the washed-out places with muddy water still in the bottom of them. Even if you were only a passenger, you couldn't take your eyes off the roadbed.

It was unexpected when we came around a corner hidden by trees growing in a swamp, and found ourselves making the last in a line of four or five cars waiting to cross a little river by one of the ferries run by the Highway Department in that part of Texas. Apparently you always had to wait for some time at one of these ferries, because there was a store with a lunch counter in it just by the slip, and everybody who drove up simply left their cars standing in line, with the doors hanging open, and went into the store. They got a sandwich, or a piece of pie, and a bottle of soft drink, and then stood on the porch and quietly waited.

We shut off our motor and got out, and as we did, an old model-T Ford came into the line behind us. It had more dust and mud on it and flatter

springs than any car I'd yet seen; and what was more, before the driver shut off his motor, you could hear what a bad state his engine was in. The gasket leaked, for one thing. The car couldn't possibly have done more than stumble along from wherever it had come. We went inside to get a coca-cola and some cigarettes, but we sat down at the counter because it was cooler inside than out, and besides, the porch was full, and all the people there were making remarks to each other, and we'd have had to fit ourselves into that if we went outside. There were three dogs too, out of the motors, and they scrambled back and forth among the people waiting, and panted.

The man who owned the place was an Italian-looking man, though from the way he talked—exactly like all the people on his porch—you wouldn't have thought of his being a foreigner. We couldn't get the kind of cigarettes we wanted. "Folks right around here don't ask for that brand much," he said, "so I only keep the kind they mostly do ask for. Those that don't usually smoke this kind I keep seem anyhow willing to take them for once, so I don't bother to keep more than the one kind. Anyhow, it's all I've got." We bought those and started to drink our coca-colas, and he went to the other side of the store to talk to some friends of his that stood there.

The screen door squeaked and then banged behind somebody, and a man said, in a general sort of way to everybody in the store, "Is Bill anywheres about?"

Everybody seemed to agree it was the storekeeper's place to answer, because they stood and said nothing; so he said, "Maybe you mean Bill Russell?" Nobody said anything. "Or maybe it's more likely Bill Harding you want?" he suggested hopefully.

I looked over my shoulder then at the man standing with his back against the screen door. He wasn't very big, and he had on an undershirt and a pair of

blue dungarees and dirty sneakers. He didn't have a hat, and his hair, bleached and streaked with red dust, stood blown all ways from his head. I guessed he had come up in the Ford because the dust stuck with sweat around his eyes was the same color as the dust I'd noticed when the Ford drove in behind us.

"Well, I don't rightly know which of those two Bills I'm a-looking for, but the one I mean was in the army. He was in B-Company at that big camp place up-state. Maybe you-all can tell now?" he asked. His listeners shook their heads. The storekeeper thought that it couldn't be Bill Harding because he'd never heard of Bill Harding being in the army or at a camp.

"Bill works on a ferryboat roundabout here," the stranger mentioned. "He sent me a postcard saying he had a job on a ferry. I guess this is Hollis's Crossing?"

"Sure, this is Hollis's Crossing."

"Well, then, the Bill I'm a-looking for works on the ferryboat here."

"That's bound to be Bill Russell then."

"Then that's all right," said the man, wiping his forehead with his dusty arm and making fresh streaks. "I'm sure glad to know his name's Bill Russell. He just put 'Bill' on the card he sent me. I knowed, easy enough, it was the Bill I knowed in B-Company because of what he put about ferryboating being easier than the army. But I couldn't think of what he called himself, anyhow."

"Bill Russell ain't around here to-day," one of the storekeeper's friends let out. "I seen him go off up the road on the other side of the creek first thing this morning."

This didn't matter to the man. He opened the screen door, and after it had banged behind him we heard him shouting to the people in his car, "Hey! Hey! Jenny! Bring the kids. This is the right place." Then he came in again and climbed onto a stool at the counter.

"I'm sure glad to find this Bill," he

told us, knowing we were interested and friendly, "because I came near to eight hundred miles to get here."

I was interested to hear this piece of information. I should have said it was impossible. But no one else seemed astonished. The storekeeper came around to the lunch-counter side of his store, and his friends began to drift across. There was quite a crowd interested in the man.

"Eight hundred miles?" the storekeeper calmly repeated. "That'd be pretty far across the State."

"Well, it ain't quite out of the State," the dusty man seriously explained, "but it's pretty far out in the sand."

The screen door opened and shut and let in a woman and two children. She was young and covered with dust, like her husband, and dressed in one of his khaki shirts and a pair of breeches made of cheap whipcord. She had on cotton golf-stockings and high-heeled pumps. They made her walk a little shakily, or perhaps that was the result of sitting so long holding the baby in her arms and with the little boy crowded in between her and her husband on the front seat. The baby was in one of those five-and-ten bathing suits, and the boy had on some blue overalls. He was sunburnt red and brown where they didn't cover him.

He saw his father at the counter as soon as he got inside. "Want a cone," he said. His mother followed him and took the stool beside her husband. "I could do with a coca-cola," she said.

"Bill's name is Bill Russell," he told her.

"Well, I'm sure glad to hear what his name is," she answered in a pleased way.

"He ain't here now. I mean right at this minute."

"Well, if this is where he's at, we can wait till he comes back."

This seemed to settle the immediate future for them, so they started to drink their coca-colas. But the notion amused the storekeeper's friends. They laughed, and then one of them said, "I sure hope you people got lots of time to

spare. This here's a holiday to-day, you know, and usually when Bill takes a day off like to-day, he goes and gets himself good and drunk. He might stay drunk two and three days maybe."

"Time ain't no concern o' mine," said the man cheerfully. "Bill's a-getting me a job, so I'm happy to wait."

This news interested his listeners even more than his simple narrative, because they thought they knew of every job in the neighborhood. "Oh," said the storekeeper, "you're a-coming to work?"

"Sure thing. I want some work to do. Maybe you don't know I dropped a job to come here. I wouldn't like to try to go no further. I got tired o' my other job, but that don't mean I'm tired o' work in general. But aside from that I'll be right pleased to see Bill again. I've been a-thinking of that ever since I got his card."

His wife broke in. She had emptied her coca-cola bottle. "That tasted good," she first said, and then she did some of the explaining. "He had a job in the garage at Holy City. That's where we come from. It's a thousand miles. He changed and fixed flats, and that kept him pretty busy out there in the sand. But it was kind o' tough out there because the boss started picking on him. And it was pretty tough too, getting milk for the kid, like a magazine I read in the barber shop said you ought to do. So when he read me this card from Bill, and told me about who Bill was, I said he'd never find a better time to pull out than right now, when maybe Bill could help him." She told all of this in a matter-of-fact way.

Her husband completed the story. "You sure get tired of being in a place like Holy City. Why, they don't change the movies but once a week there."

"There ain't no movie house at all here," said the storekeeper.

"No, but it ain't so far to town," the woman argued.

All the listeners nodded sympathetically.

"Maybe we'd better eat here now," the

woman suggested. So they had hot-dogs and pie and more coca-cola, and then the boy had a hot-dog and some milk. The baby didn't seem to be worrying about food. The storekeeper looked at the woman inquiringly, but she said, "No, I go on a-feeding her myself."

While they ate, the general talk went on. It was mostly questions and answers, all very direct and searchingly personal. No one felt any restraint. The little boy had an ice cream cone after he had finished his solid food.

"I don't guess there's any use a-going to hunt Bill out to-day?" the man asked, after borrowing a cigarette from me.

"Sure to be no use," somebody replied.

"Bill ain't changed much," said the man, dropping the idea of a search. "I remember from camp, it was always best to wait where you were at for him."

A man put his head in the door and spoke indirectly to everybody: "Are you folks going on this boat? All the cars in front of you went."

Bill Russell's friend answered for us all: "You-all pull out around me, if you please. We aim to sit here a bit."

We, however, got up and left. But by the time we got down to our cars a good many of the string had got in in front of us. The ferry had blown its whistle and started to move away too. So we went back and leaned on the candy counter, no longer in the center of the talk.

They had got on well with their questions while we were outside, because it seemed to me that the important point was finally reached just after we came in again; and it certainly hadn't been in sight when we went out. "There ain't no more jobs on that ferryboat, friend," the storekeeper was saying. "Those are the best-liked jobs around here, and people keep to them. Bill Russell's had his near a year."

The man seemed a little disappointed. "Well, I sure thought when Bill said he was on a ferryboat that he'd find me a place on that boat too. I've sure been a-thinking that."

"I don't rightly see how that'd be

likely," a man said reflectively. He was on the stool I had vacated. "It takes only two men to run that boat. The State hires four and they work eight-hour shifts. And they don't run it at all at night. There's Bill and Ebee and Pike and . . ." He thought for a moment and then spoke along the counter, past the stranger who was listening dispassionately, to an acquaintance beyond: "Sam, I'm clean out of my mind. What's that other fellow's name?"

Sam said, "His name's Heron, Jim Heron. He does the afternoon turn along with Ebee."

"Sure, I recollect it now. Jim Heron." Then he turned to the stranger and completed what he had started to say. "I don't rightly see how Bill could do anything much. Maybe, as I see it, he promised more than he could do."

"No, he didn't rightly promise nothing," said the man comfortably. "He wouldn't act like that. No, he just wrote he was a-working here; and when I heard that it came on me I'd like pretty much a-working where he was. So we pulled out and came. He didn't promise me nothing; I was just a-thinking maybe. Bill, in fact, don't know I'm a-coming. He'll be right surprised."

Though he showed no sign that he was cast down, his wife said to him encouragingly: "Sure, even if he don't have no job on that ferryboat, he'll be bound to know lots a people, since so many goes on the boat all the time."

None of the natives of Hollis's Crossing seemed to find anything out of the way in this situation. The only comment came from someone on the edge of the group. He remarked, "Bill don't usually feel too good after he's been having a holiday like this." This was taken as a simple statement of fact, and, as such, it led to nothing. The family ate pie for a while. The baby woke up.

"I'd best go and feed her," the mother said, unbuttoning the neck of her shirt as she slid from the stool. "You-all 'll excuse me, I guess, if I go out to the car," she politely added. They all said, "Sure,

Ma'am, it's what you feel most like." She teetered through the screen door on her high heels. The ferry whistle blew coming in.

"You-all couldn't tell me whereabouts I might stop till Bill comes along?" the stranger asked, pushing away his plate. "I ain't got a lot o' money left after coming so far, but I aim to rest here till I get a-working with Bill."

The men around him honestly racked their brains. The storekeeper spoke up first. "Maybe you could get into my shed with your car. There ain't no conveniences there, but maybe it'd do."

The man laughed happily at this easy solution. "We've slept in my old car before this. And you should've seen the way Bill and me lived at that camp."

"Well, it's just around the end of the store. You can drive in there."

"I guess," said the man, suddenly thinking of it, "we can get hot-dogs and cokes, and maybe even milk in here? I got money enough for that."

"Sure thing," said the storekeeper.

"I'll go and move her in, then," said the man as he took some change from his dungaree pocket.

We got out of the door before him and into our car. I heard the Ford hiss through its leaky gasket behind us. He blew his horn, one of the old hand klaxons, happily. I hadn't heard one for years. Then we pulled ahead toward the slip. We had to wait our turn before we could run on the boat and so the model-T came up beside us on its way to the shed. The driver waved his hand. His wife was still feeding the baby. The little boy's face, smeared with ice cream, stuck up between them. A dog I hadn't noticed before sat on their possessions in the back seat and yawned in a comfortable way. Then the Ford stalled. The man got out, twisting himself skillfully under the steering-gear. We hadn't moved yet, so he came over to us.

"Ain't it damn-all," he said, "a-stopping like that just in sight a home?"

One of the ferrymen shouted to us and we had to start. The man called to his wife: "Hurry up with that kid's supper, Jenny. You and me'll have to push this thing in and get us settled." The ferry blew its whistle, and I didn't hear what she said, but I suppose it was something cheerful and undisturbed.



A POLITICIAN UNAFRAID

GEORGE W. NORRIS, SENATOR FROM NEBRASKA

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

ON FEBRUARY 12th of this year newspapermen in Washington asked prominent political leaders what policies Lincoln would advocate if he were abroad in the land once more. With a solitary exception the statesmen on Capitol Hill took the occasion of the one hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary of the Emancipator's birth to engage in verbal bombardments praising or condemning the New Deal. The exception was Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. His gaunt, sad-eyed face was lighted by a quizzical smile as he told his interrogators, "Lincoln would be just like me. He wouldn't know what the hell to do!"

Such a reply from a newcomer to politics would have been regarded as inexcusably naïve. Politicians are not supposed to be frank with the voters. The hypothetical return of Abraham Lincoln is a subject to be considered—at least for public consumption—with due reverence and pomposity. Yet George William Norris has been breaking political rules and maxims in this fashion for two generations and he has served in Congress longer than any other living person. Into the hurly-burly of American public life this gray-haired, seventy-five-year-old prairie philosopher has brought a candor and sincerity which once prompted the "Topics of the *Times*" to declare: "Norris has many critics, but no criticism of him has ever included the charge that he is what is known in politics as a 'trimmer.'"

His insurgency has never been confined to the period between elections. It is not lulled by favor, flattery, or White House breakfasts, or fear of consequences with the voters."

The *New York Times* does not favor the social and economic reforms advocated by Senator Norris. Its admiration of his probity is admiration for an opponent. This respect for Nebraska's senior Senator among his adversaries is not confined to the *Times*. His unwillingness to indulge in the customary equivocations and hypocrisies of politics has made him virtually a national institution. In an era in which it is common to identify public figures with certain qualities—Roosevelt with personality, Borah with oratory, Hoover with efficiency—Senator Norris, practically alone of all the nation's statesmen, is identified with honesty. Lewis Gannett remarked of him in 1926: "George Norris is the only honest man in political life in America."

By all the accepted standards of modern political combat, the voters of Nebraska should have retired Norris long ago to his little home at McCook. He has consistently refused to submit to the various pressure clans which roam the arena of public affairs, looking for wayward statesmen to terrify. He has denounced political patronage as an unmitigated evil and has never solidified his following with the disbursement of government jobs. He has often bolted the

Republican party in Presidential years. He does not attend White House receptions and the other social festivities which the public reads about so avidly. He and his wife have disagreed publicly as to political policy. He belongs to no church. He has never surrounded himself with the hocus-pocus atmosphere of aloofness and Olympian wisdom dear to most statesmen. He has not hesitated to antagonize important men, whether they be captains of industry, cabinet members, or residents of the White House. He has obtained recognition on the floor of the Senate to read satiric doggerel about the Vice-President then presiding over the upper-chamber. He has been so apparently indifferent to obliteration at the polls that the *Nebraska State Journal* once intimated that martyrdom is an inseparable characteristic of his personality.

Since 1902 Norris has represented his State in the national capital. He spent his first ten years there in the House of Representatives. He was elected to the Senate in 1912 and is now completing his fourth term in that body. During these thirty-four years he has been so free of the fears to which most politicians pay homage that Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas recently said, "George Norris is a living, perambulating Declaration of Independence in human form." Here is a singular and remarkable career—one of the longest in the history of Congress—which offers vivid proof that there can be an occasional rare exception to the truism expressed a century ago by the prophetic Frenchman, De Tocqueville, "A political aspirant in the United States begins by discriminating in his own interest."

As significant as Norris's direct approach to issues is the fact that he behaves like a human being. His unruffled course through the turmoil of public life is a challenge to the widely prevalent belief that politicians—like royalty—cannot remain in power if they act like normal persons. They must be clever clowns, providing entertainment for the popu-

lace, or oracles solemnly mouthing pompous truisms, or their mouths must be perpetually wrinkled in gay, cavalier smiles. They must attend church faithfully and make frequent allusions to the Scriptures in their public utterances. There can be no subject on which they are not seemingly posted. They must pose as authorities on everything from garden spades to light cruisers. They must never be mistaken; if they blunder, some subordinate must shoulder the blame.

This pretentious and frequently hypocritical way of living, though it is the price which many men are willing to pay for high public office, has not been the price of the longest tenure in Congress. Norris lives as simply as if politics had never removed him from the humdrum routine of legal practice among McCook's seven thousand inhabitants.

Most American families disagree as to political opinions—and so do the Norrises. In 1928 the Senator announced he would support Alfred E. Smith for the Presidency. Mrs. Norris promptly said she could not reconcile Smith's advocacy of repeal of the 18th Amendment with her own dry views and would scratch her ticket, voting for neither Smith nor Hoover. For a time the country was treated to the unusual spectacle of a wife collaborating in the possible political embarrassment of her husband because they honestly disagreed on an issue of the campaign. Many ministers in Nebraska said the "good people" of the State were ashamed of Norris, particularly as he had been a dry all his life. The Senator answered that he still believed in Prohibition, but that he considered economic questions such as taxation and public ownership infinitely more important than the liquor problem. This performance was repeated on a modified scale in 1932 when Norris supported Roosevelt, another advocate of repeal.

Despite their occasional political differences, the Norrises are among the most devoted couples in Washington. They love to walk together and to drive their

inexpensive sedan. They shun social affairs and are together whenever the Senator is not participating in public events. More than fifteen years ago a Washington newspaperman remarked of Norris, "He has not any of the things which Senatorial hearts most crave: social position, influence in his party, or companionship of the cocktail-drinking, poker-playing good fellows." In the summer months the Senator and Mrs. Norris motor to Wisconsin, where they have a little forest cabin he built with his own hands. Crowds and lavish functions are distasteful to them, and no shoe-salesman and his wife travel more obscurely than this couple who have been in the national capital since almost the turn of the century.

In Washington the Senator and his wife spend the evenings at their apartment. They have three daughters, all married, and one of Norris's sons-in-law is his secretary, John P. Robertson. The Senator is a voracious reader. His library is lined with books on social and economic problems, many of them with his own penciled notations of salient points. He devotes long hours to analyzing reports on hydroelectric power, armaments, and other subjects which draw his attention. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* is his favorite book and the militant challenges of that hero have a deep emotional appeal for him. He has always associated the cadences of stirring poetry—which he loves to read aloud—with the deeds of his friend, the elder La Follette, and he quoted at length from William Ellery Leonard and other poets in his memorial address when the Wisconsin Senator died in 1925.

In his offices Norris is accessible and unassuming. He is no desk-pounder, no thundering oracle bellowing like the throat of Vesuvius. He frequently will tilt his feet on the desk and let the visitor carry the brunt of the conversation. A corn-cob pipe and a plentiful supply of cigars are his chief enjoyment and he generally has them arrayed on the blotter in front of him. Like Borah and two or

three other Congressional veterans, he dresses in dark baggy suits. Most of the time he wears a stubby, tightly-knotted shoestring-tie. Norris makes his only concession to sartorial correctness when the humidity of the Washington summers drives him to linen clothing. He is eager for information and wants to know what is taking place in the country and what the people are talking about. Tales of poverty and distress move him immeasurably. He is naturally sad and heavy-eyed and his face—beneath his white hair and dark brows—is touched by sorrow whenever visitors tell him of the misery prevalent in many parts of the country.

It is one of the anomalies of Washington that this grave old man, whose very appearance is melancholy, should move into debate with sardonic humor as one of his principal weapons. Capitol Hill has not yet forgotten the letter which Norris publicly addressed to Secretary of State Stimson seven years ago when the controversy over Dolly Gann's social status was at its height. Here is an excerpt:

The League of Nations, the World Court, the maintaining of a big Navy . . . are all important and may affect the peace of the world, but sink into insignificance and fade into oblivion when compared with the great question that is now agitating the whole world as to where the Vice-President's sister shall sit at the dinner table.

Another Vice-President was the target of Norris's shafts of satire when Charles G. Dawes rushed from the Willard Hotel to reach the Senate in time to vote with the conservatives on an important bill. Into the *Congressional Record* Norris read a rhymed parody, comparing Dawes' pell-mell rush through the Washington streets with Sheridan's ride to Winchester:

Up from the east out into the day
Bringing to the Willard fresh dismay
The affrighted air with a shudder bore
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar
Telling the battle was on once more
And Dawes fully fifteen blocks away. . . .

One summer during the Coolidge administration Norris was run down by an

automobile and slightly injured. The Senate was anxious to adjourn and escape from the heat of the capital, but Norris limped to the floor and declared, "I am ready to stay here all summer and I think the farmers . . . have a right to demand that we all stay. I am in good shape; when that automobile struck me the grinding and crunching of the wheels simply massaged and invigorated me."

Norris's colleagues were indignant, but they remained in Washington for several weeks to consider the tariff. The goodwill and friendly companionship of the majority of his fellow Senators has never been anything but an incidental objective with Norris. Content to be a lonely anchorite, over a period of three decades he has angered virtually every Congressional adherent of the party system. Political discipline and party patronage are his *bêtes noires*. He is so suspicious of political alliances of any sort that he has not even agreed with other liberals in their demands for a new party. In 1924, when appeals for a Progressive party were coming from the hinterlands, Norris threw cold water on the proposal: "I have small faith in a new party. There is too much belief in parties in this country. Unless its leaders were Christlike men—in which case they would not be political leaders—its candidates would be dictated by a few bosses conferring in private, just as in the old parties." This mistrust of political factions prompted Norris to insist last year that the constitutional amendment giving Nebraska a unicameral legislature contain a provision calling for non-partisan election of the members.

It gives Norris considerable amusement to relate to his visitors how he became convinced of the futility of party discipline and ties. On February 22, 1904, when he was a young Congressman with a drooping mustache and faith in the infallibility of the Republican party, the Democratic whip in the House moved to adjourn in tribute to the memory of George Washington. Norris was the only Republican to support the motion.

He was severely reprimanded by the floor leader of his party, who explained that Republicans positively could not endorse legislation introduced by Democrats, no matter how worthy it might be.

Several months after this episode, the forty-three-year-old Representative from Nebraska delivered a five-minute speech opposing an increase in pay to a doorkeeper whom he regarded as merely a customer at the political pie-counter. This insurgency offended the members of both parties. Norris, later looking back on his service in the House, declared, "Although I was a member of the House for ten years, and eight years of that time my party was in control, I never received a single piece of patronage . . . I doubt whether there ever has been an instance where a man has served that long in the House . . . and has never been given a single solitary appointment of any kind."

Unwillingness to court the support of his party made each of Norris's campaigns for re-election a hazardous undertaking. His eminent fellow-Nebraskan, William Jennings Bryan, would come into the district every two years to stump for the Democratic candidate. In 1908 Bryan delivered more than thirty speeches in behalf of the Democrat, and Norris kept his seat by a margin of only twenty-two votes. After the election was over Bryan told Norris he was glad he had won and that he frankly preferred him to the Democrat whose victory he had urged. On the way back to Washington, Norris says he wondered what explanation could be made of Bryan's course.

This experience with party lines impelled Norris to attempt what the capital then regarded as impossible: the overthrow of Uncle Joe Cannon's rigid rule over the House. "The Speaker is in control of the political guillotine," Norris contended. He demanded that the Committee on Rules, instead of being composed of five members selected by the Speaker, should consist of fifteen members appointed by the House. "This is anarchy under the color of law," Cannon

thundered. But in 1910 Norris was the spearhead of a carefully-timed insurrection which stripped Cannon of the power he had wielded so long without question or challenge. Only three votes decided the battle.

II

Two years later Norris successfully fought both the Democrats and the Republican regulars and was elected to the Senate. He was nearing fifty-two when he entered the upper chamber in March of 1913. He took his seat branded as a political insurgent, but he had not yet acquired a reputation as a rebel in the economic field. Most of his efforts in the House had been directed toward political reforms. He had attacked the stilted procedure of the electoral-college method of electing the President and he had condemned political deals and alliances. But in the economic sphere his exploits had not been daring. If anything, he had inclined toward caution. When most of Red Willow County in Nebraska had flirted with the Populist movement, Norris and one other attorney were the only lawyers to resist the clamor. A roamer in far political pastures, until his advent into the Senate he had held relatively conservative economic beliefs.

In the upper chamber, however, Norris found himself in intimate contact with two men whose influence greatly shaped his life. One of these was Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, a Senator since 1906. La Follette was voicing the demands of the workers and the farmers of the Northwest for industrial and agrarian reforms, and was opposing the railroads, the banks, and Wall Street. Norris soon found himself increasingly in agreement with the man from Wisconsin. The other Senator who met a sympathetic ally in George Norris was Harry Lane of Oregon. Lane frankly called himself a "philosophical anarchist." The Oregon Senator and Norris—newcomers to the Senate—became constant companions. Both social recluses, they spent long hours walking along Washington's byways.

La Follette, Norris, and Lane became the nucleus of a little group of Senators and Representatives who endeavored in vain over a period of two years to prevent American participation in the World War. Each of the trio had thought he saw in Wilson a President who would be susceptible to La Follette's economic reforms, to Norris's political ideas, and to Lane's social beliefs. Yet as the country moved inexorably toward entanglement in the conflict raging in Europe, they became the President's most implacable opponents, and he in turn denounced them as few Chief Executives have ever denounced members of the nation's highest legislative body. By the middle of 1916 the lines were tightly drawn and Norris, La Follette, and Lane were marshaling a tiny unit of a dozen Senators to protest the demands for increased military appropriations.

These men insisted that the Government manufacture its own munitions, and Lane angrily predicted that the young men enrolled in compulsory military training would eventually be used as strike-breakers. The trio of Norris, Lane, and La Follette led a long debate for an amendment to forbid the intervention of American troops in Central American countries, but at the showdown could muster only five votes in addition to their own. La Follette condemned the Administration bitterly as he described how he and Norris and Lane, while riding in a street car, had overheard Federal employees complain that they had been coerced into marching in the Preparedness Parades. Norris accused Wilson of saying to the members of Congress, "You shall not express your opinion if it conflicts with mine."

In the midst of the vain struggle to avert participation in the War, Lane's health broke down. Physicians diagnosed his ailment as Bright's disease and warned he had not long to live unless he avoided all possible excitement and strain. They besought him to withdraw from the stubborn little pacifist bloc, but one afternoon he told his daughter Nina

that he "would rather die to-morrow than not go down the line with George Norris." Between the two Senators there was a deep bond of friendship. Long after Lane's death, his family described how Norris sat at his colleague's bedside night after night when Lane was too weak to attend Senate sessions.

The most furious of the storms of decision broke over these men when their filibuster prevented passage of the armed-ship bill at the 1917 short term of Congress. Patriotic organizations excoriated Norris, La Follette, Lane, Stone of Missouri, and a handful of others as "twentieth-century Benedict Arnolds." Wilson denounced them as "a little group of wilful men." The abuse was so vehement in Nebraska that Norris decided to offer to resign and stand for re-election. Even La Follette advised against such a course, pleading that the people would act in the heat of war hysteria as they would not act in the calm aftermath of later years. But against the counsel of his friends, Norris returned to Nebraska, rented the largest hall in Lincoln, and announced he would explain his position to his constituents. No one would volunteer to preside as chairman of the meeting and Norris received several messages threatening his life. When he finally walked on to the platform, a lonely figure in a baggy suit, he faced a grim crowd which packed the auditorium in ominous silence. "I have come home to tell you the truth," Norris began.

Slowly, painstakingly—step by step—he described to the people who had sent him to the Senate the reasons for his opposition to America's entrance into the War. Then he returned to the capital and was one of six Senators who to the end maintained their stand against the War resolution. On the final day of Senate debate—April 4, 1917—Norris brought down upon himself the wrath of pulpit, press, and patriot by exclaiming, "I feel that we are about to put a dollar stamp on the American flag." As the full import of this challenge struck his colleagues,

James A. Reed of Missouri cried that Norris had bordered on treason.

Norris replied, "The Senator from Missouri has said something that at some time he will regret, I believe."

Alone of the six dissenters,* Norris was still in the Senate in 1925 when Reed described the minority vote against the War as "the most superb act of courage this century has witnessed."

Few Americans ever have been called upon to endure a barrage of ridicule comparable to that which was hurled at the Senators who opposed the War resolution. They were castigated as "skunks," "traitors," and "copperheads." Congress was deluged with petitions insisting that they be expelled from the Senate and even banished from the land. Lane died six weeks after the vote in the upper chamber. Norris crossed the continent to attend his friend's funeral, and as he was leaving the newly-covered grave in the Oregon hills, he remarked to Lane's daughter, "Well, Nina, your father's gone. He gave up his life for peace. I guess a few of the rest of us can risk our political careers."

Norris faced reflection in 1918, but dared to challenge the Espionage Act and other Administration measures. The Democratic Senatorial nominee was supported by Nebraska's Senior Senator, Gilbert M. Hitchcock, the sponsor of the War resolution. Although the election was held in the last few days before the Armistice—when enthusiasm was running high over Allied victories on every sector—Norris defended his War position and defeated John H. Moorhead by 21,000 votes out of a total of 220,000 ballots.

Assured of a second Senatorial term, Norris continued to oppose Wilson's demands. He condemned the Treaty of Versailles and threw himself into the fight against the Japanese claims to Shantung. Japan's aggression in China has always aroused his indignation. It is still rumored in Washington that Borah won over Norris to the isolationists' refusal to

* The other five were La Follette, Lane, Stone of Missouri, Gronna of North Dakota, and Vardaman of Mississippi.

ratify World Court membership two years ago by emphasizing to his colleague the inability of the League of Nations and the Court to prevent Japanese imperialism.

When Harding replaced Wilson in the White House in 1920, and the Republicans gained a majority in Congress, Norris became chairman of the Senate committee on Agriculture. A year later Henry Ford submitted his famous offer to buy Muscle Shoals and Norris was plunged into the hydroelectric power problem. This has been the great, consuming interest of his life. He has analyzed and explored it from every perspective. Engineers say he is as conversant as they are with the technical details of the question. Since Ford first focused attention on Muscle Shoals as a national issue, Norris has been the country's most tenacious advocate of public power development.

In 1921 Henry Ford was near the crest of his popularity. He even was mentioned frequently as a possible Presidential candidate. His Muscle Shoals offer, including as it did a provision to manufacture nitrogen for fertilizer at not more than eight per cent profit, was hailed with enthusiasm in rural districts. A majority of Congress was inclined to favor the proposal. President Harding was sympathetic. But Norris declared, "The magic name of Henry Ford seems to have dulled all the reasoning faculties of thousands of farmers"; and for three years he carried on a desperate campaign to prevent Muscle Shoals from being sold. On several occasions he was barely able to avert favorable action on Ford's bid, although in 1922 Norris had strengthened his forces by assisting Robert Howell to replace Gilbert Hitchcock as his Senatorial colleague from Nebraska. So soon had the sponsor of the War resolution fallen by the political wayside!

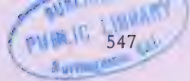
Finally in 1924 Ford withdrew his offer. Yet two years later both Houses of Congress passed the Underwood bill to turn over Muscle Shoals to private operation. With his tenacious fight ap-

parently lost, Norris made an eleventh-hour thrust and blocked the Underwood measure on a point of order when it was already submitted as a conference report. After this almost unbelievable recovery on the brink of defeat, Norris marshaled his support to block the proposal permanently. As a result the \$46,000,000 Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals to-day is still the property of the Federal government.

Here, then, is Norris's background in the power problem. Here, possibly, is the reason why President Roosevelt is the first occupant of the White House to be supported vociferously by the gray-haired Senator from Nebraska. Here is the reason for the excitement in Norris's voice when—during the debate last year on the "death sentence" bill—he proclaimed, "Holding companies constitute the greatest evil of our civilized age!" Power looms large in his vista of national affairs; once when a prominent editor asked him for a statement on an important foreign policy, he confessed to having spent so much time in study of the hydroelectric issue that he was not even conversant with the other problem.

Unanimity on the power question is the stoutest chain holding Norris to the New Deal. On a number of subjects the President and he have disagreed: the limitation of crops, the increases in Naval armaments, Farley's patronage methods. But Mr. Roosevelt has accepted a generous portion of the Senator's power advocacies. Pressure from the White House recently drove through Congress an ultimate \$400,000,000 allotment for rural electrification. Federal power "yardsticks" in the form of giant dams are under construction on the Columbia River and other streams. In the South the Tennessee Valley Authority constitutes the New Deal's most remarkable experiment in social planning. All this has been the partial fulfillment of a dream to Norris and he has assured the President of unqualified support in the coming election.

Some of Norris's admirers are afraid



that the implacable Senatorial foe of Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover has been spellbound by Roosevelt's personality. But of one fact there is no doubt—the power issue the President has been more consistent and tenacious than in the pursuit of any other objective. When the holding company bill was at stake, he refused to give ground in the face of rebellion within his own Congressional ranks. He has kept political considerations out of the appointments of Dr. A. E. Morgan and David Lilienthal to head the TVA and of Morris L. Cooke to manage the Rural Electrification Division. The TVA has moved forward so vigorously that individuals as far apart economically as Norman Thomas and the editors of *Judge* have hailed it as the most significant achievement of the Roosevelt Administration.

Senator Norris is largely responsible for this escape from the customary halts and compromises of the New Deal. He has followed every phase of the power problem with the relentlessness of an Indian trailer. He communicates constantly with persons on the scenes of operation at Chattanooga, Tennessee; Bonneville, Oregon; and other power centers. During the debate on the holding-company legislation, he took complex charts and graphs to the floor of the Senate and suspended them from a portable blackboard. Using a pointer like a pedagogue drilling a group of schoolboys, he explained the intricacies of utility combinations to his colleagues. He feels so intensely on the issue that several times he has assailed Comptroller-General McCarl's detailed questioning of TVA expenditures, despite the fact that McCarl was once his secretary. Norris told newspaper correspondents he would have been heartbroken if the Supreme Court decision in the TVA case had gone against the Government. And when the development of some phase of the power program is not satisfactory to him, he generally stalks over to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue to see the President about it.

III

Between the fifty-four-year-old occupant of the White House and the seventy-five-year-old veteran of the Senate there is a unique friendship. From George Norris the President has accepted rebukes and criticisms he would not tolerate from any other person. Almost without cessation, Norris has condemned the patronage empire of Jim Farley. His hatred of the spoils system prompted him to support the late Huey Long's resolution authorizing an investigation of the Postmaster-General. When the Democratic political forces opposed the reelection in 1934 of Senator Shipstead of Minnesota and the late Senator Cutting of New Mexico, Norris branded the action as "gross ingratitude" and scathingly added that it had been undertaken with the "knowledge and consent of the President." He and five other liberals stalked indignantly from the Senate chamber when Cutting's Democratic successor, ex-Congressman Chavez, was sworn in. Norris has always voted against and denounced the Naval appropriation bills—bills marked "must" by the President. The orthodox New Dealers have found it impossible to harness Norris to political strategy, and in an election year, with the Administration anxious to dodge the Constitutional issue, he has called the Supreme Court a "continual Constitutional convention" and has sponsored a measure to curb its powers. "I do not intend to avoid this issue," he recently telegraphed a friend.

Mr. Roosevelt does not cherish people who question his favorite policies. The one exception is Senator Norris. The venerable Nebraskan can denounce a New Deal Naval allotment as "militaristic" in the morning and at an afternoon press conference the President will reiterate the hope that "Uncle George" can be persuaded to serve another term in the Senate. On a recent speaking tour in the Middle West Mr. Roosevelt referred to Norris as one of the greatest of all Americans. It was the President's

express wish that the key unit of the TVA be named "Norris Dam." He also has put his relations with the Senator on a personal as well as an official basis. For the first time since Norris came to Washington, he finds himself an occasional visitor at the White House for an evening discussion in the Lincoln study. After one of the Presidential cruises to Central America, Mr. Roosevelt jocularly remarked that a happy result of the voyage was a Panama hat he brought back as a Christmas gift for "Uncle George" to replace a dilapidated Stetson the Senator once lost at the White House.

Liberal critics of the New Deal have been disturbed by Norris's support of the Administration. They intimate that the dean of the Progressive bloc has overlooked the fact that frequently the Roosevelt deeds do not accord with the Roosevelt promises. They feel it is a mistake for Norris, an outspoken foe of large armaments, to aid an Administration engaged in gearing the war machine to its highest peace-time pitch. They do not want the nation's most forthright liberal to be attached to the New Deal, should it eventually fail—as they believe it will. Let the Senator answer these complaints in his own words, in a letter addressed to a constituent in April of 1935:

. . . The President was confronted with difficulties which had never before confronted any living man. He had no precedents to follow. He had to guide the ship through uncharted seas. . . . In some respects it seems to me that President Roosevelt has been one hundred per cent right. In other respects, he has failed. . . . I could never believe that it was right to destroy food products when so many people were suffering for the necessities of life. . . . Yet I have believed it was my duty to go along with any program which was honestly conceived with a view of bringing better conditions.

This confidence of Norris in a Democratic President is a sharp contrast to his attitude toward the Chief Executives of his own party. For twelve years his verbal forays on the Senate floor aroused the wrath of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. When the Republicans re-

buked him for sponsoring a resolution calling for an investigation of the Tariff Commission and its relations with Coolidge, Norris snapped back, "No man owes a duty to his party that in any way conflicts with the duty he owes to his country." Once, while speaking of Coolidge, Norris blurted out, "He thinks he is a little Jesus Christ." The clerk tactfully changed the sentence in the *Congressional Record* to "He thinks he is the embodiment of perfection."

This sort of verbal recklessness is almost without parallel in public life. Nine hundred and ninety-nine politicians out of a thousand balk at all except the most discreet approach to religion and its institutions. Yet during a discussion of Japan's subjugation of the Chinese Norris stated, "I am not a member of any church; I am not a member of any religious organization. . . ." He went on to describe himself as "one of the followers of the religion proclaimed by Abou Ben Adhem . . . who loved his fellow-men."

It requires both courage and simplicity of character to make a declaration like that on the floor of the United States Senate in these days when newsreel photographs show every public figure parading in and out of church.

So Nebraska's senior Senator plods through the arena of American politics—a mild, soft-spoken old man defying every orthodox rule for success in public affairs. See him in the Senate chamber, quiet and unobtrusive, his head cocked to catch what is taking place. His white hair contrasts vividly with the black mop of his forty-one-year-old colleague, Bob La Follette, Jr., who sits back of him. When he speaks he does so in subdued, almost-conversational tones. Norris has none of the thunder of Borah, little of the eloquence of Ham Lewis, none of the histrionics which characterized Huey Long. Sometimes his colleagues and listeners have difficulty in hearing him. He is inclined to be long-winded on certain subjects and occasionally he is dry and monotonous. The New York

Times, in discussing the possibilities of a filibuster against the War resolution in 1917, prophesied, "For the others (outside of La Follette) only Norris is likely to be lengthy." Norris's speeches are not adapted to rabble-rousing. The word-music of contemporary political oratory—composed largely for radio distribution—is not the Senator's style. He does not cram his addresses with frantic appeals to God, Home, and Mother. Maps, statistics, and charts are his ammunition and he will fill pages of the *Congressional Record* with tables which relatively few of its readers bother to analyze and understand.

IV

How far to the left is Norris? Of course he is listed in the *Red Network*. If for no other reason, his presence in that extraordinary roster of the supposed enemies of the republic would be assured by his sponsorship of the Lane Pamphlet attacking compulsory military education. He is willing that the principle of public ownership be applied not only to power, but to other basic industries such as coal. He is an advocate of co-operatives and he has sponsored anti-injunction bills and other labor legislation. These and similar proposals are aimed at the modification of capitalism—and the Socialists are enthusiastic over the TVA—but Norris has not given outright support to the Production-for-use program of the Farmer-Labor party of Minnesota. He is not a money radical, although he has backed some of the Frazier-Lemke farm assistance measures. He voted against Father Coughlin's banking bill when it was before the Senate, and he turned down flatly the threats of the Townsendites, terming the OARP transactions levy a "pyramided sales tax." He has continually contended:

I do not believe we can ever have a permanent recovery until we take some steps which will bring about a more equal distribution of wealth and property. I believe the saving of the situation and even of civilization depends upon something of this kind.

Along such a course also ran the beliefs of Huey Long. But whereas Huey reduced the answer to a simple Share-the-Wealth formula, labeled with Biblical metaphors and put in attractive bottles for the peasants of the South, Norris has proposed more steeply graduated income and inheritance taxes, using graphs and statistics to bolster his arguments.

For nearly two decades Norris has hammered away at this theme. Now he is ready to retire. He sees younger men like Black of Alabama, Nye of North Dakota, Bone of Washington, La Follette of Wisconsin, Holt of West Virginia, and Pope of Idaho coming up in the ranks to take his place. He wants to withdraw to the little town of McCook, where he has had his home ever since he entered politics. Norris did not file in the Republican Senatorial primaries this year, and if he decides to run again, he must do so as an Independent candidate. He has received thousands of letters from every State urging him to remain in public life. The President has repeatedly requested him to seek another term in the Senate. Nebraska's Democrats at their recent convention adopted a resolution which said, "The need for his (Norris's) return to his unfinished work in the Congress outweighs all consideration of party regularity and transcends all fair regard for the political aspirations, however worthy, of any individual." At this writing a movement is under way in the State to nominate Norris by petition, regardless of whether he gives his consent.

On two previous occasions the Senator determined to retire, but each time circumstances forced him to remain in the arena. Twelve years ago, discouraged by the inevitability of Coolidge's victory over La Follette, he declared, "I have been bucking this game for twenty years and there is no way of beating it. Now I'm through." But his friends suppressed his telegram declining the nomination, and he was reelected by a decisive majority. He listed his campaign expenses as "Postage, two cents." Again in

1930 he wanted to withdraw; but Republican regulars ran against him in the primaries a grocer who was also named George W. Norris, and the Senator, aroused by this trick, again won the Republican nomination and in the general election opposed Gilbert M. Hitchcock, the wartime Senate leader who was attempting to come back in politics. Hitchcock pointed to his long record for patriotism and was supported by the Republican conservatives as well as by the Democrats. Norris said, "There is nothing which has given me so much suffering or of which I am so proud as my vote against the World War." The result was Norris, 247,000 votes; Hitchcock, 172,000.

Two years ago Norris won a victory in his State even more notable than his 1930 triumph. Nebraska's voters adopted by an overwhelming margin his amendment to the State Constitution providing for America's only one-house legislature. It was a score for the Senator over most of the old-line politicians in the state. And three years ago he won another notable triumph. He became one of the few men in history almost solitarily responsible for a change in the Constitution. Four times he had hammered through the Senate his amendment abolishing "Lame Duck" sessions of Congress, only to see it killed by the House; but he persisted, and finally his proposal became the twenty-first amendment to the Constitution. Next year it will result in the Presidential inauguration being held in January.

George W. Norris is ending his career—a career which began amidst the poverty of eighty acres of stumps in Sandusky County of Ohio—in an era of unrivaled political demagoguery. It has become expedient for the ambitious statesman to

demand governmental economy in one breath and twenty-four-billion-dollar old-age pension programs in the next, to espouse a balanced budget and cash payment of the bonus, to praise the Civil Service while constructing a mammoth patronage machine, to insist upon higher tariffs on products from his own district and free trade for goods manufactured by the other fellow's constituents. Tolerance and honesty in public affairs are at a greater premium than ever before. Appeals to hatred and ignorance are legion. To millions of Americans "humbuggery" has become a virtual synonym for politics.

Yet in this age of expediency at least one man has proven that success and sincerity in public life are not necessarily incompatible. In George W. Norris the nation has produced a unique figure: a politician who can act like a human being, express his convictions, and yet survive at the polls. There are those who contend he is unduly suspicious; others claim that his hatred of the "power trust" and "the interests" amounts to an obsession; but not even his most aggressive foes question his integrity.

Frequently harsh in his mistrusts, sometimes wrong in his views, the silver-crested Gentleman from Nebraska has been on Capitol Hill more than thirty years, and the hour is yet to come when he will mince words on a public issue. It is encouraging that the most forthright member of Congress is the member whom the people have kept there the greatest length of time. On all issues except where the Senator is concerned the voters of Nebraska are relatively conservative. Respect rather than agreement is responsible for his thirty-four-year tenure.

Perhaps intellectual honesty is not an unappreciated virtue after all.

The Lion's Mouth



ALL FIGURED OUT

BY HAROLD J. FITZGERALD

OUR shoes sank into a springy network so suggestive of chicken wire that we stepped lightly in the fear of pushing our feet through it. Between its strands we saw a broad surface that seemed to have been daubed crudely with greenish paint and left full of ridges, but which we knew from having just left it was San Francisco Bay. The interval was occupied by about four hundred feet of air and an occasional sea gull.

From below, the festooned cable had looked like a slender but quite solid thing up against the sky. But as we came out onto the catwalk we discovered that it was made up of 37 smaller cables, and that each of these was a bundle of 474 wires clamped together every few yards. The bundles, or strands, as the engineer called them, ran shoulder-high beside us apparently out of and into infinity, and for no reason that we could see had the multitudinous motion of a bunched herd of galloping cattle. Later the strands would be packed tightly together to form the 28½-inch cable of the biggest bridge in the world, and the combined strength of the 17,464 pencil-like wires would support the heaviest loads ever hung from anything in history.

On our way across the anchorage the engineer had showed us how the strands were looped through 37 eyebars embedded in thousands of tons of concrete, and then he had said a curious thing. There

were not really 17,464 wires; there was one wire which ran back and forth across the three-mile reach of bay 17,464 times. This came as a shock to those of us who had supposed the cable could be pulled up or let down to the proper length before being fastened permanently, and someone remarked that it didn't leave much room for adjustment. The engineer laughed and said no, it didn't.

As we filed out along the jouncing wire netting, I thought of that single wire weaving endlessly across the bay, becoming more and more irrevocable with each loop; and of the possibility that they would have to take the bridge apart and start all over again.

"Don't worry," said the engineer when I mentioned this. "It's all figured out to a fraction of an inch."

"I shouldn't think there'd be much figuring," said a man in a gray overcoat. "Isn't it just a matter of dangling the wires to the level of the roadway?"

"Not exactly," said the engineer. "You see, that's just where we want them. You never put a cable where you want it, because then it'll go somewhere else. You put it where you don't want it."

We stared at him, and a man with a cap and a curved pipe said he thought he could do that well himself. The engineer said he was sure of it; the main thing was to know the exact length of the cable. And how, the man inquired, resting an elbow on one of the jostling strands, did one find that out?

"We took the length of the span," the engineer said. "These big ones are 2,310 feet. And the height of the roadway—216."

"And the height of the towers, of course?"

"No. We had to find that out from the cable."

"Well!" said the man. "I'd have done it just the opposite!"

"That would be all right, too," nodded the engineer, "if your bridge didn't have to hold anything. We had to consider the load. On these long spans it's about 4,500 tons for each cable. From that we had to compute the cable tension."

"That's easy. Forty-five hundred tons."

The engineer shook his head. "The cable's not only carrying the load," he explained. "It's pulling against itself." He glanced round with brisk impatience for something to illustrate his point. "Say you stretch a string across a 20-foot space and hang a ten-pound weight on it. If it can sag only an inch the tension will be about 600 pounds. Let it sag a foot and the tension will go down to 50 pounds. If it can stand a pull of only ten pounds you'll have to let it down five feet before it'll hold. It all depends on the slope."

"Well then, what's the slope of the cable?"

The engineer smiled. "Since it hangs in a curve," he said, "it has a different slope at every point. And a different tension, too." He pulled out a notebook, riffled the pages, and swiftly wrote down a series of square-root signs, parentheses, and fractions, while the impatient rattle of an air-hammer came muffled out of the distance and the cobwebby catwalk swayed under us. "If it sagged only one foot in 20," he said as his pencil flew, "its greatest tension would be nearly 13,000 tons. The cable would have to be three feet nine inches in diameter, and it would weigh 1,184 tons more than the load!"

We shook our heads, and gazed out along the uneasy silver arc, wondering at the ways of cables.

"Then why not let it sag ten or even fifteen feet in twenty?" suggested the man with the pipe.

"At fifteen in twenty," said the engineer after a few flicks of his pencil, "the sag would be 1,725 feet. Add that to the height of the span and you get nearly

2,000 feet for the height of your towers!"

"Oh!" said the man with the pipe.

"Five in twenty would still run them up to 800. So we had to find the combination of tension and sag that would be least troublesome. We finally fixed the sag at 266 feet, a little over two in 20, which gave the cable a tension of 5,200 tons. That made the towers 502 feet high."

The man in the overcoat produced a memorandum book and rested it, open, against the cable. "I used to be pretty good in trigonometry," he said. He drew a triangle, frowned, then started over by drawing a circle. He moistened his lips and tapped his automatic pencil against the dull steel. "What do I take for a radius?" he asked. "Two-sixty-six, or—"

"Neither," said the engineer.

You can't, it seems, measure cables as you do straight lines or arcs of circles. They're parabolas, and when you start measuring parabolas you leave plane geometry and most of your friends behind and get up among the spiral nebulae of integral calculus.

The engineer made the calculation for us there on the windy catwalk, and at last it flashed out the cable length—2,392!

The man with the pipe heaved a deep sigh. "And I thought you hung cables like clotheslines!" he said. He gazed at the glistening curve that swung like a swallow's path from tower to tower. "Just 2,392 feet from there to there!" he murmured.

"Oh no!" corrected the engineer. "Not yet. Steel stretches. The cable won't get its full length till the load is on it. We know how far steel stretches under a given tension. So we figured the tension at each of the 70 suspender ropes."

"And subtracted the total stretchings from 2,392?"

"No," said the engineer, "there was a little more to it than that. If a 20-foot rope will stretch a foot, you can't make it 20 by starting with 19, because the 19-foot rope will stretch only nineteen-twentieths of a foot. That wouldn't be so bad, but when you shorten a cable you

decrease its slope. That increases the tension and makes it stretch more. But as it stretches its slope increases, so that it stretches less and less. And of course that's going on at different rates in different parts of the cable—"

"You're not trying to tell me," broke in the man with the overcoat, "that any human being could figure that out!"

"Lots of them. We found that if we made the cable 2,388 feet long it would stretch four feet to 2,392."

The man in the overcoat murmured "Twenty-three eighty-eight!" wonderingly, and slapped a corrugated strand. "But you haven't told us how you measured off those 2,388 feet."

"Oh, we couldn't measure them off on the cable. We gave each wire the proper sag, and that made it the right length."

"You let them sag a little less than 266—?"

"Not 266," the engineer interrupted. "You're thinking of the parabola, the shape the cable takes after it's loaded. When it's first strung up it takes a very different curve, called a catenary. So we calculated the sag of a catenary 2,388 feet long with a 2,310-foot span."

"I suppose that meant a lot more integrals?"

"Not at all. It was merely necessary to find, by successive trials, a number which, when divided by its own hyperbolic sine, would equal the cable-length divided by half the span, then multiply this by the hyperbolic cosine of half the span divided by the number. The result, when the original number was subtracted from it, yielded our answer—which was 235."

"Then," said the man with the pipe, "you gave the wires a sag of 235 feet, and that made them 2,388 feet long?" The engineer nodded. "And when the span's in place they'll stretch—"

"They'll first turn into a parabola with a sag of 256 feet. Then they'll stretch four feet, which will make them sag another ten, and just meet the bridge 216 feet above the water."

"About measuring that sag," said the

man in the overcoat. "You couldn't have done it from above because there's nothing up there. Did you measure down to the water?"

"No. We set up a transit on one tower and aimed it at a point on the next. The points were calculated so that when the cable's vertex crossed the line of sight it would be 235 feet below the tower tops."

"Well, that was simple enough," said the man, with relief.

"Only," said the engineer, "that we had to allow for the shape of the earth."

"Of the *earth*!"

"Certainly. Those towers are nearly half a mile apart. If we had sighted straight across we'd have hit 1.28 inches too high."

"Well, that was the last of your problems, surely!"

"Almost. We still had to consider the temperature of the air. When the morning sun warms the east side of a tower, the steel expands and it leans to the west. In the afternoon it leans to the east, like a sunflower in reverse. The top sways six and a half inches in a day. That would throw our sights out two feet."

"But you couldn't stop the towers from bending!"

"Hardly. We pointed a collimator, or sort of telescope, straight down from the top of each tower, and when it was exactly on a mark at the bottom it meant the tower was vertical. We had telephones on the towers, and when we got word that both were vertical at the same time, we did our sighting."

Again we silently regarded the galloping strands. Somebody asked if that was why they were constantly in motion—was it that even now the tall towers were pulling at their ends?

"Partly," said the engineer. "But a good deal of it's in themselves. When the sun warms the upper wires in a strand, and the bay air cools the lower ones, the internal strains cause a complicated set of motions. And parts of them are always being warmed or cooled at different rates. It's no wonder they're never still."

"But all those close calculations," said

the man in the overcoat, "are true only once in a while then?"

"Check," said the engineer. "There are no absolute dimensions in a big bridge like this. The towers are not only swaying all the time, but they're stretching up and down. And they're being spread apart or drawn together by their bracing girders. The cable is rising and falling and shortening and lengthening, and so is the span under it, sometimes as much as nine feet in a day. Every piece of metal in the bridge is changing its size and shape every minute day and night. The whole thing is constantly squirming around."

A broad-beamed barge, looking like half of a walnut shell, came in sight through the chicken wire, inched along under our feet.

"What's the use of such fine calculations, then," the man protested, "when they aren't true the minute after you make them?"

"Oh, these squirmings and shiftings don't bother us," said the engineer. "They're all calculated in advance, too."

"You mean you can tell what this bucking steel bronco will be doing at any minute?"

"Sure," said the engineer. He dug his rubber heel into the wire netting and started down the springy catwalk. "That's all figured out."

But we didn't ask him how he did that. We were becoming a little dizzy up there among those hyperbolic cosines.



THE NEW MONASTICISM

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

HISTORY repeats itself. Take Monasticism. In the third century men began to despair of the ancient world. It was so bad it was hopeless. Nothing

could be done with it or about it. They forsook it. So began Monasticism. At first high-strung, high-minded individuals went out into the desert and, finding a suitable cave, set up housekeeping for the rest of their lives. In the fourth century more and more of them did it, and sociable persons, like Pachomius and Anthony, grouped these solitary anchorites into communities, in which, their economic security assured, they could devote themselves to piety and the cultivation of their characters.

Some of the very best people in the ancient world did this: honest, able, sincere, devout, intelligent. They renounced the world and devoted themselves to the service of God, as they understood it.

The world meantime went on its evil way from bad to worse. With the best people withdrawn from it by Monasticism, the worst people of course had it all their own way. The collapse of civilization came on faster than ever, and presently Europe slipped into the Dark Ages. It would be too much to say that Monasticism brought on the Dark Ages, but the usual view that it preserved the seeds of civilization through them, is only a part of the truth. The escape into Monasticism undoubtedly did much to pave the way for the Dark Ages by withdrawing from active participation in affairs the men most interested in improving them and best fitted to correct them.

That Monasticism eventually did much, in the West, to help matters, we readily agree, but this was probably insignificant in comparison with what the movement really cost in what it subtracted from the total transitive life of its day. This is a balance that is too seldom struck.

Monasticism seems very antique to most of us and about as far removed from the modern mind as it is possible to get. Yet it still flourishes among us. Only we take refuge, not in deserts and solitudes but—in suburbs! Despairing of the city, with its wickedness and injustice, its hordes and gangs, its police and

politics, its irresponsible taxers and impossible taxes, we move beyond its borders, and set up our exclusive little community where its sinister sway cannot reach us.

We may be rich or poor, ignorant or intelligent, but we feel the urge to escape. And escape we do, to a region where we can make our voices heard, have the kind of schools we want, the kind of taxes we can pay, the kind of surroundings we crave. We are not, it is true, celibates; we take our wives and children along. In fact, it is, we think, chiefly for them that we migrate and monasticize.

So around every hideous city there is a belt of smiling suburbs, supported by the city's life, but symbolizing escape from its most pressing cares—taxes, politicians, police, schools, corruption. When the city gets so unwieldy that you cannot control it, then you flee from the new Sodom and find a lodge in some vast wilderness, where you can at least breathe.

I speak with great sympathy of these recluses, though I am not one of them. But of course it is undeniable that their method simply strips the city of its best citizens and turns it over to more corruption and exploitation than ever. It would be much better for the city if they would stay in it and join with the enlightened minority in solving its problems. As it is, the finer the suburbs, the worse for the city. All the evils of Monasticism, in its essence, are here.

I once appeared before a city tribunal to see about enforcing a billboard ordinance. The leader of our movement put a question to the city attorney. The attorney countered by asking if he was a resident, householder, and taxpayer in the city. He was not, and his question would have ended there, had it not been that I was all three and gladly took his question upon my responsible lips. The city attorney would have been glad if our whole delegation had been from the suburbs.

It is not for me to criticize or condemn

this huge class of admirable people. I only point out that they represent a modern revival of Monasticism, an escape from the corruption of cities, an effort to set up for their select selves a community life which they despair of obtaining for all. And they find, in a measure, the peace, security, and orderliness of life which the followers of Anthony and Pachomius found in their day.

Another form of Monasticism which is now rampant among us—and is much more dangerous and insidious—is political. I am surrounded with young people—able, intelligent, high-minded—who despair of the historic parties in politics. Republicans and Democrats, they say, what is the difference? They are all tarred with the same stick. Their platforms and promises mean nothing. Their leaders are base, their practices corrupt. Nothing can be expected of either of them. So let us withdraw from them and cast votes of protest.

Not that we expect to accomplish anything. Our candidates cannot be elected, our measures cannot be carried. We do not expect them to be. Nothing effectual can be done to remedy matters, so we will simply express ourselves in protest. Our votes taken together will say to Republicans and Democrats, "We condemn you."

It is really amazing how far this new Monasticism has gone. It is the political creed of a large part of the intelligentsia, of many scholars and preachers, of engineers, writers, technologists, professional men—mostly salaried people. Among business men and men of affairs it is less popular. They cannot wait, like the others, for an apocalyptic overturn to save their property and their business. They must do something about it themselves.

Of course these people have a perfect right to take this attitude. As one of the best of them has said, "All governments are rotten." But if the best people among us withdraw from participation in public life, it simply means that governments will grow more and more rotten.

"You are the salt of the earth," is the sufficient answer. That was the thing Monasticism forgot. For the place for salt is on the meat, not on the shelf. On the shelf, it means more Dark Ages.

There is a third manifestation of the monastic impulse; it is in the national field. It is detachment from world affairs.

The Old World, we are told, is a bad affair. It is an awful mess. The less we have to do with it the better. Its political leaders are so many scheming old Machiavellis seeking whom they may devour. You cannot believe anything they say. (Of course they *have* rather taken our money!) Our only safety is to hold entirely aloof and let them go their own way to perdition. Look at Italy! Look at Germany! Look at Japan!

So, no World Court, no League of Nations for us. And thank heaven for two broad oceans which barricade us—though not nearly as well as they once did. Let us in happy detachment from these blood-stained lands work out our economic destiny, as a free people.

This is the prevailing political creed, and it is Monasticism. It simply says, once more, that the world is too bad for us to live in, and as we cannot possibly hope to save it, the only thing for us to

do is to leave it, to walk out on it, and look after ourselves. Monasticism soon learned how to insure its own economic security. High walls made each convent a fortress; sometimes old forts were made over into convents. (Anthony's first hermitage was an abandoned fort.) Gardens, flocks, and funds were developed, and the whole life was made comfortable and tranquil. The bad old world was forgotten.

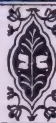
Once more the question presents itself, Might the Old World—the League, if you please—have stood up better in recent storms, if we had been putting our muscle into it, instead of complacently monasticizing at home? The only hope for it, or any social enterprise, is that high-minded and liberal people in the several nations will get back of its policies, see to it that they are the kind that should be enforced, and then enforce them. There are enough such people in the civilized world to accomplish this if they will only stop playing this is the third century and begin to live in the twentieth.

Such is the New Monasticism, suburban, political, national. And if its devotees would all just wear their respective monastic garb, of suitable hues, as they go about among us, how it would clear things up for us, and how picturesque the world would be.

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The Easy Chair



ONE MAN'S GUESS

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

A PRIVATE citizen who tries to understand the bearing of a presidential campaign undertakes an extraordinarily difficult job. At a time like the present, when the rate of social change is obviously accelerating and the rationalizations of the contending parties are even more than usually divorced from the energies at work, it requires great temerity to look for an established pattern underneath the confusion. Nevertheless all of us make the effort, and the Easy Chair does not apologize for linking up the current campaign with a known historical process. This is what one man thinks he sees in the campaign now reaching crescendo; it cannot easily be more absurd than the other explanations with which you will be assailed during the next six weeks.

There is little reason why the parties engaged should understand what the basic issues are, and in fact history shows that they have not usually understood them. There is less reason why they should declare and debate the issues, even if they understand them. Their job is to generalize issues by simplification in order to hold the fragile and extemporized unity of partly antagonistic groups together till election day. Only by avoiding issues (and the best way is not to be aware of them) can a political party maintain the channels through which the social energies that serve them find expression. The observer will also be wise to disregard all analyses by editors or anyone else which hold the cam-

paign to a set of logical criteria, which require it to be clean-cut or revolutionary or final, which scrutinize it for consistency or the application of a philosophy of state, a theory of government or a set of coördinated principles of any kind. Social forces operate outside the applicability of logic, and to impose it on them is as unrealistic as to analyze for harmony and counterpoint the sounds deaf children might make who came by chance on a haphazard assortment of musical instruments. In particular the observer must disregard analyses made in the service of indignation or belief.

The greatest force in any society is inertia, the tendency to continue in the path established. Operating against this force the total of those which impel change produces a series of curves rather than a tangent, and the tendency is always for the equilibrium to right itself in the original direction. To expect a sharp angle instead of a complex curve is the commonest mistake of the contending parties and of the analysts who write about them.

This year the Republicans assert that the Democratic campaign is an appeal to class interest by means of class prejudice. Of course it is. Every campaign in the history of the United States, including the current Republican one, has been an appeal to class interests, and there is no way to appeal to a class interest without also appealing to class prejudice. Elections involve such appeals as inevitably as they involve expense accounts—is there

some thought that a party will get votes by appealing to man's spiritual nature? Similarly the Democratic use of the term "economic royalty." The words merely designate one of the forces in any society; its eradication is inconceivable and its personification, however eloquent, is unrealistic as analysis. Everyone who studies a campaign must take into account the power of words, but he must never mistake it for the forces which the words are used to point out or to conceal.

This year's debate about constitutional principles may be corrected by reference to history. The doctrine of States' Rights has been embraced by every party, and so by every grouping of interests, since the beginning; and its most fanatical upholders have abandoned it to their opponents when it could serve their purposes no longer. This indicates that it is a rationalization, not an implementation. In general, strict construction and State sovereignty are a function of the American Opposition; loose construction and centralization are a function of the party in power. Both doctrines were invoked in support of slavery and in opposition to slavery; for and against high tariffs; on behalf of agrarianism and of industry and finance. Thirty years ago State sovereignty rationalized the Democratic pattern; to-day it rationalizes the Republican pattern. The complete reversal in one generation, its use to protect the interests most endangered by it in 1904, should not shock the naïveté of even a liberal editor. Having served nearly every other interest in American history, it now serves a particular business system which it has hitherto threatened. And it still conceals rather than reveals a basic energy.

Significance is likely to be found not in the differences between the parties but in their agreement. In the common assumptions, in the things taken for granted, in movement common to both parties if unacknowledged and perhaps even unrecognized—there may be some chance of finding the curve of a historical process. The extreme radicals think

that there is, and they may be right. They may, that is, be quite right in their facts and altogether wrong in their interpretation of the facts. The radicals say that the Democratic and Republican parties are essentially the same. They point out that Mr. Landon's policies and intentions as he describes them can hardly be distinguished from Mr. Roosevelt's, and that what the present Republican party proposes is only to turn the current rascals out for another group of rascals who must perforce continue along the path which the incumbents have been following. They say that what the Republicans principally object to in the New Deal is the fact that the Democrats are responsible for it. They say that, under the same or some other name, something corresponding to the New Deal, good or bad, relevant or irrelevant, but subject to the same determinism, must handle current problems in more or less the same way.

And this sounds pretty good. It confirms, from a wholly different examination, what the observer makes out on his own hook. It looks to him also as if the inconsistencies, contradictions, and apparent differences that make up American politics in the summer of 1936 become more certainly the same thing the more closely he examines them. The movement common to both parties looks like the important one. The radicals, of course, have an explanation of it ready-made: the analysis according to Marx. But that analysis has a way of falling short of realism. . . . For instance, if you tell a millworker thrown on Relief by the failure of the Amoskeag Company in New Hampshire that he is a sacrifice to the profit system and that the remedy is the international solidarity of the working class, now proceeding at such an amazing rate, he will find your terms about as factual as the Categorical Imperative. But if you explain that he is out of work because of a shift in the economy of the American sections, he can verify the finding by consulting any banker or dairy-farmer or looking up some figures in the

World Almanac. Wool growers, wheat farmers, millers, and their bankers had, in fact, preceded the New Hampshire cotton spinners—and stockholders—in the same discovery. The wool growers of New England, of the Ohio Valley, and of the far West will do as well as anyone else to point the moral. And anyone who compares a series of maps of the wool industry during the last century with maps of, say, votes in Congress on the tariff will have an instructive half-hour. And it is precisely here that the observer is able to make out a continuity in the welter of contradictions and relate this campaign to what is unquestionably a force of history.

Briefly, the New Deal to which the Democratic party has devoted its last four years looks, in the main, when the forced compromises and abatements have been allowed for, like a set of governmental expedients implementing the social and economic forces of the Middle West. And Mr. Landon and the current governors of the Republican party propose, in the main, an implementation of those forces in somewhat different but essentially synonymous terms. Contradictions, antagonisms, and conflicts exist in both systems, and must exist in every system of any size, but both represent a resolution of forces in which those of the Mississippi Valley have become dominant. In the main the needs recognized and the institutions supported are those which developed in the Mississippi Valley following the disappearance of the frontier economy. If that is true, the observer may recognize in the present campaign a phase in the rise to national dominance of the section which has the richest natural resources and the most characteristic and probably most vigorous integration of all the sections. Whether it is the decisive phase, the final one in that rise to dominance, or whether the process will be interrupted as it has been before—it is not the observer's province to declare. Prophecy is any man's game and one guess is as good as another. But the most powerful forces must ultimately

control, and it is suggestive that the assumptions of both major parties are the assumptions which the Middle West has made for many years.

The United States is, of course, a federation of sections. It has no national system, any more than Europe has a continental system. Immutable facts of geography and climate divide the country into eight sections, which realign as five more generalized sections in economics, finance, and culture. The sections have been the final determinant all through American history; they were the determinants fully a hundred years before the United States was born and they have remained such ever since. The nation has been only a governmental expression of the forces resolved out of intersectional conflict. Against them the immensely powerful forces of national determination have contended quite in vain, proceeding in the channels determined by the sections and yielding to them in exact proportion as the conflict has been direct.

Nothing has been able to transcend those cleavages. It is notorious that political parties, which are institutional expressions of nationalizing forces, always break at the sectional boundary. Democrats, Republicans, Whigs, Federalists, Populists, Know-Nothings—they have all forsaken the party line in obedience to sectional needs. Much the strongest of all forces working toward nationalization is business, whose inherent necessity is to develop without regard to local, State, or sectional considerations. Yet in actual fact the national system has never taken control. The economic, financial, and social systems of first importance are those of the sections, and no inclusive one has ever transcended them. They are partly antagonistic to one another, partly competitive, and because they are it has never been possible to resolve them. Marx has it that the interests of the New Hampshire millworker are identical with those of his North Carolina equivalent; but the actual fact proves that his interests have more in common with those of the New Hampshire banker. The wheat

farmer of Minnesota has a closer identity with the interests of the St. Paul millers than with the truck gardener of New Jersey. The first alliance of a Birmingham banker opposing TVA ought in theory to be with any banker in New York, Salt Lake City, or St. Louis. But in fact inexorable forces ally him first with the sectional system that includes Birmingham. If you think that that is just part of the national system, consult either the advocates or the opponents of the New Deal financial expedients that have recognized a disparity of systems.

From the beginning there have been mighty centripetal forces working toward the establishment of an American social system. But from the beginning the centrifugal forces of the sections have established the limits beyond which the others could not operate. The sections are the basic fact about America and their interests are the most powerful forces. Intersectional alliances have had exactly the role here of international alliances abroad and have obeyed the same laws of basic interest. Every major upheaval in American life has been attended by some shift in the relationships of the sections, and a sequel of every major depression has been an alteration in the effective formula of sectional power. So far as there are certainties in sociology it has always been certain that the Middle West, which began as a prize for which other sections contended, would some day impose its authority on the others. It has the natural wealth, the priority in world economy, and a more effective integration than any other section. It must some day cease to be a tributary and become a master. Its manifest destiny was interrupted by the Civil War—which, besides, is best understood as a contest between North and South to dominate the de-

velopment of the Middle West. Its historic alliance with the South has, since that time, been twice renewed and adventitiously broken. A good guess is that that alliance is now being or soon will be reinstituted for keeps—and a fair certainty is that when it is reinstituted, the Middle West will dictate its terms. Dictating them, it will in the main, in the sum of resolved forces, dictate to the rest of America—which, by means of both national parties, is now engaged in implementing the ways of life which are characteristic of the Middle West.

That seems the likeliest interpretation of what is happening now. We are farther along a process whose present acceleration began as far back as 1910. We may be, in this campaign, in a period of decisive acceleration. Whether we are or not, such a period cannot be far off.

Such a shift implies not only a change in political, financial, and economic organization but also a change in cultural leadership. The process must be slow, one of slight emphases and minute renewals of direction. But it must also be as drastic, as immediately important to individual lives, as the process which attended the industrial domination of the East. There is no way of disentangling such a part of a complex social process from the other parts. But in effect the image of the Middle Westerner, whatever it may be in our current beliefs, will become the primary image of the American. That thought, considering the place the image has taken in our literature, must be appalling to many minds. But, considering the place that democracy has in our sentiments, it may also have its consolation. The idiom of democracy west of the Alleghenies first came to represent the United States to Europe. And Europe may have been right about us for a hundred years.



Harpers *Magazine*

ALIENS AND ALIEN-BAITERS

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, the tempest-lost,
to me:

I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

THESE words by Emma Lazarus on the base of the Statue of Liberty once had vital meaning in America. Immediately behind the great goddess, Ellis Island was one of the liveliest, most colorful places in the world. In 1910 immigrants were going through it at the rate of seventy thousand a *month* and Americans proudly spoke of their country as The Melting Pot. Of course many foreigners returned to their native lands after being here for a few years, and some (mostly criminals) were deported; but by the side of the in-rushing flood the emigrant and deportee totals were negligible before the War and even for a while after it.

Beginning in 1924, however, the quota system reduced Ellis Island's importance as a receiving depot. Most immigrants, having been "passed" by American consuls abroad before starting over, plunged into Coolidge Prosperity right off the boat. The famous island commenced

to slip into reverse. More and more, thanks to the postwar anti-alien hysteria and the deportation laws enacted during and soon after the War, its business became the expulsion of foreigners.

Already in 1925 more than 9,000 were sent at Uncle Sam's expense "where they came from," while about an equal number of aliens "deported" themselves after having been told they were subject to deportation and would be deported unless they went "voluntarily." The business got into full swing while "Puddler Jim" Davis, himself an immigrant, and William Doak, a rabid xenophobe, were Secretaries of Labor under Coolidge and Hoover, respectively. Doak took personal charge of deportations and devoted most of his time and energy to them. In 1929 the total number of expulsions and "voluntary departures" was 39,000, while during 1930-33 it averaged 29,000 a year. Under the New Deal the annual totals have been about 17,000.

Now almost no immigrants go through Ellis Island in person; only their records are filed there. The island is America's chief deportation depot. At frequent intervals trainloads of deportees from

points west roll to the edge of New Jersey, whence they are ferried to the island, and thence returned to the lands of their origin; while smaller groups of deportees come also from New England and up-state New York, and the ferryboat *Ellis Island* brings them from New York City and environs.

Not only Ellis Island but the whole trend of migration is in reverse. In the past five years immigration has been exceeded by aliens' departures from America almost two-to-one. During this entire period (in round figures) only 159,000 immigrants came in as against 300,000 foreigners going out!

Other causes too are helping to reduce the country's alien population. Each year in the last half-decade an average of 120,000 people have been naturalized, thus ceasing to be aliens. This number is destined to increase; for of the aliens now here about 1,500,000 have applied for citizenship. Also nearly half of our aliens are over fifty years old, and death takes no holiday. Just how many un-naturalized foreigners have been deported to the Hereafter since the 1930 census is not easy to estimate, but this is certain—their number was high and in the next few years alien mortality will increase at an ever-rising rate.

Nor is there any doubt that we have in America to-day only about 4,300,000 aliens (slightly over three per cent of our total population) as against approximately six million five years ago; and that, at this rate, in another decade the number will have reduced itself under a million, or below one-half of one per cent of our population.

In short, the so-called alien problem is in the main solving itself. No one of any influence in America to-day seems to want to raise again the old "Welcome!" sign; reports of our unemployment situation have greatly reduced the number of people in Europe who want to come here; and resumption of mass immigration is out of the question for a long time to come, probably forever.

In itself the alien question—as distin-

guished from the bigger problem of national integration—has thus become one of the minor problems now before the country. Furthermore, the alien himself is no menace to anything sound in the land. There are elements connected with the alien problem, however, that constitute an extremely ugly mess, which is perilous to America through no direct fault of the aliens themselves.

This peril is due to the fact that Americans, by and large, including many of the legislators—plagued by greater, more obvious problems and, in common with other peoples, guilty of insufficient, too casual interest in their country—are uninformed or misinformed about the alien question; while professional patriots, some disbalanced into fascistic fanatics, are exploiting it to their strange ends. In this the patriots are aided by racketeers trading in patriotism; by bombastic, narrow labor-union lobbyists; by reactionary, obscurantist newspaper and magazine publishers and editors; by hack journalists eager to put their names to anything that sells; by would-be politicians using the American Legion and kindred organizations to promote their personal aspirations; and by a few members of Congress seeking national publicity.

Together, these individuals bedevil Congress as a whole with their flag-waving and their exaggerations and inaccuracies about the alien problem and obscure it and make it worse. They impede the intelligent efforts of experienced public servants whose job it is to deal with it, and they obstruct those working for sensible legislation needed to cope with recently developed immigration and deportation situations. They are generally doing their best to spread alien-hatred and, through it, the mutual distrust of American citizens of diverse racial and national strains, thus retarding the process toward a desirable homogeneity of our population; and to induce the Government to violate America's traditions of fairness, decency, humanity, and tolerance in dealing with all the peo-

ple living within her borders, thereby increasing the complexity of her social, cultural, and spiritual condition in the near and distant future, lessening her ability to deal with it democratically, and threatening to inflict upon her certain characteristics of European fascist states.

To jam my point into a nutshell: it is these people who are the menace, not the alien.

For three years now, deportations—which, under existing laws, constitute probably one of the most difficult administrative matters the government in Washington has to face—have been the core of the alien situation.

II

In the last half of the Hoover regime the Department of Labor, which includes the Immigration and Naturalization Service, might well have been called the department of immigration and deportation. Infected by the anti-alien virus, Secretary Doak drew a strange satisfaction out of hounding aliens; raiding homes, wedding parties, and other gatherings in which it was suspected that a foreigner illegally in the country might be present; arresting aliens and others without warrant, requiring them to prove they were here legally, keeping people in detention or under heavy bail for months, putting them through cross-examination; tearing husbands from wives and fathers from children who were either American citizens or legal residents, and deporting them. In many cases the deportations were marked by a cruel disregard of human values which, one may assume, few members of Congress had intended when they enacted the expulsion laws; and some of Doak's agents used these laws to develop lucrative rackets, extorting money from ignorant immigrants whom they threatened to deport even when their status here was perfectly legal. Doak and the Immigration Service were sharply criticized, especially by social workers who came in contact with families left desti-

tute because their breadwinners, many of them people of good character, had been deported, often for technical irregularities in entry which were not their fault but the United States Government's.

When Frances Perkins took over the Department of Labor her first move was to induce Colonel Daniel W. MacCormack of New York to become Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, and she wisely gave him a free hand in reorganizing and rehumanizing the Service.

A native of Scotland, in his mid-fifties, with a record of varied administrative, business, and military experiences in many parts of the world, including the Philippines and Panama Canal before the War, France during the War, and Persia and New York after the War, Colonel MacCormack was, as it turned out, the man for the job. Innately a decent human being, resourceful, shrewd, simple, efficient, unexcitable, never dictatorial but always direct and definite in whatever he attempts, he is a conservative by temperament, but not without strong liberal tendencies, which, when accused of them, he calls "merely common sense." Adroit even in situations with which he is not intimate, he knows how to handle men by persuasion and enjoys seeing their good qualities come out. He had no interest in immigration and alien problems before he became Commissioner; now he is heart and soul in his job, but expects that he will lose interest in the Immigration Service as soon as he makes it what he thinks it should be. That has been his experience with previous positions and enterprises. Doing a good job at anything he tackles seems to be one of his passions. The others are liberty, democracy, human decency, and law, which he believes to be the principles and mainstays of Americanism. In short, a very unusual man—though I felt on our first encounter as if I had known him all my life.

Soon after taking office MacCormack communicated his character, ideas, wishes, and sense of law to the personnel

of the Immigration Service. Extra-legal alien-hounding ceased, while effective steps were taken to reduce to a minimum alien-smuggling and individual illegal entries. Deportations continued; for the laws demand them for certain criminals, dope-peddlers, illegal entrants, immoral classes, the insane, those likely to become public charges, or those who have previously been deported, or are without proper visa, or have remained longer than their permit allows them to remain, and so on. But deportations were made as humane as a nasty business of that sort can be, and their number fell appreciably.

The xenophobes, or alien-haters—who had previously been cheering and aiding Doak's illegal raiders, and whom I shall presently introduce—immediately raised a howl. Why this decline in deportations? The jingoist press screamed: Why was the alien scum allowed to remain here while our citizens were jobless?

MacCormack and his assistants explained that, in conjunction with other agencies and forces operating in the world of migration, they had succeeded in drastically reducing illegal entries, which of course reduced the number of deportable aliens. In 1933, under the old regime, the Government spent \$247,958 to deport 2,125 Chinese who had illegally entered from Mexico; since then these entries have nearly ceased, and in 1934 there were altogether only 405 Chinese deported. Owing to the Immigration Service's greater vigilance, there had been a falling-off in illegal entries of deserting foreign seamen—another reason for fewer expulsions. Also, the depression had lately begun to remove the incentive not only to lawful immigration but to illegal entries as well: this circumstance had produced a decrease in deportation figures already toward the end of Doak's administration.

The same devotion to law that caused MacCormack to stop illegal raids, searches, and arrests without warrant makes him strongly prejudiced against

those who break laws; and late in 1933 and early in 1934, Congressmen and others interested in deportations were shown that under him the Immigration Service had entered into more systematic co-operation with law-enforcement agencies and prison officials the country over, with the result that the deportation totals included a higher percentage of criminals than ever before. This pleased Congressmen as well as the alien-baiting lobbyists.

Still more pleased were they when MacCormack indicated, with obvious sincerity, that he desired legislation authorizing the expulsion of some 20,000 habitual alien criminals, alien-smugglers, and gangsters known to the Immigration Service but not deportable under existing laws.

The next bit of information, however, that MacCormack gave out explaining why expulsions had fallen off caused the xenophobes to hit the ceiling. He said that the Immigration Service had recently accumulated a number of so-called "hardship cases," in which he had stayed deportation warrants, though the laws required these people to be deported. In staying these expulsions he was disobeying none of the several deportation laws, for they did not say *when* an alien must be deported. He explained that, like most other deportable aliens, these people had been reported to the immigration authorities anonymously by persons who wanted them removed from the communities, in most cases perhaps to get their jobs or because they had had a personal disagreement with them; but that, in the opinion of the Immigration Service, they (these "hardship cases") were people of good character, with nothing against them except that (in the majority of instances) their status in this country was technically irregular. They were people—to quote from one of his statements during a Congressional hearing—"who have been here for many years, and whose wives and families are here, and who have sunk their roots so deeply in the country that to deport them

would impose an infinitely greater hardship and punishment upon their wives and children (most of them American citizens), and, as a matter of fact, a punishment on the United States, than upon themselves."

MacCormack made it clear that, in common with the rest of the Immigration Service as it now stood, he did not care to be in the business of uprooting people of good character and breaking up decent families. It was cruel, futile, expensive, stupid. In 1934 there were about 1,200 of these "hardship cases." If deported they would leave here about 1,500 American-born or otherwise legally resident wives and children to become public charges on the United States. "Let us look at this in terms of dollars—1,200 such deportations, at an average rate of \$75, costs the Government \$90,000 annually. The maintenance of dependents, at an average rate of \$8.33 per month per person, would cost the Government \$147,800 a year." Besides, many of these people, if deported, would immediately become eligible under existing laws to return on a nonquota visa issued at the instance of their citizen or legally resident kinspeople.

Moreover, some were deportable through little or no fault of their own. Years ago, for example, a woman had entered legally but ignorantly neglected to register her baby; now the child, having a technically illegal status, was deportable. . . . An immigrant here since 1924, father of American-born children, took a trip from a point in Michigan to Rochester, New York, not realizing the train went through a corner of Canada during the night; arriving in Rochester the next morning, he was deportable. . . . A Roumanian deserted his wife in Canada, leaving her with two Canadian-born babies, and entered the United States illegally. Determined to find him and make him do the right thing by her she followed him here with the children, all entering illegally. She found the man, fell ill, and died. He was caught as illegal entrant and deported to

Roumania. Under the law the children were and are deportable to Canada, but there is no one there to receive them, except perhaps some orphanage, while in the United States a legally resident sister of their mother was eager to adopt them. . . . Not a few aliens, fathers or mothers of American-born children, thinking they were here legally, applied for citizenship and, in that connection, discovered their status had some technical flaw, which may not be their fault at all; and they not only failed to become citizens but were deportable.

In all such instances, if the deportable person was not a criminal or prostitute or dope-peddler, but of proven good character, MacCormack "stayed" the deportation pending further study of the matter. He said that on the basis of this study, Congress would be asked to pass a bill giving the known "hardship cases" legal immigrant status, and giving the Secretary of Labor, or an interdepartmental commission, limited discretionary power to deport or not in cases to be discovered after the law's enactment.

The xenophobes, as I say, blew up on learning this and began a campaign against MacCormack and his proposals. Though he was an ex-Army officer of high rank and splendid war record, and had been a citizen and public servant most of his life, and his father and grandfather had spent most of their lives in this country and Cuba, while his granduncle had fought in the Mexican War, he was denounced as a foreigner, a sentimentalist, an alien-coddler, a communist. What business had he to consider what he called "the human aspects" of these cases? The deportation laws were mandatory. Suppose families *were* separated, what of it? Out with these aliens, regardless of circumstances! The gall of MacCormack and that woman Perkins to want discretionary power in such cases! It was, cried the xenophobes, all a deep-laid un-American plot of the subversive elements—reds, Jews, and so on—to re-open America to mass immigration!

But this first blast of xenophobe wrath

was as nothing compared to the bitter struggle that began when Representative Kerr of North Carolina introduced the new deportation bill prepared by immigration experts in the Department of Labor. This struggle is still going on and probably will reach some sort of climax after Congress meets in January. For nearly three years now the battle has been waged in congressional committees, at hearings, on the floors of Congress, behind scenes; over the radio, in public prints, from platforms . . . I lack space to tell the story in detail.

The Kerr-Coolidge bill, as it is called (Senator Coolidge of Massachusetts introduced it in the Senate) has been changed several times. It was reported out twice and voted upon once and defeated. As leader of the Government forces in this fight, MacCormack scored a slight victory in August, 1935, when—after rejecting the Kerr bill—the House passed a resolution authorizing the stays of the known 2,862 “hardship cases” till March 1, 1936, by which time it hoped to get a bill it could pass. Congress, however, was extremely busy all spring and when a much-amended, badly messed-up bill finally came out of the Senate immigration committee at the very end of the last session, its active opponents, taking advantage of the congressional eagerness to adjourn, kept it from being voted upon by threatening a filibuster.

Meantime, up to last July the number of “hardship cases” had reached 3,620. Probably by the end of 1936 there will be over four thousand cases, involving some eight thousand relatives, most of them American citizens.

When I last spoke with MacCormack, he did not know if he would begin deporting these people or not. He was receiving scores of letters from members of Congress urging him not to issue deportation orders in these cases; and I rather think he will continue taking temporary advantage of the law's silence as to *when* he must deport them, and hope for some sort of act from the next Congress which would cover at

least this phase of the alien situation.

Meanwhile also some 20,000 alien criminals, gangsters, and alien-smugglers, whom MacCormack is as eager to deport as he is to keep here the good-character people of the “hardship cases,” are still undeportable.

III

Who, precisely, is fighting the Kerr-Coolidge bill? What are its opponents' means and methods? How much backing have they really among the American people? Why have they been so effective with Congress thus far?

The first on the list of xenophobes is a Wall Street lawyer, Captain John B. Trevor, than whom, if a man's love for his country is measurable by his detestation of all who had the bad taste to be born elsewhere, there probably is no greater patriot in America to-day. During the late War he was in the Army intelligence service in New York City, where he did not come in contact with many, if any, of the tens of thousands of foreign-born officers and soldiers in the American Army, but combated spies and other aliens whose atrocities were part of one of the dirtiest sideshows of the dirty business of war. They were probably the first foreigners he had had occasion to study, and he was not favorably impressed. Another man might have concluded that war releases the worst in human nature, without respect to race or nationality, but Trevor charged up everything to the innate depravity of aliens. He discovered the alien problem and resolved on leaving the Army to devote himself to it.

There were others who at the War's end decided that there was an alien problem demanding attention. That idea was widespread and movements and rackets grew out of it. “Patriots” made names and fortunes for themselves, but after immigration was restricted many dropped out of the fight. Trevor remained in it and now—still influenced by war phobias, still believing that every

alien is essentially an enemy alien—is America's alien-baiter No. 1, the most irreconcilable opponent of the Kerr-Coolidge bill. The sections of the proposed law extending the list of deportable alien criminals no doubt please him, but he is ready to oppose with his last breath the provisions pertaining to the "hardship cases." He apparently believes it is better that a thousand American women and children should suffer than that one alien should escape.

To obtain serious consideration for his views, Trevor, who did not practice law in Wall Street in vain, made use of a group of societies through the familiar device of a holding company, floated, according to holding-company precedent, with a minimum of trouble and cost. He called his holding company the American Coalition and made its object "to co-ordinate the efforts of patriotic, civic, and fraternal societies to keep America American."

Any society eager to keep America American may join, and, according to the Coalition's letterhead, over a hundred have joined on the apparent understanding that the expenses of this high effort shall be paid by some person or persons unknown—for there is not a word in the organization's printed constitution concerning dues, assessments, or contributions. The membership is curious and catholic. It includes well-known national societies, and, seemingly with no other object than to make a more impressive showing, local chapters of the same organizations. One of the members is another holding company very like the Coalition itself. This is Allied Patriotic Societies, Inc., of which more in a moment. Other groups listed are either local or obscure. We find, for instance, the Aztec Club of 1847, the Betsy Ross Corps, the Chicago Women's Ideal Club, Inc., the Immigration Study Commission, the Rhode Island Association of Patriots, the Ridgewood Unit of Republican Women, Inc., the Westchester Security League, the Wheel of Progress, and the Old Glory Club of Flatbush, Inc.,

Beacon No. 1. A specialist in patriotism might be able to explain the aims and activities of these organizations; my own erudition—like that, I wager, of the average Congressman—does not extend so far.

The Coalition's organization, albeit scarcely logical or democratic, is simplicity itself. Its affairs are managed nominally by a board of directors consisting of the executive officer and one other delegate representing each of the member societies. Under this system the National Sojourners have only the same number of votes as the Chicago Women's Ideal Club, and the Old Glory Club of Flatbush, Inc., Beacon No. 1, is as influential as the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Not only that, but the three local chapters of the National Sojourners listed as members, with a total of six delegates, can outvote their own national organization which has only two. Would this system of representation be tolerated in an organization transacting serious business in which the constituent societies were deeply interested? The fact that it is continued without objection is evidence, I think, that the Coalition is not considered important by its own members.

The board thus constituted is convened once a year in a meeting which may or may not be attended by delegates from all of the societies. It elects a president, four vice-presidents, and an executive committee of not less than ten, or more than fifteen members. The president and vice-presidents are ex-officio members of this committee, which meets "upon the call of the president" and "conducts the affairs of the Coalition with full powers of the board of directors between meetings of the board." For all effective purposes the thing boils down to this executive committee of not more than fifteen members, dominated by the president, who, annually re-elected without opposition, is Captain Trevor.

Detailed information concerning the Coalition's finances, if available, would be interesting. The member societies, apparently, contribute only their moral

support. The Coalition at one time solicited, and perhaps still solicits, money from individuals. One might become a contributing member, without vote or any voice in the management, by paying annual dues of \$10. An associate membership, also without voting privileges, costs \$25 a year. To become a patron costs \$100 per annum. For \$250 one might be listed as a life member; for \$500, an associate benefactor; for \$1,000, a benefactor. In the absence of any published information, we can assume that the bulk of the Coalition's expenses are paid by the great patriot himself or such of his friends as approve of his methods for keeping America from going Albanian.

But whoever pays the bills, and whatever may be said of the scheme of organization and control of this patriotic holding company, it serves the purpose for which it was designed. It enables Trevor to appear before Committees of Congress and before the public in the role of spokesman for scores of societies, all with some claim to consideration, many of them important numerically and by reason of the character of their members; while his contacts with these groups also afford him opportunities for propaganda in support of his personal views on aliens and immigration.

When a bill is introduced in Congress to which Trevor objects he sends to his member societies a brief, usually inaccurate summary, with the assurance that it undermines the principle of keeping America American, and with the suggestion that letters and telegrams denouncing it be promptly addressed to members of Congress: which too is standard holding-company practice, though perhaps not so effective to-day as it once was. He then appears at committee hearings and expresses the same views on behalf of the Coalition.

Trevor represents also the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, a substantial organization, numbering among its members important banking and industrial leaders of the country.

He has been a member for years. Before his advent the Chamber took only a mild, sporadic interest in immigration questions; but in the early nineteen-twenties the Captain, still jittery from his experiences on the New York front, convinced his fellow-members that something ought to be done about the alien problem, and that he was the man to do it. He became chairman of a "special committee on immigration and the alien insane," subsequently renamed "the committee on immigration and naturalization," a position to which he now appears permanently attached.

Under resolutions adopted from time to time, Trevor and his committee have acquired wide powers. He is virtually authorized to publish such views and take such action as he may see fit, in the name of the Chamber. The reports submitted by his committee to the Chamber have been approved unanimously, without discussion. To all seeming, that is a courtesy the Chamber shows all its committees. At a recent meeting six resolutions were introduced and approved by unanimous vote, without discussion. From this truly harmonious method of procedure three deductions may be drawn as to Trevor's activities. *First:* the individual members of the Chamber are not vitally interested in immigration problems. If they were, they would have ideas of their own to express. *Second:* as they are not interested themselves, and Trevor has persuaded them that he is an expert on these questions, they are willing to let him handle them in his own way. *Third:* although there are at least two sides to every question, the members have had no opportunity at their meetings to hear more than one, and that one has been the one expounded by Captain Trevor. Like other Americans, they are doubtless convinced that immigration should be restricted, and if Trevor, whom they have accepted as an expert, assures them that the Kerr bill, for instance, is an insidious attack on the principle of restriction they accept his opinion. If they saw the bill itself, or heard a dispassionate

explanation of it, they might arrive at a different conclusion. But they have no time for that. So an organization which has many highly intelligent, fair-minded and liberal members carelessly endorses the prejudices of an alien-hater, and authorizes him to present them to Congress and to the public as their views.

Next on the roster of America's xenophobes is Francis H. Kinnicutt, who is as gifted as Trevor in the application of the methods of high finance to the field of patriotic endeavor. He is president of Allied Patriotic Societies, Inc., a holding company similar to the Coalition, but by no means its rival. Collaboration of the two is so intimate that some organizations listed on the Coalition's letterhead appear also on Kinnicutt's as members of his merger, which, as already mentioned, itself is named on the Coalition's.

Major General Amos A. Fries (Retired), personally delightful, honest, sincere, distinguished on the military side as an expert on poison gas and politically as an unrelenting foe of communism, is another valuable side-kick (to use an old Army expression) of Captain Trevor's. Representing now the American Coalition, then the National Sojourners or the Sons of the American Revolution, he is one of the nervous patriots who are determined to save the country from communism and protect its liberties if they have to register, index and cross-index, fingerprint, gag, blindfold, and handcuff every man, woman, and child to do it.

Another man who lately appeared before the Committee on Immigration to oppose the Kerr bill was James H. Patten, a lobbyist. He declared that he represented the Immigration Restriction League of New York, Inc.; the State Council Junior Order, United American Mechanics of the State of New York, Inc.; the Commandery General Patriotic Order Sons of America, Inc.; the Executive Board, Fraternal Patriotic Americans, Inc.; and the Patriotic American Civic Alliance. His views are as extreme as Trevor's. All aliens are intruders who should be treated with the

greatest rigor. Deportation should be mandatory for all violations of law, however trivial. In common with other full-time alien-baiters, he devotes much of his energy to disseminating "facts" about aliens which never occur to statisticians and experts in the Labor Department. The author of a scurrilous pamphlet attacking the Secretary of Labor, he writes also numerous letters to the press denouncing foreigners, including the Greek who sells peanuts near the White House.

H. L. Chaillaux, director of the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion, is also an aggressive anti-alien operating nationally. He by no means succeeds in forcing his interpretation of Americanism on all Legionnaires, as witness the pamphlet *Americanism: What Is It?* by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige, of the Americanism Committee of the New York County American Legion, which Chaillaux tried vainly to suppress. But Chaillaux has xenophobe Legionnaires active in many parts of the country, who use the alien as a pretext for patriotic utterances which get them into papers, to the attention of political bosses, and on the limelilt road to public office. Currently, perhaps, the most vociferous of these local Legionnaires is H. L. Knowles, chairman of the Subversive Activities Commission of the American Legion in California, who doubtless will have a great future if fascism spreads in this country. Owing mainly to his efforts to brand labor leaders as communists and particularly to have Harry Bridges, the San Francisco rank-and-file labor leader, deported to Australia, Knowles already is a big-shot among the alien-baiters on the Coast, and in high favor with anti-labor employers' associations.

William C. Hushing of the American Federation of Labor, a verbose, bombastic laborite, is one of the best-known lobbyists in Washington. A fanatic anti-alien, rabidly critical of the Immigration Service under McCormack, he opposed the important provisions of the Kerr-Coolidge bill during the last session

of Congress even after President Green and the executive council of the Federation had approved them.

George Horace Lorimer, of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and Hearst are the most potent alien-baiting publishers and editors. For years now their articles and editorials on the alien situation have been full of exaggerations and inaccuracies, which found their way also into a few journals of other publishers and into speeches of patriotic orators.

Here are a few "facts" and "ideas" about aliens now drifting through the country:

The number of aliens in the United States is from six to twenty million, of whom from three to ten million are here illegally and subject to deportation. I already have given the actual number of aliens—which, to repeat, is being rapidly reduced. There, naturally, are no statistics covering aliens without legal status, but immigration experts believe that their total probably is below 100,000.

One million alien seamen enter American ports annually and fifty per cent of them remain here illegally. The truth is that less than 250,000 enter annually and only some 250 stay.

Nearly all aliens are criminally inclined and our prisons are full of them. The number of alien criminals and gangsters (as this word is loosely used in various localities) is considerable. Professor Kenneth Colegrove of Northwestern University informs me that some 2,800 alien criminals and gangsters who are not deportable under present laws are operating in the Chicago area alone. But the truth is also that the percentage of criminality is lower among aliens and foreign-born generally than among native Americans. For details see the well-known Wickersham Report and the 1935 figures of the United States Department of Justice.

Most of the reds or communists in this country are aliens. Actually, America's two outstanding Communist leaders, Foster and Browder, are natives, with long backgrounds in New England and

Kansas, respectively; while most of the party membership is also native. Our three leading Marxist literary critics, Hicks, Cowley, and Arvin, are also of old New England stock. Besides, Communism is not an alien philosophy; it was practiced in numerous "communities" in America long before anyone gave it serious thought in Europe.

From three to five million aliens are in jobs which rightfully belong to citizens now out of work because of them. Of the 4,300,000 aliens here about half are women, who are preponderantly housewives, outside the competition for industrial jobs, as are at least 150,000 of their children who are listed as aliens. Nearly half of the male aliens are over fifty, most of them probably unemployable and supported by their American-born children, or on relief. In other words, there are perhaps less than a million aliens holding or competing for jobs. Which automatically disposes of the next xenophobe "fact":

Millions of aliens are on relief. Formerly when a depression came hundreds of thousands of immigrant workers promptly returned to their old countries for the period of its duration, because it was cheaper to pay passage, live at home for a while, and then re-immigrate when the "panic" passed, than to stay here. When the current depression began rather fewer aliens left, because many of them had married during the prosperous years and acquired homes, passage rates had increased, there was danger of war and other unfavorable political conditions in the Old World, and—most important of all—the new immigration laws would not permit them to return to America. Result: not a few aliens are on relief. Just how many nobody knows. The relief administrators properly pay no heed to whether a person needing relief is an alien or not: for aliens too have a stake in this country. Did they not in recent decades do much of the heavy and dirty work in the building of America as it stands to-day? Are they and their fellow-aliens not subject to the same taxes

as the native-born? Are they not entitled to aid in continuing their mere existence now that the country has stumbled into a crisis, which is probably due in part to the fact that immigrant workers had worked too hard, for too low wages, in the past?

The best way to end the depression would be to deport all the foreigners. This is the most fantastic of xenophobe ideas. Early last September, as reported in the *New York Times*, the United Spanish War Veterans adopted a resolution recommending the deportation of ten million aliens, or nearly six million more than the total number. Such mass deportations would dislocate the life of scores of American cities and towns where the aliens now live, and make the depression worse; break up over a million families, which include four or five million American citizens; involve a transportation problem unprecedented in the history of mankind, and create international complications that stagger imagination. . . .

But enough of this nonsense. Our xenophobes get hack journalists to write articles on the subject, supplying them with their curious material, and thus the ground is prepared for racketeers-in-patriotism, who start fake societies and leagues for the deportation and suppression of aliens and the salvation of America. There are scores of such rackets operating in various parts of the country, mulcting uninformed, well-meaning patriots, and of course not really doing anything to suppress or deport the aliens or save America. One of these outfits, run by four men with previous police records, was lately uncovered in Philadelphia, after considerable sums had been extracted from prominent people in the City of Brotherly Love.

And, finally, we have the xenophobe Congressmen, who are few but not unimportant; almost all of them Southerners—doubtless because in the South there are very few foreign-born voters and native voters of recent-immigrant stock who might resent alien-baiting. A few

hate the alien honestly, sincerely, stupidly; others use him cunningly to emphasize their patriotism and make themselves, through publicity in the Hearst papers and the *Saturday Evening Post*, into statesmen of national caliber. Thus a gentleman from Texas, who became a xenophobe under the influence of Trevor & Co. after going to Washington, achieved greatness in two brief years by simply coming out in no faltering way against the alien and in favor of America, and as such developed into a popular speaker before patriotic groups and an author of alien-baiting articles for Hearst newspapers and *The Saturday Evening Post*, filled with Trevoresque facts and conclusions.

Of course the overwhelming majority of members of Congress—truly reflecting in this the great majority of the American people—are not alien-baiters, but are hard-pressed, over-busy men and women, all too apt to be influenced by well-directed propaganda, especially when accompanied by flag-waving on the part of people who claim to speak for more than a hundred societies, or for the American Legion, or for organized labor. Some Congressmen too—although they were bestowing new powers on the President and other Government officials right along—resented the fact (which Trevor & Co. had pointed out to them) that the Kerr bill aimed to give the Secretary of Labor discretionary power in the "hardship cases," and rose to denounce this attempt to take away from Congress its direct authority in immigration matters. The result was that in the past two years Congress as a whole has been no little confused and a bit angry about the Kerr bill; and, in the face of greater questions, has also been somewhat indifferent to it, especially when it came up last spring, just before the political conventions. Thus the alien mess, so far as needed legislation is concerned, is where it was three years ago—only somewhat worse, with twelve thousand people of good character, including about eight thousand American citizens, involved in the

"hardship cases" dangling in uncertainty, and the Immigration Service badly handicapped in dealing with alien matters; while our strange "patriots" and their camp-followers are busy turning the alien problem (even if unconsciously) into a wedge to open the way to methods of government now in effect under European dictatorship.

The alien-baiting of fifteen years ago was an aftermath of the war madness, a symptom of general postwar uneasiness and disorientation. The current xenophobia is a product of the socio-economic crisis of this decade, and of the fear among the dominant economic and cultural groups of mass unrest or even of revolution. This fear leads them to think and act in ways wholly out of line with traditional Americanism. In such a situation scapegoats are needed, and the helpless, inarticulate alien is almost an ideal scapegoat; far better even than, say, the Jew in Hitler's Germany. The alien situation, as we have seen, lends itself readily to fascistic "patriotic" exploitation. Out of it such "facts" and "ideas" as I have quoted are evolved and used to obscure and confuse the bigger problems and situations. It becomes the starting point of movements whose aims and effects may ultimately be disastrous from the point of view of America as a whole.

Therein—at the risk of overemphasizing the purpose of this article—lies the menace, not of the alien, but of the alien problem, which now, as I have already suggested, is in itself of relatively minor and declining importance.

IV

I am an ex-alien who became an American citizen while in the United States Army during the late War, and the views expressed here are only my own. I represent no one and nothing—except, I hope, a certain emotion for this land of my adoption which is an amalgam of love and hope, and on which I have no monopoly. In a way perhaps this emotion is a logical extension and revision of the

feeling and thought expressed in the inscription on the Statue of Liberty. It has to do with the America of to-day, which—as I have maintained in a previous article in this magazine*—is an extension not only of the British Isles but of other parts of Europe, to say nothing of Africa and of Asia; and whose potentialities as such are immense, exciting, and inspiring.

I am deeply mindful of the fact that one-third of our population is of recent, largely non-Anglo-Saxon immigrant strains, the beginning of whose background in this country is Ellis Island rather than Plymouth Rock. I belong to this numerous new element; but I am not for it as it is, as against the old American stock as *it* is, nor the other way about. I am for the whole of present-day America, not as something that is finished and satisfactory, but as material out of which the future has to be wrought, as something in the process of becoming. And I am against those who blindly and ignorantly or selfishly and cunningly try to harm or destroy that material, impede that process.

I condemn these alien-baiters, their movements and publications because I love America and have a passion for its potentially splendid future. The number of aliens, as I have shown, is fast declining; to repeat, at the present rate their number will sink to negligibility in a decade; while America, it seems to me, is just beginning . . . and, at this important point in her career, I want to do what little I can to prevent the spread of fascistic or near-fascistic xenophobia, that aims—stupidly and, in the long run, futilely—to reverse history and return the country to the past.

America is only beginning, and every beginning is somewhat of a mess. As I have tried to show in my novel *Grandsons*, human America is chopped up into numerous racial, class, and cultural islands surrounded by vague seas, with scant connection and communication among them. The old Melting Pot idea has not been carried out any too well.

* *Thirty Million New Americans*, October, 1934.

Human America is poorly integrated, and I am for integration and homogeneity, for the disappearance of the now sharply defined, islandlike groups, and the gradual, organic merging of all the groups into a nation that culturally and spiritually will be a fusion of all the races and nations here on the general politico-cultural pattern laid out by the earliest immigrants to this continent and their descendants. Hence my entrance into this quarrel with Trevor, Fries, Hearst, Chaillaux, Lorimer, *et al.*

Their doings are directed not only at the helpless unnaturalized alien, but also at the naturalized foreign-born and the thirty-odd million native children and grandchildren of immigrants—as witness Trevor's recent contemptuous remark during a congressional hearing, "New York is a foreign city." Consciously or otherwise, the xenophobes oppose the Melting Pot process toward integration and homogeneity, now painfully continuing or commencing in various parts of the country. They aim to keep the population chopped up into racial-cultural islands and to whip the seas of vague distrust surrounding them into active antagonism.

I did not exaggerate when I said early in this article that the xenophobes were trying to induce the Government to violate officially the country's traditions of fairness and decency; nor when, later, I remarked that they were making the alien problem into a wedge for the opening of the way to fascism. They *heil-ed* Doak when his agents raided immigrants' wedding parties, and now lead or support local and national movements to register and fingerprint all aliens and require them to carry identification cards and report personally every so often to the local police or postmaster. Several bills with these provisions have already been introduced in Congress. Once aliens are required to carry cards and report periodically, it may not be long before the rest of us will have to do the same, and each of us will have a dossier filed somewhere without knowing what

it contains and be in the general predicament of people now living in fascistic countries.

Fascists and reactionaries the world over incline to be careless with facts; our xenophobes are no exception. They yell that MacCormack is leading a fight to open the gates to mass immigration. Actually, he is in favor not only of restricted but of selective immigration and, as I have shown, is seeking authority for the deportation of 20,000 alien criminals, gangsters, and professional alien-smugglers undeportable under present laws. Actually too, as I have also said, no one else of any influence wants mass immigration resumed and—its opponents to the contrary notwithstanding—the Kerr bill does not increase immigration.

Personally, I am against mass immigration, not because we already have eight or ten million unemployed, but for two other, I think more important, reasons. *First:* America needs to give herself a chance, take time to merge and integrate her population, study herself and determine what she really is, and gain some control over her cultural destiny. *Second:* America has been too long a vent for European discontent. Let the European masses for the time stay where they are, without chance of escape; and let them bring their crisis, which is at least a hundred years old, to a head and solve their problems while we work out our own. I believe that by adopting this policy we shall, in the long run, be doing the best we can for the future of Europe and America and all humanity. I agree with Struthers Burt who says—in his book *Escape from America*—that "the only possible hope for an intelligent internationalism in the future is an intelligent nationalism in the present."

MacCormack has been criticized by people in his own camp on the score that to win support for his "hardship cases" he has been putting too much emphasis on the alien criminal, and thereby perhaps has helped to enhance the impression in certain quarters that *alien* and *criminal* are practically synonyms.

There is some ground for this criticism; in fairness to him it must be said, however, that he wants to deport as many alien criminals as possible not merely because they are criminals, but because as such they give a bad name to the foreign-born at large and thus help the xenophobes, and are—with native gangsters—material for fascistic terrorist organizations.

But, be that as it may, MacCormack certainly deserves immediate and unqualified support in his fight for the "hardship cases." Indeed, in sections of the country where the facts are known he already has that support. Last spring, while the Kerr-Coolidge bill was being tossed about in Congress, hundreds of editorials appeared in leading papers the country over in support of MacCormack's cause. Nine-tenths of the editorials opposing it appeared in Hearst papers. Congress, in all probability, did not know this then. It was confused by the xenophobes, especially by the most recent addition to their ranks—Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, who yelled out on the Senate floor, "Unless you have the courage to stand up against this bill, you'll have a Communistic government in ten years!"—a statement for which he has since been severely criticized by the press of his own State.

Here and there in America the foreign-born *are* looked at askance, but less so, I am convinced, than in other countries. By and large, there is here little active antagonism to them. On the whole the American masses are friendly and tolerant. If a vote were taken on the issue,

I wager that after hearing the truth ninety-five per cent of the people would be in favor of—in fact, would insist on—turning the deportable aliens in the "hardship cases" into legal immigrants, with opportunity to become citizens. Most of the members of Congress who have lately written to MacCormack not to deport the "hardship cases" have probably been induced or prompted to do so by their constituents who had taken the trouble to learn the truth of the matter.

Speaking for myself, I suggest that in the coming session Congress enact a measure giving the Secretary of Labor or an interdepartmental commission discretionary power for a limited period in a limited number of "hardship cases"; and that the President before long appoint a commission—consisting of intelligent and humane patriots, with a sense for present-day America and for her future—to study the whole complex subject of alien and immigration questions, with the purpose of recommending to Congress a measure which would repeal the numerous immigration laws, good and bad, now scattered through the statute books; officially recognize the inadvisability of a resumption of mass immigration; provide asylum for certain political refugees; simplify naturalization; put Ellis Island, not out of reverse, but largely out of business, by reducing—through prevention—to the absolute minimum illegal entries and thereby necessary deportations; hasten the disappearance of the alien problem and, so far as possible, the dangerous alien-baiters I have introduced here; and get the Melting Pot really going.



THE CASE FOR TELEPATHY

A RECORD OF SOME REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS

BY ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT

I HAVE just been sitting across a table from a young woman who has done a thing that I have no way of explaining. Between her and me, in the center of the table, stood a wooden screen so high and wide that neither one of us could possibly see the other. In my hand, face down, I held a special pack of cards, twenty-five in number, which I had just shuffled. As fast as I could register her calls, by a very rapid system, she tried to name the cards in the pack from top to bottom. Then as soon as I could shuffle them once more she would begin again and do the same thing. In this way we went through the pack twenty times, and thus she tried to name five hundred cards in all. So rapid was the system that the whole thing was done in half an hour. When it was over I found that she had named an amazing number of the cards correctly—so many that there was only one chance in six hundred million that she might have done the feat by luck or accident.

This single feat may be enough to start us on the questions we are going to open here. Is it possible for any man to “read” a thought that lies only in the mind of another man? And is it possible for any man to “see” an object that is hidden from his eyes and all his other senses? In a word, is there any such thing as what we call telepathy, and any such thing as what we call clairvoyance?

On these points I have no argument of my own to offer and, far less, any per-

sonal faith to press. All I want to do is to set forth, with any explanation that may be needed, an array of fact that is now in evidence upon the issues, though it is still far from familiar. Once I have set down the facts at hand I shall be more than willing to let the reader make of them what he can or must in reason. Since they may startle him, however, as much as they have startled me, I ought to tell him at once that I have made sure of all the facts I am presenting. After long and painful scrutiny, I look upon them as indubitable.

I am going to ask the reader from the first to be just as incredulous as possible, but at the same time to remain as open-minded as he may. He need have no fear of inconsistency in the two attitudes. We all need to be incredulous in the face of a new marvel, in exact proportion to the wonder of it, but we have no right to shut our minds against it so long as there is any reasonable chance that it is true; and always we should be ready to accept it, however strange it may appear, if once the evidence in favor of it grows so strong as to leave us no other choice in sense and reason. Only in this way have we ever made sure of any new bit of truth, and only so has the sum of all our science, chief of marvels, been accumulated through the ages.

We can see the world we live in, and can hear it; we can touch it, we can taste it, we can smell it; and we have nearly

always thought we had no other way to find out anything at all about it. Take away our five senses, we have said, and we should seem to have no better chance of finding out about our world than any stone or clod appears to have. We should seem to be forever unconscious, like the stone and clod, forever unaware of anything at all. So for centuries we have held that all that ever gets into our minds must enter through the paths of the five senses, and that there is no other avenue along which anything at all can make its way to us. All the raw materials of knowledge, we have said, are delivered by the senses to the mind, to make of them what it may. *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius in sensu.*

It is true that there has always been a steady trickle of tradition to the contrary, though mainly in the lore of fairly simple souls. There have been plenty of good folk to tell us about dreams that came true, whether of a past event or, as is commoner, of a concurrent one; or even of a future incident that duly came to pass. Almost any one of us must have a friend who is as certain he has seen an apparition as that he has ever seen the sun and moon, and perhaps two or three friends who are sure that they have had monitions of events that were on the point of occurring at some distant place—usually of injury or death, and often of sudden and tragic death, to someone who was very dear. Indeed, a recent inquiry made of ten thousand men and women of the kind who appear in *Who's Who* revealed the fact that one in every four of them was willing to admit a personal experience of this nature. We have all heard many a story of mind-reading, of some sort of "second sight," of hauntings and of rappings and of table-tippings, of levitations and of telekinetic feats, of automatic writing and of mental healing, and of still other things which would seem, like many a miracle in history or legend, to lie beyond the realm of the five senses known to us.

In the main we have simply put aside

these stories for the good reason that they were at such variance with everyday experience as to be highly improbable, and for the even better reason that they were seldom capable of proof or real investigation. We have mostly given them a place among all the other tricks that illusion and hallucination are so prone to play upon us; and we have argued, very properly, that in the multifarious events of an entire lifetime a few weird incidents or remarkable coincidences can be nothing very wondrous. It is fair to say of course that in the past century a few of the true men of science have made careful studies of great numbers of these incidents, and in some cases have come to feel that there is more in the events than science can as yet explain. But hitherto perhaps there has been nothing in this realm to reach the dignity of certitude, nor any one discovery that has been made sure.

But there is something we may now report as sure, and it is very different from any unauthenticated lore. It is the outcome of a long series of experiments, simple but purely scientific, and more rigorous and thorough than any we have seen before, made in order to find out whether there can be any such thing as perception apart from the five known senses—or extra-sensory perception, as we may call it from now on. In a few more pages we are going to give the results that have come out of the hundred thousand and more tests that have already been attempted to clear up the question. But it may be well to say at once that in the minds of the men of science who have made all these tests the fact of extra-sensory perception, by telepathy and by clairvoyance both, has now come to be indubitable. These men consider that the evidence is now so overwhelming as to furnish all the proof that science can require. At the same time the evidence is so simple that any layman with a clear head may be trusted to appraise it. Yet before we lay it all before him, to deal with as he may, we have two or three preliminary things that we

ought to make as clear as possible for him—and not so much because he may never have known them as because it is so very easy to forget them or to go astray in them. For many of us they are about as slippery as any simple facts we know. In order then to be sure of what we mean in all that is to follow we may well run over a few of the elementary truths about the laws of chance.

II

We all know about what will happen if we keep on tossing up a penny and guessing which side it will fall on. In any toss it is as likely to come "heads" as "tails," and vice versa; and our chance of guessing right is always one in two. In a hundred tosses we are likely to be right about fifty times and wrong about as many; though in so small a number we may quite possibly score some sixty or more hits to some forty or fewer misses. In a thousand tosses we can be a good deal surer of the score, for it cannot well be very far from five hundred right against five hundred wrong. In ten thousand we can be much surer still of guessing about five thousand right. And in a hundred thousand we are certain that the hits and misses will be nearly even. The percentage of either above or below fifty thousand will be very small; and any other outcome is virtually impossible in chance. The longer we go on the surer we can be of the event.

Now let us complicate the matter just a little by arranging to have only one chance in five of guessing right, instead of one in two. In so doing we shall be accepting the exact conditions of all the experiments which we have just been mentioning and which we shall be describing in a moment. For in all of those experiments the chance of being right was one in five. Let us suppose we have a pack of twenty-five cards exactly such as were employed in the experiments in question. On the face of each card will appear one of five different de-

signs, and each of the five designs will be found on five of the cards in the pack. If we try to guess the design on the top card we obviously have one chance in five of being right; and similarly if we try to guess the bottom one, or the middle one, or any other given card in the pack. If we try to guess them all, from top to bottom, the chance is that we shall average getting five of them right and twenty of them wrong. Always the chance of being right is one in five, or five in twenty-five.

Of course if we are guessing only twenty-five we may well get a good deal larger fraction than one-fifth of them right, or a good deal smaller fraction. The series is too short for accurate prediction. But if we keep right on guessing through the pack, constantly shuffled, we know well how the deadly chances will work for and against us. In 1,000 guesses we are fairly sure to get about 200 right. In 10,000 we are surer still to score about 2,000. And in 100,000 we are certain to be right about 20,000 times. Nothing else is thinkable in chance.

About 20,000; we have used the word, or some equivalent, in every statement we have made regarding our chances. In 1,000 guesses we shall score *about* 200, and in 10,000 *about* 2,000. For fairly seldom shall we make the precise score of 200 or 2,000 hits. The fact is that in 10,000 guesses we are almost sure to score a little over or a little under 2,000 hits, but only very little. The deviation above or below 2,000 will always be only a small fraction of the 10,000 guesses we have made. To that little deviation over or under the mean chance figure we are going to give its proper name of *error*. In 10,000 guesses, for example, if we made 2,025 hits, or 1,975 of them, instead of a precise 2,000, our error would be 25; and since it is as likely to be above the mean as to be below it, we ought to call the error plus or minus 25. Some little error of this sort is altogether probable in any series of our guesses. But how large is it likely to be? How much error may we reasonably expect in a

series of 500 guesses, or of 1,000, or 10,000, or 100,000? In more proper parlance, what is the *probable error* for each of these numbers?

It will be clear that the relative size of the probable error will vary with the number of our guesses, and will rapidly diminish in proportion as that number increases. In a mere 25 guesses, for example, we might easily get as many as 8 right, or as few as 2, as against our mean chance of 5; and our error would be 3, or more than half of the 5 hits that pure chance would allow us. True enough, our chance of doing even this is not very good. A mathematician will tell us that in 25 guesses the chance of getting as many as 8 right, or as few as 2, is only about 1 in 15. Still the thing might easily occur and not surprise us. But it could never go right on occurring. If we kept up the same rate for 100 guesses—getting as many as 32 right, or as few as 8, as against the 20 that mean chance would give us—we might at least begin to rub our eyes. If we went on in the same way for 1,000, with as many as 320 right or as few as 80, as against our chance of 200, we should have good reason for astonishment. If we kept this up for 10,000 times, with a high score of 3,200 or a low one of 800, as against the chance 2,000, we could know that something had gone seriously wrong. And if we went on to 100,000 at the same rate we should be mad to think our score was piling up in this way by mere chance. No such error can be possible. So the ratio of our probable error is seen to diminish vastly as the number of our guesses grows. Then what is the probable error for a few given numbers of guesses—say for 500, for 1,000, for 10,000, and for 100,000?

For all the rest of our story it will be of prime importance to give an answer to that question now, and to remember it at many a point as we go on. And here, as simple to state as it would be elaborate to prove, is the answer that a mathematician will give us:

In 500 guesses the probable error is 6;

that is, we may reasonably expect to get as many as 106 right by mere chance or as few as 94.

In 1,000 guesses the probable error is 9; and we may reasonably expect as many as 209 right, or as few as 191.

In 10,000 guesses the probable error is 27; we may reasonably expect as many as 2,027 right, or as few as 1,973.

In 100,000 guesses the probable error is 85; we may reasonably look for as many as 20,085 right, or as few as 19,915.

From the probable error here given for the round numbers as selected, it will be easy to make a rough estimate of the error that is probable for any miscellaneous numbers that we may encounter as we go on.

Such is the *probable error* for the round numbers we have chosen. In many a test the actual error would of course be smaller, while in others it might well be a little larger. But never could it be a great deal larger. If it turned out to be twice as large, in some 10,000 of our guesses, we could say at least that we were having a good run of luck. If we found it to be three times as large we might be tempted to toss our hat into the air. And if it came out to be four times larger, we ought to begin looking into our gift for guessing. For such a surplus in the actual error over the error that is probable is commonly said to be *significant*. By this we mean that if we can score four times as high above mean chance as would be probable we have reason to suspect that we are doing something more than merely guessing. For pure guesswork, or simple chance, could hardly be expected to allow us any such result. But now if we find that we are doing far better still—if we discover, say, that we are steadily scoring as many as eight times above the probable error—we may take it for granted that we are out of the realm of chance and guess. We are making far more hits than any guessing would permit; and strange as it may seem, we are now driven to believe that we have found

some way of knowing rather often what will be a hit.

The point is so important that we ought to be specific. We have said that in 10,000 guesses the probable error is 27; that is, we are likely enough to guess 2,027 of our cards correctly. If we double the probable error, and get 2,054 of the cards right, we are at least having very good luck. If we treble it, with 2,081 cards right, we shall have cause for some astonishment. If we quadruple it, and call 2,108 cards right, we have reason to suspect that we are no longer simply guessing. And if we mount till we are eight times higher, with 2,216 cards correct, we may take it that we have left guesswork behind, and have somehow found a way of doing more than any guessing could allow. So narrow and so certain are the laws of chance.

Now in the light of all these figures, suppose we should discover that in a long series of tests we had been scoring, not 7 or 8 times more than the probable error, but exactly 26 times more. Suppose that in another long series we should score 33 times more than the probable error, and in another 35 times more, and in still another 65 times more. Suppose that in a series of 10,000 tests we managed to call, not the chance 2,000, but a full 4,000 of the cards aright, thus bettering the probable error by 74 times. Suppose we kept our score for as many as 85,000 tests and found it to be exactly 111 times higher than the probable error. Only suppose as much as this (for there are still more striking things to come) and surely we shall be left wondering how we can explain what we have done. We can have no way to think that such feats are the random work of chance. But if not, what are they? This is the puzzle that will come before us in a moment.

For all these things have now been duly done, and many more. They have been done by normal, honest people, under the eye of science. The men who vouch for them are psychologists of indisputable probity and of international

renown. There can be no rational suspicion of the facts they now deliver to us. And it is to these facts that we have been leading in all we have been saying about the laws of probability. We are now ready for the record.

III

About six years ago Professor Joseph Banks Rhine, of Duke University, began a long series of tests in the aim of finding out once for all whether there is any such thing as telepathy or clairvoyance, or any other sort of extra-sensory perception. In the effort he has been aided and encouraged above all by Professor William McDougall, the eminent head of his department in the university, and assisted by a score or more of his associates and seasoned pupils. For six years the tests have gone on without a respite, and more than a hundred thousand of them have now been made and recorded; so that although they are still continuing they have already reached a stage where the results may be safely given to the world.

It may be in point to say what manner of man Professor Rhine is. There is no one in the world more honest, and hardly anyone could be more careful or more wary. At first intended for the Church, he felt in duty bound to leave his seminary because he could not give assent to various tenets which it held essential. But all through the ensuing years, when he was proceeding to the doctorate in botany at the University of Chicago, he remained loth to accept as final the material philosophy that was prevalent enough in the science of the day. Later, as a teacher of botany in the University of West Virginia, he found it ever harder to rest from a desire to search the secrets of the mind of man instead of the secrets in the lives of plants. So, counting his pennies and taking counsel of his wife, he left an otherwise happy post to go and sit at the feet of Dr. McDougall, at that time professor of psychology at Harvard. After Dr. McDougall transferred to Duke University, he called Rhine to the de-

partment of psychology in that institution; and there, with the generous aid of President Few, he gave Rhine all encouragement to go on with his work upon the frontiers of the science. It was thus that the long chain of experiments began.

These experiments are very simple, capable of absolute control, and yielding clear and exact results. They have all been made with a pack of twenty-five cards. On their backs these look just like the ordinary cards we play with, but on their faces there are no such things as kings and queens, or hearts and spades. Five of the cards bear the simple picture of a circle, five the picture of a cross, five that of a rectangle, five that of a star, and five that of a set of wavy lines. Anyone who takes the test is merely asked to identify the cards, one after another, without looking at them. He has one chance in five of calling any card correctly; and the whole idea is to see whether, over a long series, he can do any better than pure chance would allow. Needless to say, the pack is shuffled ever and anon—at least after every twenty-five calls, and often after every five.

There are various ways to take the test. For instance, the experimenter may take the top card off the pack, look at it, lay it face down on the table, and ask the performer to call it. When the experimenter has recorded the call he removes the next card with the same procedure, then the next, and so on through the pack, time and time again. In these conditions we can hardly say whether the performer, if successful, may be showing a telepathic gift or a clairvoyant one, or possibly a bit of both. The experimenter has seen the card, and the performer might be "reading" his mind; or he might be simply "seeing" the card with his own mind's eye alone; or he might be doing the two things together. But another way is for the experimenter to remove the cards one by one without looking at them till the performer has called them; and if the performer can succeed in these conditions he would seem to be displaying pure clairvoyance, since no one else can know

what the cards are. Or the experimenter may not remove any card at all, but simply ask the performer to call all of them in order, from top to bottom, as they lie upon the table—of course recording all the calls and checking them with the pack when they have been completed. This again would be a test of pure clairvoyance. Still again, there may even be no actual cards in use. The experimenter may merely imagine one card after another and ask the performer to name the card he is imagining. In this case the test would be one of pure telepathy.

In the long series of tests which we are now going to describe each of these varieties was tried many a thousand times. It will be hardly necessary, and it would be very tedious, to tell in every instance which variety was in employment. There were plenty of tests for pure telepathy, plenty for pure clairvoyance, and plenty for a possible combination of the two. It may be enough to say that if the tests proved anything at all they proved that clairvoyance and telepathy are about equally possible and equally common.

IV

If there was little that was startling in the earlier tests that Professor Rhine made, there was still at least enough to make him want to keep on. His performers were soon averaging 6 hits in every 25 attempts, and a steady average of even 6 would give him reason for continuing. He therefore kept a record of the next 800 tests, and found that 207 cards had been called correctly. In pure chance only 160 calls ought to have been correct, and the hits were thus 47 above the mean of chance. Instead of an average of 5 correct in every 25, there was here an average of 6.5, and in a series of 800 trials this may well begin to have a meaning. In fact, it is just 6 times the probable error for that number of trials; and the chance of its occurring by mere accident is only about 1 in 20,000.

So the tests went on. In general, the performers who did best in a preliminary

trial were encouraged to continue, while the others were mostly dropped. Of course this was a fair procedure, since the aim at the moment was not to find out whether everybody had a way of bettering chance, but to see whether anyone at all, or any group, could regularly do so. In the main, therefore, the best scorers were kept at work; and as a matter of record this meant that about one person in every five who started was invited to continue. In this way about twenty men and women remained in the game, and with these the results were soon astonishing. It will not be possible to list all of these results, but the following will be a fair selection out of the great number.

The first extraordinary score was made by Mr. A. J. Linzmayer, a student at Duke University. In his preliminary test this young man called 21 cards right out of 45, where chance would have allowed him only 9. During the next few days he called 600 cards and got 238 of them correct. Since mere chance would have given him only 120 correct calls, he was all but doubling her allowance; he was scoring 118 more hits than the 120 she would have permitted him. Instead of an average of 5 correct calls in every 25, he maintained an average of 10, which is 18 times the probable error for the number of calls made; and the chance of doing this by accident is 1 in—well, we shall have to stop and explain, for there is no real way to write the number so that it will have a meaning. The mathematician will call it 10^{94} , or 10 to the 34th power, which means 10 multiplied by itself 34 times. That will give us 1 followed by 35 zeros, and the name of the resultant number is one hundred decillions. The man had one chance in that many of doing what he did by luck. Figures such as these, and even far higher, are going to be rather frequent in the next few pages, and this one explanation must do for them all. In one series of 25 calls Linzmayer made a score of 21 correct, and 15 of these were consecutive. Anybody who has ever dealt a hand at bridge may be interested in figuring the

chance of such a feat—though of course it is not what may happen in any single hand that counts, but only what keeps right on happening over a long series.

After four months of summer vacation Linzmayer took another series of tests, 945 in number. Though he did not do quite so well as he had done before, he still called 246 of the cards right, or 57 more than the 189 that chance would have given him. Thus he averaged 6.5 hits in every 25 attempts, which is still 7 times the probable error for the number of tests taken. The chance of doing this is 1 in 100,000. Five months later still he tried 960 tests, making a score of 259 correct, or 67 more than even chance would have permitted. This is an average of 6.75 hits in 25 calls, or 8 times the probable error; and the chance of its being accidental is nearly 1 in 1,000,000.

At this point as well as anywhere we may note that the figures we are giving, of whatever size, are always *above* the chance allowance. If the performers were operating under chance alone, their scores would be just as likely to fall below her mean allowance as to rise above it. The mere fact that they are always above it, whether much or little higher, would alone be notable. But we are soon to see how much higher the scores will go.

We may omit the tests taken by several other men and women, with results significant enough, in order to come to the next performer who, in a long series, seemed to put the laws of chance to shame. This was Mr. Hubert Pearce, a student in divinity at Duke. After a few brief trials this young gentleman began to do things that amply merited recording. He was then counted for 2,250 tests, in which he made the remarkable score of 869 correct; and since mere chance would have given him only 450, he was 419 ahead of her quota. In other words, he averaged 9.7 calls correct in every 25. This is nearly 33 times the probable error for the number of tests involved; and the chance of such a feat is 1 in 10 to the 106th power—which would yield a figure of 107 digits.

This was only the first test of Pearce. In many succeeding ones the man has gone on doing just about the same thing, without ever wavering. He is notable for the all but perfect uniformity of his results, for there are hardly any ups and downs in his steady scoring. Except for a few days when he was ill or otherwise distracted, he has always made a virtually constant score of 10 hits in each successive 25 attempts. All together he has taken as many as 11,250 tests; and even counting in all those attempted when he was ill or worried, he has still averaged 9 calls correct in every 25 through the entire series. He is nearly 65 times above the probable error; and the chance of such a feat is 1 in 10 to the 435th power. That will give us a number of 436 digits. Now in all that unimaginable number there was only one chance that Pearce was just lucky enough to do what he did. All the other uncountable chances are that he managed to do it in some other way.

We shall have things still more interesting to say of Pearce and others just a little later. For the moment we may go on with the bare scores of a few other persons who were under test at the same time. In 3,900 calls, for instance, Miss June Bailey made an average score of 7.8 correct in every 25. This is 26 times the probable error, and the chance of doing it is 1 in 10 to the 68th power. In 5,125 calls Miss May Frances Turner averaged 8.4 correct in 25, or 35 times the probable error; and the chance for that is 1 in 10 to the 126th power. In 1,975 calls Miss Sara Ownbey averaged 8.9 right in 25, scoring 26 times the probable error; the chance for which is 1 in 10 to the 68th power. For a final example we may take the spectacular display of Mr. George Zirkle. Through 3,400 tests this gentleman made an average of 11 calls correct in each 25. This is 52 times the probable error, and the chance for it is only 1 in 10 to the 268th power. On several occasions Zirkle called 22 cards right in a given 25, and once, in a series of 50 calls, he scored 26 correct in straight succession. This is comparable to the feat by which

Pearce once called every single card correctly in the pack of 25. And the chance of doing that—well, if we take 1 for our numerator and multiply 5 by itself 25 times for our denominator, we shall have the exact fraction. We may as well write one of these numbers out to see how it looks, and this time the figure is small enough to print. The chance is 1 in 298,023,223,876,953,125. But even this figure is all but meaningless to us because our imagination has no way of rising to it. One way to hint at its meaning would be to imagine that we were calling cards at the rate of one every half-minute for ten hours a day every day in the year. At this rate it would take us about six hundred billion years to make as many calls as the number we have just put down. So once in every six hundred billion years we could expect to duplicate the feat of Pearce by chance.

There are still more figures coming in a moment, and perhaps they will seem even more extraordinary. But it may be as well to pause for breath at the present point, and for a remark or two about what is already in the record.

If the figures we have given are authentic—and we have said that there would seem to be no rational way to doubt them—we now have before us something which our science cannot yet explain. If a thing keeps right on happening when there is only one chance in a million or a billion or a trillion of its ever happening a single time, there would seem to be but one conclusion to be drawn about the reason for it: that it is not brought about by chance but by some species of intelligence. So the men and women who made the scores we have recorded can hardly have been simply guessing, since there is scarcely any chance imaginable that they could guess so well. They would seem to have been acting by intelligence. On the other hand, they were not using their eyes or ears, or any other sense among the five we know; for all these were strictly interdicted. And if their intelligence did not come through the five senses, we are driven to inquire

by what gateway it did come to them. We are going to find it hard to deny that they have a way of perceiving apart from the five senses, and that they have demonstrated extra-sensory perception in the forms we call clairvoyance and telepathy. For in all the tests that we have mentioned there were about as many for the one as for the other.

Of course the men and women are by no means perfect in the faculty. In the best of them the gift is still far less reliable than sight or hearing, and probably a good deal less than taste or smell, delusive as these may prove to be in a real test. There is little point in asking the performers why they cannot name all of the twenty-five cards instead of naming only ten. They will answer that they do not know. They may properly add that it will be wiser to find out how they can name ten than why they cannot name all twenty-five; and indeed that if we can only learn how they can do the first, we shall probably see why they cannot as yet do the second. They could even offer to match their extra-sensory gift with some of our own purely sensory perceptions. If, for instance, they should fill twenty-five little phials with as many odorous liquids quite familiar to us—coffee, tea, vinegar, ammonia, ether, kerosene, citronella, and what not—and ask us to name them one by one after sniffing at them in the dark to our heart's content, they might give us a bad half-hour. If we named half of the odors right we should be doing pretty well. But whatever the relative perfection, we have formidable evidence that in a goodly number of us an extra-sensory gift has now been demonstrated. So much Dr. Rhine and his associates consider to be proved. Whatever else may later come to light, they hold that telepathy and clairvoyance are now domiciled in the world of scientific fact. They are so sure of this that for some time now they have hardly been interested in further tests intended merely to prove the case. They are still hard at work to find out, not whether these powers of the mind exist, but what the

powers *are*—how common they may be, how far they may be cultivable, and above all how it is that they do their work. On these points we shall have more to say a little later.

V

Meanwhile a few other figures may throw a little more light on those we have already given. So far our figures have all been of one kind, and that one the simplest possible. They have only shown how often certain men and women can call the right card in conditions that are altogether normal. Surely the reader must have been wondering what would happen under various other conditions that will have occurred to him. What will happen if the performer is ill? What will happen when he is in a state of worry or anxiety, when he is overtired, when he is disturbed by visitors or otherwise distracted? What if he is behind a screen from the experimenter in the same room, or behind a wall in another room? What if he is in another building 250 yards away, or in another city 250 miles distant? What will happen if he takes a narcotic or a stimulant, or both of these in reasonable alternation? And what will happen finally if he tries to call the wrong card every time instead of the right one—that is, if he does his best to make as low a score as possible instead of one as high as possible? The answers to these questions may add a good deal to the evidence already given and may even go a little way in explanation of it.

In nearly every case a marked decline in scoring has occurred when the performer was indisposed or worried, when he was very tired, when he took a test against his will, or when there was any other reason for undue distraction. The decline has varied a good deal with the various performers and with the exact circumstances. In some instances the score has fallen to the simple chance allowance, or even below it, and in others not so far; but almost always there has been a rapid drop in scoring. The fact

would seem to mean that the putative extra-sensory gift, like any other, is likely to be blunted by indisposition or disturbance. Even though fatigue is almost sure to take its toll, however, there have been a few long-endurance tests in which no decline was shown. In one of these, for instance, Mr. Pearce called 900 cards at a single sitting of eight hours and ran a steady average of 10.1 correct in 25 from first to last. On the other hand—and unlike some of the other performers—Pearce is nearly always put out, though only for a little while, if a visitor drops in to watch him. For a few calls only he will drop all the way to a chance ratio, but then he will climb up rapidly again to his regular level of 10 in 25, and remain there as long as the visitor may care to stay.

A good many times, in the middle of a long run of tests, the performer has been given a narcotic to see how it might affect his scoring, and about as often he has been given a stimulant for the same purpose. The narcotic has commonly been sodium amylal, and the stimulant caffeine; but often enough the man did not know which of the two, if either, he was taking in his capsule, or what he might expect as a result. In every case the sodium amylal has brought a notable decline in scoring, usually to the mere chance ratio, and in every one the caffeine has raised the score, however high it may have been before. At a time when Mr. Linzmayer was averaging 6.75 correct in 25, he had a dose of the sodium amylal with the result that an hour later, for 275 calls, he fell to an average of 5.1, or practically pure chance. When Mr. Pearce was running his regular average of 10 in 25, he was given a rather smaller dose of the narcotic. As soon as the drug began to work, it brought out results of striking interest. In the first 25 cards Pearce called only 5 correctly, in the second only 4, and in the third only 3. Chagrined at the unwonted failure, he then made a great effort to "pull himself together," and managed to climb up to his usual score of 10 in the fourth 25.

But he could not keep it up. His next score was 5 again, and the following one was 6. At this point he got up and washed his face in an attempt to come alive again; and in the next 25 he managed to score 8. But then followed a 5, and still another 5. Stung by this, the unhappy man now tried to get up his courage by a bit of boasting, offering to "run the pack"; and he mounted once more to an 8 and a 10. But then ensued a 5 and yet another 5, and the sleepy operator gave up. His average for these 325 calls was only 6.1 in 25, as against his regular score of 10. At a time when Mr. Zirkle was averaging 13.5 correct in 25, he had a little of the sodium amylal. In an hour his average was down to 7.8 and in three hours it stood at 6.2.

Caffeine will lift the score about as much as sodium amylal will lower it. On several occasions when Mr. Pearce was running a little lower than his almost constant average, he was given five grains of caffeine with the result that his score was a little more than doubled. When Mr. Zirkle was scoring at an average of 12.5 in 25, he took a similar dose and rose to an average of 14.7 for the next 300 tests. The next day a dose of sodium amylal brought him down within three hours from an average of 13.5 to one of 6.2. At this low point he took a dose of caffeine and mounted to an average of 9.5. In no instance did he know what he was taking or what to look for in result.

In most cases the distance between the performer and the pack of cards in use would seem to make little or no difference in his success. He may be sitting at a table with the cards face down before him or in another part of the room with his back turned to them. He may be behind a screen in the same room or behind a wall in an adjoining one. He may be in another building or even in another town, with nothing but a telegraphic key for signalling. Under all of these conditions the scores have remained about the same. The thousands of tests taken behind a screen or in a

separate room have yielded just about the same scores as any others. In 600 tests behind a screen Mr. Pearce held to an average of 9 in 25, and in 300 in a separate building to an average of 9.9. Mr. Zirkle seems to do even better at a certain distance from the cards, with or without a screen or wall intervening. In a set of distance tests he scored 14 per 25 when near the cards, 14.6 when some ten feet away, and 16 when some thirty feet away. In 200 tests taken at a distance of 250 miles Miss Ownbey and Miss Turner made an average of 10.1 correct in every 25. The continuing experiments are yielding similar results.

If these men and women can keep on calling so many of the cards right can they further prove their gift, when they desire, by calling far too many of them wrong? If they can tell us what a card *is*, can they tell us just as well what it is *not*? The answer is that they can indeed. At a time when Mr. Pearce, trying to name as many cards as he could right, was running his average of 10 in 25, he was asked to face about and name as few as he could right, or as many as he could wrong. He had been reaching for the highest score of hits he could attain, and now he was to try for the lowest. At once his score fell headlong. In the next 275 tests he called only 20 cards correctly, where pure chance would always have given him 55. In other words, when Pearce tries to call 275 cards right he will name about 110 of them, or about twice as many as mere chance allots him; but when he tries to call them wrong he will name only about 20 of them, or a little more than a third of what chance would allow. When calling them right he averages about 10 in 25, and when calling them wrong he averages a little less than 2—where chance would give him 5 in either case. In a specific instance he was once asked to call the cards right and made a score of 10; immediately asked to call them wrong, he came through with a score of 1; then asked to call them right again, he attained a score of 9; and once more

asked to call them wrong, he ended with a score of 1. In one effort to be wrong he made the perfect score of 0 in 25, and in another to be right the perfect one of 25 in 25.

Here may end the figures we have chosen out of all the tests that have now been made. They are typical. There are many more at hand, but all the rest are fairly similar, and these will surely be enough. In the entire set of tests so far conducted, with all of the performers we have mentioned and with all of those we have omitted, the number of the hits above mean chance has been exactly 111 times the probable error. The mere chance of our ever seeing such a phenomenon is one in a number that passes all imagining. If we tried to print the number we should need exactly forty lines of space in this column to hold it.

We have made sure that our figures are all accurate, and doubly sure that they have come to us from clean hands. The men who have given them to us are of unimpeachable integrity, and in a set of tests so simple and protracted they are as incapable of suffering from imposture as they would be of engaging in it. To anyone who knows the men the notion of chicanery on their part is ridiculous. There would seem to be no way of questioning the figures. But if we are to accept them what are we to think they mean? Is there any other explanation for them except the gift of extra-sensory perceiving, both telepathic and clairvoyant, which their sponsors are convinced they prove? To suppose that all the feats we have recorded are the work of some sublime fortuity is surely to be credulous to the point of infanthility. And it will not be easy to account for them on any other theory than one of extra-sensory perception, whatever that may be.

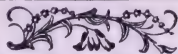
Well, what may it be? We could be very happy if we knew an answer, or even half an answer, to that query. Of course, even if we found that we had to accept extra-sensory perception for a fact, we could easily embrace it without ever

knowing what it is—any more than we yet know how the eye can paint a picture for the mind, or how gravitation holds the atoms and the stars in place. But we should like to know, and even though we are still far from understanding, we can have some hope that we may not be left wholly in the dark. For the men who have told us all we have repeated here do not believe it must always remain a mystery to us. They think they have at least caught glimpses of the ways in which some of us may learn without our senses, and they have a few suggestions for us, tentative at least, about the nature of the gift that may enable some of us to see through walls and look into the minds of other men. On that point we can hardly enter now, but we shall deal with it as fully as we can in a sequel to appear in the next issue.

If what we are hinting here and in the coming issue should turn out to be true, it is hardly too much to say that we may be traveling toward a revolution in the realm of mind more or less comparable to the revolution effected by Copernicus in the universe of matter. We may possibly be on the brink of marvel. And if there is a marvel coming in the mind's realm it may certainly be said to be overdue. In the centuries since Aristotle we have outrun all imagination in discovering the secrets of the universe outside us. Until very recently at least we have found out very little more of what may go on inside us than was known to Aristotle in his psychology. We may possibly be due for an illumination. If it is too early for a prophecy upon that point, we may still have a word more to say about it in the sequel.

[Mr. Wright's second article will appear next month.]





THE DOLL

A STORY

BY BERNICE KENYON

WHEN they were living at home the microscope always stood on the library table. It was placed beside the windows overlooking Central Park, where the light was just right and where, by standing on a hassock kept under the table for that purpose, Susan could see into the eyepiece perfectly. She was a slender child, not very tall for nine years old, and she longed for the time when she would grow a little more so that the hassock wouldn't be necessary. Often she got so excited at what she saw through the lenses that she slipped off, jarring the table and moving the slide or spoiling the focus by knocking against one of the lacquered brass wheels that her father had set for her so carefully. She loved the instrument and hated to see it out of its place. To-day the library table looked queer and empty, for the microscope had been taken down and put on the hall table with two stacks of scientific books, ready for packing. They were leaving home to-morrow to spend a year abroad.

"I hope you have not planned to take that instrument along with you in your hand luggage all the way to Italy," Susan's governess, Miss Ekstrom, said when she saw Susan's father bringing out the padded leather case lined with red velvet and placing it with the other bags that had to be packed before they sailed next day.

Nicholas Ashford stood back from the pile of bags and laughed. "I most cer-

tainly am!" he exclaimed good-naturedly. "Where would you have me put it? With the hold luggage? I'm sending the big microscope over that way; but we want this one with us, don't we, Susan? We might need it on the voyage."

Miss Ekstrom turned away in disgust and went back to her packing, but Susan couldn't resist dancing down the length of the apartment and back again. She knew that her father was taking the heavy thing along for her sake. As far back as she could remember he had been putting a new slide into it each morning, to show her the most wonderful—the most exciting things! One slide each morning—she never could tell what she would see. She knew that he prepared the slides himself before breakfast and put them in focus just as she came in from her bedroom to join him. They were never commonplace ones, the kind you can buy if you know where to go for them, in shops selling scientific apparatus, showing mounted amoebae or algae or carefully killed and stained disease germs of quite ordinary kinds. They were things her father found everywhere: bacteria from water in a flower vase, celled cross-sections of leaves, a fly's multiple eye, crystals of minerals, the branched antenna of a moth that had flown into the living-room drop light, teeming dust from Times Square, a hair from Solange the Siamese cat who lived in the apartment across the hall, bits of flower petals showing colored plastids and tinted cell-sap,

pollen in fantastic shapes, like dozens of small stars or cubes; once even a fresh drop of blood.

"Look quickly, Susan!" he had called on that memorable occasion, "Look what's happening here!" And she had gazed in fascination, watching the corpuscles line up and fit themselves together, as if to staunch a wound that didn't exist. "It's human blood," her father explained. "Isn't it beautiful? That's what we have inside us. Every bit of it knows just what to do, and does it even when separated from the creature it's supposed to care for. Each corpuscle is like a person going about his business, not for his own good, but for the good of the whole man, the whole complicated world to which he belongs."

"Yes," said Susan. "I see." She had looked a minute longer, expertly through her right eye without closing the left; then she had turned away from the table and looked at her father. She had been conscious of a curious and vibrant confusion inside her somewhere. "No, I don't see," she stated honestly. "I'm all mixed up."

"What's the matter, Sue?"

"You said it was human blood. Whose blood?"

"Mine."

Susan felt a pang go through her. "Oh, Father," she cried, "you cut yourself for me!"

"Don't let that worry you, my dear," said her father. He held out his hand to her. "Look at that. A prick with a sterilized needle. It's gone already. I'd do a lot more than prick my finger for you, I hope." He bent his long, bony, dark length over the microscope again. "Don't you think it was worth watching? It's all finished now, dried up. It's served its purpose." He put his arm across Susan's thin shoulders. "Come on in to breakfast," he said.

Miss Ekstrom had been waiting for them at the table. She said good morning formally and thanked Susan for the cup of coffee which the child poured out for her and she looked disapprovingly

at both father and daughter as they sat, in an understanding conspiracy of silence, at opposite ends of the table. Susan wasn't eating very much and she wore a scowl to mar her plain and already far too thoughtful face. Miss Ekstrom seemed impelled to speak.

"I think, Mr. Ashford, if you would leave the microscope until after breakfast—" she had begun tentatively.

"Why?"

"All these queer things you show her—this blood for instance—it quite takes away her appetite, and you know she's thin enough already. You undermine her health and you make her unhappy."

"But he doesn't!" exclaimed Susan, suddenly aware that she might be deprived of one of the things she loved best. "I'm not unhappy. I'm just thoughtful."

"There you are, Miss Ekstrom!" Her father had smiled. "She's thoughtful. And well she may be. I was showing her, as you may not know, the marvelous preoccupation of blood corpuscles, and their self-abnegation—to put it sentimentally—in serving the whole man instead of looking out for themselves individually. There is much to be learned from their behavior, as I'm sure you're aware. You come from an extremely civilized and democratic country where people have skeptical minds and a large amount of philosophical comprehension. That's one reason why I took you as governess for my child. You shouldn't shy off now at a drop of blood. Susan doesn't. She thinks about it."

Miss Ekstrom hadn't said anything, but Susan knew by her paleness that she was angry; and from that day on Miss Ekstrom took very little part in the breakfast-table conversations they always had about whatever happened to be in the microscope each morning.

Susan had been wondering whether or not their trip to Italy would put an end to her father's morning ritual, but now she knew that he meant to keep on with it. In the town of Lariano where they were going (it didn't show on the map

though her father said it was above Lake Como) he would find ever so much new material for slides, some of it in connection with the work he was doing, the study of the cell-structure of certain rare Alpine plants. But it didn't matter, she realized, where they were; her father never ran out of material. His mind moved everywhere; he knew everything. Privately she was sure of this, but her father only laughed at her when she stated that he knew everything. "I know nothing," he said. "Relatively speaking, nothing at all. Like you, I'm trying to learn. If I knew everything we shouldn't be going to Italy."

"Will you show me everything you find out about the Alpine plants? Can I go up to the snowline with you when you collect them?" Susan asked.

"Certainly, if you can climb that far."

She felt very happy during all their preparations for going. There was never a time, she thought, never a moment when she was not looking forward to something new and wonderful that might be examined and discovered and understood.

They sailed for Genoa next day in the great Italian liner. Susan and Miss Ekstrom shared a stateroom next to that of her father; but Miss Ekstrom, who was not a good sailor, spent most of the trip in bed. A stewardess named Carmina came and went, attending to her wants and regarding Susan with a warm affectionate look. "Poor child," she said on the first day out, "your mother is already quite ill. It is hard for you to be without her company."

"I have my father to be with," Susan explained, "and besides, Miss Ekstrom isn't my mother; she's my governess. My mother is dead."

"O Santa Maria! I did not know. I am so sorry. Your mother is in heaven then. Poor child, it must be very hard for you." The stout blue-clad stewardess wrung her hands sympathetically.

"It isn't hard," explained Susan. "You see I never knew her. She died when I was born."

"For pity! She is in heaven then, with the angels."

"Why do you say that?" Susan looked at the woman curiously. The light from the porthole ran along her polished black hair with a blue sheen.

"Because she was good, your mother, I am sure. She is with the Blessed Virgin."

"Oh, no, I don't think so," said Susan with conviction. "She isn't anywhere. She's just dead. My father says so."

"Holy Mother of God!" exclaimed the stewardess, covering her face with her hands. "You will excuse me. I must go to my work. I will pray for you!" She backed out of the door and was gone, as if something had frightened her. Susan stood a moment puzzled, trying to make the woman out; then she turned toward her governess who was moving uneasily in the bed.

"Are you all right, Miss Ekstrom?"

"Please, Susan, please!" Miss Ekstrom's voice was faint and her lips very white. "Can't you go away somewhere? I'd feel better if I were alone and people didn't talk so much."

Susan explored the ship with her father. They went up onto the navigating bridge, and down through the kitchens and the engine rooms. It was a wonderful place, and the enormous staff of people running it, each doing just the right thing for the whole ship, made Susan think of the blood corpuscles under the microscope. The ship, a great being, serene in the perfection of its parts, moved resolutely toward the coast of the Old World. Perhaps in the Mediterranean it might be smooth enough, her father said, to examine some of the samples of sea-water which a sailor took up for them each day; but it was no use setting up a microscope in this blustery March weather which made the ship roll all the time.

But in the Mediterranean they both forgot the sea-water samples. There was too much to watch, just as there had been during the day they spent passing the Azores, those amazing green and tawny

islands which kept appearing and disappearing about them as the light changed. They saw the small boats of a fishing fleet moving off toward the north with the wind bellying out their queer-shaped brown sails; an airplane flew over, dipping to the liner as she passed; other ships went by; and now and then land appeared. People who had stayed below throughout the rough voyage began to show themselves on deck, fixing their gaze upon the horizon where soon, like a mirage out of mist, the city of Genoa took shape, its houses pouring whitely down through the shallow cleft in the mountains, like the foam of a widening stream.

They disembarked amid so much clatter and color and confusion that Susan felt bewildered with too many new impressions. Clamorous rowboats were below them on the water, excited people rushed about on the docks, waving and screaming to their friends jostling their way ashore over the second- and third-class gangways. Noise and color and brightness were everywhere, and the city around and above them looked strange beyond anything Susan had ever seen. At the customs her father and governess made her sit down on one bag while they found and assembled the others. Around her the tide of people passed, crowding against her, hurrying and shouting and gesticulating, greeting one another, dropping bags, offering fruit and toys for sale, opening bundles, running after straying children, arguing in their swift language, and waving their hands, all seeming to get nowhere.

And it came to Susan suddenly as she sat there that up until now—until this very minute perhaps—everything had looked as if, underneath its outer confusion, it was really quite simple and plain. Seen a little at a time, carefully, all the things of the world had appeared to be in a kind of order that grew in your mind like a great design as you learned more about it. But now it wasn't so any more—it hadn't been, really, for a number of days, though she'd only this minute come

to realize it. She could see no pattern in anything about her now, and the lack of it made her curiously uneasy.

She felt a need to steady herself, to fix her attention on some one thing, as she had learned to do. Perhaps that would help to straighten out the confusion.

On a box at the far side of the room stood a vender with a trayful of objects from the sea slung round his neck by a string; he had taken from it a large conch shell and was holding it up above the crowding people. How beautiful the shell was—brilliant and strange! Her father would buy it for her if she asked him to. She wanted it very much; it was a single solid beautiful thing that she would keep with her always to remember this time. Miss Ekstrom would laugh at her for wanting it, but her father wouldn't. To him it wouldn't be just a conch shell—one more thing to carry about with them. He would understand how much she wanted it—needed it.

She stood beside her father, where he was strapping up a bag. "There's something I want very much," she said. "That conch shell, the one the man's holding up over there. Could I have it, do you think?"

Her father looked across the clamorous room. "You wait here," he said. "I see the one you mean. I'll get it for you. It's a very good one, I think, with exceptionally fine color."

He stepped through the tangle of people and bags. He hadn't even asked why she wanted it. He was taller and thinner than anybody near them, and more agile; and when he went to get something he went straight there and got what he was after and came straight back. His actions had a directness and decision that reassured her. He never seemed confused; never as if he wondered about anything, or doubted, or felt strange. There was nothing he didn't know or couldn't find out. Her admiration for him went beyond all words. . . .

He came back and placed the shell in her hands. "They don't wrap things up if they can help it over here," he said.

"You'll have to carry it that way. But it won't break easily. As you see, the color's very fine."

They got their bags together and took a carriage up to the hotel where they were going to spend the night; to-morrow they would go on to Milan and Como and their little village of Lariano.

At home it was still wintry, but over here spring had come, and the hotel lobby was full of flowers. Miss Ekstrom went past them toward the desk, but her father paused and glanced quickly at each thick bundle of narcissi, at each tight little bunch of crocuses, before he went on to see about their rooms. The lobby was large and walled with a chilly marble. Near the desk stood a tall glass showcase, its shelves filled with rows of Lenci dolls, surprisingly lifelike, their clipped felt frocks made to represent the regional costumes of different parts of Italy. Their faces were pretty and at the same time full of character; not all young babies or fluffy little girls, but older children, and even men and women. Miss Ekstrom was fascinated by them. She stood before the showcase all the time that Nicholas Ashford was making out the registry slips at the desk. Susan too could not help but admire the display; yet after all these were only dolls and had a blank quality about them. They were not real, like the shell, hard and smooth, which she held in her hands.

Her father joined them.

"Now here is something," Miss Ekstrom said to him, "that Susan would love to have I'm sure, instead of useless things like shells to carry round with her. You don't often see dolls as fine as these—"

But her father interrupted. Susan had never known him to interrupt anybody before.

"Miss Ekstrom," he said, "I should think you would recall what I said to you many months ago. I am sure you must remember my feeling about dolls."

There was a pause. It was as if something awful had happened.

They went up to their rooms in silence, led by two porters carrying the bags. In

the small single room that opened into that of her governess, Susan hung up her wraps and a few things from her suitcase, and then lay down on her bed, the conch shell in her hands. She turned it about in the light. Its colors had a fundamental iridescence; held very close to the eye, the smooth bright texture of the surface gave out all the shades of the spectrum in minute gleams. Miss Ekstrom thought shells were useless.

In the next room, with the door open between, she could hear the governess moving about, unpacking many little things and setting them out carefully. What was the matter with Miss Ekstrom, she wondered, that she didn't remember what her father had said about dolls? Or had she remembered and was she just trying to change her father's mind? Susan knew that here was something you couldn't change his mind about. He had a horror of dolls, a kind of fear; and yet she knew he was not really afraid of anything. But he had sounded frightened that day last year when Miss Ekstrom had brought the doll into the library where they had been sitting reading.

She had come in carrying on her arm, as if it were a baby, a rather large doll with pink cheeks and yellow curls, and her father at sight of it had stopped her. "What have you got there?" he demanded. The sound of his voice was curiously high-pitched.

"Isn't she pretty?" Miss Ekstrom had said, holding out the doll. "I brought her for Susan. Perhaps Susan's a little old for dolls, but the child seems never to have had one. It's time she took an interest in the normal playthings every girl enjoys."

"No, no!" her father had exclaimed, putting down his book and getting to his feet hastily. "Take it out of the room, please. I don't want Susan to have it. I don't need to explain to you, I'm sure," he went on in his harsh pained voice, as he hurried Miss Ekstrom before him from the room, "I don't have to explain to you, I know, that many modern educators don't believe in dolls. It isn't natural

for undeveloped children to want to be mothers; the idea is forced on them far too early. She'll come to her feeling of maternity soon enough without the help of dolls—too soon—much too soon. Her mother did, you know. Her mother was very maternal . . ." Susan could hear that his voice broke a little; she couldn't make out the rest of what was being said, but she knew that her father must have been explaining how her mother had died after only two years of being married to him. Miss Ekstrom didn't know; probably the subject hadn't come up at all in the month she had been with them.

When her father had come back into the library he hadn't taken up his book at once, but had sat looking straight ahead of him, his dark face drawn and queer. Susan put down her book and came and sat on the arm of his chair. She took his long lean hand between her own. "I know what you're thinking," she said, though it was very hard to say, "and I should think you'd hate me."

"Why?" Her father had looked at her darkly, compelling her to answer.

"Because if it hadn't been for me, Mother wouldn't have died. You wanted her to live, and so you must hate me."

"I should hate you," he said slowly, "if you weren't such a good daughter. But you're a good daughter. I don't hate you at all."

He had sat there stiffly in the chair, looking at her, not making any motion toward her. She held his hand, harsh and tense, pressed between her own.

"They'll tell you a lot of things from time to time about your mother," he said after a while. "A lot of vain and comfortable things. They'll tell you she lives on, somewhere, after death; that she has immortality. They'll tell you about religion, about their own ideas of God, who is supposed to look out for people after they die. If you went to church you'd hear many things like that, complicated stories to give you a feeling of content, if you thought you needed it, and could shut off your active mind and

just sit there and believe. You can do what you want about all this later on. But I haven't told you much about religion because most of it's a lot of fairy tales made up by people to explain what we don't yet know. Beautiful stories perhaps, but I'm not sure we have time for them. Our lives are very short and we have so much to find out. There is nothing that we cannot find out if we're given the time." He stopped for a minute, frowning, pushed the books about on the table as he looked for a cigarette, found and lighted one and shook out the match. "Try to think of your mother the way I do," he went on. "She isn't anywhere any more so far as we know, and yet she has a kind of immortality because she lives in you; and she lives in my thoughts and in the thoughts of everybody who knew her at all well. She didn't live very long as a person, but it was long enough to give me a good daughter with a scientific mind."

After that it had been necessary to go to Miss Ekstrom and tell her how sorry she was about the doll and how nice Miss Ekstrom had been to think of giving her one. "You see," Susan said, "I don't really mind not having had dolls. I've had so many other things instead—real living things: my window-box garden, and in the summer every sort of pet when we're in the country, and the things in the microscope. I haven't needed dolls at all. You see when I grow up I'm going to be a great botanist and biologist like my father."

"That's a very natural ambition for you to have," said Miss Ekstrom, though she had sounded rather hurt. "But just the same I can't see why you should be denied the normal interests of other young girls. After all you're growing into a woman, and when you're a woman you'll find that you care about a lot of things a man might not think of, however wise he may be. There are ideas and experiences that won't yield to any microscope, you know."

Susan thought a moment and then she

spoke. "You and my father are always fighting about something," she said. "I feel as if I were to blame."

"But you're not," said Miss Ekstrom. "You really haven't anything to do with it at all. If your mother were alive she'd know what I mean."

Perhaps she would have known, Susan thought, turning the shell in her hands, as she lay on the bed and listened to the unfamiliar street-sounds of Genoa; but her mother wasn't anywhere any more. It was useless to think what might have happened had she been alive.

Miss Ekstrom was still putting things away in the next room. Susan held the conch shell higher up into the light. Inside its nacreous walls, colored like sunset, had lived what sort of creature? What defense had it achieved against the great unknown of the bottom of the sea? A living door once closed the spiral chamber; but the inhabitant of so much beauty was gone now, door and all. What fate had overtaken him? Where had he met his end? People held shells like these to their ears and, hearing in them the echo of their own living blood, said that they heard the sea. But the sea was themselves—a mystery, because you couldn't tell what the sounds meant—what your own blood corpuscles were doing. Yet all of them served you, giving up their single lives for you when necessary without a thought or any hesitation. If you lived long enough you might know why; you might at least begin to find out why.

Mysteries, she knew with every thought in her mind, with every glance, every touch, every sound, were to be explained and understood. There was a way, if you could only find it, of understanding even your own part in them. . . .

The little village of Lariano when they came to it, motoring up to it through Erba and the high Brianza on the following day, was one of the quietest places in the whole earth. The town was built on a series of descending rocky shelves, miles above the normal level world some-

where below, miles above Lake Como which looked like a blue-green thread between the ash-gray and silver of the mountain slopes, sheltered by peaks of incredible whiteness. Spring was only beginning up here; far down below them the lake had a green rim. Between their own great height and the immensely distant thread of water were villages like their own, in a descending chain; on the far side of the lake, looking toward the north, a score or more of villages glimmered against the gray rocky background. The slender belfries of their churches, set upon pinnacles of rock in the steepest places, looked prominent and important; nothing else showed so plainly. Susan saw them, counted them as she stood on the stone terrace of the house that was to be their own, and looked off toward the north. Eleven churches, with the tops of their belfries made to look like the opening buds of gigantic flowers.

"I can't believe we're going to live here," she told her father, who had come up beside her.

"Why not, Sue?" Nicholas Ashford shielded his eyes and gazed away off toward La Grigna, the peak of glittering whiteness that rose behind Lake Lecco where it joined Como. The bells in one of the churches began to ring, their thin metal notes muted by distance.

"It's not a real place," she said, feeling for the right words. "It's too far and too high."

Her father pointed to a nearer peak. "Wait until you have climbed up there," he said, "and then you'll know it's real. Of course you can't believe it till you've been there. I'll go up first with some men to bring down plants, and on the second trip I'll take you if you want to go."

"Oh, yes," she said, trying to sound enthusiastic; but she didn't really care whether she ever went up or not. It was enough to stand on this terrace in the hard bright air, among the sparkling yellow-flowered rock-plants, and look off into the distance. And to look off this way made her so sad that it hurt inside, in a way she couldn't have described.

Inside their house very soon the usual routine of their lives established itself. The many thick-walled rooms were full of color and light. The largest of them became a laboratory for her father, and she had a study all to herself, with the microscope set up before a north window overlooking the lake and the Alps. Her conch shell stood on the mantel shelf, a long way from the sea out of which it had come—looking oddly out of place there, Miss Ekstrom said. The governess spent her days happily putting everything in order and giving directions in Italian to Giulia the maid and Gelsomina the cook. "Gelsomina means Jasmine," she explained to Susan; "but she doesn't look much like a jasmine flower, do you think?" And Susan felt annoyed that she should speak like that. Why did Miss Ekstrom always have to be so literal?

Susan was fond of the fat pleasant cook and liked to go down with her to market in the village just below them and sit on the warm stone walls and watch the many small children at play, while Gelsomina haggled with the shopkeepers. Sometimes the older children, back from school, would call to her in their unintelligible dialect, and try to make her join them in some sort of running and jumping game; but she couldn't understand them so she just sat and watched. In their more strenuous play they pushed the younger children out of the way and kicked aside their playthings, smashing the twig huts, treading on the colored pictures torn from newspapers, snatching at the grimy balls. One day a small girl, who for some time had been fondling a bundle made of a stick wrapped up in a ragged cloth, found her treasure torn from her and hurled over the wall of the open square down into whatever nothingness lay below. The child could not see what had happened to it; she was too small. Susan watched her walk away from the others, sobbing to herself and wiping her eyes. "Poor little thing," she thought, "there's nothing I can do about it. I can't even say anything to comfort her because she doesn't even speak Italian

—only dialect." Susan's own Italian hadn't yet many words.

As she learned her way about, the village of Lariano began to seem to Susan a cruel and a bitter place; but that was natural, she reasoned, because the people were so far away from the world up here, living a hard meager life of their own, trying to keep alive on so little. They hadn't time for thought, and they never looked at anything closely as she did through her microscope each morning. Everything here was so vast that you couldn't understand it. You felt thwarted; you could only look at it with wonder and sadness. Probably these people never noticed anything round them at all, but took the height and distance for granted, so that it didn't bother them. They went happily about their work, singing and laughing, no matter how hard a time they were having.

One day Gelsomina didn't go straight home from market, but took Susan with her on an unfamiliar steep path that led out of Lariano, along a narrow ledge to the village church. It was built on a smoothed space of rock that hung perilously over the cliffs that fell straight, at that point, to the valley below. Before the façade was a flagged square set about with ash trees, and two reddish stone beasts, their heads and flanks worn by the touches of innumerable hands, guarded the carved church door.

Gelsomina said she had to go in to say a prayer for her cousin. She looked worried. "*Aspett' bambino*," she explained, dropping her bundles on the step. The cousin was going to have a baby. Susan hesitated at the door, running her hands over the mane of one of the stone beasts; then she turned and followed Gelsomina into the hushed gloom.

She had never been inside a church before. A quiet silvery light fell about her, from windows set high above somewhere, and a spicy fragrance gathered round her, like the atmosphere of an imagined world. Silence and emptiness, that was all, and a kind of peace.

She could see nothing at first; the light

from above cut off everything in front and to the sides, as if it had been a wall. Somewhere beyond the light Gelsomina had disappeared; but soon Susan heard her matter-of-fact steps on the stone pavement, and she went toward the sound, out of the light. As her eyes grew accustomed to the shadow, she saw that there were small framed pictures along the walls at intervals. Gelsomina knelt before one of these to pray, and then got up and moved on swiftly to kneel before the next. Susan walked to the end of the room and saw the altar candles standing like a still white grove about a gilded cross; between them were placed tarnished ornaments that flashed with dusty jewels, and tinsel and paper flowers strung into fadeless garlands—dead flowers that had never lived. And against the wall hung dead silver hearts that had never beaten, fastened upon black cloth and framed under little squares of glass. So many hearts. Susan looked, and then she turned away. There was nothing here then after all but these small objects, faintly glimmering, arranged in their changeless design with so much work and care.

She turned about, searching for Gelsomina and saw, standing upon a pedestal in the angle of the wall, a marvelous doll.

She caught her breath and came nearer, then stood looking upward, into the unimaginably quiet face that seemed to be gazing down at her from a great height—and yet it was near, almost near enough for her to touch. It was the face that held her; she could not turn her eyes away from it. It seemed to search her, to reach past all her thoughts. She stood there in the half light, bewildered. Groping behind her with one hand, she felt for something to hold on to, but there was nothing there, and she stood unsteadily, swaying a little. The face continued to look down at her with such sadness as she had never seen, and yet with happiness too. A face with a secret look—as if she knew, this strange woman, more than anyone could ever hope to know.

But it was only a doll. Of course. Susan drew herself together and took her eyes away from the face. Only a doll that somebody had put in the church. A doll in a dark-blue gown with tinsel trappings and a jewelled crown that held the veil about its head. It stood with arms quietly at the sides, the palms of the hands turned outward, as if they had just been carrying something and had let go, and the hands were tired.

She dared not look again at the face. "Don't look up—don't look up," she kept saying to herself, as if there were some mysterious danger above her. If she looked again what would she see?

On the pedestal somebody had put a little spray of edelweiss. She fixed her eyes on that. Edelweiss. It was a very rare flower. She knew how it looked from the botanical books; but this was the real flower itself. She came closer and saw that the spray was dry. Gathered a long while ago at the top of one of the snowy peaks and withered now. It was dead, but better than the paper and tinsel flowers, better than the silver hearts. It had lived once and bloomed at the top of a mountain. Someone had climbed a long way to get it and brought it down here because it was rare, to be a decoration for the doll before whom they kneeled and prayed—as Gelsomina was coming to kneel now. Why did they kneel? What could a doll bring them?

She looked up at the face again, with a kind of desperate boldness this time, and the face looked steadily down at her, with quiet mystery, as a mother might look at a child. As her own mother might have looked at her. Susan turned away suddenly. Tears rushed into her eyes. Something was the matter with her. Was it that she was afraid, like her father, of a doll?

She went out into the square in the sun and stood against one of the ash trees, trembling, holding on to it and feeling the strong bark with her fingers, but seeing nothing about her. She saw only the face; the deep and secret look enveloped her.

She must have stood there a long while, for gradually she began to hear Gelsomina's impatient voice, saying that they must hurry home. They were late already, she said. Gelsomina's broad features appeared empty and content from her prayers. She was not even worried at being late. She had to go home and cook dinner and she knew she would get there in plenty of time; she knew just what she had to do.

They went along the path silently and up the *salita* to the house. On the way in Susan passed Miss Ekstrom hurrying off on some errand, looking much as she had always looked, but yet not quite familiar. There was a blank quality about her as if, behind her determined expression, she was really not thinking at all.

In Susan's study everything waited in the usual order, the conch shell on the mantel, books strewn about her table, the microscope under the window, with the slide of the morning still in focus. None of them seemed to mean anything; the importance had gone out of them. What had been in the microscope this morning? She couldn't remember. She couldn't remember at all. And she didn't even want to look.

What was the matter with her? A good daughter with a scientific mind—why, she had no mind at all! Every thought had mingled in a vast confusion to which she could get no clue. Yet why should she fight against the confusion and struggle so to understand everything? What did it matter when you had seen that there were things you could never hope to know? Why shouldn't you give yourself up to the confusion, let it sweep you along in its tide, while you closed your eyes now and then to remember the serenity of that marvelous face, the face whose wisdom went beyond the world, and whose look seemed to mean that struggle wasn't necessary, that time was endless and life very simple if you would only be quiet and wait and not always ask why. . . . Because life wasn't fathomable. . . . It wasn't possible to know. . . .

But that was the face of a doll! She must get away from the face; it was a doll's face with no life behind it; it had never lived. In spite of its look of wisdom, it had never lived at all. It was not like the edelweiss, snatched down from its perilous hold on the top of a mountain. It was only a doll!

She ran out of her study, down the stairs, through the hallway, out over the terrace, to the wall that held you from running off into space.

Her father was there, sitting on the terrace wall with his back to the Alps, reading a book. He put it down. "Why, Sue," he said, "What's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost! Come here. Sit beside me. Where have you been?"

She stood still before him. He was waiting for her to explain.

"I've been to the church," she said finally, catching her breath. He might as well know. She'd be bound to tell him sometime. "The village church," she went on. "Out on a cliff. They build them in the steepest places—"

"Yes, they do," he said gently. "Making things hard for themselves, as if they weren't hard enough already. What did you see in the church?"

She had known he would ask. She must think of something else to tell him—quickly. "I saw—I saw—an edelweiss. A real one." She focussed her thought upon just this one thing. She must never again remember the face, never speak of the doll.

"An edelweiss? Did you really?"

"Yes." She paused. "It was a dried one. From last year."

"Quite likely. Trust you to find it though, among all the things in a church. What did you think of it?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said slowly, trying desperately to get her thoughts together. "Not much. A little cottony thing. Like something cut out of white felt."

"You're an observing girl." He sighed, and looked off over her head. "They are like that. But do you know

that people have lost their lives for them, climbing to the tops of peaks to get them from where they grow with their roots toward the sky and their dull little flowers facing earthward? The people have fallen sometimes—died that way.”

“I know,” she said. The distance around them, the wall of mountain peaks, seemed immense and terrifying. “I know they grow high up—where you have to go.”

“Oh! So that’s what’s been worrying you?”

“No—” she began, and stopped, feeling that there was no way out but deception. “No,” she began again. “It’s only that—they ought not to have to die—just to know about—about edelweiss. It doesn’t seem worth while. There must be things you aren’t meant to know, even if you want to. And things you can’t find out, no matter how long you live. Like—like why you’re alive. Like—like what you ought to do—” She broke off,

finding no words that were any good to her.

Her father grasped both her shoulders with his long tense hands. “Sue,” he said, “Sue, you mustn’t think that. You really mustn’t. You’re going to be a great scientist some day, and every door, every mystery, will open ahead of you as you come to it. You’ll know just what you have to do. And for now you mustn’t have any doubts . . .”

“Don’t you ever have any doubts?” she interrupted, glancing up at him for reassurance, and seeing for the first time that his look was hard and bitter, a tragic look that she didn’t know at all.

But he answered her quickly, hurrying out the words.

“No,” he said. “Of course I don’t. Of course not. No.”

His hands dropped from her and grasped the wall behind him, and Susan saw that the tips of his fingers went white. And she knew that he was lying.





A SUPREME COURT MAJORITY?

THE COURT AND MINIMUM-WAGE LEGISLATION

BY IRVING DILLIARD

A FUNDAMENTAL principle of the review of Federal and State legislation by the United States Supreme Court—"the distinguishing feature of the American constitutional system" in the language of a special committee of the American Bar Association at its recent convention in Boston—is that the law in question shall be approved or rejected according to the opinion of the majority of the Justices as to its constitutionality. If five or more of the nine Judges say the law is permitted by the Constitution, it stands; if five or more find that it violates the Constitution, it falls.

This appears to be a simple enough rule. Yet it can produce very strange results in practice. Take, for example, the way it has worked out with respect to minimum-wage legislation for women and children, the validity of which has been much discussed this year.

In going over the decisions of the Supreme Court in the three leading cases involving minimum-wage laws, I have made an astonishing discovery: that while the Supreme Court killed minimum-wage statutes in 1936 and 1923, and divided evenly on the issue in 1917, *actually a majority of the Justices participating in these three cases declared that such legislation was constitutional!*

Let us review the three cases briefly as a preliminary to finding out how majority rule on the Supreme Court could have so unexpected a result.

The New York case—that which precip-

itated the current national discussion—arose from a law passed by the New York Legislature in 1933, and challenged by a Brooklyn laundryman, when State authorities charged him with falsifying his records to make it appear that he was paying the minimum wage, whereas in truth his girl employees were receiving much less. The Supreme Court heard the New York case last April and decided it June 1st, the day of adjournment for the summer. No action of the term brought upon the high bench so much criticism. For the law, supported by a large and slowly developed public opinion, fell by a one-Judge majority. Justice Butler spoke for the five. Chief Justice Hughes wrote the dissent for the four. There was also a strong separate dissenting opinion by Justice Stone, in which Justices Brandeis and Cardozo concurred.

The District of Columbia case, by which the majority of the Supreme Court and the New York Court of Appeals Judges set such store in the New York case, grew out of a law passed by Congress in 1918, providing for minimum wages for women and minors in the national capital. Challenged by a corporation maintaining, ironically enough, a hospital for children, and by a woman hotel-elevator operator, the statute was rejected in a 5-to-3 decision commonly styled *Adkins v. Children's Hospital*. Justice Sutherland, who had been a member of the court only six months, spoke for the majority. Chief Justice Taft wrote one

dissenting opinion and Justice Holmes another. Justice Brandeis did not participate, for his daughter, Elizabeth, was an official of the District of Columbia wage board.

The third decision figuring in our calculations is the automatic affirmation of the Oregon law of 1913 by a four to four division of the Court in 1917. The Oregon law, one of the trail-blazing enactments in this field, had been upheld unanimously by the Oregon Supreme Court, following an attack upon it by a Portland box manufacturer and a woman in his employ. The cases, *Stettler v. O'Hara* and *Simpson v. O'Hara*, were first argued in the Supreme Court in 1914 and then reargued in 1916 with Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School supporting the statute. Again Justice Brandeis did not participate. This time it was because of connection with the case as counsel before his appointment to the bench. Had Justice Brandeis joined in consideration of its constitutionality, the Oregon law would have been upheld by a Supreme Court majority and a precedent directly contrary to the rule in the New York case would have been positively written into our constitutional law nearly twenty years ago!

We are now ready to merge the line-ups of the Court in the three cases. The majority in the New York case consisted of Justices Butler, appointed from Minnesota in 1922 by Harding; Van Devanter, appointed from Wyoming in 1910 by Taft; McReynolds, appointed from Tennessee in 1914 by Wilson; Sutherland, appointed from Utah in 1922 by Harding; and Roberts, appointed from Pennsylvania in 1930 by Hoover. The minority members were Chief Justice Hughes, first appointed an Associate Justice from New York in 1910 by Taft and reappointed as head of the Court in 1930 by Hoover, and Justices Brandeis, appointed from Massachusetts in 1916 by Wilson; Stone, appointed from New York in 1925 by Coolidge, and Cardozo, appointed from New York in 1932 by Hoover. Five Judges against four.

When we join the majority in the New York case with the majority in the District of Columbia case, we find that Justices Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland, and Butler were in both. The only Judge in the majority thirteen years ago who was not in the majority this year was Justice McKenna, appointed from California in 1898 by McKinley. Thus, of the individual Judges participating in these two cases, a total of six looked on minimum-wage legislation as unconstitutional.

On the other hand, the minority in the District of Columbia case—Chief Justice Taft, appointed from Ohio in 1921 by Harding, and Justices Holmes, appointed from Massachusetts in 1902 by Theodore Roosevelt, and Sanford, appointed from Tennessee in 1923 by Harding—was a wholly different minority from that which upheld the New York law this year. Joining the two minorities of four in 1936 and three in 1923, we have seven individual Judges in favor of minimum-wage legislation. While the decision in each case knocked out the law, seven of the thirteen Judges participating—a minority—supported the enactments as constitutional.

When the Supreme Court divided evenly in the Oregon case, Chief Justice Taft and Justices Sutherland, Butler, and Sanford had not been appointed. In the places to which these Judges were to be named were Chief Justice White, appointed Associate Justice from Louisiana in 1894 by Cleveland and elevated to the chief justiceship in 1910 by Taft; and Justices Day, appointed from Ohio in 1903 by Theodore Roosevelt; Pitney, appointed from New Jersey in 1912 by Taft, and Clarke, appointed from Ohio in 1916 by Wilson.

The printed record in the Oregon case (243 U.S. 629) does not tell how the Judges lined up. We do know, however, that Justice Brandeis did not participate. I reason that the Judges upholding the law were Justices Holmes, Clarke, Pitney, and Day, and that those rejecting it were Chief Justice White and Justices

McKenna, Van Devanter, and McReynolds. Justices Van Devanter and McReynolds, as we have seen, stood against minimum-wage legislation in the New York and District of Columbia cases. Justice McKenna was with them in the latter case. Chief Justice White opposed the Oregon maximum-hours law with a wage provision, upheld in *Bunting v. Oregon*, decided the same year as the Oregon minimum-wage case. He becomes, as I reason, the only anti-minimum-wage Judge on the Court in 1917 who was not there in 1923 to invalidate the law passed by Congress for the District of Columbia. This side then would get only one addition to its ranks, its grand total of individual Judges in the three cases rising to seven.

But if my inference is correct—and I have the assurance of several eminent constitutional authorities that it is—the minimum-wage cause receives three new (or rather, in point of time, earlier) supporters on the Supreme Bench. For Justice Holmes would become the only Judge to appear twice among the upholders. Our totals then would be ten individual Judges for minimum-wage legislation to seven against!

"We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the Judges say it is. . . ." Governor Hughes of New York did not mean, when he spoke these words in the course of an address twenty-nine years ago, what present-day critics of the Supreme Court imply as they quote him. A reading of the full text makes it plain that the fragment has been misapplied. But suppose Mr. Hughes had meant it that way. Is the Constitution what the Judges say it is? Manifestly, not always. If someone is bold enough to suggest that, with respect to minimum wage legislation, the Constitution is, rather, *what the Judges who stay on the bench longest say it is*, who can contradict him?

II

Let us take another look at the sides as they have been established, for the

most part, by the printed record of the court itself:

FOR (10)
Hughes, New York
Stone, New York
Cardozo, New York
Holmes, Massachusetts
Brandeis, Massachusetts
Taft, Ohio
Clarke, Ohio
Day, Ohio
Pitney, New Jersey
Sanford, Tennessee

AGAINST (7)
Van Devanter, Wyoming
McReynolds, Tennessee
Sutherland, Utah
Butler, Minnesota
White, Louisiana
McKenna, California
Roberts, Pennsylvania

It may not mean anything constitutionally, but it is interesting that, by and large, the Judges who have upheld minimum-wage legislation have been appointed from important industrial States, such as New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio; and that, with the seeming single exception of Justice Roberts, those rejecting it have come from the agricultural and grazing States of the West and South. Could it be that the close association with the pressure of industrial problems on the part of Judges from New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio, and the less close association with it on the part of the Judges from Wyoming, Utah, and Minnesota have had anything to do with their respective views?

Also interesting, if not controlling constitutionally, is the fact that the New York law was supported by the three members of the Supreme Court appointed from New York. A further fact that will have weight with many people is the presence of Chief Justice Hughes on the side of minimum-wage legislation in the latest State case and that of Chief Justice Taft on the same side in the Federal case.

"Chance accounts for your anomalous finding," someone says in explanation. "Suppose Justices Van Devanter and McReynolds had resigned between 1917 and 1923 and had been succeeded by two Judges who would vote as they did in the District of Columbia case, and that in turn these Judges resigned between 1923 and 1936 and were succeeded by two other Judges who would vote as Justices Van Devanter and McReynolds did in the New York case—would you not then have four more individual Judges

on the anti-minimum wage side and thus tip the balance in its favor, eleven Judges to ten?"

So you would. But after we have supposed that, let us suppose that the deaths and resignations of Justices and the appointment of new members since the District of Columbia case had been such as to establish a court including Hughes, Taft, Holmes, Brandeis, Stone, Cardozo, and Sanford. Then the New York law would have been upheld by a vote of at least seven to two. And if our inference is correct, and we may have our changes continue Justices Clarke and Pitney on the bench to June 1, 1936, the statutes become constitutional by the unanimous vote of nine Judges!

As this is written, sentiment for reopening the minimum-wage issue is growing rapidly. New York has filed a petition for a rehearing by the Supreme Court. Illinois, looking out for its own statute, also has asked the Court to reconsider its action in the New York case. A

case involving the similar statute of the State of Washington has just been carried to the supreme bench by a Wenatchee hotel company. In Ohio still another minimum-wage law has been presented to a special three-Judge Federal Court. The ink was hardly dry on the decision in the New York case before the problem was again on its way to the seats of the mighty.

By the time this issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE reaches its subscribers, the black-robed Justices will have reassembled to find the question calling for fresh consideration. It seems incredible that the narrow interpretation of the present one-Judge majority can stand for long against an obvious regulation in the public interest—a cause which not only has the support of a slowly and solidly built public opinion, but also has enjoyed the vigorous approval of a majority of the Supreme Court Justices who have passed on it in the three leading cases through upward of a generation.





WHAT IS A GENERAL EDUCATION?

BY ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

President of the University of Chicago

IN my article in last month's HARPER'S I called attention to the fact that economic conditions now require us to provide some sort of education for the young—for all of them—up to the time when they can be absorbed into industry, and I predicted that the public junior college would, therefore, become the characteristic educational institution of the United States. I suggested that the junior colleges might well take over the last two years of high school and develop a four-year program, carrying young people through what—in the ordinary college—is now the sophomore year; and that this four-year program should represent a good general education.

I propose now to discuss the content of this general education, not the method to be used in imparting it. I concede the great difficulty of communicating the kind of education I favor to those who are unable or unwilling to get their education from books. I insist, however, that the education I shall outline is the kind that everybody should have, and that we should find out how to give it to those whom we do not know how to teach at present. Let us agree upon content if we can and have faith that the technological genius of America will solve the problem of communication.

Probably one-third of the young people in this country between the ages of sixteen and twenty cannot learn from books. This is no reason why we should not try to work out a better course of study for the other two-thirds. At the same time

we should continue our efforts and experiments to find out how to give a general education to the hand-minded and the functionally illiterate. Even these attempts may be somewhat simplified if we know what a general education is.

Please do not tell me that the general education I propose should not be adopted because the great majority of those who pass through it will not go on to the university. The scheme that I advance is based on the notion that general education is education for everybody, whether he goes on to the university or not. It will be useful to him in the university; it will be equally useful if he never goes there. I will admit that it will not be useful to him outside the university in the popular sense of utility. It may not assist him to make money or to get ahead. It may not in any obvious fashion adjust him to his environment or fit him for the contemporary scene. It will, however, have a deeper, wider utility: it will cultivate the intellectual virtues.

The trouble with the popular notion of utility is that it confuses immediate and final ends. Material prosperity and adjustment to the environment are good more or less, but they are not good in themselves, and there are other goods beyond them. The intellectual virtues, however, are good in themselves and good as means to happiness. By the intellectual virtues I mean good intellectual habits. The ancients distinguish five intellectual virtues: the

three speculative virtues of intuitive knowledge (which is the habit of induction); scientific knowledge (which is the habit of demonstration); and philosophical wisdom (which is scientific knowledge, combined with intuitive reason, of things highest by nature, first principles and first causes). To these they add the two virtues of the practical intellect: art, the capacity to make according to a true course of reasoning, and prudence, which is right reason with respect to action.

In short, the intellectual virtues are habits resulting from the training of the intellectual powers. An intellect properly disciplined, an intellect properly habituated, is an intellect able to operate well in all fields. An education that consists of the cultivation of the intellectual virtues, therefore, is the most useful education, whether the student is destined for a life of contemplation or a life of action. I would remind you of the words of Newman:

If then the intellect is so excellent a portion of us, and its cultivation so excellent, it is not only beautiful, perfect, admirable, and noble in itself, but in a true and high sense it must be useful to the possessor and to all around him; not useful in any low, mechanical, mercantile sense, but as diffusing good, or as a blessing, or a gift, or power, or a treasure, first to the owner, then through him to the world.

I shall not be attentive when you tell me that the plan of general education I am about to present is remote from real life, that real life is in constant flux and change, and that education must be in constant flux and change as well. I do not deny that all things are in change. They have a beginning, and a middle, and an end. Nor will I deny that the history of the race reveals tremendous technological advances and great increases in our scientific knowledge. But we are so impressed with scientific and technological progress that we assume similar progress in every field. We renounce our intellectual heritage, read only the most recent books, discuss only current events, try to keep the schools abreast or even ahead of the times, and

write elaborate addresses on Education and Social Change.

Our erroneous notion of progress has thrown the classics and the liberal arts out of the curriculum, overemphasized the empirical sciences, and made education the servant of any contemporary movements in society, no matter how superficial. In recent years this attitude has been accentuated by the world-wide depression and the highly advertised political, social, and economic changes resulting from it. We have been very much upset by all these things. We have felt that it was our duty to educate the young so that they would be prepared for further political, social, and economic changes. Some of us have thought we should try to figure out what the impending changes would be and frame a curriculum that embodied them. Others have even thought that we should decide what changes are desirable and then educate our students not merely to anticipate them but also to take part in bringing them about.

One purpose of education is to draw out the elements of our common human nature. These elements are the same in any time or place. The notion of educating a man to live in any particular time or place, to adjust him to any particular environment, is therefore foreign to a true conception of education.

Education implies teaching. Teaching implies knowledge. Knowledge is truth. The truth is everywhere the same. Hence education should be everywhere the same. I do not overlook the possibilities of differences in organization, in administration, in local habits and customs. These are details. I suggest that the heart of any course of study designed for the whole people will be, if education is rightly understood, the same at any time, in any place, under any political, social, or economic conditions. Even the administrative details are likely to be similar because all societies have generic similarity.

If education is rightly understood it will be understood as the cultivation of

the intellect. The cultivation of the intellect is the same good for all men in all societies. It is, moreover, the good for which all other goods are only means. Material prosperity, peace and civil order, justice and the moral virtues are means to the cultivation of the intellect. An education which served the means rather than their end would be misguided.

I agree of course that any plan of general education must be such as to educate the student for intelligent action. It must, therefore, start him on the road toward practical wisdom. But the question is what is the best way for education to start him and how far can it carry him. Prudence or practical wisdom selects the means toward the ends that we desire. It is acquired partly from intellectual operations and partly from experience. But the chief requirement for it is correctness in thinking. Since education cannot duplicate the experiences which the student will have when he graduates, it should devote itself to developing correctness in thinking as a means to practical wisdom, that is, to intelligent action.

II

A modern heresy is that all education is formal education and that formal education must assume the total responsibility for the full development of the individual. The Greek notion that the city educates the man has been forgotten. Everything that educated the man in the city has to be imported into our schools, colleges, and universities. We are beginning to behave as though the home, the church, the state, the newspaper, the radio, the movies, the neighborhood club, and the boy next door did not exist. All the experience that is daily and hourly acquired from these sources is overlooked, and we set out to supply imitations of it in educational institutions. The experience once provided by some of these agencies may be attenuated now; but it would be a bold man who would assert that the young person to-day lives a life less full of experience than the youth of

yesterday. To-day as yesterday we may leave experience to other institutions and influences and emphasize in education the contribution that it is supremely fitted to make, the intellectual training of the young. The life they lead when they are out of our hands will give them experience enough. We cannot try to give it to them and at the same time perform the task that is ours and theirs alone.

Young people do not spend all their time in school. Their elders commonly spend none of it there. Yet their elders are, we hope, constantly growing in practical wisdom. They are, at least, having experience. If we can teach them while they are being educated how to reason, they may be able to comprehend and assimilate their experience. It is a good principle of educational administration that a college or university should do nothing that another agency can do as well. This is a good principle because a college or university has a vast and complicated job if it does what only it can do. In general education, therefore, we may wisely leave experience to life and set about our job of intellectual training.

If there are permanent studies which every person who wishes to call himself educated should master; if those studies constitute our intellectual inheritance, then those studies should be the center of a general education. They cannot be ignored because they are difficult or unpleasant or because they are almost totally missing from our curriculum to-day. The child-centered school may be attractive to the child, and no doubt is useful as a place in which the little ones may release their inhibitions and hence behave better at home. But educators cannot permit the students to dictate the course of study unless they are prepared to confess that they are nothing but chaperons, supervising an aimless, trial-and-error process which is chiefly valuable because it keeps young people from doing something worse. The free elective system as Mr. Eliot introduced it at Harvard and as Progressive Education adapted it to lower age levels amounted to a denial that

there was content to education. Since there was no content to education we might as well let students follow their own bent. They would at least be interested and pleased and would be as well educated as if they had pursued a prescribed course of study. This overlooks the fact that the aim of education is to connect man with man, to connect the present with the past, and to advance the thinking of the race. If this is the aim of education, it cannot be left to the sporadic, spontaneous interests of children or even of undergraduates.

Mr. Gladstone once remarked that it is difficult to discern the true dimensions of objects in that mirage which covers the studies of one's youth. Even at stages beyond general education, when the student because he has had a general education and because he is more mature might be given wider latitude in selecting the subjects interesting to him, this can be permitted only to a limited degree. If there are an intellectual tradition and an intellectual inheritance in the law, for example, law schools must see to it that they are transmitted to law students even if law students are more interested in the latest devices for evading the Sherman Antitrust Act.

It cannot be assumed that students at any age will always select the subjects that constitute education. If we permit them to avoid them, we cannot confer upon them insignia which certify to the public that they are in our opinion educated. In any field the permanent studies on which the whole development of the subject rests must be mastered if the student is to be educated.

The variations that should be encouraged fall not in the realm of content but in that of method. Allowances for individual differences should be provided for by abolishing all requirements except the examinations and permitting the student to take them whenever in his opinion he is ready to do so. The cultivation of independent thought and study, now almost wholly missing from our program, may thus be somewhat advanced. And this

may be done without sacrificing the content of education to the obsessions of the hour or the caprices of the young.

If our present course of study reflects an interest in the accidents of individuals, if the permanent studies are conspicuous by their absence from it, I can only say that these are the reasons why our course of study is bad. We know that our course of study leads to the most unfortunate results in the organization of education, in the qualities and activities of professors and students, and in the cultivation of our people. It is surely not a criticism of the permanent studies that they have had no share in producing these results.

By insisting on the permanent studies as the heart of a general education I do not mean to insist that they are the whole of it. We do not know enough to know whether certain technological work, for example, may not have a certain subsidiary value in general education for some students. Nor do I overlook the fact that since by hypothesis general education may be terminal for most students, it must connect them with the present and future as well as with the past. It is as important for them to know that thinking is still going on as it is for them to know what has been thought before.

The question whether certain technical work shall be allowed to be a part of general education is rather a question of method than of content, a question how to teach rather than what. Technology as such has no place in general education. If it can be justified at all, it can only be because we discover that certain principles can best be communicated through technical work. The question of present thought is largely answered by saying that it is impossible to think of a teacher who contented himself with elucidating the thought of the past without intimating that these ideas have a history running to the present day.

III

But let us avoid all questions of administration and method. Let us assume that we have an intelligible organization

of education under which there is a four-year unit, beginning at about the beginning of the junior year in high school and ending at about the end of the sophomore year in college. Let us assume that we are going to try to teach in that unit everybody who can learn from books. Let us assume further that the conclusion of their work in this unit will mark the end of formal instruction for most students. They will not go on to the university. Nevertheless we must have a curriculum which will, in the main, do as well for those who are going on as those who are not. What shall this curriculum be?

We have excluded body-building and character-building. We have excluded the social graces and the tricks of trades. We have suggested that the curriculum should be composed principally of the permanent studies. We propose the permanent studies because these studies draw out the elements of our common human nature, because they connect man with man, because they connect us with the best that man has thought, because they are basic to any further study and to any understanding of the world. What are the permanent studies?

They are in the first place those books which have through the centuries attained to the dimensions of classics. Many such books, I am afraid, are in the ancient and medieval period. But even these are contemporary. A classic is a book that is contemporary in every age. That is why it is a classic. The conversations of Socrates raise questions that are as urgent to-day as they were when Plato wrote. In fact they are more so, because the society in which Plato lived did not need to have them raised as much as we do. We have forgotten how important they are.

Such books are then a part, and a large part, of the permanent studies. They are so in the first place because they are the best books we know. How can we call a man educated who has never read any of the great books in the Western world? Yet to-day it is entirely possible for a student to graduate from the finest American colleges without having read any of

them, except possibly Shakespeare. Of course, the student may have heard of these books, or at least of their authors. But this knowledge is gained in general through textbooks, and textbooks have probably done as much to degrade the American intelligence as any single force. If the student should know about Cicero, Milton, Galileo, or Adam Smith, why should he not read what they wrote? Ordinarily what he knows about them he learns from texts which must be at best second-hand versions of their thought.

In the second place these books are an essential part of general education because it is impossible to understand any subject or to comprehend the contemporary world without them. If we read Newton's *Principia*, we see a great genius in action; we make the acquaintance of a work of unexampled simplicity and elegance. We understand too the basis of modern science. The false starts, the backing and filling, the wildness, the hysteria, the confusion of modern thought and the modern world result largely from the loss of what has been thought and done by earlier ages. Our study of history and the social sciences begins with the industrial revolution. Philosophy begins with Descartes and Locke and psychology with Wundt and William James. Natural science originates with the great experimenters of the nineteenth century. If anything prior is mentioned it is only as a reminder that our recent great achievements in these fields must of course have had some primitive beginnings in the dark earlier centuries. The classics, if presented at all, are offered in excerpts out of context, and for the most part for the sake of showing the student how far we have progressed beyond our primitive beginnings.

Yet we may with profit remember the words of Nicholas Murray Butler:

Only the scholar can realize how little that is being said and thought in the modern world is in any sense new. It was the colossal triumph of the Greeks and Romans and of the great thinkers of the Middle Ages to sound the depths of almost every problem which human nature has to offer, and to interpret

human thought and human aspiration with astounding profundity and insight. Unhappily, these deep-lying facts which should be controlling in the life of a civilized people with a historical background, are known only to a few, while the many grasp, now at an ancient and well-demonstrated falsehood and now at an old and well-proved truth, as if each had all the attractions of novelty.

Why should this insight be confined to scholars? Every educated person should know the colossal triumph of the Greeks and Romans and the great thinkers of the Middle Ages. If every man were educated—and why should he not be?—our people would not fall so easily a prey to the latest nostrums in economics, in politics, and, I may add, in education.

You will observe that the great books of the Western world cover every department of knowledge. The Republic of Plato is basic to an understanding of the law; it is equally important as education for what is known as citizenship. The *Physics* of Aristotle, which deals with change and motion in nature, is fundamental to the natural sciences and medicine, and is equally important to all those who confront change and motion in nature, that is, to everybody. Four years spent partly in reading, discussing, and digesting books of such importance would, therefore, contribute equally to preparation for specialized study and to general education of a terminal variety. Certainly four years is none too long for this experience. It is an experience which will, as I have said, serve as preparation for advanced study and as general education designed to help the student understand the world. It will also develop habits of reading and standards of taste and criticism that will enable the adult, after his formal education is over, to think and act intelligently about the thought and movements of contemporary life. It will help him to share in the intellectual activity of his time.

IV

In order to read books one must know how to do it. The degeneracy of instruc-

tion in English grammar should not blind us to the fact that only through grammatical study can written works be understood. Grammar is the scientific analysis of language through which we understand the meaning and force of what is written. Grammar disciplines the mind and develops the logical faculty. It is good in itself and as an aid to reading the classics. It has a place in general education in connection with the classics and independently of them. For those who are going to learn from books learning the art of reading would seem to be indispensable.

I do not suggest that learning the languages or the grammar in which the ancient classics were written is necessary to general education. Excellent translations of almost all of them now exist. Unless it can be shown that the study of Greek and Latin grammar is essential to the study of English grammar or that the mastery of the Greek and Latin languages is essential to mastery of our own, I see no reason for insisting on these languages as part of general education. The modern languages of course are no necessary part of it. Time should be allowed for students to acquire them; but the examinations reflecting general education should not contain them. They are an extra-curriculum accomplishment or a tool for advanced work rather than a fundamental portion of general education.

I add to grammar, or the rules of reading, rhetoric and logic, or the rules of writing, speaking, and reasoning. The classics provide models of excellence; grammar, rhetoric, and logic are means of determining how excellence is achieved. We have forgotten that there are rules for speaking. And English composition, as it is commonly taught, is a feeble and debased imitation of the classical rules of writing, placing emphasis either on the most trivial details or on what is called self-expression. Self-expression as here understood is of course the exact reverse of the discipline which rhetoric in all ages up to the present was used to give. Logic is a statement in technical form of the conditions under which reasoning is

rigorously demonstrative. If the object of general education is to train the mind for intelligent action, logic cannot be missing from it.

Logic is a critical branch of the study of reasoning. It remains only to add a study which exemplifies reasoning in its clearest and most precise form. That study is of course mathematics, and of the mathematical studies chiefly those that use the type of exposition that Euclid employed. In such studies the pure operation of reason is made manifest. The subject matter depends on the universal and necessary processes of human thought. It is not affected by differences in taste, disposition, or prejudice. It refutes the common answer of students who, conformable to the temper of the times, wish to accept the principles and deny the conclusions. Correctness in thinking may be more directly and impressively taught through mathematics than in any other way. It is depressing that in high schools and junior colleges it is not often taught in such a way as to achieve these ends. Arithmetic and geometry are there usually presented to the student as having great practical value, as of course they have. But I have had students in the freshman year in college who had never heard that they had any other value, and who were quite unwilling to consider mathematical questions until their practical possibilities had been explained. To this pass has our notion of utility brought us.

V

We have then for general education a course of study consisting of the greatest books of the Western world and the arts of reading, writing, and speaking, together with mathematics, the best exemplar of the processes of human reason. If our hope has been to frame a curriculum which educes the elements of our common human nature, this program should realize our hope. If we wish to prepare the young for intelligent action, this course of study should assist us; for they will have learned what has been done

in the past and what the greatest men have thought. They will have learned how to think themselves. If we wish to lay a basis for advanced study, that basis is provided. And if we wish to secure true universities, we may look forward to them.

Indeed, we can hardly secure a true university without building for it such an intellectual foundation. For unless students and professors (and particularly professors) have a common intellectual training a university must remain a series of disparate schools and departments, united by nothing except the fact that they have the same president and board of trustees. Professors cannot talk to one another, not at least about anything important. They cannot hope to understand one another.

We may take it for granted that we shall always have specialists; yet neither the world nor knowledge of it is arbitrarily divided up as universities are. Everybody cannot be a specialist in every field. He must, therefore, be cut off from every field but his own unless he has the same basic education that other specialists have. This means more than having the same language and the same general interest in advancing knowledge. It means having a common stock of fundamental ideas. This becomes more important as empirical science advances and accumulates more and more data. The specialist in a narrow field has all he can do to keep up with the latest discoveries in it. Other men, even in his own department, struggling to stay abreast of what is happening in their own segments of the subject, cannot hope to keep up with what is happening in his. They may now expect to have some general understanding of what he is doing because they all have something in common; they are in the same department. But the day will shortly be upon us when even this degree of comprehension will be impossible, because of the infinite splitting of subject matter and the progressive submergence of any ideas by our insistence on information as the content of education.

Efforts to correct this tendency by administrative devices are mere palliatives. Roving professorships at Harvard, the divisional organization at Chicago, the Institute of Human Relations at Yale, noble and praiseworthy as they are, serve to mitigate and not to remove the disunity, discord, and disorder that have overtaken our educational system. If professors and students had a common stock of fundamental ideas it might be possible for those in physiology to communicate with those in physics, and even law and divinity might begin to find it worthwhile to associate with one another.

All the needs of general education in America thus seem to be satisfied by this curriculum. What, then, are the objections to it? They cannot be educational objections; for this course of study appears to accomplish the aims of general education. One objection may be that the students will not like it, which is, as we have seen, irrelevant. But even if it were relevant, it is not true. Since the proposed curriculum is coherent and comprehensible, and since it is free from the triviality that now afflicts our program, students will respond to it if the teachers will give them a chance to do it.

It may be said that the course of study is too difficult. It is not too difficult for students who can read or who can be taught to do so. For ease of reading, as well as other qualities, *The Federalist*, an

American classic, is superior to some recent treatises on government and public administration; Herodotus is more sprightly than most modern historians of the ancient world; and Plato and Aristotle are as intelligible as contemporary philosophers.

No, the students can do the work if the faculties will give them a chance. Will the faculties give it to them? I doubt it. The professors of to-day have been brought up differently. Not all of them have read all the books they would have to teach. Not all of them are ready to change the habits of their lives. Meanwhile they are bringing up their successors in the way they were brought up, so that the next crop will have the habits they have had themselves. And the love of money, a misconception of democracy, a false notion of progress, a distorted idea of utility, and the anti-intellectualism to which all these lead conspire to confirm their conviction that no disturbing change is needed.

The times call for the establishment of a new college or for an evangelistic movement in some old ones which shall have for its object the conversion of individuals and finally of the teaching profession to a true conception of general education. Unless some such demonstration or some such evangelistic movement can take place we shall remain in our confusion; we shall have neither general education nor universities; and we shall continue to disappoint the hopes of our people.



THE EXPLOSIVE TRICYCLE

AND OTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF HORSELESS CARRIAGE DAYS

BY HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

LATE one summer night in the year 1892, while I was pedaling my bicycle along a lonely road between Salem and Lynn in Massachusetts, the thought came to me that it would be a wonderful thing if a little engine were to be devised which would furnish the power to drive a bicycle.

I had been spending the evening with an attractive young lady in Salem. I suspect that I was pretty much up in the clouds. In any event, my thoughts were quickened on that lonely ride, and I philosophized on the subject of transportation.

I saw transportation emerging from a crude stage in which mankind was limited to the railroad, to the horse, or to shank's mare. The bicycle was just becoming popular and it represented a revolutionary advance, it seemed to me. Here I was covering the distance between Salem and Lynn on a bicycle. It was propelled at a respectable speed by a mechanism operated by my muscles. It carried me over a lonely country road in the middle of the night, covering the distance in considerably less than an hour. A horse and carriage would require nearly two hours. The railroad train would require half an hour, and it would carry me only from station to station, and I must conform to its timetable, which was not always convenient when calling upon a young lady in Salem.

If I could build a little engine and use its power to do the propelling, and if I

could use a regular carriage instead of a bicycle, there would be no limit to where I could go. It would amount to halving distances. Towns would become nearer together. More people would intermingle. It would profoundly influence the course of civilization itself. The idea seemed very worth while, and I fell to casting about in my mind for a suitable engine. At this time I was Superintendent of the American Projectile Company in Lynn. The Company was a subsidiary of the Thomson Electric Welding Company, which was in turn a sort of a subsidiary of the Thomson-Houston Company, which later became the General Electric Company. Projectile making (for the Army and Navy) was my vocation; but my avocation now became the search for a suitable type of engine for driving a road vehicle.

Somebody had told me about an Otto gas engine which was running a water pump somewhere. I hastened to the place, and as I took my first look at a small gas engine at work I experienced a queer mixture of emotions. Was it the engine of my dreams? I had known about large gas engines, but I had never seen one of these small engines actually at work. It had a slide valve, gas jet ignition. This could easily be improved by using the hot-tube principle. It was upside down, the crank shaft being at the top of things; but this also could be fixed. The important matter was that it ran smoothly and sweetly. If gasoline were

substituted for the illuminating gas on which the little engine was running, it seemed to be just what would be satisfactory on a vehicle. I was profoundly impressed as I lingered and watched that engine operate. I believed I was looking at the embryo of the engine of which I dreamed.

It must be remembered that I was young, in my early twenties. I hoped I might be the first to produce an engine-driven road vehicle, which is evidence of how young I was. This Otto engine was conclusive evidence that somebody, somewhere, had given a lot of time and thought to the small-engine problem. Was it likely that they had overlooked its possibilities on a road vehicle? I had to face the cold fact that it was not.

But I was blissfully ignorant that Benz and Daimler in Germany; De Dion, Panhard, and a host of others in France; Napier and a few others in England; Duryea Brothers, Haynes, Apperson Brothers, Winton, and others in the United States were working with might and main on a gasoline-propelled road vehicle. I was also blissfully ignorant of the existence of one George B. Selden of Rochester, New York, who had applied for a patent on my idea in the year 1877, when I was a little boy at school. As I look back I am amazed that so many of us started so nearly at the same time and without the slightest notion that others were working on the problem. In 1892, when I began my work on a mechanical road vehicle, I suppose there were fifty persons in the United States working on the same idea.

Why did so many different and widely separated persons have the same thoughts at about the same time? In my case the idea germinated from looking down and contemplating the mechanism of my legs and the bicycle cranks while riding along a lonely road in the middle of the night. I suppose not another one of us pioneers had his original inspiration come to him just as mine came to me. But it has always been my belief that we all began to work on a gasoline-engine-propelled

road vehicle at about the same time because it had only just become apparent that civilization was ready for the mechanical vehicle.

It has been customary to give the gasoline engine all the credit for bringing the automobile. In my opinion this is a wrong point of view. We have had the steam engine for over a century. We could have built steam vehicles in 1880, or indeed, in 1870. But we did not. We waited until 1895.

The reason why we did not build mechanical road vehicles before, in my opinion, was that the bicycle had not yet come in numbers and had not directed men's minds to the possibilities of independent, long-distance travel over the ordinary highway. We thought the railroad was good enough. But the bicycle created a new demand which was beyond the ability of the railroad to supply. Then it came about that the bicycle could not satisfy the demand which it had created. A mechanically propelled vehicle was wanted instead of a foot-propelled one, and we now know that the automobile was the answer.

This, by the way, brings up an interesting question: what is likely to be the tendency from here on? The automobile demand had to come before a reliable gasoline engine could be developed. When this engine became available the airplane appeared. The airplane has arrived at a stage where it is one of our established systems of transportation. What is it whose coming has had to await the airplane? I suspect it is an entirely new form of motive power. The airplane has created a demand for something beyond the ability of the gasoline engine to supply. This something is bound to appear. Who shall say that another fifty forward-looking men are not at work independently upon it at this moment, keeping their efforts secret just as we horseless-carriage pioneers forty years ago kept our efforts secret, and just as ignorant of one another's existence as we were? History has a strange way of repeating itself.

II

Having decided what type of engine I would use, I could now concentrate on one specific problem—the design of the engine. I knew engines pretty well, but I did not know very much about gasoline. That it was bought in paint shops, that it was about as temperamental as dynamite, was very volatile, would remove grease spots from clothing, and was a petroleum derivative was about the total of my knowledge. I decided to get a sample and familiarize myself with it. I should find out how best to vaporize it and ignite it, and I should acquire some notion as to how much real kick it would develop when exploded.

I visited a paint shop in West Lynn and asked that an eight-ounce bottle be filled. The proprietor looked me over, as though purchasing gasoline were a highly suspicious proceeding. After six o'clock, when the factory had closed, I brought out my little bottle of gasoline and took a fond look at it. It was a colorless, limpid, innocent-appearing liquid. No one would suspect it of being loaded with epoch-making possibilities. Gazing at the bottle and its contents, I saw in my mind's eye thousands of drops. Each one of these little drops, vaporized and mixed with air, could develop ten times the thrust against my bicycle pedals that I could develop with my legs. The contents of that bottle could develop enough power to take me to Salem if only I could provide a cylinder in which to explode it and a piston with connecting rod and crank to translate the explosions into mechanical motion. It was a fascinating thought. Little did I dream of the years of hard work, study, and discouraging failures which must be gone through with, the new materials and devices which must be invented and perfected, the thousands of practical tricks which must be learned, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars which must be spent before a bottle of gasoline could be made to carry a person from Lynn to Salem. Certainly had I known what lay before

me, I should have emptied the bottle in the ash heap. But I did not know, so I pitched in with all the impetuosity of youth.

My first experiment was a rough "get acquainted" test. My idea of such a test was to introduce a drop out of the bottle into an empty six-pounder cartridge case and then touch it off with an ordinary match. A six-pounder cartridge case is a brass cup some two and one-half inches in diameter and some twelve inches deep. I made a wooden stopper which would plug the open end of the cartridge case, so that after I had dropped in my gasoline I could insert the plug, roll the case round a few times and thus evaporate the gasoline and mix it with air, which should give an explosive mixture. Then I would stand the cartridge case on end on the bench, remove the wooden plug, scratch the match and toss it into the open end of the case. It was hardly a precise experiment, but it would tell me what I wanted to know.

I began with one drop. I stood back, scratched the match, and tossed it in. There was a very short and a very ominous pause. Then the end of the world came, it seemed to me. There was a terrifying explosion, fire shot up out of the cartridge case, the latter staggered drunkenly on the bench, and the match I had thrown in went hurtling to the ceiling. It was evident that there was about a thousand times more kick in a drop of gasoline than I had pictured in my wildest flights of imagination. No wonder the old chap who filled my bottle was suspicious. I did not know it at the time, but I had exploded the first of countless millions of gasoline charges that I was destined to explode in succeeding years.

I repeated the performance several times, looking for variations which might be significant. Then I tried two drops of gasoline. To my surprise the results appeared to be about the same. Then I went to three drops. Again I was astonished to find an increased delay between the tossing in of the match and the ex-

plosion, and in addition a less violent explosion. I finally reached a stage where the explosion was quite dull and was accompanied with black smoke. This was my first contact with what we call to-day a "rich mixture."

It must be borne in mind that at this time, 1892, there were no spark plugs in the world, no carburetors, no magnetos, no good dry cells, and precious little practical knowledge about explosion engines, not to speak of clutches, change gears, differentials, steering gears, and tires. I even had no definite idea as to where on a vehicle the engine should be placed. Every detail about the automobile which we have to-day had to be learned in the hard school of experience. I was not even decided as to the principle on which the engine should operate. Whether to use the four-stroke cycle principle of Otto, which gave only one power stroke out of four strokes of the piston, or the two-stroke cycle principle of Clerk and others, which gave one power stroke out of two strokes of the piston, was a difficult thing to decide. After a terrible tussle with myself I settled upon the four-stroke cycle principle of Otto. I wince as I record that I settled the size of my cylinders and the stroke and the number of cylinders before I had the least notion of what the engine would have to drive. I can only excuse it on the score of youth.

Early in the spring of 1893, on another one of my visits to Salem, I happened on a second-hand Columbia tandem tricycle. It had seen better days; but it was complete and could be purchased for thirty dollars. The forward wheel was ridiculously small and had a badly worn solid rubber tire about half an inch in diameter. The two rear wheels had one-inch solid rubber tires. To-day they would look grotesquely thin; but in those days the present pneumatic tire would have looked grotesquely fat.

This machine fascinated me, and I bought it, rode it to Lynn, and put it in a vacant room next to my office in the factory.

I worked nearly every night until midnight all alone in that silent factory. I strove mightily at first to design the general layout—the chain drive, the clutch, its operating mechanism, a change gear system, gasoline tank and support, engine mounting and engine. But every effort resulted in something that would require an express wagon to contain it. And I had to have it on a little tricycle! Discouraged, but by no means dissuaded, I fell into the error that so many engineers fall into. I decided to design and build my engine and then find a way to mount it in the tricycle. I had not learned that if I could not manage the design of the general layout with pencil and paper, when things can be changed and shifted by the simple manipulation of a rubber eraser, I should never be successful with an engine and a tricycle that were already built.

The designing of an engine was easy, or so I thought. I laid out a light three-cylinder, four-cycle, air-cooled machine, three inches bore by three inches stroke, with mechanically actuated exhaust and automatic inlet valves. I decided upon make-and-brake low-tension ignition because it seemed simpler and more reliable. I passed up the carbureting arrangement, muffler, manifolds, and lubricating systems as minor details, the designing of which could be tossed off at any convenient time! (Another horrible example of how *not* to proceed.) It required months of night work to finish the engine design and make all the working drawings. It took months more to get the patterns, castings, and machine work done here and there and everywhere. Some of the work was done at the factory by a man I hired and paid. I was staggered at the amount of time required to build one small engine.

Late in 1894 it was finished. A beautiful piece of work had been done. I thought it the most ravishingly beautiful bit of machinery the hand of man had ever created. I set my little darling up on a frame where I could crank it. Then I tackled the carburetor question. After

much reading and thinking, I took a small kerosene can—the kind with the curved spout—soldered a copper tube in the bottom and led this to a needle valve. The needle valve was located at the end of the inlet manifold. When I opened the needle valve, gasoline dripped. When the engine sucked, the gasoline which was passing was drawn in. When the engine was not sucking the gasoline ran down on the floor. This was simple and direct, even if to-day it sounds ineffective, inefficient, and dangerous. I freely grant it was all three.

As might be expected, I had trouble starting my new engine. Since I was blissfully ignorant of every one of the things one has to know when starting a cold gasoline engine, my troubles were many. The whole future looked black and forbidding after spending a week unsuccessfully cranking a gasoline engine. I used up a prodigious quantity of gasoline. Most of it dripped on the floor and was wasted. In fact, *all* of it was wasted, for a long time. The engine certainly did not consume any in running. I was compelled to return to the paint shop frequently to have the eight-ounce bottle refilled. Some days I went twice.

After a fortnight of this sort of thing the old gentleman who ran the paint shop became suspicious. From the beginning he had acted as though he supplied my gasoline demands under protest. When things reached the pass where I was in every day for eight ounces of gasoline, and sometimes twice in the same day, he became alarmed. Intently regarding me over the tops of his glasses one day, and holding my empty eight-ounce bottle in a threatening way, he asked, "What are you doing with all this gasoline?"

It is interesting to note that I was ashamed to tell him that I was developing a gasoline engine for a road vehicle. I feared he might have me arrested. I dodged and replied that I was carrying on some experiments. "Well now, young feller," said he, "let me tell you somethin' you prob'ly don't know.

Everybody who ever experimented with gasoline got killed doin' it. Not a one of 'em alive to-day. I'm just a warnin' of yer—that's all."

I did what every young person always does under the circumstances: I passed the situation off with a nervous laugh. Just the same, visions of that gasoline-soaked wooden floor, that exquisite little nickel-plated engine, the factory itself, a chance spark—all floated across my mind. On the way back to the factory with my eight-ounce bottle of gasoline in my hand, I decided to catch that dripping gasoline, and thereby not only reduce the fire hazard but reduce gasoline consumption and the frequency of my trips to the paint shop.

In the forty-odd years that have passed since that colloquy in the paint shop I have many times reflected upon what that old fellow typified. Had I taken him into my confidence, back there in 1893, and explained to him that conditions were ripe for a gasoline-engine-propelled road vehicle, that I was likely to be among the first to have one running, and that I believed it would become a big industry, he would have branded me as a person whose sanity was askew; and he would have been backed up by every solid business man. It is interesting to note that the solid business man of recent years is an entirely different sort of being from his prototype of forty years ago. To-day anything is believed possible. So much money has been made from startlingly new things that the most revolutionary idea is given serious consideration. That old codger in the paint shop forty years ago went to his grave never dreaming that a great new industry had touched him when I took my eight-ounce bottle in and asked to have it filled with gasoline.

After weeks of experimenting I still could not get my little engine to start. I gave up trying to crank it by hand and mounted the engine in a lathe, where the shop power could be used to crank it; but still it would not start. I was getting a spark but the gasoline would not ignite. I had not had experience

enough to know that I had a frightfully rich mixture, although my experiments with the six-pounder cartridge case ought to have suggested it. Instead of letting the gasoline drip across the inlet pipe, I rigged a little box in which I arranged some rags; the gasoline dripped on to these rags and kept them saturated. The amount of saturation was to be controlled by a needle valve. Still no results. But one afternoon I decided to open the needle valve slowly and thus gradually richen the mixture from pure air to maximum richness.

I remember that afternoon well. By this time the whole factory had become interested in the game of getting the pretty little engine to run. We had set it up just before closing time, and as a result I had the entire tool-room personnel as audience. The lathe had turned only a few times when, without slightest warning, what seemed like the most frightful machine-gun fire cut loose. I had never heard such a terrible clatter. Noise came from everywhere. Something was buzzing around under my nose at tremendous speed, fire was spitting out of everything, and smoke, smell, and confusion reigned supreme. We had no warning at all. Hell just broke loose, and there we were right in the middle of it! My friend Leonard Stone, who was working with me, leaped for the door and paused in the doorway to cast a horrified look back to estimate the damage. Every tool maker scrambled to a position that suggested preparation for dodging flying missiles. Not a one of them ever had heard such an astonishing noise. I gave an awful jump, and either by accident or intent, threw the shipper back and shut off the power. Instantly quiet fell. It came as suddenly and as unexpectedly as the noise.

Blue smoke filled the room and curled out of the exhaust pipes of the little engine. My engine had run! But how differently than I had imagined it would! I had pictured in my mind a sweet-running little sewing-machine effect, whirl-

ing round, just hungering to be harnessed to the tricycle. Instead, here was the most savage, impetuous, noisy, and riotous little spitfire that the mind of man could conceive!

There was some tall thinking done that evening. I had my first real disillusionment. The nature and general temperament of the gasoline engine was not at all what I had pictured it.

But time straightened out a lot of the confusion, and after a few days I began to cheer up. The noise and fire-spitting could be handled in a muffler. The ignition probably had been all right from the beginning. I would have to make a mixture-control valve that would give me positive control of air and gas. Probably a mere tank, with the air passing over the top of the gasoline, would give me enough gas. I had better not bother any more with the lathe. Hand cranking was laborious, but it was safer. Still, however, I failed to grasp the necessity for some sort of a load to put on the engine. Its necessity was to be shown in due time.

It may have been a month before I tried to run the engine again. The time was consumed in building a combined mixture and throttle valve. The three exhausts were piped together and led away where the noise, smoke, and fire would not be directly under my nose when cranking.

When all was ready I very gingerly cranked her over. The awful fright she had given me was still fresh in my mind. I cranked while Leonard Stone adjusted the mixture. When I was exhausted he cranked and I adjusted the mixture. I suppose we cranked for an hour with no results. When we were both rather wilted we sat down to think it over. It was very discouraging to me, but I insisted it ought to work. Some little thing was wrong. The problem was to find out what it was.

After possibly fifteen or twenty minutes of talking and wondering—and not arriving at any decision—I idly walked over and grasped the handle of the crank

and gave the engine a whirl. Bang! She went off like a thing possessed! It seemed to me I never saw anything turn so fast. She roared and shook and spat oil at me and seemed possessed to tear herself to pieces. While I was still in a state of complete funk, she stopped as suddenly as she had started. I looked at Stone and Stone looked at me. We were completely taken aback.

She had steadfastly refused to budge during an hour of cranking. Then, after fifteen minutes' rest and doing absolutely nothing to her at all, she started on the first pull! How could that be explained? I found out later. But it was many years before I knew the full explanation, and I had designed and built many engines in the meantime. The trouble was, first, that as there was no load of any kind on the engine, it "ran away" when once started, or raced, as it is termed; second, it had smooth steel cylinders and smooth explosion heads which did not offer enough heat dissipation; third, it got very hot, which caused the pistons to seize and stick. Finally, the spark coil sucked such huge drafts of current from the batteries that the latter quickly ran down. After the rest, while we were talking, they revived.

Now I was encouraged. My engine would run. The laws of Nature still held. What I needed was a load so that it would not run away or race. I winced when I recalled that it had never occurred to me while the engine was running to close the throttle and control the speed.

III

Another month rolled round before I made up my mind about the next move. This was to place the engine on the tricycle and let the driving of the tricycle be the load. When the engine started it would drive me along, and I was crazy to be driven along.

The error here was in not adhering to the stationary test until I had mastered all the troubles. It would be time enough to take the machine out on the

road when I had it where I could start it, control it, and keep it going for more than a minute. But I was too young, too inexperienced, and too impatient. I am staggered now as I realize how little I knew about a gasoline engine at that time and also how little about research procedure.

It took a long time, but I finally had everything fixed up on the tricycle. It pleased me immensely.* One morning I got up at daylight, when there were few people on the streets of West Lynn, and went to the factory.

I shall never forget my sensations as I pushed that machine into the cruel outdoors. I have made countless first trips since, but never did I feel so low in my spirits and so self-conscious as on this one. It had to be gone through with, however, and I was going to do it. Once out, I mounted and headed down the driveway between the Welding Company's plant and the Thomson-Houston shipping department. I had a sickening feeling that I should soon have a crowd surrounding me. Added to this was a deep-rooted belief that the machine was not going to perform. Trouble seemed to be in the air.

Half way down the driveway this trouble began to develop. I had not the strength to pedal the machine more than a few yards. The engine was connected by sprockets and chain to the regular driving system of the tricycle. When the tricycle moved it turned the engine. My hope had been that this would start the engine, after which the engine would drive the tricycle. This hope was blasted, and here I was stuck before I could get out of the driveway. It would require a team of dray horses to pull that tricycle and spin the engine at the same time!

The idea occurred to me to take the chain off the engine sprocket. This would make the tricycle free of the engine and enable me to pedal the machine to a certain street where there was a

* It is pictured in the Personal and Otherwise pages (in the rear advertising section).

pretty good hill. Arrived at the top of this hill I could replace the chain and, on the down grade, I ought to be able to pedal the machine long enough to start the engine.

Fearing some kind of an emergency such as this, I had brought along an assortment of tools. A screw driver and a small wrench disconnected the chain, and I could pedal the tricycle, although with about four times the effort required to propel my bicycle. The streets were empty and I ground my way along, being forced to dismount and push several times. Arrived at the top of the hill I had another sinking spell. It seemed a very steep hill. Moreover, the surface seemed sadly out of repair; there was a discouraging amount of loose gravel and stones. We had very little asphalt in those days, not a foot of concrete, and very little decent macadam.

I replaced the chain and made a mental inventory of the many things I had to remember to do. I turned on the ignition switch, set the throttle wide open, set the mixture rich, and mounted the rear saddle. The hill looked positively appalling. But the business had to be put through, so I started. It required terrific pushing on the pedals. When I had the machine off the level and on the down grade I expected it would be easier. To my consternation, I could barely keep it going even on the down grade. The rear wheels skidded in the loose stones at every compression of the engine. I ran the gamut on the mixture valve. I believed a rich mixture was what was needed. In later years I found that the jiggling over a rough road splashed the gasoline around inside the tank so much that a lean setting of the valve was necessary to obtain an explosive mixture, but I was blissfully ignorant of all this that early morning in Lynn.

The end of the hill was much steeper than the top. As I entered it the grade seemed positively terrifying. To add to the complication, the surface was much rougher and more stony. The rains had washed little gullies and left an abundant

supply of loose stones. I arrived at this steep and stony place by dint of hard pedaling without the slightest response from the engine. Having exhausted my repertoire on the rich end of the mixture, I thought I might as well try the lean end before I finished. I had no more than pushed the little handle over to the lean side, when there came a terrific snapping noise and what felt like a rear-end collision. I firmly believed something big had fetched away up on the top of the hill and had come down and hit me in the rear. The tricycle gave a lunge ahead and started for the bottom of the hill hell-for-leather, regardless of loose stones, rocks, and gullies, at a terrible speed—careening, sliding, spouting loose stones, fire, and smoke. I had all I could do to keep aboard and steer. As for manipulating throttles and mixture valves, I was much too busy to think of such details.

I suppose the run lasted less than ten seconds. It seemed to me ten minutes. All at once the front wheel struck a gully that ran off sideways. The tire of the front wheel decided to follow the gully. It never would have done to have followed that gully, so I yanked the handle bar round. This pulled the wretched tire off the front wheel and snarled it up in the front fork. The front wheel thereupon cramped completely round and doubled under, and the rest of the tricycle and I catapulted over the top.

I landed clear of the machine and scrambled to my feet in spite of several bad cuts and bruises and a badly torn pair of trousers. I righted the machine, which looked a total wreck. Gasoline was oozing from every pore. The air was full of it, and also of that characteristic blue smoke and smell which goes along with all new gasoline engines. I never smell it to-day that I do not think of that first horseless carriage experience in West Lynn.

To my astonishment, nothing was damaged beyond repair excepting my trousers. The front end of the machine was considerably bent, and the rubber

tire would need some fixing, but by pulling here and pushing there I got it where it would roll. Thus I made my sorry way back to the factory. I had conducted my first road test of the machine of my dreams.

IV

I spent the winter of 1894-95 trying to find a place to put a clutch into the driving system of the tricycle. Soon after this my experimental work had an unexpected result. I told my friend Lieutenant Hayden Eames about it. He was connected with the Pope Manufacturing Company at Hartford. He did not seem much impressed with what I told him, but soon afterward the company sent Mr. Henry Souther to Lynn to look at my tricycle—and the upshot was that in July, 1895, I moved to Hartford to become the Pope Manufacturing Company's "motor expert."

It was decided to take my engine off the tricycle and mount it on a Crawford Runabout—a four-wheel carriage built on bicycle lines. Then followed further long labors, day and night: I had to devise a crude cooling system for the engine, develop a steering gear, and decide how the engine should be geared to deliver enough power to the wheels (I geared it very low; its single planetary gear roughly corresponded to the low gear of a present-day car).

One day in August, 1895, I decided the Crawford Runabout was ready to take out on the road. I had run it around the factory at night and it seemed to be quite tractable. Without notifying anybody, as I was anxious for the smallest possible audience, Lobdell (my machinist) and I pushed the carriage to the Park Street door of the factory. By the time I had the carriage half down the steps of the building a real crowd had gathered. The drivers of wagons pulled up to the curb and stopped, all pedestrians stopped, and Lobdell and I and the Crawford had everything exactly the way we did not want it. Lobdell had done all the building and fitting. He knew

every detail of the machine. He confided to me, when I was endeavoring to anticipate the things which might go wrong, that he could think of about four thousand of them! He had a small leather traveling bag and in this he had about every tool known to the machinist's art, besides bits of copper tube, soft iron wire, screws, nuts, washers, and what not. Something told him these might come in handy and assure a safe homecoming.

I was not especially excited. I knew the engine would start and run. The only serious questions were how much of a grade it would pull and how long it would run. If it would mount the grade up Park Street toward Zion Street, about a three per cent grade, and if it would run as long as fifteen minutes, my reputation might remain intact. But if it were to give up the ghost in the first minute or two I should be sunk.

Lieutenant Eames was tremendously excited, as usual with him on such an occasion. He bossed the men in true naval-officer fashion, severely bawling out one poor innocent chap who was doing all he could to help. Lobdell was terribly in earnest and chiefly concerned for fear the carriage would be pulled apart in getting it down the steps into the street. He knew what could be laid hold of safely when lifting the machine and what could not. Almost everything could not. Several vital parts could be pulled out by the roots very easily, and Lobdell feared they would be.

When we had it safely in the street I started the engine and mounted the seat. Lobdell precipitately removed his bag of tools as though he proposed to save them anyway. When I chided him about this later he expostulated, explaining it was to remove the last ounce of unnecessary weight, because he had serious misgivings about that three per cent grade up Park Street. I had considered this grade very carefully. It seemed to me to be wisest to tackle it at the start, because it offered a down-grade coming home. A start in any other direction offered an up-grade

coming home. I wanted a down-grade all the way home because I felt certain something would break or stick.

To my delight and Lobdell's stupefaction the little carriage ran up the grade at about the same speed it ran on the level. He had to run to keep up with me on foot, as did most of the crowd. Everything went perfectly and I realized that I had made a good move when I put in that low gear. We reached the top of the hill, where my plan called for a turn up Zion Street.

In those far away days there was a saloon on Zion Street near Russ Street. When I was opposite this saloon I became aware of queer sounds coming from something underneath me. I knew something was going to go wrong very soon. I had to think quickly. Should I let her go until she stopped or should I make use of the last few expiring gasps of the engine to turn round? I decided upon the latter move, whirled the steering wheel hard over, and was just about to complete the turn when, with a grunt, the engine stopped. Lobdell did not have to be prompted. Before it was evident to anybody that something had failed he applied himself to the back end and pushed the carriage the rest of the way round the turn and started it down the grade.

I do not believe anyone in the crowd realized I was broken down. The down-grade kept the machine in motion, I used the planetary gear as a brake, and she rolled along down the hill at about the same speed as she went up. Arrived at the bottom, I had the momentum to carry me into the yard and up to the factory door. Here I dismounted and shook hands with Lobdell. Hartford's first horseless carriage had been run!

V

Younger readers must realize that in 1895 a gasoline motor carriage was far from being as prepossessing as the oldest and most disreputable car on the road now. My motorized horse buggy was

something too fearful and wonderful to be believed by the young people of to-day. It was an acrobatic feat to get in and out of the seat. This Crawford Runabout was a real horseless carriage, even to the whip socket on the dash. It shook and trembled and rattled and clattered, spat oil, fire, smoke, and smell, and to a person who disliked machinery naturally and who had been brought up to the shiny elegance and perfection of fine horse carriages it was revolting.

I made a great many runs with this Crawford Runabout during the next few months, after I had enlarged the water-cooling system and had remedied some other minor weaknesses. When I had become accustomed to running it around the streets near the factory I wanted to be able to say that I had run it out of town and back. It would be another one of those exploits which would supply its own eloquence. The nearest city line which would give me a down grade most of the way home was the West Hartford city line at Prospect Avenue and Farmington Avenue. I decided to tackle this long trip out into the country, a round trip of some five or six miles. It ought to be done before my little tricycle engine wore itself out completely, which Lobdell warned me it would soon do.

With everything tuned up to concert pitch and with Lobdell and the tools on a bicycle as convoy, I started one evening after five o'clock when it was dark and we should not be so likely to attract a crowd. It should be remembered that I never took the machine out that I did not collect a flock of bicyclists who followed me round as children follow a parade. I never had one moment of privacy when making the many adjustments necessary in those days. It should also be remembered that I had no license plates, no operator's license (they had not been invented then), a little kerosene oil bicycle headlight, no brakes, no low gear, no reverse, and no previous experience on the open road.

The machine ran up the steep grade to the railroad bridge on Laurel Street with

assurance. I was intoxicated to observe the way that little engine would settle down and pull when things were right. At Farmington Avenue I turned west. The latter avenue was paved with badly worn macadam and there was a single trolley track in the middle of the street. On the rough surface my steering was something wonderful to behold. I had to miss the trolley cars and the other traffic and it kept me extremely busy. Lobdell rode alongside and was one of some twenty-five or thirty other bicycle riders. Everything progressed favorably until I reached the city line at Prospect Avenue.

At this point I was conscious of a new and ominous noise underneath me. I was forced to decide whether to go on or to turn round. I had passed beyond the city limits. Beyond was the open country—the hinterland—dark and forbidding.

I was already farther from the factory than I had ever been in a horseless carriage. The strange sounds that were coming from beneath did not hold out much promise for the future. I decided to turn and try to get back home before it was too late. Lobdell was immensely relieved at this decision.

Things grew more noisy and threatening as I went on. The machine seemed to loosen its joints and rattle rather than lose power. However, everything held together and in due time we made the factory, much to my delight. It was my first motor trip “out into the country” of which I had dreamed, and I had come back under my own power, which was an achievement. I am quite sure this was Connecticut’s first motor car and I suppose I was Connecticut’s first motor-car driver. This run was made in October, 1895.

[Another installment of Hiram Percy Maxim’s recollections of horseless carriage days will follow next month.—The Editors.]





FOOTLIGHTS, FEDERAL STYLE

THE ASTONISHING STORY OF THE FEDERAL THEATER

BY IRVING KOLODIN

ON THE fringe of New York's Times Square, and within a spotlight's range of a dozen theaters, stands a building which was obviously designed to house a bank. Too young to know the harsh caress of cleansing sandblast yet old enough to be shabby, it probably served many actors in the good days when actors had use for banks. This would have been before its parent, the Bank of United States, collapsed amid the most sensational publicity of the infant depression. To-day this building again serves the actor, but in rather a different way. It shelters the New York offices of the WPA's Arts Project No. 1—the Federal Theater. From this and similar headquarters in twenty-seven other States the activities of 12,500 theater people engaged in relief projects are supervised. They are divided into nearly 270 units, playing to a weekly audience of approximately 500,000 persons, of whom about 100,000 pay an admission fee. In players, technicians, and audience, this is very likely the largest theatrical enterprise in the world.

The housing of the New York offices in an abandoned bank building is more than slightly symbolic of the whole project and its genesis. When America was enjoying the security of its highest income, and could most easily afford to lavish a few unimportant millions on a national theater, little was done to realize that desire. Now we are poor. Government cost-sheets are figured to the

thousandth part of a cent. Cries of "boondoggling" fill the air. Nevertheless, we find ourselves busily patronizing the arts, music, and the theater in particular.

It is natural to be impressed primarily by the perversity of the situation, but there is a consideration far more fundamental. A federal theater has *grown* out of need. It has not been *created* artificially. The men and women who fill its stages, build its scenery, and direct its plays are doing these jobs because the maintenance of life depends upon it. They are not the finest specimens of our acting and directing talent brought together in a chaste spirit of art patronage. They are persons who have been granted, by government intervention, the privilege of tilling once again the field which they have chosen as their life's work. Whatever their shortcomings—and they are neither few nor unimportant—they have embraced their work with the passion and the zeal that root only in deprivation. The results they achieve have many weaknesses, but a lack of vitality is not one of them.

Though relief of unemployed theatrical workers has been a government concern since the days of the CWA, the scope of that relief was modest until the WPA was created, and the plan of re-establishing unemployed craftsmen in their own vocations developed on a wide front. The joint resolution of Congress by which four billion dollars was appropri-

ated for relief purposes, was adopted on April 8, 1935. Of this amount, \$300,000,000 was specified for "assistance for educational, professional, and clerical persons," and an executive order was issued authorizing the establishment of a federal theater as one of the four arts projects. Much valuable time was wasted while a plan of organization was being sought. Various persons prominent in the educational as well as the practical branches of the theater were invited to submit programs. Among these was Hallie Flanagan, whose name was known to her students at Vassar, to a few librarians who had filed her book *Shifting Scenes*, and to scarcely anyone else.

Skeptically, she submitted her outline. To her considerable surprise, it was followed by an invitation to visit WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins on May 28, 1935, and shortly after, by the announcement of her appointment as National Director of the Federal Theater Projects. For the use of the arts projects \$27,000,000 had been appropriated from the general fund; and, on the basis of unemployment surveys, \$6,784,036 was allocated to the Federal Theater. It was Mrs. Flanagan's task to employ 12,000 persons for six months from this fund.

The approach she proposed took cognizance of two factors: on the one side, a large group of actors whose skills were deemed worthy of preservation, though their destitution had progressed to the point where they were maintained by Home Relief; on the other, a population which included millions of persons who had never seen a play, and even more others who could no longer afford to pay luxury prices for tickets. The problem then was to bring them together. Originally the project was designed to keep alive the bodies of these thousands of Americans during hard times. When their bodies had been cared for, attention could be directed to their souls. So fine an actor as Harry Irvine, who earned unanimous praise in "Murder in the Cathedral," had been turned away by

innumerable commercial managers because a slight tremor of the hands gave them the impression that he was "too old." Similar experiences were common in the allied programs of the four arts projects. A violinist in one of Florida's WPA orchestras apologized to a visiting executive for the performance of himself and his associates because their hands were still stiff from work on road gangs, the only relief previously available to them. Another visitor to a WPA art exhibit, impressed by a painting of cloud formations, learned that the artist painted, literally, the only things she could see. Paralysis confined her to one position, and until the local arts project supplied her with painting materials, she did nothing but lie on her back and wait for the food basket to be delivered.

The Theater project, being more largely dependent on co-operative effort than any of the others, posed the largest problems of organization and administration. Projects could not be established arbitrarily where the directors thought they would do the greatest good, as the plan provided for a theater unit only where twenty-five persons at least (on relief rolls as of November 1, 1935) could prove they had previously earned their living in the theater. In order to repair the lack of certain specialized talents among the unemployed, a concession was finally obtained whereby ten to twenty-five per cent of the total number on a project could be drawn from non-relief sources. To this leniency may be attributed some of the most valuable results achieved by the Federal Theater.

Before much could be done about actually putting the players to work, a personnel had to be assembled who could supervise each major division of the enterprise, who could accept responsibility for the activities of as many as five thousand persons. Among those who agreed to co-operate were Elmer Rice for New York; Jasper Deeter, of the famous Hedgerow Theater, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey; Thomas Wood Stevens, once head of the excellent School of the

Drama at Carnegie Tech, for the Central Region, and nine others. Their experiences were varied; their problems no less so. In each region two administrations had to be created—one to supervise the expenditure of money, the other to care for the technical details of rehearsals and productions. Where a locality includes more than one project, each unit has a separate personnel of actors, stage designers, and a director.

In addition, agreements had to be reached with heads of the unions related to the theater, including Actors Equity, the American Federation of Actors, the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, the Union of Wardrobe Mistresses, the Union of Electrical Workers, even the Union of Scenic Designers. Endless conferences, discussions, compromises ensued, until a formula was produced whereby the relief wage of \$23.86 per week would be measured against the prevailing union wage in each area (\$40 a week for actors in New York) and a proportionate amount of service rendered by each group. Since the workers would be paid a salary whether they were playing or rehearsing, Actors Equity agreed to permit its members to give six performances a week, or somewhat more than the number of hours compensated for on the "prevailing wage" basis. But rehearsal schedules are limited to four hours a day, which remains a considerable handicap in the preparation of new plays. Consistent with the theatrical tradition that stage hands are the most expensive unit of any production, the Federal Theater must employ two crews weekly for each play. Apparently three nights a week is all the service the government may receive from these virtuosi for its \$23.86. Closed shop or open shop was another point of contention. The government could endorse no distinction, but local administrators seek to evade difficulties by segregating union and non-union workers when such a plan is possible.

Although these steps suggest a logical progress from point to point, a swift con-

summation of the details involved, weeks and months were spent in effecting each gain. Recommendations on policy or important decisions on procedures had to pass from a local supervisor to his regional director to Mrs. Flanagan to the assistant WPA administrator in charge of the arts projects (formerly Jacob Baker and now Ellen Woodward) to Aubrey Williams, deputy administrator of the WPA, and wearily back down the line again. In especially important matters Harry Hopkins himself might be asked for a ruling. How long one might wait while a paper languished for a signature or an envelope for a franking stamp was unpredictable. As late as April of this year the general administration was still so confused that no bills for supplies for the Hartford, Conn., unit had been paid in six weeks. Local citizens thought well enough of the venture to advance the necessary money, other than the relief wage, and the company was able to continue its work. A local paper declared: "The Little Theater of Hartford contributed \$50 to help launch the project. G. Lester Paul has spent his own small salary as supervisor to appease objecting creditors. The scenery used by the company is the personal property of the stage hands. Even the change in the box-office on the opening night was borrowed from a friend." Nor was the New York project, show-window of the enterprise, free from troubles. A door-hinge ordered by the Procurement Department for the set of "American Holiday" failed to make its appearance after days of waiting. On the night of the opening the carpenter finally salvaged one from a dressing-room door so that the play might go on.

When the problems of selecting a personnel, establishing administrative procedures, sorting the workers into units, had finally been adjusted, so that productions could actually be scheduled, difficulties with local and national points of view still remained. So remote a master as Shakespeare was the center of one disturbance, in New Britain, where a performance of "The Merchant of Venice"

had to be cancelled because of objections by the local Jewry. In Boston, cradle of American liberalism, Maxwell Anderson's depiction of Washington in "Valley Forge" caused another bitter battle. It finally ended with the transfer of Hiram Motherwell, local supervisor, to New York. The play was not given. In Minneapolis, the presence of a Ruby Bates (who had once been arrested for fan dancing) on a variety bill to be presented at a CCC camp caused so much criticism that the entertainment had to be abandoned although Miss Bates was to have danced fully clothed. In Los Angeles a chorus boy was dropped from a WPA musical show because of "undue political activity." He had chosen to run for Congress on the Communist ticket.

Undoubtedly the most widely publicized contention arose in New York through Elmer Rice's intention to present, as the first production of the "Living Newspaper," a dramatization of the events leading to Italy's invasion of Ethiopia. As players in the drama were characters depicting Mussolini, Haile Selassie, Anthony Eden, and other dignitaries. All the words they spoke were quotations from speeches. Nevertheless, government censorship intervened, with Baker wielding the ax. It was asserted that he had previously issued an order stating "no issue of the 'Living Newspaper' shall contain any representation of the head, or one of the ministers, or the cabinet of a foreign state." Rice indignantly refused to make the changes suggested; and Baker, with the usual regrets, "accepted" a resignation which Rice had tendered to him on the occasion of a previous disagreement. Crying "The issue is free speech!" Rice asserted that his resignation had been forced not because of "Ethiopia," but because his program contained a number of scripts distasteful to the official palate. Regardless of what secondary motives may have been involved, it is difficult to see how any government could allow an official and subsidized enterprise to portray, for purposes of ridicule, the executives of states

with which it maintains friendly relations. Rice's sincerity cannot be questioned; but it was exceeded only by his naïveté.

Despite the public furor about "Ethiopia," and other local disturbances elsewhere, the wheels of the machine were gradually beginning to turn. Ten days later—on February 3rd—the first production by the WPA was given in New York, the Negro Theater's "Walk Together Chillun." During the remainder of the month two other plays opened in Manhattan, and in March the season was enriched by four more productions. Thereafter new openings came steadily. Activities commenced in the vast territory in the Northwestern, Southern, and Western States. Obscure but none the less important aspects of the project—the Children's Theater, the vaudeville units, open-air theaters, circuses, touring companies, the twenty-five marionette shows, the Studio Theater (which trains workers to supervise every branch of theatrical presentation from carpentry to play directing)—began to function. What has been accomplished since then? What is likely to be accomplished in the months till January, when the present life guarantee expires? What is the outlook for the future?

II

Most commentators on the Federal Theater—and there has been no lack of them—have concentrated on the situation in New York, accepting this as characteristic of the country as a whole, or else disregarding the activities elsewhere. That there is abundant material in New York to engage the attention does not make such an approach less a fallacy. With the largest number of unemployed theatrical people, the largest theater-going audience, and the largest non-theater-going but potential audience, the New York area has seen the greatest number of productions, the highest level of quality, certainly the most vital plays, the most original productions. It produced "Triple A Plowed Under," an

issue of the "Living Newspaper" which has since been staged in half a dozen other cities; it sponsored "Murder in the Cathedral," the T. S. Eliot play which marks the finest accomplishment of the Federal Theater in sheer artistry; it achieved an eleven-weeks' run for the negroid "Macbeth," which is currently on tour. It also provided the major disappointment of the Federal Theater's brief career, a dramatization of labor's bitter struggle for justice, which, as "Injunction Granted," was neither dramatic, bitter, nor just. Here too was produced "Help Yourself," a competent European farce based on unemployment.

In a city where facile acting, bright scenery, and slick direction are much more highly regarded than eloquent or sincere writing, the Federal Theater's New York unit has managed to attract a surprisingly wide audience. Skeptics who amusedly paid their fifty-five cents for one or the other of these productions, that they might be properly provided with dinner-table conversation, have been astonished to find them remarkably professional in execution. Moreover, not one of them—save "Macbeth," which was plainly a *tour de force*—has lacked relevance to the contemporary scene. In a season which produced, as its particular boon to posterity, "Idiot's Delight" (anointed by the Pulitzer Jury), the ambitious if misguided crudity of even "Injunction Granted" was a blast of fresh air on a sultry day.

Unfortunately, this laudable intention to relate its activities to the world of actualities has saddled the Federal Theater in New York with one of its most vexatious burdens—all those adherents of the Cause, from parlor-pinks to cafeteria-reds, who are only too eager to embrace anything which suggests, however vaguely, approval of their own attitudes. The number of Communists within the framework of the Federal Theater, one may be certain, is slight—despite the designation by the outraged of everyone from Mrs. Flanagan to her lowliest publicity-writer as "an emissary of Moscow."

But the praise of those leftists who have attached themselves to the Federal Theater, and adopted it by their vocal and written encouragement, has frequently been as embarrassing as it is unwanted. Devoid of responsibilities or obligations, they may express their opinions without stint—unaware, or indifferent to the realization that their endorsement may be the one factor certain to influence curtailment of the project.

In addition, their applause on dialectic grounds has generally been unmerited. A reviewer for *The New Theatre* found it necessary to warn his readers, after enthusiastic approval of "Triple A": "I don't think anyone should get the idea that this show, or a hundred like it spread through the country, will be a shortcut to the revolution." At the opening of "Murder in the Cathedral," a group of leftists burst into applause when one actor said: "Under certain circumstances, violence is permissible," although it was Fascist violence that Eliot's character was condoning! Following the unenthusiastic reception of "Injunction Granted," a misguided comrade sought to console one of the authors with the praise: "It was perfect according to Marx." A more sublime missing-of-the-point would be difficult to conceive—to consider fidelity to a philosophic point of view more important than satisfying the immemorial rigors of the medium: the presentation of an absorbing and well-constructed drama in which forcible material, justly treated, would impress a miscellaneous audience with its own relationship to reality.

An inevitable result of this adoption has been to arouse the antagonism of the anti-Administration press, and imprint a distorted picture of the Federal Theater on the minds of millions in New York alone. Though an invitation showing of "Ethiopia" had caused Arthur Brisbane enthusiastically to misquote Burns by describing it "a magnificent pageant of 'man's brutality to man,'" "Triple A" was assailed by the same Hearst press as "the most outra-

geous misuse of taxpayers' money that the Roosevelt Administration has yet been guilty of." In the sober pages of *Liberty* Bernarr MacFadden characterized "Triple A" as an attempt "to stir the ugliest passions of the poor against the rich and destroy the foundations of private property." Further, it was "a drama of hates," and the whole editorial was titled "Inciting to Riot." Why? Merely because the climax of the drama offered an impersonation of a leading member of a duly registered and constituted political party speaking words quoted from a public speech. To be sure, the person was Earl Browder, now candidate for the presidency on the Communist ticket. Is it possible that Mr. MacFadden would want us to accept this editorial as his interpretation of the Bill of Rights?

It is illuminating that these difficulties have been almost exclusively in Manhattan, where the so-called subversive elements are the most resonant, the guardians of the *status quo* most alert to their responsibilities. Elsewhere in New York, and through the country, the Federal Theater has pursued a program as impressive as it is ambitious. One need only scan the reports from the press of the many cities where the Federal Theater has been *the* living theater during the past six months to realize that whatever its misadventures in New York, the project has rendered inestimable service to millions of Americans who have never seen Broadway except in a newsreel.

Thus, during April, Milwaukee saw "Outside Looking In"; Detroit had "Liliom"; six WPA theaters in Los Angeles were functioning at once, presenting everything from "Six Characters in Search of an Author" to plays in Yiddish, French, and Mexican; probably for the first time in its history Asheville, N. C., witnessed "Camille"; Newark saw a Negro company in "Brother Mose"; a touring company presented "Twelfth Night" in the town hall of Littleton, Mass.; the Rutherford, N. J., *Republican*,

announcing the imminent production of "The Thirteenth Chair," added, "a twelve-piece symphony orchestra will assist"; a little later six projects were operating in Chicago—an Americana company whose schedule included "The Texas Steer" (one of Charles Hoyt's political satires of the '90's), "Secret Service," and "Three Wise Fools"; an Experimental Theater in which "Chalk Dust" and "Triple A" were offered; a Negro company rehearsing "Everyman," to outshine New York's "Macbeth"; a Laboratory Theater, giving new plays; a Dance Group, and a Pageant unit. By the beginning of June, works by dramatists from Euripides to Wilde, Shakespeare to Ibsen, and including contemporary scripts by Shaw, Elmer Rice, Hatcher Hughes, Lynn Riggs, Sutton Vane, and R. C. Sherriff had been shown to a nationwide audience. Indeed, the only absentee of consequence on this list appears to be Eugene Gladstone O'Neill.

III

In one sense the fundamental objectives of the Federal Theater had been achieved. The actors were no longer merely existing on relief, but utilizing and developing their abilities; the audience whose existence a few short months before had been merely a theory was actually coming to the theater, in many instances paying an admission charge and coming again. But there was little promise of enduring vitality in such a program. A firmer relationship to the public had to be established. The functional character of the enterprise could not be confined to the needs of those on relief. They in turn had to work in relation to the needs of others—their audience.

What, exactly, is a functional theater? As an intellectual catchword "functional" has been enjoying a modest vogue recently. Its use implies a desire to evade a definition rather than to articulate it. But a "functional" theater is definite and tangible. It means a theater in which plays are chosen because they

represent something of significance both to the players and the audience; a theater in which designers and carpenters work within the limits of a restricted budget, accepting this as a spur rather than a halter to the imagination; a theater in which swiftness, simplicity, vitality are the touchstones of excellence; a theater in which the trite and the sentimental have no more place than the dishonest or the spurious; it means the development of a theater which has roots as well as branches, which bears the fruit to sustain life as well as the blossoms to ornament it. As Michael Garnett has so well said: "Art must always be functional, especially the art of the theater. When it ceases to perform some useful function it becomes show business."

As a point of departure, the supervisors in each region were urged to solicit scripts from local sources, preferably plays having a basis in the life of the region or the history of the country. Mrs. Flanagan has stated the problem thus: "It is a timid wasting of an unprecedented chance to regard the Theater only in terms of what we have hitherto experienced. We must see the relationship between the men at work on Boulder Dam and the Greek Chorus; we must study Pavlowa as well as Pavlov, Einstein as well as Eisenstein, must derive not only from ancient Bagdad but from modern Ethiopia." That is the ideal: the progress to date has been hardly more than rudimentary. Some plays have been extracted from regional sources and put on the stage. The Negro unit of Birmingham, Ala., has produced a comedy of local life, "Home in Glory," which was well received. In Reading, "Feet on the Ground," concerned with the life of the Dunkards (the Dutch settlers of that region) aroused so much interest that the farmers asked that it be sent to their annual fair. Indianapolis has seen "The Campbells Are Coming," a play of Hoosier life; and Asheville, N. C., has been regaled with "Smoky Joe," a portrait of the mountaineers. This phase of the project has of necessity gone slowly, since it involves creation as well as perform-

ance. By the encouragement of the group and the factual method of writing plays, the Federal Theater is hopeful that valuable material will be assembled. These productions are remote from the goals visualized by the Director; they are merely cited to indicate that a beginning has been made.

The ambitious plan to send "Jefferson Davis" on tour reflects the difficulties to be encountered. Though ample co-operation was secured from historical societies in the South, and much advance interest was aroused, the tour ended in virtual disaster. A too rigid adherence to historical presentation of the material and a meagerness of drama in the writing are blamed for the failure. The experience served the useful purpose of demonstrating to the more optimistic among the project's executives that the requirements of the theater are inexorable, that regardless of documentary excellence, action and movement are inseparable from effectiveness on the stage. Even the predisposition of an audience toward a subject cannot be relied upon to compensate for a lack of dramatic quality. Such matters are the platitudes of playwriting to be sure; but each playwright must learn them for himself, and only by experience.

In addition to restudying the actual materials of its presentations, the Federal Theater has devoted itself to finding new outlets for talents which no longer command public interest in their traditional uses. One of its major concerns has been vaudeville, in which unemployment was severe even before the general depression. By common consent, the materials of vaudeville are dead, their attractiveness to the public exhausted. Yet the technics of the vaudevillian—the brisk making of a point, the art of putting one's self over in eight or nine minutes, the blending of acrobatics, music, and dance, the development of that fertile showmanship which underlies the abilities of some of our most prominent comedians and actors—are of the theater's essence, and merited preservation. How to turn these resources to fresh employment, to

find the framework in which they would again attract the public, was one of the most ambitious and important tasks undertaken by the Federal Theater.

The most gratifying success was achieved in Los Angeles, which was exceeded only by New York in the number of its unemployed actors, especially vaudevillians. Under the direction of Eda Edson, formerly employed in vaudeville as a conductor, the variety unit wrote the sketches, lyrics, and music of "Follow the Parade," a full evening's entertainment. Part topical revue, part circus, part dramatic show, it ran in Los Angeles for ten weeks before large audiences, and then was taken to the Texas Centennial in Dallas, where it played for the rest of the summer. In the vivid language of *Daily Variety* "The Federal Theater's 'Follow the Parade' is the biggest half-buck's worth of entertainment dished up locally in many years." In Chicago, an experiment with vaudeville shows in three parks was so well attended that six more units were added to give nightly performances. These units put to work more than half of the 685 people on the Chicago project, and the park department has been so impressed with the social value of the enterprise that it now contributes the production costs—light, heat, scenery, and costumes. Result: the government expense here is only one and seven-tenths per cent above the relief wage!

Other outlets for vaudeville talents have been in CCC camps, in hospitals, in underprivileged districts, in prisons, reformatories, and asylums. One such show recently took place on the lawn of an insane asylum in St. Louis, with the less violent patients seated before the improvised stage, the other inmates gazing out of the windows of the building. One who was present describes the transition from hostility to interest to enthusiasm on these staring, stolid faces as one of the most remarkable experiences of a lifetime spent in the theater. It is not unlikely that some of the most valuable work accomplished by the Federal Thea-

ter is being done in these repositories of the diseased, the bodily weary, and the mentally sick, far from Broadway, from the commercial theater, and the reviewers.

Undoubtedly a book could be written—and probably will be some day—about the motorized units which drive off from various headquarters in Western and Southern cities, into regions where commercial touring companies have never penetrated. The first of these efforts to decentralize the theater had North Carolina as its locale, with a production of "The Post Road" on tour during May. In addition to playing in such little towns as Wilson, Kinston, Chapel Hill, and Fayetteville, the company struck off into the mountains to give performances, literally, in the backwoods. Where there was no auditorium or church hall to serve as a theater the production took place outdoors, on an improvised stage, with economically rigged scenery, and automobile headlights to provide illumination. Another such unit played a one-night stand in Valley, Nebraska, which has a population of one thousand. Eight hundred crowded into the little hall to see the first dramatic presentation ever given in Valley. Its mayor, writing his appreciation to the National Director, besought her to find some way in which the players could become domiciled in Valley, and give productions indefinitely.

In addition to its working in the present, affording entertainment to a vast audience, and looking to the future with the experimental production of new plays, the Federal Theater has attempted to illuminate the past of the American stage by subsidizing research, encouraging documentation by memoirs, and caring for the preservation of historical materials. Under the direction of Rosamond Gilder, this Bureau of Research and Publication has undertaken to compile a bibliography of the world's plays more comprehensive than any in existence. Each play will be synopsized, with a notation on the number of sets and

characters it requires, that a director may know without further inquiry whether it suits his needs. In addition to reading new plays as they are submitted, and making recommendations on their quality, the Bureau is extracting specimens of early American drama from libraries and museums, preserving them in an accessible form. As an incidental activity, a day-by-day chronology of the stage in New York is being assembled from 1875 (where the researches of Brown and Odell leave off) to the point where the Burns Mantle compilations begin. Such a record of community life has value far beyond its utility to the specialist.

IV

It will offend few persons, I am sure, to say that except for a handful of executives and a few writers who have studied the subject, no one has an accurate appreciation of what is actually being done by the 263 units now part of the Federal Theater Project. Its vastness—in personnel, divisions of operation, and mere geographical extent—eludes casual comprehension. Wherefore, the enthusiasm of those who can see, at best, a small part of it, is all the more remarkable. In the Bridgeport *Times-Star* of May 21st, an editorial declared: "It should be noted that the latest production of the Park Theater has, by its very excellence, raised the WPA theater project there far beyond the level of anything such as 'boon-doggling' and establishes the possibility that there may develop a civic theater which will find its legitimate productions warmly welcomed by the community." At the same time the Raleigh *News-Observer* was saying: "The Federal Theater is to-day the largest theatrical producer in the world—confounding the doubters with abundant proof that a governmentally subsidized theater is the correct solution to both the immediate problem of finding employment for actors and allied workers and of stimulating and perpetuating a native American drama." From Butte, Mont., comes a

plea (*Standard*, May 20th) that "these big hit shows—'Macbeth,' 'Murder in the Cathedral'—take to the road so that the taxpayers in the tank towns and one-night stands may have an opportunity to see what their money is achieving."

Save for an occasional blast at an inkling of subversive attitudes in an issue of the "Living Newspaper," or in the choice of a playscript for one of the widely publicized units, opposition to the Federal Theater has virtually subsided. The excellence of certain productions no doubt was an important factor in this conquest, but the evidence of people actually paying money, willingly, to aid in the support of a government project has undoubtedly abashed its more resonant critics. When the project was initiated there was the usual outcry about "squandering the taxpayer's money"; since everyone is agreed that relief must be maintained in some form, that objection is hardly tenable when a good part of the "other than labor costs" (government phraseology for everything beyond the relief wage) is met by income from productions.

The ten-weeks run of "Murder in the Cathedral," the enduring life of the Negro "Macbeth" on the road after three months in New York are familiar enough. It is a little more surprising to learn that in Indianapolis sixty thousand persons attended the productions of the Federal Theater during its first eleven weeks. With a more modest organization and a smaller public, the Omaha unit played for five months to an average of one thousand persons a week.

Though the New York project is not to be accepted as typical of the Federal Theater's financial fortunes throughout the country, since it commands an audience of habitual playgoers—a handicap as well as an asset—there is abundant interest in its record to the 15th of August. In all, 62 plays have been given since the establishment of the Federal Theater, of which ten are hold-overs from the CWA organization. The total audience has been 4,020,876, of whom 422,730 paid ad-

mission. The free performances have totalled 4,214, the paid performances 1,116. (The latter figure is somewhat deceptive; a proportion of each audience is composed of persons on home relief, who are admitted free.) The average attendance has been 754. From these performances the government has received a revenue of \$119,180.64.*

Indeed, the government now finds itself in the novel position not of apologizing for a large appropriation or expenditure, but of explaining the disposition of the money earned by the project. To be sure, \$119,180.64 is no vast sum, measured against the cost of the project. But even this has an extremely practical value in extending the scope of the theater's activities, in meeting production costs, royalties on scripts (in most cases \$50 a week), paying for the rent of lighting equipment, a modest amount of advertising, and otherwise confining the use of the government's appropriations to the basic relief wage. When money first began to accumulate it reverted to a general fund, credited to the whole project. When the sums increased it was decided to earmark the earnings for the use of the unit in which they originated. Each theater charging an admission has a bonded agent cashier in the box office at all times. When the day's business is concluded the money is transmitted to the local branch of the Treasury Department. These daily deposits may eventually be one of the major factors in impressing hard-headed legislators with the merit of the project.

While it is absurd to expect one or several persons to maintain actual contact with 12,000 workers spread over 15,000 miles of theaters, the aspirations of such an enterprise can be no loftier than those of the people in command. It is certain that whatever the accomplishments of the Federal Theater have been to date, those of the next few months will be better. There has been ample evidence that the executives intend it to be neither a com-

petitor of the commercial theater nor an imitation of it. That it has been, on certain occasions, both of these things, is inherent in its hasty organization, the necessity to have a working plan on which improvements could be effected.

In any case, it is not likely that such plays as "The Patsy," "Smilin' Thru," "Your Uncle Dudley," or "Lightnin'" will long remain the limit of the Federal Theater's horizon, even in the outlying areas where these scripts have served for the organizational period. The current dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" is the most exciting development in the Federal Theater since the conception of the "Living Newspaper." Not merely because the important material of the book will reach an enormous audience, or because twenty-eight units will present the work simultaneously in fifteen cities, or because it will be given in Yiddish, Italian, German, and Cuban as well as English. Rather because each of these cities and racial groups will see the play in a production devised by the staff of each unit, with the action projected before a setting indigenous to the locality, in terms of an unmistakable relationship to the life of the audience. In one place a dairy farm may be the locale; in another, a sheep ranch; in another, Doremus will be the editor of a Yiddish newspaper; in another, of a "race" publication. Thus the essential point of the book—that it can happen *anywhere*—will be enforced tremendously.

The affiliation of an author of Lewis's stature with the Federal Theater is no mean triumph either. Though the present plan will yield him and his collaborator the sum of \$1,450 weekly in royalties, it is certain that a commercial production would double that sum. Nevertheless, he has expressed himself as content with the previous earnings of the book and eager to embrace the opportunity for such an audience as no commercial manager could promise. It is precisely in such ways that the Federal Theater will divorce itself of any lingering resemblances

* Those interested in further figures on box-office receipts, attendance, and length of runs will find them in the Personal and Otherwise columns.

to "show business." No less ambitious is the plan, now in the conference stage, whereby the eighty fully staffed units of the Federal Theater will each present in January a new play by an American author. In other words, there will be eighty simultaneous *premières*—for none of the plays will have been seen previously, and each unit will give a *different* play. It is not likely that any country but America could give birth to so audacious a scheme, but it is a program definitely illustrative of the objective of the Director: "A theater American in idea, national in scope, and regional in fact."

The temptation at this point is to call loudly for permanent establishment of any government enterprise sponsoring so generally admirable a program; but those in authority avoid public discussion of the remote future. They conceive their job to be in the present, asserting their belief that the project *must* be sustained if a public need for it is incontestably demonstrated. This may be altogether too trusting an attitude, but no one can quarrel with the soundness of it, as an ideal of procedure. Already there are signs that the interest of local groups in subsidized drama is keener than it has ever been before. In June the State of Washington's department of education announced that it will sponsor a stock theater in Tacoma this fall, aided by a loan from the Rockefeller Foundation. Classic and romantic plays will comprise the schedule at first, with two five-week tours through the State a specification of each year's operations. Also a Jewish national charity has expressed its willingness to take over the activities of the Yiddish groups through the country if government underwriting is withdrawn. Other local groups have suggested the possibility of similar action for their units.

V

Those who profess optimism about a permanent subsidy for the Federal Theater must do so in ignorance of the nature of unions, their unwillingness to accept a relief wage as a permanent standard, the difficulty of retaining the present level of executive ability at the salaries the government can afford to pay, a host of other minute but inescapable details. Plainly the scheme of operation would have to be drastically altered, an organization much more mobile created. Partial participation of local treasuries would very likely be indispensable.

Even if a changed Administration should decree that a Federal Theater is not consistent with its objectives, at least it has been demonstrated that government underwriting of artistic enterprise need not necessarily be a disastrous thing. And in America, where so much is governed by precedent, from the decisions of the Supreme Court to the actions of voters on Election Day, the undeniable success of such an innovation (don't forget those agent cashiers and their little boxes going down to the Treasury each night) is of incalculable value.

Fifteen cities seeing "It Can't Happen Here"; "Camille" in Asheville, N. C.; an audience of Croatian children in Gary, Indiana, watching "Reygoch," drawn from their parents' folklore; Shakespeare in a Dakota farming village; a group of actors in Jacksonville, explaining the fervor of their performance of "Saturday's Children" by saying: "We can act this play because we are all 'Saturday's Children'"; touring units crawling over the face of a dozen different States; and the government participating in all of it. What visionary would have dared to paint such a picture a year ago?



THE INCREDIBLE SWEDES

BY HUBERT HERRING

SWEDEN furnishes the current romance for a world beset and besieged. Bedtime tales of the promised land are always in order. We are about to be told—we are already being told—that Sweden holds the perfectly notched key for the solving of the troubles to which our several national fleshies are heir, the key to social planning, the key to economic recovery, and the way of escape from the twin furies of communism and fascism. These incredible Swedes have settled everything, and we can blithely follow after. The blandness of the Swedes encourages the hope. They turn a smiling face upon a distraught Europe. Their placidity alternately exasperates and inspires. They have peace where others have war, prosperity where others skimp, democratic institutions where others resort to big and little Hitlers. Their perfections seem out of place in so imperfect a world.

And yet Sweden makes poor copy. It is a little too perfect, like heaven. It would be an admirable place in which to settle, to rear children, and to grow geraniums—provided one might first see Paris. The perfections of Sweden are so many that the romancings of stray visitors in their articles and books may readily be understood and even forgiven. One feels sure that there are no germs in Sweden, and that all traffic cops are gentlemen; that little boys never fight and little girls never tell; that all housewives have spotless pans; that few are rich and few are poor; that there are neither gangsters nor grafters; that taxi-drivers

neither blow their horns nor overcharge; that everybody reads and writes, belongs to a club, a labor union, a farmers' guild or a consumers' co-operative, studies about economics and the class struggle, votes on election day for the best man without the passion of partisanship or the hope of preferment; that nobody drinks too much; that everybody upon the slightest provocation takes to his skates or skis and travels incredible distances; that capitalism and socialism lie down together as the lion and the lamb with no loss of fur or wool. Of all these things and their attendant perfections, with suitable reservations, one is assured. Indeed, if these Swedes would but stop speaking that extraordinary blend of Chaucer and Robert Burns, here would be heaven for sure—recalling that week-end in Paris. Even heaven should be relieved by a week-end in Paris.

The temptation to approach Sweden by the kitchen door is irresistible. Food is taken seriously in Sweden. No one who has faced the loaded central table of a village dining room can ever be the same again. Here one meets smörgasbord. The word means literally "bread and butter," excellent instance of the wanton use of words. Smörgasbord is a crowded, ample table piled high with plates and platters and pans, mountains of fish, meat, cheese, pickles, salads—and more fish. The virtue of the housewife and the skill of the cook are attested by the variety and the cunning of the smörgasbord. Facing the array, one's mind goes racing off to question whence

came these concoctions, what hours were consumed in their preparation, and where are they all going. Especially the fish. One plays with the figures of the per-capita tonnage of herring consumed by these Swedes, herring drawn and quartered, herring cut on the bias, on the keel and on the flank, herring twisted and coiled and tortured in strange device, herring hot and cold, herring in every conceivable stage of desiccation and mortification. No wonder Swedes exercise, skis in winter, boats in summer. Life must be resolved into an endless race between eating herring and getting enough exercise so that one can eat more herring. A good book could be written explaining Sweden in terms of herring, but I leave that task to others.

Having stopped too long at the smörgåsbord, one is tempted to sit by the fire and listen to the further glories that are Sweden's. But for practical purposes we may as well check the romancers a bit shortly by pointing out that Sweden is not the United States of America, it is not even the State of Minnesota. Sweden is an almost completely homogeneous land of six million people, with almost no variations of blood or language, a land which an indulgent Fate tucked away in the north of Europe, up under the blaze of the northern lights, out of harm's way. She is in Europe but not of it. She can trade with Europe, but the temptation to join in Europe's fights steadily dims. She is not on the way to anything, unless the North Pole be excepted; she is not on the line of march of either migrants or of armies. Insulated geographically, possessing a high degree of economic self-sufficiency with markets near at hand for her exportable surplus; insulated culturally, speaking a language which no one else could ever expect to learn, she can dip as she pleases into the life of the outer world. Thus Sweden has been able to develop peacefully her own institutions in her own very Swedish way. It is the Swedish way which has begun to attract the distraught and disquieted.

The real excitement offered by Sweden is the excitement of a land where democracy works. With the present high death rate of democracies, Sweden may soon become a museum set picturing the blessed democratic state toward which so many men looked with fond longing, and upon which they were not able to lay hold. To this museum set will come the curious and the wistful with eager and unbelieving eyes. With Italy and Germany and Japan whoring after false gods, their example ardently aped by a score of little off-size and odd-shaped nations in the Balkans and Latin America; with Russia ardently creating something not yet listed in any standard catalogue; with the United States and England not quite convinced as to what they have or what they will do with it; with democracy quivering under the lash of demagogues, dictators, military chieftains, and arrogant combinations of capital—a visit to Sweden is like a dip in the sea on a mid-August New York day. The point is that the Swedes rule Sweden. The farther one gets into the country the more one is convinced that there are more citizens possessing and exercising power in Sweden than there are in the great majority of other lands, the United States of America not excluded. And that, by any proper exgetical test, is the measure of democracy.

Nevertheless Sweden, for all of its democratic fervor and success, maintains its façade of aristocracy. It makes two bows to the past—its royal family and its church—and then proceeds to forget them quite thoroughly and decisively. These two bows add a quaint inconsistency to the scene. The King of course is an honorable gentleman. Gustaf V, King of Sweden, of the Goths and Wends, at seventy-six plays a swift game of tennis, is interested in the welfare of his people, and exercises a role in the government which roughly approximates that of the Third Assistant to the Postmaster General in Washington. He and his family cost the government

\$430,000 each year, a sum which comes to about one-and-one-half per cent of the total national budget. He is a little more expensive than a third assistant postmaster general, but many Swedes think him worth it. He comforts the wan remnants of the Swedish aristocracy which cling to their shadowy titles of "baron" and "count," and persuades them that God is in heaven even though the Social Democrats are in government offices. He comforts the Church, for the constitution provides that none may be King who does not cling to "the pure evangelical faith"; and churchmen like to quote the words of Gustavus Adolphus, "the majesty of the Swedish Kingdom and the Church of God which rests therein." He comforts the bankers, and compensates them for the loss of the gold standard. He amuses but does not annoy the labor leaders who rule Sweden. They think him a trifle expensive and jot down figures on slips of paper and calculate how far the royal budget would go if used to increase old-age pensions. Many of them admit that he is not particularly necessary nor conspicuously intelligent, but they make no move to eliminate him. The general mood seems to favor his retention so long as he abstains from ruling, and sticks to the dedication of memorial fountains and bright new bridges.

The Swedish Church represents the second low bow to the past. Every Swede is born into the Church, and all Swedes belong to the Church. This is the stately fiction which comforts bishops and the elderly gentlewomen of the kingdom. It is a haven for the gentle and aging respectability of the land. Emerson's dictum on the Church of England fits the Church of Sweden with engaging exactness, "The Gospel it preaches is 'By taste ye are saved.' It has a general good name for amenity and mildness. It is not in ordinary a persecuting church; it is not inquisitorial, not even inquisitive; is perfectly well-bred, and can shut its eyes on all proper occa-

sions. If you let it alone, it will let you alone. But its instinct is hostile to all changes in politics, literature, or social arts." The Swedish Church is a tasteful thing of stuffiness and starch, of old lace and older ideas. It christens, confirms, marries, and buries; it sends innumerable missionaries to distant heathen; it builds hostels for impoverished old men and for imperiled young girls; it keeps its buildings in excellent repair, and guards the tombs of the heretics who poked fun at it in other centuries. It has lands and real estate, many monuments; it is heavily overlaid with tradition, buttered with privilege, beloved by the old, and deserted by the young. The Church and the King, twin anachronisms, stand at the portals of Sweden to remind all comers that Sweden has a past.

Sweden uses her past as it deserves to be used, as a backdrop. Modern Sweden puts fences round the stone remnants of the Viking days (and charges admission), smiles indulgently at her kings and priests, and goes to work. The Swedes at work are infinitely more interesting than are the monuments to the Swedes who are dead. We can, therefore, dismiss the dead Swedes—marked by Viking shrines, church towers, and royal palaces—and turn to living Sweden and its living democracy. We shall, in the process, forswear a too fervent ecstasy over the perfections of that democracy. Sweden has traces of all mankind's bad habits. There are Tories who will learn nothing, radicals who learn too much; capitalists who grind the faces of the poor, and poor who invite grinding. There are fascists who ape Berlin, and communists who ape Moscow. These are the trivia of Swedish life; the heavy lines on the chart tell of a different slant. It is the slant which counts, a slant obstinately and hopefully democratic. The story of modern Sweden is a saga of six million people increasingly intent upon managing their own affairs with the utmost democracy.

II

Swedish life is highly organized. The Swedes have learned that there is nothing democratic about a mass meeting. The town meeting was well enough as long as it could be kept small enough so that all the players could watch the dealer and make sure that he kept no aces in his sleeve. The town meeting grown up into the mass meeting is a different matter, as bewildered Americans can attest. The mass meeting is at the mercy of the chairman and the executive committee. Only when the mass meeting is broken down, and when it comes to represent the delegated powers of a great variety of groups, each group organized and self-conscious and determined, does the mass meeting prove its use. The United States sticks to the mass-meeting idea, with the component interests largely unorganized. As a result the chairmen (the inner cliques of our political parties, the tight combinations of finance or close-knit pressure groups) have their way. Sweden has another way and it is worth looking at.

The Swedish road to democracy is through organization. The fundamental units of this organization are economic in character; their political parties reflect these alignments.

Swedish business is organized. The business community is closely knit together through trade associations and chambers of commerce. This business community leans to the Right. It deplores raids upon private enterprise, it is wary of extravagance in public expenditure, and is alarmed by governmental incursions into business. It is generously and ably represented in the national parliament; it lobbies and exhorts. But it is an intelligent Right wing arm, with leaders of distinction, less given to truculence and alarm than are their spiritual kin in some other lands, notably the United States of America. They would be incapable of launching any such intransigent instrument of reaction as the American Lib-

erty League. Good humor or good judgment would save them from fighting minimum-wage laws, child-labor amendments, and federal management of basic industries. A Swedish steel trust knows without argument how idle it is to fight unionization, vertical, horizontal, or whatever angle such unionization might pick.

Swedish labor is organized. The employer who might think to raise his own house-broken company union would suffer a rude disillusionment. The employer who expatiated upon the beauties of the "open shop" would be put on exhibit. The battle for the right of labor to organize is over and all but forgotten in Sweden. Industrial workers are not one hundred per cent organized but they are near enough to it so that six hundred thousand, or fully three-fourths of the workers, are working under some form of collective agreement. These workers take their unions with much seriousness. The unions are at once schools and political battalions. The decisions made in the local union count in the national counsels of the federation of Swedish trade unions, and they count in the forming of national policies. Labor has the Social Democratic party; labor leaders may aspire to seats in the national parliament. The trade union thus becomes a school in which men learn how to exercise economic and political control. The trade union makes men count as citizens and as such it serves the cause of an effective democracy.

The Swedish labor movement, like everything else in Sweden, is intensely practical. The indifference to utopias is conspicuous. The emphasis upon the next step, whether it be a revised wage schedule, shorter hours, or better working conditions, is what counts. Communism and fascism are subjects for speculation, but they study them as an archeologist studies pyramids and codices. They are alien formulæ. Swedes are building Sweden, and they are equally indifferent to the precedents of

Swedish experience and to the bombardments of alien exhorters. Swedish labor knows how to fight but, having won an acceptable compromise, the fighting mood disappears. It will shake fists when necessary, but it knows how to shake hands. The credit must be rather evenly divided between the organized workers and the organized employers. The employers have quit the fight on organized labor and have accepted the principle of peaceful compromise. Realism on both sides of the bargaining table has yielded substantial industrial peace. This mood is reflected in the type of labor leader who emerges. There are neither princes nor bosses of labor. The highest paid gets along on two thousand dollars a year, less than many of the workers he represents.

The Swedish labor union serves to make some six hundred and fifty thousand individuals, representing perhaps one-third of the population of Sweden, partners in democratic control. These members study, they debate, and they participate. Knowing that the local union is a unit in the national union movement which dominates the social democratic party and that the social democratic party is the dominant party in the national parliament makes for responsibility and realism. The fantastic loses its charm. The Dr. Townsends and the Huey Longs and the Father Coughlins have the ground cut out from under them. The Swedish worker has no prejudice against the promised land of plenty, but he knows that the way is beset with practical problems. He demands larger wages, shorter hours, but he knows that these will be won by the slow reordering of industry and not by legislative fiat. He demands social security against the ravages of disease, accident, old age, and unemployment. He has won many of his campaigns, but he knows that each million of kroner invested in social services must be financed by another million drawn from government monopoly or enterprise, or from the incomes of the people. He presses

for these ends, but he uses his pencil and notebook to figure out the steps as he goes. His is the democratic way to social revolution.

The consumers—the buyers of bread and bacon—are organized. The impressive monument to the Swedish capacity for serene organization is the *konsum* store which confronts one in city and village. Its white paint and much glass are the visible symbols of the organized consumers of Sweden. There are over four thousand of these stores, and behind them there are some six hundred and twenty-five local co-operative societies, and behind those societies is the Kooperativa Forbundet, the co-operative union. Bread is cheaper in these co-operative stores, also eggs and electric light bulbs and potatoes; but the wayfarer who gets no farther than the cheaper prices misses the moral of the tale. He needs to look behind the counters of the *konsum* store.

Item one. People are behind as well as before the counter in this consumers' movement. A round half million families own stock. That means one-third of the Swedish people participating vigorously and continuously in the control. Their participation is through local societies divided into community councils. In these community councils the people meet, discuss, and act.

Item two. The people who make up these co-operatives have forged a weapon with which to rout the monopolists. Large over the record of the movement is written their zest for destroying the power of a few men who raise and hold at high levels the prices of the necessities of life. The Co-operative Union has become a cudgel of democracy for forcing the unruly to respect the rights of the consumer. It is effective. The monopolists are on the run. The wayfarer hears the tale with varying accents. He hears of the doom which overtook the flour trust when the Union bought and started to operate the Three Crowns Mill in Stockholm and the Three Lions Mill in Gothenburg. The

flour trust no longer earned its accustomed dividends of 20 per cent to 35 per cent but the price of flour dropped for all Sweden. He hears how the Co-operative Union slashed \$1.20 from the price of goloshes by the simple expedient of opening one small factory. He hears over and over again the drama of the electric-light bulbs (three taxi drivers gave it to me in great detail) and of the way in which a few stalwart leaders of the Union brought the international electric-light combine to its corporate knees. It took only one bright new bulb factory on the Stockholm skyline to turn the trick. Its blazing sign says *Luma*. *Luma* dropped the price of bulbs from 37 to 17 cents. Behind *Luma* are those half million families. Swedish co-operators know these stories by heart. When they buy oranges, coffee, tires, bread, and a host of other things they are reminded of the power of the union. Theirs is a democracy made effective through organization.

Item three. The destruction of monopolists does not tempt the co-operators to build monopolies of their own. The leaders of the co-operative movement have learned that they can determine national price levels by the control of from five to twenty-five per cent of the national supply. This is the Swedish yardstick method. Indeed, the leaders, notably Albin Johansson, their chief officer, are united in opposing monopolies whether they be in private hands, co-operative hands, or government hands. They fight the private monopolists, but they fight with no less vigor the moves to increase governmental monopolies.

Item four. The Swedish co-operatives are yoked with co-operatives of other countries. They join their bargaining power effectively and continuously with the co-operatives of Norway, Denmark, and Finland. They are steadily strengthening the lines of co-operation with the societies in Great Britain and on the Continent. They know that the monopolists whom they

attack operate across national lines and that they must yoke their force with that of other co-operative societies to meet these monopolists on their own ground.

Item five. The wayfarer to Sweden finds that the Co-operative Union controls 11 per cent of the total retail trade and 15 per cent of the retail grocery trade of the nation. But even that is only part of the picture. It sets the national price for many necessities of the people. Its mills and factories serve as measuring sticks. Possessing no monopolies and aspiring to none, it produces enough to determine prices, no more. Private business continues and flourishes, but the consumers play the tune to which private business must march. This irks private business, which sometimes attempts to set its own pace but with increasing ineffectiveness. And the end is not yet.

Item six. It requires leadership to make the consumers' movement go. There are leaders, such men as Anders Hedberg, Anders Orne, and Albin Johansson. Mr. Johansson is the chief, and is grudgingly accepted even by his enemies as the first merchant of Sweden. His pay is \$5,000 a year plus the satisfaction of winning impossible ends.

Item seven. The wayfarer discovers that the co-operative movement cannot be interpreted in terms of cheaper food and the annual dividend of 3 per cent; for the co-operative store deals in ideas along with its bread and bacon. When the housewife goes to market she goes to school. Prices become symbols of power. A cent off the price of flour represents her power to force a ring of wilful men to respect her housewife's rights. A cent off the price of a bar of soap is the tangible evidence of her control in the business life of a nation. With her flour and soap she carries home the latest tracts of the Union on such subjects as "The Problem of the Monopolies," "Control, Costs and Expenses," "Domestic Economy," or "The Housing Problem." The Co-operative gives dignity to the individual who par-

ticipates. It makes him count. That is the stuff of which democracy is made.

The farmer producers are also organized although they have not gone so far as have the industrial workers and the consumers. The Swedish farmer, like his American brother, is a sturdy individualist and slow to learn that he cannot attack national markets single-handed. Depression days have taught him much. He has learned that although the farm population of Sweden represents some 45 per cent of the total, only 25 per cent of the total national income goes to the farmer. (A situation not unlike that of the United States where the 26 per cent of the population which derives its income from farming receives 14 per cent of the national income.) Under the lash of the depression, Swedish farmers turned to organization and to political action. The older organization, notably the Union of Swedish Farmers, had prospered in the pre-war period but had been badly crippled by ill-advised ventures in banking and shipping. New organizations now emerge. Among these, the dairy producers have won signal success with 80 per cent of their number organized, controlling the distribution of their products, evincing sound social sense by keeping distribution and retail costs at a reasonable level. On the political side, the farmers look to the Agricultural Union, a political party with sizable blocs in both houses of the national parliament. Originally conservative, this party now leans definitely to the Left and frequently joins forces with the Social Democrats. Nevertheless, there is a distinct strain between the city consumers and the farm producers. It is hard to reconcile the city's demand for cheap food with the farmer's demand for fair prices. The consumers' co-operatives help to bridge this gulf, stressing the community of interest between city and country.

The organized labor movement presses home the fundamental identity of interest between producers and con-

sumers. By tract and lecture course, it stresses the national character of all the economic forces which bear down upon the homes of industrial and agricultural workers alike. The Co-operative Union furnished tangible evidence of its national concern by joining with the farmers in breaking the hold of the fertilizer trust. The Union built one super-phosphate factory and broke the price of fertilizer, and then turned the factory over to the farmers' union. This did much to win farmer support for the co-operative movement. Nineteen per cent of the members of the co-operative societies are farmers. In the meantime Swedish farmers are moving toward effective national action through political union. They have their own party in the Parliament where their representation ranks third, and they exercise a decisive share in determining national policies.

III

Yes, Sweden is organized, and therein lies its democratic strength. It is organized tightly on the lines of economic interest. The business man, the producer, the consumer, the worker achieve a sense of responsibility and power through union. Farmers increasingly vote together, so do industrial workers, so do producers, so do consumers. The mass meeting may be more glittering, but it is less representative than the organized interest of groups of Swedish life which make felt their influence upon the legislative and executive branches of the government. They are pressure groups—but representative. As such they have a large place in a democracy.

The Riksdag, the Swedish parliament, mirrors this organized Sweden. Its members represent with faithful accuracy the mood and mind of all groups. Indeed, the Riksdag is conspicuously representative. The 150 members of the upper house, the 230 members of the lower house are farmers, business men, editors, physicians, university professors, city officials, bankers, industrial workers.

There are even a few lawyers. The motor car conductor from Gothenburg sits next to the banker from Stockholm, and no one finds it incongruous. The Swedes, it is said, lack a sense of humor.

The party system is itself representative. It is not organized round the pious predilections of Vermont nor the sacred memories of Virginia. Swedish parties represent the several sets of current convictions and they represent them vividly. On the right stand the Conservatives. They hold second place in the Riksdag, with 44 members in the lower, 52 in the upper house. They behave as conservatives are supposed to behave, and represent the business community with all faithfulness. They incline toward a larger army and navy, they deplore any substantial increase in the social services; they believe in the sanctity of private capital and private enterprise, and they view with alarm the preaching of socialism and communism. They are intelligently led.

On the Left are the communists. It is a small party, but it has two members in the Riksdag who make annual speeches about the discontinuance of the King. Many Swedes take solid comfort in those two communist publicists. They prove, it seems, the open-mindedness of Sweden. They furnish a sort of Swedish Hyde Park.

Between the parties of the Irreconcilable Right and the Unredeemable Left are three other parties. The People's Party, the Liberals, have 16 members in the upper and 25 in the lower house. It is, and has been, the party for those who enjoy middle ground and who deplore excitement. Its once high prestige was destroyed with the bursting of the Krüger bubble. It was then discovered that the ubiquitous match king had been over-generous in subsidizing the People's Party and its leader—and that he had kept his check stubs. Since that debacle the policies of sweet reasonableness have been subject to firm discount, but the People's Party continues as a house of refuge for those who wish

to be secure without being pugnacious and open-minded without having to pay for it.

The farmers' party, the Agricultural Union, has 22 members in the upper, 37 in the lower house. Historically, the Agricultural Union was dominated by the wealthier farmers. Hard times reduced the wealth of these wealthier, and taught the necessity of joining forces with the farmers who were poor. The same hard times went far toward persuading them that the lot of the industrial worker and that of the working farmer were bound together. The Agricultural Union, under the pressure of depression logic, has swung toward the Left with increasing co-operation with the Social Democrats.

The last and the largest of the parties are the Social Democrats. They have 65 members in the upper, 102 members in the lower house. It is difficult to define a Swedish Social Democrat. The questioning of scores of their leaders yields the vague conclusion that a social democrat is a socialist who is not too emphatic about it. He takes his socialism in his stride and does not worry about the label. The socialism of the Social Democrats is almost totally devoid of the capacity for roaring and being troubled. The left-fringe socialists, together with the communists, view the peaceful Social Democrats as betrayers of the faith; but the objects of their scorn remain unmoved. They explain patiently, with an air of repeating something which they have had to explain patiently before, that Sweden is not Russia nor Germany nor any one of a number of other places, that there are few communists in Sweden, and that anyway the whole subject has little to do with the practical task of edging off the monopolists. They appear content to go their peaceful way, trimming the capitalists here a little, there a little, eager to make each operation hurt as little as possible, talking about new state monopolies in petroleum and coffee, the returns to be used for larger old age

pensions, new social measures of one kind or another. If the fervor of their socialistic faith is questioned, they ask you how you like their railroads, so smooth-running, so reliable, so safe, so profitable to the nation that owns them; how you like their tobacco monopoly, their liquor monopoly, and so on. The leaders of the party—Mr. Hanson, premier until recently, Mr. Sandler, Mr. Moller, members of the last cabinet—bear the air of having plenty of time. They seem assured that the stars in the Swedish course are all on their side. They were forced from control of the government in June because of a disagreement with the Agricultural Union over military expenditures and social-security legislation, but they seem assured that the next election, or the one following, will return them to power. They have guessed with rare accuracy in the past. Their enemies fear that their guesses will prove only too accurate again.

IV

These then are the organized economic and political devices by which Sweden has built up a conspicuously successful school in democracy. Housewives study economics with their market baskets; industrial workers debate foreign policies and domestic strategy in their union halls. The conclusions and the convictions thus reached are given tangible channels for expression through the political system. Sweden has been making up her national mind for some time, and some of the conclusions reached are clear.

Sweden is committed to the assurance of social security. The legislation over a period of forty years assumes that the state must share with all its citizens the social hazards incident to modern life—unemployment, sickness, accident, and old age. The approach has been painstaking and practical. Sweden first grappled with unemployment relief in the lean years of the War, and the skeleton program for public works then devised

and successfully operated was ready when the depression struck Sweden with full force in January, 1933. There were 190,000 unemployed. Approximately \$43,000,000 was then appropriated for public works. The projects financed and completed were, with rare exceptions, socially useful. The depression ended with many needed bridges, roads, and public buildings as a substantial gain. To-day there is practically no unemployment, and the government is turning to measures for unemployment insurance. Old-age and disability insurance has been in force since 1913 and is compulsory for virtually the entire nation. Everyone over sixteen contributes, and at the age of sixty-seven every citizen rich or poor is entitled to a pension based upon the amount of his contributions. The receipts from the tobacco monopoly are used to supplement these pensions. At present this supplement amounts to little more than \$37 a year, but the Social Democrats and substantial elements in other parties are committed to a steady increase. Sickness insurance is accepted without debate, and is state-supported. The best of medical attention and of hospitalization is freely available to all citizens. Private practitioners are free to go about their business and have plenty of clients. The working of all this system of social security is typically Swedish in genius. There is no doctrinaire fury about it, no extravagant promises, no hurry or fret. But the direction is clear. Sweden proposes to equalize the load of uncertainty and insecurity steadily and soundly.

Sweden is concerned for adequate housing. The visitor to Stockholm, Malmö, or Gothenburg is impressed with the absence of such slums as are familiar sights in any American city. The explanations are various. The Swedes are excellent housekeepers. They do well with what they have. Further, Swedish industry has produced a far narrower fringe of economic misery. There is less speculation, less reckless overproduction, and consequently

less wreckage in depression. The government's health program and provision for the aged show results in the general well-being of the people. The streets and parks of the city are not spotted with derelicts. Nevertheless, housing is a serious problem. The drift from city to country is marked. Cities are crowded and housing is at a premium. The Swedes tackled this problem in characteristic fashion. The skyline in Stockholm reveals great blocks of modern apartments co-operatively built by an alliance of private initiative with governmental subsidy. Very few of these co-operative apartments represent the sole work of the government, which has preferred to work through private companies, operating without profit. The chief of these is the Tenants Savings Bank and Building Society, the H.S.B., an institution which is the lengthened shadow of one man, Sven Wallander, an architect of skill and taste and an administrator of uncanny wisdom. Because of his skill, block after block of apartments rise in Stockholm, Malmö, and Gothenburg. There is always a waiting list of applicants for these houses. Managed with shrewd efficiency and unquestioned honesty, families of various income groups acquire on easy terms apartments of superior merit and value. Fifteen per cent of the people of Stockholm live in H.S.B. homes.

The city of Stockholm adds other co-operative houses, as do the co-operative societies and a number of smaller concerns. These set the pace for private enterprise and establish standards of quality and of rentals. The national government concerns itself with rural housing, spurring the farm owner through direct and indirect subsidies. Again, these governmental and semi-governmental agencies set the standard to which privately planned housing must conform.

Sweden has gone into business. Her state monopolies, robustly attacked from both the left and the right, are justified

on various grounds. In some cases they are justified because they produce revenue for the social services; in others, on the ground of social expediency. Tobacco was made a state monopoly in order to provide revenue for the old-age pension program. A contributing motive was the desire to punish the monopolists who furnished inferior quality at exorbitant prices. The monopoly is exercised through a monopoly company in which the state holds the common stock, the private owners the preferred stock (with dividends limited to five per cent). The designers of this plan hoped thereby to conserve private initiative while safeguarding public interest. Another state monopoly is radio broadcasting, which is controlled under a monopoly company in which the government, the radio manufacturers, and the newspapers participate. A radio owner pays an annual license fee of about \$2.50. This money provides the cost of all programs and pays a profit to the government. There is no advertising and there is plenty of amusement and education. Liquor is a state monopoly, justified on social grounds. Sweden has had a bad time with its liquor question. Experiments in control began in 1865 with the Gothenburg system which put the state in control of the national drink, brannvin, and which eliminated the saloon. In 1919 Dr. Ivan Bratt won acceptance for the plan now in force. A national monopoly company controls all wines and spirits. One hundred and twenty "system" companies handle retail sales. The government dominates in all these companies, while private individuals with capital invested share control and limited profits. The Bratt plan takes profit out of the liquor business (except for the surplus accruing to the national treasury) and puts the emphasis upon the decline, rather than upon the increase, of national consumption. The retail sale of liquor is controlled by the "*motbok*" or pass book which each prospective customer must hold. The issuing agency determines

the amounts which may be purchased, the decision being based upon age, size of family, and previous record for sobriety. The opposition to the plan is violent. Prohibitionists dislike it, for they say that it puts the state in league with the demon rum. Devotees of personal liberty oppose it for obvious reasons. The rank and file seem to believe in the plan and to think it is as successful as any plan can be in handling this knotty social issue. Furthermore, it returns a steady profit to the government.

Sweden's incursions into other businesses represent compromises between the restrained fervor of the Social Democrats and the capitalistic orthodoxy of the established business interests. Sweden is in the lumber business. She has been in it for three hundred years. The cutting of a tree is a state affair. No cutting can be done without state permit, and never without immediate and adequate reforestation. A tenth of the area of Sweden is in forests. Of these forest lands, 10 per cent is owned by the state, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent by the state church and the municipalities, and another 15 per cent by the large lumber companies. The balance is owned by small holders. All are subject to the same state controls. The Swedish state works its own forests, cutting and marketing and making a steady profit on its operations, after allowing for all normal local and federal taxes. Sweden is also in the mining business. The state's iron deposits are worked by a private company, jointly owned and controlled by the state and the large private Grangesberg-Orelosund company. The state collects its share of royalties and profits, and earns additional income by handling the ore over the state owned railroad.

Sweden is in the power business. The government's Royal Board of Waterfalls operates about one-third of the power generation and distribution of the nation, while the remaining two-thirds is operated by private concerns and by the municipalities. The two systems—governmental and private—operate side by

side, with friction almost entirely eliminated. In some cities and towns, notably Stockholm, privately and publicly owned systems compete. The general planning of the power resources of the nation is admirably free from wasteful duplication. Sweden takes a high position among the nations in the electrification of the farms, with almost half of the farming area electrified. The power interests of the nation compete on equal terms with private power interests, paying the same taxes, and submitting to the same regulations. These state interests report an average annual profit during recent years of somewhat less than six per cent, together with a steady lowering of rates to the consumer. The state's example assures a profit to private competitors, but it guarantees that such profit shall be modest.

Sweden is in the railroad business. The state owns the major railroads, while private railroading is confined to the less important feeding lines. The efficiency of the state railroads is clear. The roadbeds are excellent, the equipment modern, the service impeccable. Furthermore, state ownership has paid. Deficits were encountered during two depression years, 1931 and 1932. The books balanced in 1933. 1934 and 1935 showed substantial balances. The Railway Administration, through which the state operates its lines, is non-partisan and is generally respected for its honesty and efficiency.

Sweden is in the telephone and telegraph business. The state system, virtually a monopoly, is efficient and economical. Evidence of its success is the fact that Stockholm boasts more telephones, its population considered, than any other European city. A private-house telephone costs about twenty dollars per year in Stockholm. Other rates are in proportion. Toll rates to distant points are about one-third to one-fifth the rates charged for comparable service in the United States. The State telephone and telegraph pays its way, with a steady margin of profit. It earned

four per cent in 1933, which was the worst of Sweden's depression years.

So much for the tangibles. The intangibles are more important and more difficult to assess. Why, for instance, do Swedes—individually and corporately—behave so wisely and so well, while so many other peoples behave so badly? Is it to be explained on grounds of climate, isolation, or glands? Are the Swedes too unimaginative to think up new ways of sinning, or are they so imaginative that they have graduated from the evil ways in fashion elsewhere? Is the eminently competent Swede a product of diet or grace? The answer must be left to the ethnologist or the theologian. Awaiting their decision, the impression gained from conversations with scores of Swedish citizens still sticks. A Swede is certain that he owns his country and controls his destiny to a degree not true of the average German or Frenchman or American. The Swedish citizen is not greatly concerned about the name which is to be given to the social and economic systems he contrives. He

knows that his vote counts, therefore he counts. That is the stuff of democracy.

Sweden turns an indifferent ear to its neighbors who announce that all nations must choose between the path of pitiless regimentation and that of unrepentant individualism. Their neighbors' voices are strident. "Either communism . . . or fascism." Sweden answers with the mildness so very Swedish, a mildness alternately maddening and exciting, that she is traveling down another lane. She says, in effect, we can contrive socially without abandoning democracy. A little socialism may offer capitalism its one chance to survive. Perhaps capitalism is doomed, who knows? But in Sweden we give it a chance to succeed. On the other hand, a little capitalism may keep socialism in order. It may save the bureaucrats from their presumptuous ways. If our whole experiment fails we will try something else. We do not know what that something else may be, and we do not care what it may be called. It must work in Sweden, and that is all we need to know.





FAREWELL TO FLYING

BY HENRY M. WINANS

AFTER flying my own plane for two and a half years, I have given up flying—abruptly and finally. No major accident prompted my decision; indeed, in common with most pilots, I had developed such confidence in my flying ability and destiny that I hardly thought any major accident could happen to me. The decision was the outgrowth of many observations accumulated during my hours in the air, and was brought to a final point by a relatively small incident.

For several weeks I had been too busy to fly. Finally a clear, calm day arrived when I was free to go. The motor was in perfect tune, and even on the ground the ship seemed lithe and eager. I took off perfectly, rose high above a lake, rolled into a vertical turn, climbed, dived, zoomed to the top of the climbing turn of a wing-over, then dived again. I was full of the exhilaration of primitive joy at my apparent mastery over gravitation and the everlasting power of wind and air as I approached the field and made a mental note of the place for a spot landing. Most pilots pick out a definite spot for landing, no matter how large the field. This not only lessens taxiing on the ground, but also gives them valuable practice for an emergency landing in a small area.

I thought my judgment of altitude, distance, and speed was correct—but I missed the chosen spot by some five hundred feet. This made little difference on so big a field, but it demonstrated that just a few weeks on the ground had seriously affected my flying skill!

It was then that I finally decided that an activity whose demands were so unrelenting was not for me. But my decision was due also to accumulated knowledge of many disadvantages and a final insight into the highly technical matters involved.

I had learned to fly relatively late in life and was forty when I received my license. Flying was an experiment in the acquisition of new skill in a different medium of motion. My various responsibilities have left me little time for the practice of any skillful avocation. In common with most people, I find that the more time advances the less of it is left; not in years of life, but in hours that remain in the day. It is a common saying on the golf course that when a player's game becomes good he must be neglecting his business. The analogy is still stronger in regard to flying, for there are many indications that if one is to remain a good flyer it must become one's business almost completely.

I had begun the study of flying with many illusions. It had seemed to me that after a period of training and the demonstration of sufficient skill to obtain a license my transport problems would become simplified. The greatly increased speed, the absence of traffic and of the necessity for following a highway—all appeared to dispose of many of the disadvantages of travel. I found that most of these advantages were real, but that they were subject to certain limitations. It is true that air travel is fast and direct, but it requires a complicated and varying

technic, even for a trip of moderate length. Navigation over land is fully as difficult as navigation on the ocean, and, while many aids have been introduced which simplify this problem, they are not all available for the average private flyer.

Traveling in an air liner is entirely different from piloting a small private plane. The transport pilot is surrounded by a bank of instruments, most of which are duplicated to guard against failure. There are, for example, dials to provide an artificial horizon, to measure the rate of climb or descent, and to indicate whether a turn is being made with the proper bank; not to mention the directional and two-way radio, which give him a path to follow in case of fog, inform him of the weather conditions ahead, and enable him to talk with the men on the ground. But instruments such as these are either too heavy or too expensive to be available for the average private plane. There are, it is true, private craft which closely duplicate the transport in equipment; but most private flyers must get along with an altimeter and a compass in addition to the usual instruments for registering engine performance and speed through the air. The transport pilot, furthermore, has flown so many hours that his flying skill is subconscious; and he is also a finished mechanic, engineer, and meteorologist. The private flyer, on the other hand, takes off with the realization that even his flying ability is not all that it might be.

Once he is in the air and has left the home airport behind he is entirely dependent upon his own skill in navigation. If he gets lost he cannot ask his way without making a landing. In general, the more lost he is the less likelihood is there that there will be a suitable place to land. Highway markers and filling stations are in a remote world.

II

If the private flyer has been well instructed, he has had cross-country experience with his instructor. Unfortunately, such an experience tends to foster the illu-

sion that cross-country flying is easy. Not until he has taken off alone and has left the neighborhood over which he received his training do the difficulties of successful cross-country flying impress themselves upon him.

The chief difficulty comes from the fact that even the most familiar landmarks have an entirely changed aspect from a few thousand feet. Hills are leveled, rivers show unsuspected changes in direction, familiar highways lose their identity and merge with ordinary dirt roads. The home airport, which seemed so large from the ground, dwindles to the size of an ordinary sand lot and changes its apparent relationship with local marks. Moreover, once the ship is in the air it is subject to unseen but, nevertheless, potent forces. It drifts at all times with the speed and direction of the wind. A tail-wind may bring the pilot to a landmark more rapidly than he expects and thus upset his calculations. A cross-wind may change the actual direction of flight to northeast when the apparent course is east. Even the difference of the sun's position in the sky during the seasons of the year may alter his conception of direction. And perspectives change progressively with increase in altitude. A town fifteen miles away and well on the horizon at two thousand feet appears to be almost beneath one at ten thousand feet. This simple distortion makes it difficult to identify places from the air.

Most beginners discover very early in their flying experience what it feels like to be lost. The first hours of flying are occupied by intense concentration on technic. The student flyer does not realize that when a lesson is over and the instructor tells him to return to the field there is nearly always some inclination of the head or, perhaps, slight pressure on the controls which indicates the way home. The first time my instructor failed to give any perceptible indications I found myself lost within four miles of the home airport, and was obliged to run it down by locating a road which I could recognize. In the meantime I am sure

the instructor was impressed by the unnecessary banks and turns which my uncertainty produced—my usual custom being to head straight for the airport in the eagerness which all beginners have to get on the ground and think it over.

Practically any trip of over a hundred miles must be flown by means of a map and compass. The aviation map is a marvel of detail. The directions of railroads, the bends of rivers, and the relationships of the smallest towns are all carefully depicted. Except on special maps, highways are omitted because they are so numerous and so lacking in means of identification as to make them merely a source of confusion. A line is drawn on the map between the home airport and the point of destination. This line is then marked by small cross-lines at intervals of ten to twenty miles, according to the scale. The intersections of these lines will serve as checking points to indicate progress and aid in identification. By means of a protractor, the proper compass reading for the flight may be calculated. But the compass is by no means the guiding star that it might be imagined to be. It is subject to many variations and corrections. In different longitudes it may require as much as twenty-three degrees' correction. The inertia of its disc makes it inaccurate during turns, and the inaccuracies are not the same if a turn is being made from north to east as when it is being made from south to west. The mental gymnastics sometimes required to take all of these factors into account are not aided by rough flying, the noise of the motor, or the fear that one is lost.

In common with other people who had never flown, I pictured flight as smooth. I found, however, that the highways of the air are usually rougher than those on the ground. Invisible though they be, air currents are roiling overhead, and the ship upon them pitches and tosses continuously. They are all the more uncomfortable because they are unseen and cannot be anticipated. It is not dangerous to ride these rough currents, but it is disturbing to the beginner and, in the

course of time, fatiguing to the pilot who must make continual adjustments to keep the ship in level flight. The air is usually smooth during the night and on an overcast day. Calm levels may also be found at the higher altitudes. Some time during a flight must be spent, therefore, in arriving at the most favorable level.

With your altitude attained and the adjustment to level flight made, you must maintain your course. The compass reading alone is not enough to guide you. Practically always there is a drift in some direction. You take as your marker a town or mark on the horizon which you know to be on the course. The difference in compass reading from that set in advance and that required to keep on the course toward this mark represents the effect of the drift. Since the wind varies in its force, this correction must be made at frequent intervals. The direction of the wind sometimes changes altogether during the course of a flight. It is necessary to observe the direction of smoke, the heading of windmills, and even the ripples on the surface of water, to be sure that such a change has not occurred. Water is smooth by the bank of a lake or river toward the direction from which the wind comes, and this smoothness—which breaks out into ripples to leeward—is almost as helpful an indicator as the direction of smoke. The track of cloud-shadows over the ground, however, will sometimes show that the wind aloft is from a quarter different from that on the ground.

When you have determined your apparent course over the ground you must estimate your rate of speed. The speed indicator shows only the rate of travel through the air. The actual rate over the ground may be more or less than this. The ten- or twenty-mile marks made on the map are to help you calculate your rate of progress. You time your flight from one of these points to another and calculate the miles per hour. This computation is necessary because if you arrive at a landmark earlier or later than you expect to you may not recognize it.

All this requires sharp and constant

concentration. And there are other demands too upon your attention. Your eyes are ever flickering about the dials which indicate engine performance. There is an optimum rate for the number of engine revolutions per minute. The temperature of the oil must stay below a certain point, and the pressure of its circulation must be maintained. If the revolutions increase, the craft will climb, will vibrate more, and will use up gasoline. The frequency of vibration enters into the very being of the pilot. Also his ears are attuned to the innumerable noises of the craft. If the vibration of any fittings changes he has a startled moment. On the rare occasions when the motor stops the silence is at least as appalling as the immediate need for skillful action in bringing the ship safely to the earth.

If you are not to be lost you must be able to identify the communities over which you pass. Cities are easily recognized by size alone, but the multitude of small towns in the countryside which seem to possess no definite characteristics is confusing. Rarely is the name of a town displayed in such a way that you can see it from the air. It not only takes time but is dangerous to descend low enough to read the names on buildings or stations. On the ground, places ten or fifteen miles apart have an appreciable interval between them; at a high altitude, such a distance appears negligible. Even familiar country seen from the air presents geographical relationships entirely different from those preconceived on the ground; everything is condensed and smoothed out. The remembered highway which swept down the slope of a hill to cross a river may be invisible unless seen directly from above, while the hill itself is a mere bulge. It is rare that a town directly beneath you is of help. A much wider span is necessary, including places fifteen miles to the right and left, or perhaps twenty miles ahead. You recognize these towns by their position on the map in relation to other marks such as the intersection of two railroads

or a railroad with a river. Occasionally you have to decide what town you are over by its compass bearing and distance from another previously identified town.

Suppose you relax your attention during the flight. It is easy to do so, for you seem to be moving very slowly. In reality—even in a modest plane—you are traveling at one hundred miles an hour. If your attention wanders for five minutes you will find yourself more than eight miles from the last place you identified. In this period the entire character of the terrain may have changed. Plowed and planted fields may have given way to hills and woods. The railroad track, which appeared to offer an anchor for direction, may have wandered off into the far horizon. You would like to stop and figure out where you are, but there is no opportunity to stop. The motor roars on; the ship appears to have taken command of the moment. At this point (if you are wise) you will turn about until you recognize some familiar place. Instead, almost invariably, you go roaring ahead. You have too much stiff-necked pride to turn back. You hope that all will be well. Meanwhile still more unfamiliar country is flowing beneath you.

Another demand upon the attention is the necessity for keeping a suitable landing place within reach at all times. A plane with more than one motor obviates this to a certain extent, because failure of two or more motors at the same time is rare. In a ship with a single motor, however, a field must never be beyond gliding distance. This distance depends upon the height at which the flight is made. The average ratio of gliding distance to height is six to one. If the flight is made at 500 to 1,000 feet and motor failure occurs, the pilot will be obliged to take whatever field lies directly beneath him. At 5,000 feet he may have nearly six miles in which to land. No small part of his preoccupation must be with the type of country over which he flies. Cautious pilots circle patches of woodland, go around lakes, and increase their altitude to cross wide rivers. But to do this con-

scientiously is to lose a great deal of the advantage of straight flight.

A flyer usually comes to have almost complete confidence in the motor. It is a surprise to him when it fails. In all his training he has been prepared for just this emergency; his instructor has throttled back the motor without warning, and has forced him to make an approach to a field. This, however, is not like having the motor die; for if the student flyer makes a poor approach or chooses an unsuitable field, he may still fly off under power. When the motor really fails he must make a prompt decision and a perfect approach which will allow him to land.

Many qualities are necessary at this point. His decision must be immediate. Instantly he must recognize the size of the field, the type of ground (whether rough or smooth), and the direction of the wind, while, simultaneously, he plans the glide in such a way that he will not fall short of the field nor, on the other hand, come in too high and miss it altogether. It is characteristic of the novice to be anxious to get to the ground. Not infrequently he dives hurriedly and builds up sufficient speed to make it impossible to land in the field of his choice. If he finds that he has not allowed enough distance he is apt to attempt to stretch the glide, lose flying speed, and crack up. At no time are self-control and deliberation more important than in these emergencies. Occasionally flyers land safely in back yards, on crowded highways, in other even more impossible spots, because they were able to keep cool. A plane may be landed in very unsuitable territory with only slight damage to the occupants if it can be brought close to the ground and be in the landing position—with speed reduced—before it strikes. If you avoid immovable obstructions, large rocks, and gullies, there is good chance of coming out uninjured, though the ship may be badly damaged.

When all problems of direction, engine behavior, course, and location have been solved, and you approach your destina-

tion, other precautions must be taken. For several hours you have been so alone in the air that it is hard for you to realize that any other ships may be in your neighborhood. The closer you come to an airport, however, the more likely it is that other craft are about. It is always difficult to be sure that you are alone in the air. Air liners traveling nearly two hundred miles an hour are nowhere to be seen at one moment, and at the next are directly in the path. After you have searched the air you must look on the ground, for not infrequently the shadow of a plane may be seen while the ship itself is missed in the air. One of the best qualifications for a good pilot is a head which moves freely upon the hinges of the neck.

While in flight, your perception of speed has been dulled, very much as it is dulled in an automobile. After a trip on the highway at fifty or sixty miles an hour, the speed limit of thirty miles an hour in a town seems ridiculously slow. Part of one's perception of speed in the air is gained by the sounds of the ship. The hearing, however, has become disturbed by the noise, and this information is lost. Nearly every pilot on his first cross-country trip believes he is making too slow an approach to the field. And then, when he levels off for his landing, he may sometimes find that he has sufficient speed to carry him clear across the field and perhaps necessitate another approach. Even if he misses this experience, his perception of the stalling speed—that is, the point at which the plane is ready to land—may be sufficiently impaired to make a good landing unlikely. No small part of the glory of a successful cross-country trip has been dissipated by the humiliation of a landing which could by no means be called good, even for a five-hour student!

III

The immense amount of technical ability necessary for a simple cross-country trip is by no means the only handicap inherent in private flying. Once in the air,

it is true that no method of transportation is so speedy and direct. But many delays precede the launching into the air.

Airports are rarely close to the center of town. Frequently it requires as long as an hour to reach them, and fifteen or twenty minutes more may be spent in getting the ship out of the hangar, servicing it, and warming up the motor. It is a paradox that the more improvements are made in sustained flight, the fewer are the good airports that remain within a reasonable distance. While new airports are being established in smaller places as a matter of civic pride, others are being abandoned after a few years spent in the attempt to keep them up. It is difficult to be sure that the grass will be mowed, that there will be no roads or ditches across the field, or that gasoline may be obtained at any airport listed in the directory. It is nearly always necessary to obtain a first-hand report from someone who has recently landed at the point in question.

This matter of delay and uncertainty reduces the advantage of flying—as against driving—to any point less than one hundred and fifty miles away. Frequently two people starting from the same point—one by car and the other by air—will arrive at their destination at the same time (and this in daylight, when weather conditions are entirely favorable). Even for greater distances the advantage is often still with the motorist, for he is sure of a supply of gas along the road and may push on in spite of bad weather or darkness.

Another disadvantage to the flyer is in the matter of service and repairs. The contrast between an efficient automobile service and repair department and a comparable hangar is extreme. There is no criticism to be made of the airplane mechanic or his department on professional grounds, for nowhere is there more thorough training than that received by the airplane mechanic. Before he may work on any licensed ship he must pass a rigid examination given by the Department of Commerce. The real difficulty lies in the lack of standardization.

Quantity production has scarcely begun on airplane motors and parts. It is impossible for any but the largest station to carry a complete supply of parts for all planes. The result is that there are often delays while parts are being obtained from the factory. Sometimes the entire motor must be sent back to the factory for repairs. Furthermore, the smallest bolt or nut which might be entirely acceptable for an automobile will not do at all for a plane. Important stresses may center on a single bolt which may carry a strain entirely out of proportion to its apparent importance. Tested material is, therefore, required—and that means high-priced material.

A single example of the complexity sometimes involved in servicing an airplane may suffice. Once when I had set aside an afternoon for flying I discovered that a spark plug was not firing. In an automobile to find this plug and replace it would not require more than fifteen minutes. I forgot that a mechanic could not step up with a screw driver and detect this plug in my motor because of the flying propeller. He could not find the faulty spark plug without removing the motor cowl and several important parts fitted compactly into the small space, and then taking out every spark plug and testing it. This operation required two and a half hours—and my afternoon was gone.

Since safety depends upon the continuous performance of the motor it must be tested and adjusted after each twenty to thirty hours of flight. At the end of 100 hours a more thorough check is necessary. And at the end of 300 hours the engine must be torn down completely and every moving part examined and replaced if there is more than a minimum evidence of wear.

In the course of 300 hours of flying this servicing and repair may amount to as much as a dollar an hour. On the basis of mileage, the comparison with the cost of servicing an automobile is not necessarily unfavorable; but on the basis of actual hours in use the disparity is dis-

couraging. Figures based on depreciation, hangar rent, upkeep, and repairs usually assume that the ship will be in almost constant use. On this assumption the mileage cost of flying may be brought to a point not much above that of a good automobile. For the average private flyer, however, who can spend only a few hours a week in the air, the cost may mount to as much as twenty dollars an hour.

A further comparison between the airplane and the automobile is unfavorable to the plane. In the earliest days of motoring the owner of an automobile was not only driver but his own mechanic as well. As the complexity of the machine increased (before the establishment of efficient repair stations) many owners found it necessary to hire a driver-mechanic. Finally, in spite of increasing mechanical complexity, the machine became so reliable that a private mechanic became an unnecessary luxury.

The airplane has reached approximately the second stage of development. Flying and keeping up a plane at the present time actually require all of one's attention. The increase in efficiency so far has meant added weight and size. It has also meant more mechanical elements which must be understood and manipulated. The man is rare indeed who can devote sufficient time, not only to learn to handle the ship proficiently, but also to learn to fly blind (by instruments) and learn night flying, navigation, and the use of the radio. Yet a flyer ought to understand all of these things, and also possess sufficient ability to carry on in spite of failure of any (or all) of these aids.

It is worth while to note that fear of the air, which is the primary deterrent to most people who consider learning to fly, becomes a very minor factor with experience. The instinctive dread which man feels when he ventures out of his accustomed medium disappears with familiarity. It has not been many years since

the present rate of automobile travel would have created acute apprehension in a driver and his passengers; nor does the fact that thousands are killed in automobile transportation exert the slightest effect upon this mode of travel. Spectacular and fatal as most airplane crashes are, the flyer who has had a number of hours in the air remains little affected by them. Actual structural failure of the ship is rare. Mishaps due to bad weather may be avoided. The pilot, therefore, realizes that most accidents are due to mistakes in judgment or actual carelessness. This very fact increases his confidence in himself, for the true pilot will never believe he can be guilty of the mistakes of others. Yet he must be perfect in his technic; for he is pitted against an opponent who never makes a mistake—gravitation!

The summation of all the requirements mentioned above, plus the realization that I was losing precision in my flying, finally persuaded me to stop. For every pilot the day will come when some emergency will demand accuracy of the highest sort. With insufficient time in the air, I could no longer expect this accuracy. The decision has not been easy. One who has learned to thrill with the surge of power when the throttle is opened, or to appreciate the nicety of judgment which tells one that the plane is about to cease to be a creature of the air and return to a clumsy device of the land, does not easily forget. The freedom of motion in three dimensions and the inflation of the ego as one sails high over man's formicary edifices continue to lure.

Perhaps a few years will remove the difficulties which stand in the way of the person who would fly but whose time is limited. Until then I shall ride with transport pilots! I was a dabbler in a very technical profession and was fortunate enough to skim away the cream of its new experiences. Having done so, I shall now leave the mastery of its technic to those who are its complete devotees.



TROPIC FEVER

PART II. I BECOME A PLANTER

BY LADISLAO SZÉKELY

Last month the author told how he arrived in pre-war Sumatra as a Hungarian youth of twenty; how the tropic swamps and the terrific heat depressed him; and how, at a wild party at the hotel in the Sumatra capital, he met Willem Bonk, one of the great planters, who very casually engaged him for a job and told him to report for duty on the twentieth of the month. On that day he accordingly set out for Bonk's plantation.—*The Editors.*

THE *kareta sewah* is a wooden box set on wheels, one meter long, fifty centimeters wide, and seventy centimeters in height. In front there is an opening into which you must crawl, on either side there is a hole through which you can see, and at the bottom a cavity in which you can let your legs dangle. In front are two shafts between which a Batak pony is harnessed, and one of the shafts is occupied by a very dirty Malay, who sits sideways and either sleeps or urges on his steaming little horse with alarming war cries. But generally he is asleep. It is an absolute marvel that on these marshy, rough roads he does not fall from the narrow shaft.

The little horse is not much cleaner than his master. Its mane is shaggy, its harness mended with wire and nails; but it will trot along for hours at a stretch, over hill and dale, through sand and marsh. It trots, sweats, and snorts. And the Malay slumbers on the rocking shaft; now and then he wakes up, tugs at the worn reins, roars and croaks. Then the little horse strains at the bit, takes a few galloping steps, but soon falls again into the even trot, and the Malay continues to slumber.

For two and a half hours now the *kareta sewah* had been jolting me on

rough paths, now to the right, now to the left, and if my hard topi had not protected me, I should have knocked my head black and blue. My arms planted against the sides of the buggy, I sought to protect myself from treacherous jolts and unexpected knocks, with the result that my arms grew stiff and my head in this narrow hole ached with the exertion and the ghastly heat. My legs, which I held drawn up for hours on end, I could no longer feel, and a lump under my eye showed that the topi had slipped to one side and that the buggy was made of hard wood.

At first the road led through well-cultivated tobacco plantations and over smooth, carefully tended stone paths, bordered by coco palms or umbrella-like, red-flowering senna trees, and past huge tobacco sheds of palm leaves and bungalows built on piles. At the foot of the palm trees slumbered peaceful Malay campongs. Then came the forest, a somber, tangled, black-green maze. Then again a well-kept tobacco plantation. Flower gardens, tennis courts, huge coolie barracks . . . and everywhere order and cleanliness. And so it continued: forest, campong, plantation.

The *kareta sewah* jolted, the coachman awoke now and then to curse and beat

the sweating pony that was working for him. Then he nodded to sleep again. The heat was concentrated in the buggy, my white suit, wringing wet, clung to my skin, my head felt heavy, and sleep tempted me.

The landscape was beautiful, but the path got worse at every step. The plantations grew less frequent, and the campongs wilder. The path climbed, the marshy plain was far behind us.

In a clearing Batak women were busily digging up the soil. They stood in long rows, naked to the hips; each of them had a heavy, pointed spear of *nibong* wood in her hand. They were singing an extraordinarily monotonous song, to the beat of which they repeatedly raised their spears and thrust them into the ground till the hole was large enough. Then, all together, they pressed down the spears, the earth sprang up and turned over, and the women moved on to repeat the whole process.

Things had been done that way thousands and thousands of years ago. Nothing had changed here. It is true that the whites had made roads through the virgin forest, that they had come here with their marvelous inventions which the Bataks had at first watched with wide-open mouths, but to which they soon became accustomed. Clothes, carriages, the telephone. The whites could do anything: speak through wire and drive with fire-carriages. They could even take their teeth out. Why and how was not the Bataks' concern: it was enough that the whites did it. They themselves, however, changed nothing in their age-old customs, however much the whites might try persuasion. The colonial administration could not move the Bataks even to employ the wooden plows of the stone age for the cultivation of the soil. It is true that the people saw more practical tools than their own on the European plantations, but they would not depart from the pointed nibong spears. Their fathers and grandfathers had taught them to work that way; let the Europeans do what they pleased, that

was their affair; they themselves would continue as they had always done.

Meanwhile the Batak men sat under palm trees playing chess. In Sumatra, man is the flower of creation, woman a miserable servant girl. To work is the business of a serf, but the Batak man is no serf, so he does not work. With his finger he draws a chessboard in the sand and plays chess. The board is not checked black-and-white, his men too look very strange: stones, bits of potato, cigarette stumps—but the game goes merrily on, and there is no interruption. Both sides, even the large crowds of kibitzers, know which of the absolutely identical pieces represent the castles, the bishops, the knights, the king, and the queen, and which men belong to one side and which to the other.

From morning till night the men play chess while they laugh aloud with toothless mouths. For despite trains, telephones, and other modern inventions, teeth must be filed to the roots.

When a Batak child has grown up and is received into the society of adults his teeth have to be filed. Tradition demands it. The patient lies on his back, a master in this craft kneels on his chest and with a large, clumsy tool files his teeth right off to the roots. At first the wretched Batak child whimpers terribly, then he gets accustomed to the pain and allows himself to be tortured for hours.

My buggy was rocking and bumping without ceasing. But at last the forest stopped, and we came upon a huge plain, covered with meter-high *lalang* grass. Large tobacco sheds of palm leaves were ranged in martial rows. In the distance stood tall coconut palms, and under broad, red-flowering tulip trees isolated bungalow roofs were visible.

The coachman pointed to the houses in the distance: "Kwala Batu." At last we had reached my new home.

We stopped in front of the head office.

It was a fine, large building, built on piles, whose lower ends glistened with fresh tar, making it difficult for snakes, scorpions, and centipedes to get in.

Mighty palm trees and senna trees shaded the yard, variegated flowers blossomed in the well-tended beds.

Lured out by the noise of the *kareta sewah*, a European with a long mustache, dressed in a white suit, stepped into the hall.

The rattling vehicle halted, and I crawled out. I stretched my legs, doubled up till my neck was nearly broken, and . . . it worked. I could not imagine what the European would have said if I had crawled out on all fours!

I walked up the steps and introduced myself, saying that Mr. Bonk had sent me and that I had been told to report on the twentieth, which was to-day.

The man with the long mustache was called Terhall and he was the bookkeeper at the head office. He asked me to go in to the chief, to Mynheer Klaassen, but not to talk much, for he was in a very bad mood. He knew that I was coming, and could not endure the *sinkehs*, the novices, because they were all stupid, lazy, and impertinent. If he should shout at me I was not to get embarrassed.

"All right," I said. "Where is his room?"

Terhall led me to the back part of the building, showed me where Mynheer Klaassen's room was, and departed.

Klaassen received me kindly; instead of shouting at me, he asked me whether I had ever seen tobacco. But when I told him that we also planted tobacco at home in Hungary, he became furious and yelled: "That's no tobacco you plant! That's a weed! It's dung!" And that if I made bold to imagine I had ever in my life seen real tobacco, he would throw me out till I reeled. . . .

Yet I persisted, deeply hurt: "But it is tobacco that is grown in my country!" . . . He did not throw me out, however. He looked at me and hoped that I should soon stop talking big. He would soon teach me *mores*. All novices were the same: lazy, stupid, and impertinent. . . .

"As to the rest, you'll be living with your friend, Red Dwars, for a start, and you will follow his instructions. Later,

when you have learned something, you'll be billeted elsewhere. Now you may go. . . ."

Terhall explained to the driver where he was to take me; then we lumbered along toward Red Dwars' house.

Dwars was just returning from work. His white suit showed sweat marks, his trousers were caked to the knees, his face was running with perspiration. With a cry of delight he greeted me and warmly shook my dirty, sweaty hand.

Why, I did not know, but this man somehow appealed to me in that big strange world. Perhaps because he was the first with whom I got acquainted. Perhaps because he had the particular characteristic of inspiring one with confidence. And yet his appearance was not exactly prepossessing. He had fiery-red hair, snow-white eyebrows and lashes, but large, cornflower-blue eyes with a child-like, open look.

"We must celebrate this," he cried. "Hey, Kario, beer! But hurry!"

The beer was lukewarm and horribly bitter. Somehow it would not go down my throat easily.

"Listen, I can't drink that stuff; it's terribly warm and bitter," I confessed to my host.

"Drat you, how spoilt you are!" Dwars blustered. "Do you really imagine you can always get ice-cooled beer like that in the city? That's a delicacy you don't get every day, my friend. Wherever should we get the ice from out here? But if you don't like it, leave it. You'll grow used to that too."

II

Like all houses here, Dwars' stood on piles, its walls made of split bamboo, and its roof covered with leaves of nibong palm. The house looked like a bird-cage standing on high feet. In front, a staircase of planks led up to the entrance; at the back a long, low row of buildings had been added: servants' quarters, the kitchen, and the stables. A walk covered with palm leaves connected the living

quarters with the annexes. The house was divided into four compartments. Six-foot-high bamboo walls separated the individual rooms from one another. There were no ceilings, and the smutty, wooden timber-work at the top, covered with cobwebs, yawned unpleasantly above the room.

In the yard felled giant tree trunks lay scattered about. Two months ago this had still been virgin forest. Behind the house still lurked the black-green jungle, and alarmingly high tree trunks rose up in close formation. Enormous quantities of air roots and lianas entwined the tree giants as they strained upward for light and air. But in front of the house the forest had been cleared. Here tobacco was to be planted that very year, Deli tobacco, which a year later rich Americans would smoke in their fashionable clubs.

I was to live here for the present, that is to say, I was to sleep here, for one could hardly speak of living. In the early morning, when it was still dark, the tom-tom called the coolies and the little masters, the overseers, to work. When it was still dark, Dwars divided up the coolies, who started off to their work under the guidance of native overseers, so-called *mandurs*. The European overseer controlled the work that was done, bawled at the men and beat them, ran from one group to the other, climbed from one felled trunk to the next, measured the terrain, boxed the coolies' ears, bawled at the mandurs, and at night dragged himself, dead tired, to his house.

For the time being I accompanied Dwars in order to learn the work, the language, and the manner in which the coolies were handled. My colleagues insisted that Dwars was not the best instructor, that he was too considerate, too human. And yet in my inexperienced *sinkeh* opinion there was boxing of ears in plenty.

As we set out for our work in the dark we took with us only a big crooked stick, no other weapon. It would have been a disgrace, a thoroughly despicable act of

cowardice, to put a revolver in one's pocket. A planter in Deli is not afraid and will not even appear so. Yet a European has five to six hundred coolies under him, five to six hundred contract workers, whose contract binds them for life. They may not run away from their work, for that is forbidden by their contract which the ignorant, misled coolies signed somewhere in Java or China. They are doing forced labor or, if you like, they are slaves. The coolie slogs from morning till night, toiling and stooping; he has to stand up to the neck in stinking marshland, while greedy leeches suck his thin blood and malaria mosquitoes poison his sickly body. But he cannot run away: for the contract binds him. The *tjentengs*, the watchmen and constables of the firm, who have the strength of giants and are bestially cruel, track down the fugitive. When they catch him they give him a terrible hiding and lock him up, for the contract binds him.

But neither is the life of the European much pleasanter. He too has his blood sucked by leeches, and the mosquitoes infect him also. Only he does not have his ears boxed. And he can run away if he wants. He toils just as hard as the coolies, his tired muscles stretch just like theirs, and his organism is exhausted in like manner. Perhaps even more so, because he is not fitted for this region. The coolie—the Javan-Malay as well as the Southern Chinese—is strong, tough, indestructible. The European—even the strongest—has to produce a hundred times more energy from his soft body that is not fitted for life in the tropics than the coolie from his organism which has become hardened over thousands of years.

Dwars stood the work well. Sometimes I felt as if I could not take another step, as if I must die, must lie down in the cleared forest and not bother about anything more. To die, so as not to have to move on, pay attention, or have to scream . . . or live any more—only to lie down and think of nothing more. Not

of the forest, nor of the coolies, nor of Mr. Klaassen. To lie down and die. I could no longer think properly now. My thoughts no longer wandered homeward. My head pained and buzzed so that I felt I could not go on. Was it a week since I came here? Or a month? Perhaps even a year. No matter. And how long was I to remain here? One year? A hundred years? No matter. To get a firm grip, to crawl through the boundless jungle of felled trees, to pound through the slimy, stinking swamp. . . . Did something bite me? . . . What matter. The sun was scorching? Keep right on.

And in the evening, when you have dragged yourself home and are standing on the veranda, in a jiffy there is a large puddle of sweat all around you. Then you sink into the deck-chair, pull off your shirt, lying down, and throw it into a corner. And you lie there like a corpse. You feel giddy, you haven't even strength to eat or drink or get up. You haven't even enough energy to light a cigarette. You just lie there, with not a thought in your head, not a wish or a will. . . .

"Sinkeh sickness; you've got to get acclimatized," Dwars was saying to me, "drink some beer."

I could not stand the beer, it made my head ache. But I drank water, which was boiled twice, had been twice passed through a sandstone sieve, and smelled of smoke. For unboiled water means certain death. When boiled, however, you can drink as much of it as your body will take. And mine absorbed an astoundingly large quantity. I drank three full liter bottles one after the other. Then the sweat fairly oozed out of my opened pores, flowing down my body in streams, and running over my face so that I could not keep my eyes open. . . .

Budapest—who could think of Budapest now? How long since it had vanished! . . . To lie in the long-chair and drink smoky water—yes, that! But nothing else. Nothing at all. Even if the house should be on fire, I would not get up. . . .

"*Waar is de honger?*"—where is the Hungarian?—came Mynheer Klaassen's penetrating voice from the front of the house.

Like a flash I jumped up, seized the sweat-dripping shirt, slipped it on and a second later stood before my boss.

It was half-past six. The sun was setting, and this was our free time.

"Come along with me and take a look at the seed beds," Klaassen greeted me loudly from a distance, and started off in front of me with springy steps. I followed him hastily, my feet squelching in my shoes, for the sweat was pouring down my legs. The boss commanded, so I must go. I knew that he did not need me, that this whole expedition was for no special purpose, but a command was a command!

This was the land of discipline. Commands from above had to be carried out blindly, and a blind obedience had to be exacted from one's subordinates.

A *kareta sewah* came rocking toward us along the bumpy path. On the shaft sat a shaggy Malay. About ten steps before he reached us he jumped from the shaft and trotted beside the carriage on foot. When he had gone ten steps past us, he sat down on the shaft again. At first I thought it was a coincidence. But that, too, was the *adat*, the custom of the country. A sign of respect. A native may not sit on the carriage when he passes *tuans*.

Another Malay, as soon as he saw us from a distance, jumped off his bicycle. Ten steps behind us he got on again and continued his ride.

Coolies coming toward us took off their large basket-hats long before they had reached us, and with heads bared, described a large circle around us and then covered their heads again. Passing the house of a white man—even if it is empty—they will also raise their hats, and dismount from their bicycles or carriages in the same manner as they do before the *tuan* himself.

Until late in the evening Klaassen made me run round with him. Then

he sent me home. And suddenly, like the air from a burst blister, my strength left my body. Exhausted, I dragged myself into our hut. More bottles of water and more sweating. Like a lifeless man, I lay stretched in the long-chair.

I felt I could not stand this life! No one could stand it! I must get away. But Dwars reassured me.

"I'm pretty sure now that you'll manage it, that you'll get used to things," he said grinning. "Everyone has found the beginning hard. Even later on it will still be difficult, but one gets accustomed to it. You see, you just forget that things might be different. The feeling that is in you will become a normal one. Then there will be only good and not good; bad will no longer exist. The day of Hari Besar, when we get properly soused, is good; and later, when the tobacco is broken and we have to do our ordinary work by day, and at night have to make the rounds of all the sheds to see if the fire to prevent rotting is burning, that is not good. But now, for instance, things are good. Go and have a bath, get refreshed a little in the stinking, tepid water and drink a glass of beer. . . ."

That night I slept like a dead man, and the next morning I wakened tired and with an aching head.

All day we toiled on in the forest. The sun stood low on the horizon when we reached home. Dwars undressed hastily and disappeared in the little caboose behind the house, the bathroom. He sang in a loud tone, the water splashed, and at intervals I could hear Sarinah, Dwars' young Malay house-keeper, his so-called *nyay*, screeching with wild laughter.

Sarinah was first a contract coolie wife, but soon became a *nyay*. After serving as *nyay* with several tuans, she again worked as a coolie wife, until Dwars took her to his home. Since then she had cooked and washed for him and slept with him. But as soon as a guest entered the house she modestly vanished to the annexes. For that was prescribed by the adat. The white tuan may keep a *nyay*,

but officially nothing is known about it. That would be against their better feeling and would shock the few white women who were out there. For a man's prestige too it was desirable to keep silence on that score; for a white man may keep black servant girls, but not sleep with them in one bed. That was the tradition.

His evening sport in the bathroom was Dwars' principal diversion. How could he enjoy that? I myself was glad if I did not collapse. A woman? The very thought was irksome.

Outside the wild pigeons were cooing. On the fringe of the forest a troop of monkeys yelled at the sinking sun. It looked like rain. Presently the monkeys were silent and the pigeons flew away.

Dwars, too, had grown quiet in the bathroom. Silence reigned. The true silence of the virgin forest. Twilight came, and all at once the cicadas began to chirp. Millions of mosquitoes came swarming in from the forest. In front of the house Kario was fanning a fire and putting damp grass on the glowing wood. The bitterish smell of the glimmering grass rose slowly in straight columns, spread into the air, parted into layers and floated in billows, like a blue-gray veil. The mosquitoes vanished, but the smoky air made your eyes and throat smart. . . .

In a month I should be working in my own district and live in a house of my own, Klaassen had said. In a month's time I should be a trained planter.

If I were still alive then!

III

I had been a planter of the Deli colony for a month and a half, and was living in a house of my own, with coolies of my own at my disposal, when one morning, after I had sent the coolies out to work and had just finished my breakfast, Klaassen's red-wheeled sulky came into view at the bend of the road. The little Batak pony drew the light vehicle at a terrific pace. The horse-master standing on the step at the back was so shaken

about by the rapid ride over holes and stones that it was a wonder he did not fall off.

I stood up and buttoned the top part of my blouse. Even for me, the adat prescribed a respectful attitude toward the big tuan.

In a cloud of dust the little red carriage pulled up in front of me with a sudden jerk. The coachman jumped in one leap to the horse's head, and my boss climbed ponderously out between the large wheels.

"Why aren't you at your work?" he asked without greeting me.

"I have just had breakfast, mynheer," I answered quietly.

"The boys of to-day do nothing but breakfast or lunch. In my day breakfast was finished in a jiff. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then come along."

From the carriage he took a flask wrapped in newspaper and put it in his pocket. Then he took his notched stick and started off in the direction of some men working in the distance.

The sun shone with a scorching heat although it was not yet eight.

Hurrying, we strode along the narrow path leading through high lalang grass. The reedlike grass rustled in the morning wind, and Klaassen carefully extinguished his cigarette with his foot to prevent the dry grass from igniting.

The forest here was cleared many years ago; then tobacco was planted, and later the terrain was allowed to lie fallow, and this was the seventh year. Next year it would be planted again. This procedure was usual on the tobacco plantations: for a year tobacco was cultivated on the terrain and then for seven years it would lie fallow. During these seven years neither forest nor lalang grass would grow there again. Grass is apt to impoverish the soil; that is why the plantation owners prefer to have it covered with brushwood. They would rather spend a few thousand guilders on clearing it again than be obliged to plant the expensive tobacco in the exhausted soil.

For the tobacco plantation of the coming year we should have to clear new terrain; the clearing of eight years ago was not sufficient. There was plenty of virgin soil left.

Klaassen was in a hurry, and as he ran his heavy corpulent body rocked back and forth among the dense grass. His white suit showed marks of perspiration; from his coat pocket the neck of the tea-flask protruded, in his hand he swung his cane of coffee-wood.

A Javan coolie came toward us, bearing on his shoulder a bamboo pole on the ends of which hung two large tin cans. He was on his way to the stream to fetch water to make tea for the coolies, for he was the *tukang-tea*, the tea-master. It was his job to provide the mandur's coolies with tea. The coolies drink tea at their work, as much as they can consume. That makes them sweat heavily, and sweating eases the tired body and makes it elastic. Besides, hot tea in this terrible heat quenches thirst better than cold water.

Each mandur has his tea-maker coolie; the Chinese, in addition, are entitled to a *tukang-rambut*, a hair-master, a barber. The smoothly shaven heads of the Chinese provide a great deal of work. The wearing of pigtails, which is strictly forbidden in their own country—in China—is very fashionable here, and much care is required to keep these pigtails tidy.

The barber, who is generally naked, though he wears the inevitable basket-hat, opens a large Chinese sunshade, places a beer barrel under it, and there is his barber shop. The sweating coolies take turns sitting under the sunshade, and the barber shaves their heads without soaping them, and cleans their ears and nostrils. When their toilet is finished, they go back to their work with fresh energy.

When we had traversed the lalang grass we reached the new clearing. Hundreds of axe-blows echoed from it. The coolies, working as industriously as ants, looked like dwarfs beside the three-hundred-foot trees. Ghostlike and alarming was the

cracking of the trees, as with yells and cries the coolies announced the felling of the trunks, so that those working in the vicinity could move away in good time. Cracking and rustling, pulling neighboring trunks along with them, the trees fell. Each separate giant trunk shook the earth with a terrible roar. Branches broke with a cracking sound, the lianas were pulled out by repeated jerks, and the coolies yelled loudly. The forest was being destroyed because a few months from now tobacco must grow there.

Climbing from trunk to trunk, Klaassen and I struggled along on our tour of inspection. The heat was unbearable, the air was scorching. My boss, with the flask of tea in his pocket and the stick in his hand, was perspiring and panting. His face was purple, as if he were about to have a stroke; but he had resolved to burn over one of the old clearings, and at this moment he was anxious to see whether the wood was dry enough, whether it was ready to be set alight. Stumbling, perspiring, dizzy, I continued to follow him.

He rubbed the leaves between his hands and broke off some branches.

"Dry," he said. "Kindle the fire! Get a mandur with his coolies to come here and set this section alight."

There were cries and whistle-signals and the forest echoed the strident sounds. From the distance the head mandur replied:

"Saja, Tuan!"

A few minutes later the head native emerged from somewhere. Hat in hand, he waited orders.

"Mandur Djono is to encircle this section with forty men and set it alight toward the wind. See that the people don't lose their way in the smoke."

The head mandur vanished and we sought a sheltered spot from which to watch the work.

Mandur Djono came trotting up from the new clearing at the head of his coolies. The Javans followed him, stumbling and scrambling.

"*Aja! Martoredjo!*" Djono cried lustily. "Quick, get the torch going, you dogs! Hurry up, or I'll trample you down! What are you standing there for, Djuki? Don't gape like that, you lazy boar, you!" He yelled, and his thick cane swished down upon the coolies' lean, sinewy brown backs.

Only three weeks ago Djono had himself been a coolie, but his strong body, his fierce eye, and his scolding voice had caught the attention of the big tuan, and he had made him a mandur. Since then Djono had been allowed to wear a topi and carry a thick, crooked stick about with him, and he had become the most cruel of mandurs. His coolie companions, with whom he had lived in a hut for years, sharing their meat and drink, now trembled before him in fear. The big tuan had given him power, and he was using that power. It was certainly better to be beaten than to be beaten. For to be beaten was extremely unpleasant: Djono knew that from experience.

When he first arrived here from Java as a new-baked coolie he was not acquainted with the way the men were bawled at and things were done; he forgot to take off his hat when passing the big tuan. Then he was terribly beaten, first by the Tuan Besar, then by the mandur besar. They struck him with their hands and with the stick, and they kicked him with their feet, so that he thought he would die. But since then he had never once forgotten to take off his hat; and the other two hundred coolies who had seen how Djono was punished, remembered what might be expected for the smallest lapse against the rules of respect. Not one of them ever needed to be reminded of the adat.

The coolies were now making torches out of lalang grass and resinous tree bark, and they blinked anxiously toward the big tuan. They did not yet tremble properly in my presence and I was secretly a little proud of it. But that was merely the sentimentality of a novice. The art of driving the coolies like cattle must also be acquired. I too should acquire it, so

Dwars assured me, and I, too, should turn into as capable a coolie-tormentor as the rest of them, for instance Gryseels and Bakalof. In fact, if I really exerted myself, I might even get as far as Klaassen, though that was a little doubtful. There were geniuses in every profession, and in the profession of coolie-torture our worthy boss had become a real virtuoso.

The coolies had their torches ready. They stood in a long row and all at once set fire to the dry forest. Suddenly a white smoke rose up. At first the flame spread thinly and hesitantly, then the streak of fire spread more and more until the whole row was burning. The sea of flames surged, howled and roared, black smoke curled skywards. Sparks and flying cinders inundated the entire region. Like burning lava the sea of fire rolled forward, and a few minutes later the sun was veiled by a black cloud of smoke. Here and there through the roaring hurricane we heard the cry of a human voice. Here and there the running figure of a lost coolie emerged in the milk-colored smoke haze and then vanished again.

I felt the biting smoke in my eyes, and my throat was completely parched by the unbearable heat.

My boss pulled the tea-flask out of his pocket and drank the warm fluid in deep draughts. I would have given a year of my life for one swallow. With languishing eyes I followed the flask in a vague hope that the stern chief would perhaps have pity on me after all. But he did not even think of offering me a sip. Leisuredly he replaced the cork in the half-empty flask and put it back in his pocket.

I could not contain myself any longer. Taking my courage in both hands I begged:

"Oh, Mr. Klaassen, couldn't I have one sip of tea?"

"No," he replied curtly and plainly.

All right then, I thought to myself as I flushed with shame, all right. But you just wait, I'll find an opportunity of getting square with you yet. . . .

Meanwhile the fire devoured the tre-

mendous quantity of wood. The resin of the heavy stems burned and crackled, and bamboo canes burst with a loud report. The tornado seized the burning leaves and bore them whizzing into the air, scattering embers and cinders round about.

An hour later the sun, gleaming like an opal, shone through the thinning smoke-cloud. The flames disappeared, only now and again a crackling, rustling sound could still be heard. Then a faint breeze lifted the smoke, and the sun shone radiantly.

The entire region was one black, sooty cemetery.

IV

Klaassen climbed down from his elevation, black sweat running from his face.

"Well, thank God, that burned well," he said. "And now we'll go and take a look at the *rintis*. I am curious to see what sort of a terrain you have selected for the year after next."

I squinted at the sun. It stood well toward the center of the sky already, so it must be nearly noon. It would take an hour and a half to get to the *rintis*. There and back three hours. Then, if he wanted to take a look round, we could not be home before evening. And I was terribly hungry already. And thirsty too, madly thirsty. How was I to hold out till the evening? . . . But if he could stand it I must stand it too!

Our path led through the old tobacco fields. Klaassen walked on at a good pace like a locomotive that has got into swing.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we were still stumbling along. I had not had a bite or a sip of water since morning. My throat was parched, and red and green rings danced before my eyes. But I ground my teeth, mustered all my strength, and staggered after Klaassen. His tea-flask was long empty, and he too had had no lunch.

The whole expedition appeared meaningless to me. But the *sinkeh* must be disciplined, must taste everything thor-

oughly. That was customary. He must get famished and be shown how a real plantation man works. On an empty stomach, with no refreshments if necessary, or if such are the orders.

We climbed uphill and down. A couple of leeches had sucked their fill with the fine, warm blood in the legs of the white man. My white suit was wringing wet and hung like a rag from my body. Sometimes I would fall up to my knees into the hole of some rotting tree-root, and thousands of ants would crawl about on my legs. Swearing, I beat them down and continued our unnecessary walk. Millions of mosquitoes buzzed in the humid forest and stung us on face and hands. Klaassen's face was swollen with bites, and his hands were scratched and bleeding with the thorns of the rattan palms. Under his arm, where a leech had sucked, a red bloodstain showed on his white coat. Sometimes he looked at me sideways to see whether I could stand going on. But I continued to stumble after him; for if he at forty could go on, then I at twenty certainly could. Rather fall dead than give up the march of my own free will.

The sun stood obliquely in the sky as we came out of the forest and took the road back. Klaassen's sulky was already waiting for us. Apparently he had planned the entire program beforehand, and knew at what time we should arrive at this spot.

If only I could have had a sip of water!

It would take me another hour and a half to get home.

My chief climbed into his sulky:

"Come, get in too. Come with me to the head office, for I want to go over a certain matter with you. There's something wrong with your rice account of last month."

Good God, to the head office now? And then back on foot. When should I ever get home?

When we arrived at the head office, the clock pointed to half-past five.

"Krani, where's the Lima Kaju rice account?" the boss yelled at the Malay clerk.

We went through the account. I saw at once that everything was correct, no mistake anywhere; the fellow had just wanted to drag me here to have me go home another two hours on foot, for that was the distance to my house in Lima Kaju. Well, boss, I thought to myself, I'll sweat and crawl through the forest, with mosquitoes biting me and leeches sucking my blood. But I'll surely pay you back some day!

I examined, compared, counted, added endless columns of figures dancing before my eyes; I began each page six times, and again and again I lost count.

At last, as night was drawing in, I informed Mr. Klaassen that the rice account was in order.

"Then you can go home."

And I started off for Lima Kaju, a two-hour walk through the forest, through lalang grass, over hills and through valleys. It would soon be dark, for out here the twilight was short-lived.

Once I lost my way. Surely I had not passed by this tualang tree before? I went back a little part of the way, and found I had taken the wrong path. Gradually I felt my feet would not carry me any more. What if I were to lie down here? The snakes and tigers would devour me. At home people were asleep now, in beds with pillows. Or they were sitting on St. Margaret's Island listening to the band.

You just wait, Klaassen. . . .

After an eternity the forest ended, then came a large lalang field. Deadening, sultry air rose from the grass. I must not fall there, for if the grass started to burn, I should not get out alive.

The path curved. The grass rustled and surged.

Suddenly two blue gleaming dots stared at me out of the darkness. I stopped dead. That must be a tiger. My heart ceased beating. I carried nothing with which to defend myself, only the oil bottle for my torch. If I ran away, he would run after me. . . . If I went on . . . but how could I go on? All at once I knew what to do. "Shoo, shoo! Hee

hee hee!" I yelled as loud as I could. There was a low snort, the lalang grass rustled, and the two greenish-blue dots vanished.

How crazy I was—I sighed, with my heart thumping—to be so afraid of a wild boar!

At a bend of the road, above the high grass, I saw a light shining in the distance. That was my house—if only I could carry my feet as far as the light.

Just you wait, Klaassen, just you wait. . . .

At the foot of the steps Amat, the water-carrier, sat waiting for me. He was watching the house. Red lamplight shone from the open veranda over the yard overgrown with weeds. Inside was the long-chair and on the table a bottle of beer, some bananas and pineapple. The reflection of the light played on the glass cigarette bowl.

I was home at last, in my hut, the hut I had so often treated with contempt. Deadlly weary, semi-conscious, I stumbled up the stairs.

Yes, my boss had promised to teach me *mores*. And the initiation had certainly not been piecemeal. I had been well tested.

V

Many, many years later, after I had become the manager of a great rubber plantation in Sumatra, I was sitting in my spacious, airy office, when across the highroad an old Ford came wheezing along. It was pitiful to see how its worn-out iron frame rattled and clattered, its engine puffed and groaned. Slowly it came closer, and then, with a howling jerk, stopped at the office stairway.

Someone was shuffling up the stairs.

"Is the Tuan Besar at home?" a half-whispering, European voice inquired of the Malay standing outside the door.

"I'll see," the Malay replied and, coming into my office: "An old tuan wishes to speak with the big master."

A haggard old man with a round back entered. His face was faded, the skin hung flabbily over his meager cheeks, he

had heavy tear-bags under his eyes. His gray mustache, sadly tousled, hung over his lips.

His face was strangely familiar. I had certainly seen this broken man somewhere before, but where?

With shaking knees the old man moved towards me, and his face contorted to a sweetish smile:

"But don't you recognize me any more, Mynheer?" he said.

I jumped up as if bitten by a snake. That voice! . . . A part of my youth. . . . Aghast I stared at the old man with his shaking knees, and all of a sudden the old pictures passed before my eyes, the old memories came thronging back into my mind.

"Mr. Klaassen! . . ."

"Well, I never! So you do still recognize me? Yet I should not have been surprised if you had not known me. Everything is over for me now, dear sir, I am a broken man and have grown old."

"Sit down, Mr. Klaassen, and tell me all about yourself," I said, as soon as I had recovered from my first shock.

"What is there to tell? You can see what has become of me. An old man, good for nothing, and yet I have to work for my daily crust of bread. But if it interests you, I'll tell you a little about it all, perhaps it will be useful to you. In any case, some of it may serve to deter you from similar things. Well then: four years ago I went home, to Europe. I was a rich man. For hadn't I toiled out here for a quarter of a century? And had always worked hard. True?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"Well, I went home a rich man. I wish I'd not done that. Anyone who's been away from home a long time had better not go back. European life has become alien to us out here; we can no longer keep step with the young fellows over there. We think differently, have other conceptions. But enough of that. The first thing I did was to fall in love with a pretty young girl. I hadn't seen a white woman in twenty-five years, sir! Was it any wonder then that I lost my

senses? No, it wasn't, was it? Well, I was completely demented. I was only fifty after all, and very sturdy. To make a long story short: For three years we lived like Indian nabobs. After that I had no money left, and of course she deserted me. D'you know from whom I got the fare to come back?"

"No."

"Then guess."

"No idea."

"From Dwars!" he cried triumphantly. "You wouldn't have thought that, would you? For between Dwars and myself relations were never exactly happy."

"But where did you meet Dwars, Mynheer Klaassen? I should awfully like to know where fate led him. He was a good friend to me, but here one easily loses sight of people."

"I met him more than a year ago in Rotterdam. He was traveling to Angola, to the Portuguese Congo. He gave me the last of his money so that I could travel back to Sumatra third class. Here I'll always pull through somehow. My old friends will help me. I'm traveling for the firm of Kluisbeer and Company, paper manufacturers, you know, and I thought that perhaps I could sell you something too. For we are old friends after all, aren't we? As I can see, God Almighty has helped you along pretty well. Yes, yes, quite a few great men have emerged from my training; can't have been such a bad school, mine."

And of a sudden I saw Klaassen's robust figure before me, as he strode erect through the lalang grass. From his pocket stuck the neck of the tea-flask. I saw his broad back in the sweat-soaked white shirt, his thick-set, hard bull's neck.

I saw the burning cleared forest, heard the crackling of the fire and felt my throat parched with thirst. I saw Klaassen as he stood by the tree trunk, pulled out the tea-flask and drank in long draughts. . . . Oh, Mr. Klaassen, couldn't I have a sip of tea now? . . . No! . . . I could hear his stern, rough voice saying. Then I saw him quickening his pace on the forest path, while I felt a dizziness in my head and a faintness in my empty stomach. Presently I was calculating in the office, the columns of figures dancing before my eyes, my skull almost bursting with headache. Then the road. The terrible road back. For no rhyme or reason. Only to teach me *mores*. . . .

You wait, Klaassen, you wait . . . rang in my ears. . . . I'll repay you for this. . . .

My eye fell on the broken old man in front of me in the chair.

"Leave your address, Mr. Klaassen. I promise you that we will order all our supplies from you."

Filled with gratitude, the old man shook hands with me. His was clammy and cold. Ugh!—I thought to myself—what a horrible fellow you are, but I can't do you any injury after all.

And the old Ford rattled away.

So I had yearned for it all those long, long years? Yearned to pay back all the wrong this bad man had done me and others. And now he was here. An old, broken, miserable man. Was it enough for me to see him humbled and crushed before me? No. Was it a pleasure for me to do him a good turn? No. It meant nothing to me. It was all the same to me as was everything else. I was tired, very tired.



The Lion's Mouth



A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE

BY DANIELE VARÈ

MR. TANG is my Chinese teacher. A friend here in Peking recommended him to me as being "entirely without odor," a quality which has manifest advantages in a person with whom one has to work daily, seated at the same table in a closed room. Lord Redesdale was less fortunate than I. In his Memoirs he describes his Chinese teacher as follows: "He was so transparently thin that I was almost able to see the garlic, which otherwise so richly asserted itself."

Mr. Tang deserves the gratitude of many pupils who, like myself, take liberties with the Chinese language. He has not a very patient nature, and I fear that I cause him acute mental anguish by my lack of subtlety in rendering the fine distinctions between the "tones," which diversify both the pronunciation and the meaning of monosyllables in his native tongue. Also my indifference to appearances must be very trying to one whose sensitiveness and poverty make life a continual struggle against "losing face."

Although he does not look more than nineteen years old, Mr. Tang, I believe, is really thirty-five. He is dressed in a black sleeveless jacket over a long silken robe; but as a concession to foreign fashions he wears a Borsalino hat and carries a silver-handled umbrella (a present from a former pupil) even during the winter months, when it is never known to rain.

Every morning Mr. Tang and I probe the mysteries of the Chinese language, both spoken and written. During the first half hour of our lesson, we go over the characters. Each character is printed on a separate piece of paper. Mr. Tang holds a number of these in his hand and places them one by one on the table in

front of me. Sometimes he sets down two or three in a row (that is to say in a vertical line, one underneath the other), so as to form a sentence.

I am often asked by foreigners, "What is a Chinese character exactly?" But so far I have not hit upon an answer that satisfies them or me. To say that it is an ideogram is not quite correct, even though the characters are pictorial. Professor Giles says that the student "should accustom himself to look upon each character as a root idea, not as a definite part of speech." This phrase may be clear to the expert. To the novice it means nothing at all.

When Mr. Tang gives me a character to read there are two things I have to think of: the meaning and the phonetic equivalent. Nothing in the drawing itself offers me a clue as to how to pronounce it, any more than do the figures which in Western languages represent the numbers 1, 2, 3.

Mr. Tang places before me a character which represents a door, with a suffix which represents a mouth. A mouth at the door means *to beg*, or *to ask*. This much I know. But what phonetic sound corresponds to this ideogram? How do I say *to ask* in Chinese? I have forgotten and Mr. Tang comes to my help. He murmurs: "Wèn."

In another, very similar, character there is an ear at the door. Again the phonetic equivalent is Wén, but pronounced in a different tone.

Even when one knows the meaning and the phonetic equivalent of each character the difficulties are not all overcome. One still has to discover what each character signifies in the sentence. Here, for example, Mr. Tang has placed four characters in line. I read them aloud: "Shuè—Yu—Ta—Yuen." These monosyllables

mean: "Water—center—large—round." This might signify: "In the middle of a round water (a hip bath?) is a large person." But it doesn't. It is a poetical allusion to the moon setting in the sea.

After wrestling with the characters Mr. Tang and I indulge in conversation. Whenever I write a story with a Chinese setting, I read it aloud to him, partly to hear his opinion and partly to provide a subject for our talk. As I read, Mr. Tang criticizes. His comments are often more interesting than my story. His innate courtesy makes him reluctant to find fault, and as a rule he points out only the mistakes I make in the interpretation of the Rites, those ceremonial observances so dear to the heart of every Chinaman of the old school, which I, alas, imperfectly understand and often fail to appreciate.

In matters concerning the Rites Mr. Tang is inflexible. A story of mine, entitled "Old China," met with his outspoken disapproval.

The hero of my story was a Chinese Minister, rich in honors and wives and concubines. His name was Hsiang. The story told how Hsiang decided to commit suicide as a protest against the reforming policy of the Emperor Kuang-hsu. He arranged to take his own life at the date fixed for his next audience with the Emperor. According to an ancient custom, these audiences took place at night, some hours before dawn. As the gates of the Tartar City used to be closed at sunset, anyone who, like Minister Hsiang, lived in the Chinese City and wished to pass to the inner side of the Tartar Wall, had to betake himself, at the stroke of midnight, to the great southern gate, the Ch'ien Mên. Only at midnight the city gate opened to admit those who had business in the Winter Palace.

For the last time, Hsiang prepared a Memorial to the Throne, setting forth his opinions. It was written in his own hand, in tiny characters such as the Rites prescribed for reports to the Son of Heaven. The beautiful minute calligraphy was in itself a proof of the high degree of culture attained by the writer.

On the night of the audience Hsiang enclosed the Memorial in a lacquer box and dressed himself in his robes of state, with a sable coat and an official hat, surmounted by a coral button. A short plume of peacock's feathers was attached to the brim of his hat and fell on his left shoulder. Before leaving the house he spoke with his number-one wife and caressed his sleeping children. Then, escorted by servants bearing lanterns, he made his way through the various courtyards to where his private cart was waiting, drawn by a gray mule. Thus he set out on his last journey.

The so-called "Peking carts" have a hood, made of felt and resembling the cover (or *felze*) of a Venetian gondola. The driver sits on the shaft. There are no seats, and you recline on the floor of the cart and can look through the black-veiled windows. No one from outside can see within. By lowering the front curtain you can be invisible even to the driver.

On the way from his house to the Imperial Palace Hsiang committed suicide. He had brought with him a leaf of gold, like the silver paper they put round chocolates. In the darkness of the Peking cart he inhaled this leaf, thus closing the respiratory passages and producing suffocation. The driver, all unsuspecting, urged on the gray mule and hurried through the empty streets. Death by means of the gold leaf is an aristocratic form of suicide, known in China as "eating gold."

I had let myself go over the description of this silent drive to the Palace. I lingered over the scene at the Ch'ien Mên, where the cart halted, waiting for the guards to turn out and open the massive gates, studded with bronze nails with gilded heads, which caught the torchlight. Then I described the arrival of Hsiang's cart at the Palace, the salute of the Manchu guards as it passed under the arches, the hurried approach of eunuchs to help the Minister descend, the respectful pause to await his pleasure, the dawning surprise and doubt when no sign came from

the interior of the cart, the breathless horror when the truth was known. And then the hurried footfalls in the echoing courtyards, the timid approach of the news bearers to the pavilion of Mind Nurture (where the Son of Heaven gave audience). Consternation among the officials; the announcement made in fear and trembling to the Emperor who sat on high, half veiled by the deep shadows. Lastly a hope that the death of Minister Hsiang might have been a natural one: a hope dispelled by the first words of his Memorial, witness of a brave man's despair.

At this point Mr. Tang, who had been fidgeting in his chair as if he could bear it no longer, burst out with:

"But the Rites? You ignore the Rites!"

"What Rites?" I asked.

Mr. Tang stared at me in mingled astonishment and contempt. Then he added a little more calmly:

"The Rites prescribed for suicide. What you describe in that story would not enter the head of any respectable person."

"Why not?"

"It violates the Rites and is contrary to the most elementary laws of etiquette."

"In what way?"

"In every way. A man of the world, a Secretary of State, does not commit suicide like that in an underhand manner, inside a carriage, without bidding farewell to his family and giving instructions for the future. Besides, it would be utterly inadmissible to commit suicide within the walls of Peking!"

"And why not in Peking?"

"Because it is the Imperial City. Even you know that! When one writes the two characters, Ch'in Ch'ang, one gives them double elevation, beginning a new line. To seek death within the Tartar City would be a crime of *lèse majesté*. Only an empress might do such a thing, as Lung Yu is said to have done, or some imperial concubine, who might not leave the palace. But a minister, never! His protest would lose all weight as a final argument. One should kill one's self in

the open country, as Wu-ko-tu did, when he wished to protest because, in choosing the heir to the throne, the dynastic laws had not been respected. He hung himself on a tree, in the region of the Imperial tombs. *That* was the right thing to do. Why don't you write his story?"

"Others have done it before me. Do you know of any other and less important case of suicide in Chinese history?"

Mr. Tang sipped a cup of tea as he thought the matter over. At last he said:

"There have been many other cases, but at present I can only recall one, and it happened very long ago."

"All the better. My story is called 'Old China.' Who was the suicide?"

"He was a philosopher and a member of the Han Lin Academy, who from time to time went to pay a visit to a Prince. Each time he came they prepared for him a dish of turnips with salt. But one day he paid his visit and, though he waited a long time, no turnips appeared. So he committed suicide."

"He did *what*?"

"He committed suicide. Not at once of course, but a few days later, at the foot of the Western Hills, in conformity with the Rites."

"Simply because he did not get a dish of turnips with salt?"

"Yes. That dish, served to him during every visit, had become a Rite of courtesy. Not to have offered it was equivalent to a humiliation. Rather than accept such an affront, he killed himself."

"But, my dear Mr. Tang, if I were to write a story about an educated man, a scholar and a philosopher, who committed suicide because, when calling on a Prince, he was not offered turnips and salt for his dinner, nobody in my country would believe. They would say it was all nonsense."

"And if you write a story about a Chinese Minister who commits suicide in a cart, within the walls of Peking, while on his way to the Palace, anybody who knows China would say that it is impossible, and that you are ignorant of the Rites and of our rules of etiquette."

"Would that matter?"

"Of course it would! And I should lose face, who do my poor best to teach you our language and our customs."

Far be it from me to make my old friend, Mr. Tang, lose face! So I have torn up the manuscript of "Old China." But I am sorry, for really it was a good story.

THE SPORT OF WRITING

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

IT is time to discuss amateurs and professionals in the arts and to find out why in literature alone amateurs have no standing. I am using the word in the modern sense of course; for amateur no longer means "one who loves." The Oxford Dictionary, which takes pleasure in giving exact dates for the birth of words, gives 1803 for the inception of "amateur" meaning "dabbler." At that point apparently certain members of the audience leaped across the footlights and took part in the performance. Until then they were listeners, spectators, or readers who loved the art they heard, saw, or read. Had baseball been in vogue in 1802 the amateurs would have been on the bleachers. But I am talking about those who practice painting and music and acting for instance as avocations.

There are millions of them. They rush out into the fields in the spring and sketch all day. They work at the piano, violin, flute, clarinet, saxophone, or traps and get up community quartets and orchestras. They act in school plays, community theatricals, club entertainments. These things are fun, they give great pleasure, the artists do not expect or want to be paid. If there is box office for a show it goes to the local hospital or the volunteer fire department; you would offend these people by offering them money to indulge their pastime. They are amateurs and proud of it and properly humble before the art they dabble in.

Occasionally of course an amateur

graduates from this standing and his pastime becomes his career.

But if our boy Willie surprises us one day by giving a competent rendering of "Träumerei" on his fiddle we do not rush to the telephone to engage Carnegie Hall for him the following week. We do not hurriedly escort our old maid sister Jane (who for years has been a problem) to the Knoedler Galleries because in the last few months she has revealed a flair for doing old red barns in water color. Our niece Martha made a smash hit in "A School for Scandal" which her college dramatic club put on in June, but we have no reason to hope that Martha will therefore dazzle Broadway in October.

If Willie goes on showing aptitude and the facility grows into a talent we shall get him a competent teacher or make sacrifices and send him to a conservatory; after years of study he may play in public and even make a living at it. Older maids than Jane have shown a sense of form and color and gone to art school; late in life sometimes they have become professional painters. So also in time Martha may study dramatics and play leads in the New York theater; but the preliminary period of exercise is taken for granted.

Why is it then that every man, woman, or child, every eighth-grade schoolgirl, every spindle-legged adolescent, every middle-aged virgin, every doddering octogenarian who writes a witty letter, a coherent diary, or a sentimental couplet tied onto a Christmas present is instantly advised by all his or her family, friends, and well-wishers to "send something" to the *Atlantic Monthly* or the *Saturday Evening Post*? Why is it that any and all of these dabblers—not even amateurs, most of them, in the sense of Willie and Martha—immediately, after a single effort, rush to the magazine advertisements looking for agents to peddle their wares, half-baked "critics" to "revise" their manuscripts, or six-weeks correspondence courses at the end of which "you too will make big money from short stories"?

I am convinced from long professional experience that creative writing is the most difficult, exacting, laborious, subtle, lonely, and discouraging of all the arts. It requires more study, more reading, more exercise, more constant concentration than any creative trade I know. For every year that Willie studies his violin, Jane her painting, and Martha her dramatics, I should recommend two for Stephen who means to become an author.

But Stephen's mother came to me yesterday with a handful of rejection slips. His story was declined by *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *The American Mercury*, and of course *The Saturday Evening Post*, although So and So had written a nice letter. (Will editors never stop writing nice letters to these beginners?) Would I, please, for the sake of the old family friendship, tell Stephen why?

Well, the friendship is strong, I adore Stephen's mother, always have and always shall. But what shall I tell her? Shall I say that if she believes in the young man's talent she should deny herself new cars and new fur coats for five years while Stephen reads, studies, practices, tears up, rewrites, and all the time writes, writes, writes, and throws everything he does into the waste basket? Shall I tell her that during this time he must never be allowed to touch an envelope or a postage stamp? Shall I tell her that if, by chance, some editor should read Stephen's present story while profoundly intoxicated and accept it and subsequently feel himself bound to send Stephen a check it would probably be disastrous to Stephen's career? Suppose I tell her these things, will it help our friendship? No, what she confidently expects me to do is to edit Stephen's story and "fix it up" so that the *Saturday Evening Post* will buy it, print it, and start poor Stephen immediately on his professional chutes.

The worst of it is that if I do tell her the truth she will refute me. She will point at once to Rose Gillyflapper, living round the corner on Albany Street, who is only two years older than Stephen and

did, actually, sell a story. Rose bought herself two hats, an evening dress, seventeen pairs of silk stockings and a chow puppy on the proceeds; all the neighbors bought copies of the magazine and told Rose how wonderful it was—how do I explain that?

It is a fact too. Editors are continually buying flashes in the pan like Rose's story. There are a great many magazines and a great many editors. Because they all pay money for what they publish, it is natural to gauge the importance of the magazine and hence the worth of the story by the amount of money paid for it. That this is profoundly at variance with the facts is difficult to convince Rose, Mrs. Gillyflapper, or, for that matter, the mass of the reading public. But here, ten to one, is what will happen to Rose.

Rose, framing the letter of acceptance, will believe herself made as an author. She will get to work presently on another story, buying in advance, on tick, a squirrel coat or, possibly, a Ford. Perhaps she will even throw up her job, deciding to "devote myself to writing." Well she might too she thinks; for hasn't she made more, after all, on her first story than Dickens or Thackeray or Sinclair Lewis made on his?

But her next story will come back. So will the next and the next. Perhaps another will sell and Rose can add up, we'll say, two or three hundred dollars on the year's work. After the second story, however, she will decide that she is *really* "made" now. I should like to ask Rose at what point she believes an author to be made. I thought I was made when, after years of professional writing, I sold a serial story for seven thousand five hundred dollars. But it was two years after that before I sold another single piece of writing, though in the meantime I had done thirteen short stories and a one-hundred-thousand-word novel. That was ten years ago, and to-day, after having published five novels and quite an array of other things, hardly a week goes by without a manuscript coming back.

After two years, my poor Rose, you will be disheartened. You will be peniless and you will hate the trade you have adopted without apprenticeship. You will then either go into writing by the yard for the cheap magazines at beggarly pay or you will be bitter or sensible enough to chuck the whole thing and start at the bottom (instead of the top) in something else.

In the meantime you might have become a fine amateur writer—writing as a pastime the way your brother plays the piano—and kept your job to live on. Or, indeed, by studying and reading; by practicing, throwing away and rewriting, by accepting criticism instead of (as you did, *because you had once been paid*), scorning it; by forgetting the magazines and shutting yourself up with your typewriter you might even be on the way now to becoming a good, successful, professional artist.

"But was it my fault?" you will ask and, angrily, I shall reply, "No, a thousand times no. It was the fault of your family, of your friends, of the neighbors on Albany Street, of the editor, but most of all it was the fault of the tradition of paying amateurs money for amateur work."

So I must warn Stephen and incur his mother's dislike. I have lost a goodly number of friends that way.

It is easy to see how writing became isolated in this way from its fellow pursuits.

Few people in the course of an ordinary life play music, paint pictures, or act. These things do not come naturally into everyday human activity. But every literate person is obliged to write. At least he goes through the mechanics of holding a pen and making meaningful marks. He writes his signature; he writes letters, lists, crude descriptions. As his writing expands he encounters only the most elementary rules. There are no mathematics, no perspective, no harmonic intervals, no counterpoint to be learned. A little exercise enables

him to express his thought clearly enough for practical uses. That is why the average man looks at you in amazement when you speak of years of study. "But I can do it myself," he says and shows you a paper on which appear precisely the same meaningful marks that were inscribed by William Shakespeare with certain differences in arrangement.

He admits willingly that he is not a Shakespeare, but he has no idea why. He explains it using the word "genius"; he believes that all gifted writers develop their magic immediately without effort. And the moment anyone, no matter who, tells him he has the gift or, as it is commonly called, the "spark," he expects to produce printable and salable writing.

All these are natural conclusions. Technic is so subtle, so difficult to explain, so elastic, so evasive of any set of rules that the need of it is not apparent. The draughtsman and the pianist are at least aided by the senses. Your eye tells you instantly that your perspective in a drawing is false. After a few attempts you either give it up, saying "I just can't draw" or you get to work on the laws of perspective. So with the piano player whose ear detects the wrong note and corrects it. But the writer is little helped by his senses. He must use the full force of his intellect to understand his mistakes. That is what the spark is. It is not the magic of perfect writing, it is merely the capacity to detect, without formulas, without rules, diagrams, or numbers, an imperfection.

There are writers great enough in this native gift not to be corrupted by editors or checks. They are rare. Many other competent craftsmen are killed off or go through the soul-sickness, as William James called it, of lowering their standards until they become hacks. And the reason for this is that they have no playing field, no gymnasium with mattresses to cushion their falls, no exercise ground where pay is neither expected nor received: in a word, that there is no amateur standing in the sport of writing.



The Easy Chair



ON MOVING TO NEW YORK

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THE St. Nicholas and the Metropolitan, the poet Mackay once noted, have dwarfed the Astor House in size and eclipsed it in splendor. Making up from five hundred to seven hundred beds, the St. Nicholas shows the magnificent scale on which the New Yorkers do business, as well as the more than Parisian publicity in which families eat and drink and pass the day. You can hardly get to the door, so crowded is Broadway, and by night the throng increases, gaping at the illuminated front. By night also you will see the fire companies parading, and between them battalions of torches carried by the hosts of democracy on the march. But when the lights break out along Broadway, turn from the fire companies and tour the oyster bars, savoring the fries, the stews, the roasts, the oysters à l'Anglaise—treasure of Shrewsbury, Oyster Bay, Rock Bay, Virginia Bay, and Spuyten Duyvil. Do not linger long but at least glance at the great bars which the palatial St. Nicholas, the Clarendon, the St. Denis, the Laffarge House have set up—rather vulgarly, since you cannot imagine the Reform Club at home, or the Carlton, permitting a bar on the premises. You may frugally taste the native drinks, the gin-sling, brandy-smash, whisky-skin, streak of lightning, cock-tail and rum-salad.

But understand that family life suffers in New York and nothing is more deplorable than the lack of homes. The young bride disdains housekeeping, demanding to be maintained in the false

luxury of a boarding house, where sloth and vainglory beset her and the sacred sentiments of matrimony come to be endangered. Her character is undermined, the seducer prowls abroad, and motherhood becomes a target of smart satire. Let us also deplore the city children. They become prematurely old for want of fresh air and exercise, and overknowing from the experiences they acquire and the acquaintances they contract. New York, that great city, is hell on the sentiments, on the finer feelings, and on family life.

City, too, of cynically celebrated crime. The daily journals teem with accounts of murder, robbery, and outrage. Ladies are stopped and robbed in the broad light of day. Murderous affrays take place with practical impunity to the perpetrators, within reach of the public offices and under the very eye of the chief magistrate. Decent people go about their daily business armed, as if an enemy lurked in every lane and gateway of the streets. But, nevertheless, a gay city, a city of colorful pleasures, a city infinitely various in its amusements. There is Niblo's, there is Pastor's. *Mem.*: After I have seen the great shops, notably that of Mr. Stewart which begot the career of Mark the Matchboy, be sure to visit the new cyclorama of the stars. And since I follow letters, I must not ignore Bohemia's seacoast, I must visit Pfaff's. The young Mr. William Winter is to be seen there, and Mr. Arnold and Mr. Wood, those famous literary folk, and

Mr. Whitman, the poet, who lives dangerously, wearing no scarf. Mr. Clapp also, and the chief dignity of Pfaff's, Mr. O'Brien, who writes in the daring new mode. Sometimes Mr. Leland shows himself at Pfaff's, though he does not care to pose as a vagabond; lately, in the most generous way, he suggested and sketched out the memoirs of the exhibitor of wax-works which are making such a name for young Mr. Browne in *Vanity Fair*. The great city contains many who have quite as much generosity as Mr. Leland and are quite as willing to acknowledge it. All, all are there, *savants*, *littérateurs*, the bards of Mannahatta whom Mr. Whitman praises. It will be a privilege to get to know the literary.

So the Boston chapter ends. No Nevins has bothered to bid Boston farewell in tinted prose. It has no steam-wrapped towers to catch the trained reporter's eye; it has no towers at all. And Henry Mencken, praising Mannahatta's lordly site between its rivers, comes to Boston only to be jailed and finds no beauty there. No one finds beauty there: the town has long been disdained by *savants* and *littérateurs*. Something or other disastrously happened there long ago, they understand—it was repression or Puritanism or the town's eccentric unwillingness to publicize its adulteries, or just the passing of Dr. Holmes, maybe—and the literary, who have little æsthetics and no eyes at all, who have only derivative perceptions, perceive nothing lovely in Boston. . . . Then, Mr. Nevins supplying the idiom, good-by, most beautiful of cities! Good-by, clean air and the high skies of Boston; good-by, blue dusk on Beacon Hill, gulls going to the harbor on the west wind, the homeward-making lights of cars across the Basin where rain strikes at nightfall, the long curve of the Esplanade, the lift of roofs upward to the Bulfinch dome, winter sunset closing over the Charles, spring noons when forsythia breaks out across the town, the Old South Meeting House against a twilight storm. Good-by, city of autumn, city of dusk and morning, city

of lavender and gray and mauve, city of cornices and fanlights—most intimate and least known of cities, friendliest and most aloof, most full-bodied, most passionate, most beautiful. Good-by, Boston: I'm moving to New York.

Good-by to the cleanest of streets and the most terrifying of traffic, to crowds walking down the middle of Washington Street, to the tulips and tortured granite of the Public Garden, to the Frog Pond and the swan boats, to Cornhill and Scolay Square, to brown leaves blowing down Chestnut Street and the smell of roasting coffee along Atlantic Avenue, to library windows above the Charles and to little hidden gardens of hydrangea and ailanthus. Good-by to hot-bread at Durgin-Park's, to crabmeat and steak at the Parker House, to venison and lobster Savannah at Locke's—will the St. Nicholas have food a man can eat? Good-by to the Pops, to the worst newspapers and the best libraries in America, to twisting alleys and soft voices, to bad manners full of kindness, to a formalized ineptitude that thinks itself courtliness, to Adam panelling and Phyfe tables in the offices of executives. Good-by to unhurried walkers, to women in Queen Mary hats and men without gloves, to bombazine skirts and alpaca jackets and steel pens, to grimy wallpaper and window panes on Beacon Street mended with adhesive tape, to pegged shoes and hot-air furnaces and mid-nineteenth-century bathrooms. Good-by to privacy, to suburbs of wide lawns and tall hedges twenty minutes from Park Street, to family dinners and the last homes in the East. Good-by to the Athenæum's calf-bound eighteenth-century books and the hidebound eighteenth-century people who read them. Good-by to all that is left of the eighteenth century, its last shimmer above the horizon of thought, its last habit and color maintaining the village still in the midst of the city. Good-by to simple dignity and simple quiet—good-by, Boston, I'm moving to New York.

A vigorous culture quite without art, a tradition believed in but not defended, a

past praised but not honored. The Bostonians are a people of paradox, cruelly rowelled by conflict within. They have lost the courage of race but have strangely preserved the responsibility of position. They have no faith; but what faith should do for them, the will does quite as well, and very possibly better. They have let their government sink to a vileness hardly to be comprehended, and yet have advanced it beyond any other in the service of its citizens. They believe in nothing, and especially in nothing that calls itself humanitarian or progressive or altruistic (who admits himself an idealist tells them he is a fool); yet the uneasy will proliferates their State so widely that cautious trustees will not buy its bonds. They are the immortal Cotton Whigs, and yet they have reared the invisible city of the intelligence that takes the stranger in when his job is respected, provides unstressed help for it, gives it the only dignity it is likely to get in America. . . . So good-by to individuality, to eccentricity, to the ancestral memory of salt water and the present, saving touch of granite, good-by to awkward goodwill and honest respect for decent endeavor—good-by, Boston, I'm moving to New York.

And good-by to Harvard. To L. J. and Hans, to Ted and George, to Kenneth and Perry, to Arthur and Fred, to the college that conscripts your energy and writes you doubtful letters, to the republic that no one knows except those who have held its citizenship, to the dedication admitted only with a jeer but never betrayed, to the fellowship of fatigue and brain-fag and to the fraternity who know how to carry them lightly. To the lifetime job for which no lifetime can be enough, to the unwritten book toward which a man labors with his full strength, to midnight coming up in laboratory and library with to-day's job unfinished and to-morrow's crowding near, to the satisfaction of the work that cannot be finished and the hard going, to the extremity of effort whose delight no one acknowledges except with a grin.

. . . September, 1915, and the east wind bringing the sun-dazzle over the South Station; September, 1936, and tourists in the Yard and someone nods to me and when I see Harvard again I shall have no privilege there. Twenty-one years. No one, not President nor Dean nor department head, says, "Thanks, sorry you're going, you did a pretty good job." Why should they? They are Bostonians and don't know how. They are Harvard and take good jobs for granted. It was a long way, in 1915, from Utah to Harvard Square, but it's a longer one, in 1936, from Harvard Square to New York.

I'm going to a city where offal stays in the gutters till it rots away, where you have to climb forty stories high to lose the stench of the streets, where the applied ingenuity of mankind has striven to outdo the hideousness of the rat-hole and has succeeded. Mr. Nevinston's city of steam-wrapped towers, Mr. Mencken's city of lordly waters, city which Mr. Nevinston fled from and Mr. Mencken never lived in. Mannahatta! City of discordant voices and tortured faces, city not of brain-fag but of nerve-fag. Warehouse, bazaar, auction-block and clip-joint of the world, where everyone buys and sells but no one works. No one, at least, in my trade. These twenty years I have never surprised an editor or a publisher at his desk nor so much as a stock girl busy in their offices. The books come out on schedule and journals are sacked on mailing day, but the job is done by no known human beings, is done by subterranean gnomes who come up to the pigsty streets at daybreak when the editors sleep at last. Creatures of the hour when ash-cans crash, beings of nightmare's green-flecked froth, bubbles of tortured sleep, their orderly battalions defile with the precision of trained lice, work in obsession's manic intensity, then hive up on the under side of girders when the editors wake some hours after a half-day's work has been finished in Boston.

Mr. Whitman's Mannahatta. It drew Mr. Whitman from Jersey though he got away at last to Paumanok. He wrote in

the daring new mode and set the mold for thousands following him, hastening from Idaho and West Virginia to novelty and the brave flush of conversation and publicity's darling glare. They too crowding in at noon from Westport and Croton, from Bronxville and Nyack, on the same trains with publishers who are amateurs of music and editors whose career is badminton. Obviously the manuscripts they bring in bales under their arms have been written, and obviously they write them in Nyack and Croton—but just when? When do they work? I carry no other curiosity from Boston to New York.

I suppose I can learn to live in Mr. Whitman's Mannahatta. I learned once to live in Chicago, which gives me confidence. The principal difference is that Chicago has conduits to America and one needs no passport when crossing the frontier. Odd that the most vivid realization on leaving Boston for New York is the knowledge that I am leaving behind the lines of communication with continental United States. It was Mr. Mencken's vision that a buffer State might be erected in Mannahatta, a free port that would serve as a barrier between America and the world outside. He thought that an invading army might do the job, but he could have spared the outlanders the trouble. For the job was done, and without recourse to arms, long before Mr. Mencken took thought of it. It was done by the bazaars and the clip-joints, but most of all by the literary. *Mem.*: Always agree with the refrain of native Iowans on Fifty-second Street—New York is not America. The literary at least know that. The literary are annoyed by the Americans, a vigorous people, and terrified by their country.

Mem.: Keep the wires open beyond the Hudson, and retain the habit of work as long as possible. And get about the city—see the show. Have lunch at least once at the St. Nicholas, visit the oyster bars,

stand at the curb and watch the fire companies go by. Go to the cyclorama of the stars and from the highest roof on Murray Hill see the gas lights come out. See the show. It is as a show that they celebrate the city, natives, residents, and tourists, as the nation's liveliest fire sale and its costliest spectacle. The barkers bark, the shills shower down, and the come-ons, the rubes, and the apple-knockers storm the grifter's booth. The main tent is doing so well, Mr. Mackay, that they are building an annex with crystal palace, streets of all nations, tribes doing the quaintest native dances, and the Florentine glassblowers at work before your eyes.

And, therefore, be sure to examine one exhibit and to study its proprietor exhaustively. Observe the Cataract of Niagara with real water, the Feejee Mermaid, the automaton speaker, the chromatrope and the physioscope, the golden pigeons from California, the albino family, the negro growing white, the fat boy, the living skeleton, the giants, and especially the three personages who get the best press, Lavinia Warren, Commodore Nutt, and General Tom Thumb. Observe them and, in the night watches, meditate on them. Meditate on the marvels that endlessly draw the New Yorkers to the American Museum and endlessly gratify them and absorb their admiration. And on the owner of this show, who gave the moral drama to New York and to Artemus Ward. "The one end aimed at," he says, "was to make men and women think and talk and wonder, and, as a practical result, go to the Museum." His wares were novelty and humbug and his art was advertising. He fed the town rumor and newsprint, stunts in the creation of conversation, and the town returned him glory. He ran a show and let it be known. Master of spectacle, master of publicity, and so master of New York—the man who knew the soul of the city, its first citizen, Mr. Phineas Taylor Barnum, time without end, amen.



